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CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST MESSAGE.

THE facsimile overleaf of the first page of Captain Scott's Last Message to the Public is reproduced for the first time, by the kind permission of Lady Scott. It is a human document of the greatest interest to all admirers of the intrepid explorer, who will not fail to observe that, although writing in the face of certain death from exposure and starvation, he calmly and dispassionately sets forth the reasons for the failure of the Expedition in a message which to all appearances might have been written in the peaceful seclusion of his study. Surely such an instance of the power of mind over body is well-nigh unique.

The page reads as follows:—

MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC.

The causes of this disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken.

1. The loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed.
2. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83° South, stopped us.
3. The soft snow in lower reaches of glacier again reduced pace.

We fought these untoward events with a will, and conquered, but it ate into our provision reserve.

Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, and depots, made on the interior ice sheet and on that long stretch of 700 miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection; the advance party would have returned to the Glacier in fine form and with surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

The Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This, with a sick companion, enormously increased our anxieties.

Message to public

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Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

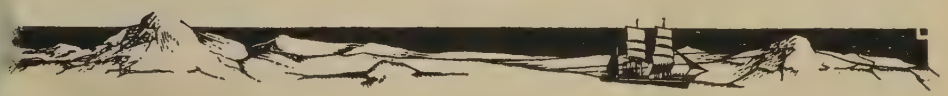
The Broad more glacier is not difficult in fine weather but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day then with a sick companion unwarily increased our anxiety

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST MESSAGE.
(For description see back of this page.)

TO THE SOUTH POLE

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S OWN STORY

TOLD FROM HIS JOURNALS



Photographs by HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., Camera Artist to the Expedition.

This and the articles which are to follow are related from the journals of Captain Scott, and give the first connected story of the British Antarctic Expedition 1910-1913. The story has been told from the journals by Mr. Leonard Huxley, well known as the biographer of his celebrated father, and carefully read and revised by Commander Evans, R.N. With few exceptions, all the photographs, which have been selected from many hundreds, are here published for the first time.

"THE grandest Polar journey on record." So Sir Clements Markham, the greatest living authority on Polar exploration, designates Scott's last expedition, with its great example of heroic fortitude in the face of overwhelming disaster. The most striking incidents of this expedition are related in these articles, which form the first detailed and illustrated account to be given to the world prior to the publication of the full story in book form this autumn.

The Objects of the Expedition.

The expedition was no mere dash to the Pole to snatch priority from rival explorers, though the hope of this laurel-leaf in the crown of adventure was an added spur to natural ambition. The whole was organized on such a scale and with such a wide range of talent that it should reap a rich harvest of scientific results, whether the Southern party attained its goal or not. Much had been done before, but more remained to do—to determine the nature of the Western Mountains and their geological history, the questions connected with the volcanic areas and the past and present Ice Age; to gather completest records of heat and cold, of air pressure and currents, of atmospheric electricity and magnetism, the formation and movements of ice, in this region especially, which seemed to be the very birthplace of tempests and ice-floes. Limited though the range of life appears in these latitudes, there was much novel and interesting work for the

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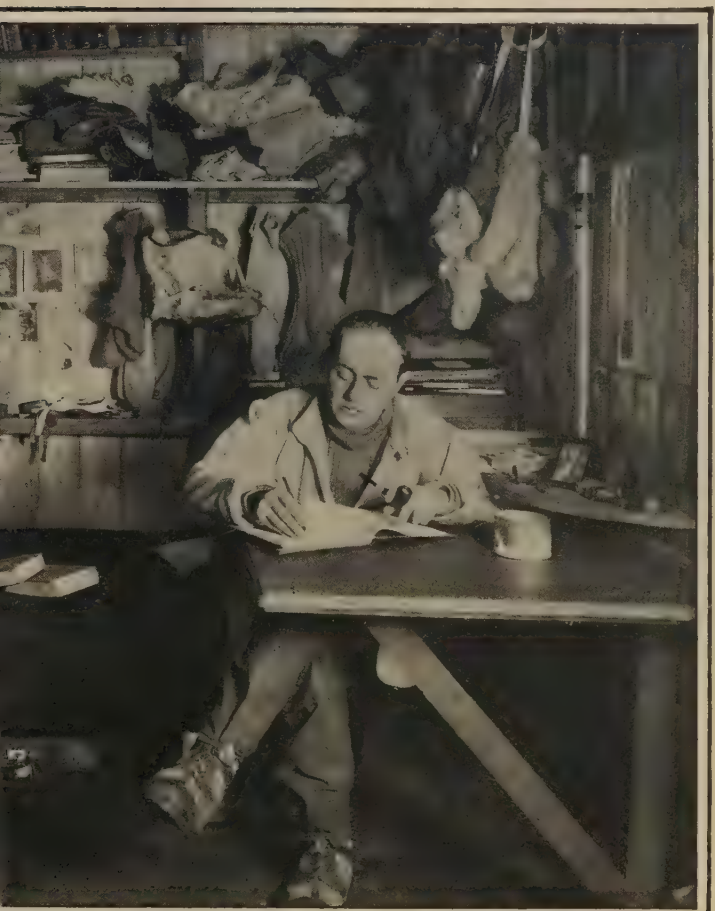
biologists, especially in the life-history of the parasites which infest the fish and seals; while the winter journey of Dr. Wilson to find the eggs of the Emperor Penguin, so as to determine its affinities embryologically, "makes a tale for our generation which I trust" (wrote Scott) "will not be lost in the telling."

The organization of so large a party with such varied aims was complex to the last degree. But every detail of supply was thought out in advance; every conceivable contingency provided for. At Lyttelton, New Zealand, while a leak in the *Terra Nova* was being repaired, everything was taken out, overhauled, resorted, and marked afresh by the indefatigable Lieutenant Bowers, who afterwards re-stowed the stores so as to save space. Even so, there was little enough room; Captain Scott discovered later that the men in the forecastle volunteered to cramp their own quarters so as to provide more stowage

CAPTAIN SCOTT IN THE DRESS WORN DURING THE WINTER AT CAPE EVANS.

CAPTAIN SCOTT A

THE LITTLE ROOM IS POINTED OUT THE POR- AND, ON THE SHELVES



'ORK IN HIS DEN AT THE MAIN HUT, CAPE EVANS.

CROWDED WITH HIS PERSONAL BELONGINGS, AMONG WHICH MAY BE TRAITS OF LADY SCOTT AND THEIR SON PETER ON THE WALL BY HIS SIDE IN THE TOP LEFT-HAND CORNER, THE VOLUMES OF HIS JOURNALS.

room. "They were prepared to pig it, anyhow, and a few cubic feet of space didn't matter; such is their spirit."

Nevertheless, there remained a heavy deck-cargo, including thirty tons of coal, two and a half tons of petrol, bales of fodder, meat in the ice-house, and the three motor-sledges, each in a package sixteen feet by five by four, so carefully covered with tarpaulin that they emerged spick and span after the tempestuous voyage. Besides thirty-three dogs, there were nineteen Siberian ponies on board, for experience had shown their great value as load-haulers over the comparative level of the Barrier ice. Of the dogs, a splendid collection, there were high hopes; it was not till well on in the winter, after alternate satisfaction and disappointments and careful discussion, that the Southern party resolved not to take them up the broken surface of the glacier, and so to the long expanse of the summit. The difference between dogs and men as travellers under such trying, monotonous conditions is curious. Dogs seem to feel the lack of variety and interest more than the toil. Where they would grow dispirited under the impression of the day, men could endure, looking to the future; and this, it appears, apart from the detestable necessity of killing off the animals on the return trip, was one of the reasons for trusting to man-haulage on the later stages of the long journey.

Misfortunes at the Start.

From the first the expedition had more than its due share of ill-fortune. On November 26th, 1910, the *Terra Nova* sailed out of Lyttelton Harbour amid a scene of great enthusiasm on the part of the hospitable and helpful New Zealanders, a gay scene repeated three days later at Port Chalmers, where Scott joined the ship. If anything, more craft followed her out of the harbour, the tugs keeping company for a couple of hours. But the Southern Seas in "the roaring forties" are fierce and strong. Dirty weather began at once, and on the third day out a great gale nearly sent them all to the bottom. It was no longer the time to smile at individual struggles against sea-sickness, or the spectacle of the undaunted photographer, a developing-dish in one hand, an ordinary basin in the other.

Nearly Wrecked in a Gale.

At 4 p.m. on December 1st the storm came on. "Soon," writes Scott, "we were plunging heavily and taking much water over the lee rail. Cases of petrol, forage, etc., began to break loose on the upper deck The principal trouble was caused by the loose

MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION AT CAPTAIN SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY

The names are as follows, reading

ATKINSON (Bacteriologist)	OATES (standing) (in charge of ponies)	MEARES (in charge of dogs)	CHERRY-GARRARD (Assist. Zoologist)	TAYLOR (Physiographer)	NELSON (Biologist)	EVANS (Second in Command)	SCOTT

DINNER IN THE MAIN HUT AT CAPE EVANS, JUNE 6th, 1911.

from left to right of the picture:—

WILSON (Chief of Scientific Staff)	SIMPSON (Meteorologist)	BOWERS (in charge of stores)	GRAN (standing) (Ski expert)	WRIGHT (Physicist)	DEBENHAM (Geologist)	DAY (Motor Engineer)

MAP SHOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE EXPEDITION RELATED IN THE PRESENT ARTICLE.

coal-bags, which were bodily lifted by the seas and swung against the lashed cases; they acted like battering-rams. It was hard work moving these bags to places of better security.

"The night wore on, the sea and wind ever rising and the ship ever plunging more distractedly. We shortened sail to maintopsail and staysail, stopped engines, and hove to, but to little purpose. Tales of ponies down came frequently from forward, where Oates and Atkinson laboured through the entire night. Worse was to follow—much worse: a report from the engine-room that the pumps had choked and the water risen over the gratings. From this moment, about 4 a.m., the engine-room became the centre of interest; the water gained in spite of every effort. Lashley, to his neck in rushing water, stuck grimly to the work of clearing suctions. For a time, with donkey-engine and bilge-pump sucking, it looked as though the water would be got under, but the hope was short-lived; five minutes of pumping invariably led to the same result—a general choking of the pumps.

The Pumps Fail.

"The outlook appeared grim; the hand-pump produced only a dribble, and its suction could not be got at; as the water crept higher it got in contact with the boiler and grew warmer—so hot at last that no one could work at the suctions. Williams had to confess he was beaten and must draw fires. What was to be done? The sea appeared higher than ever; it came over the rail and poop, a rush of green water; the ship wallowed in it. A great piece of the bulwarks carried clean away.

"The bilge-pump is dependent on the main engine. To use this pump it was necessary to go ahead. It was at such times that the heaviest seas swept in over the lee rail; over and over the rail from the fore-rigging to the main was covered by a solid sheet of curling water, which swept aft and high on the poop. On one occasion I was waist deep when standing on the rail of the poop.

"The afterguard (*i.e.*, the twenty-four officers) was organized in two parties by Lieutenant Evans to work buckets, the men were kept steadily going on the choked handpump. . . . What a measure to count as the sole safeguard of the ship from sinking—practically an attempt to bail her out! Yet, strange as it may seem, the effort has not been wholly fruitless; the string of buckets, which has now been kept going for four hours, together with the dribble from the pump, has kept the water under—if anything, there is a small decrease.

"Meanwhile we have been thinking of a way to get at the suction of the pump. A hole is being made in the engine-room bulkhead; the coal between this and the pump-shaft will be removed, and a hole made in the shaft. With so much water coming on board it is impossible to open the hatch over the shaft. We are not out of the wood, but hope dawns, as indeed it should for me, when I find myself so wonderfully served. Officers and men are singing chanties over their arduous work. Williams is working in sweltering heat behind the boiler to get the door made in the bulkhead; not a single one has lost his good spirits."

CAPTAIN OATES,

WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE PONIES, IS HERE SEEN IN THE STABLE ON THE "TERRA NOVA."

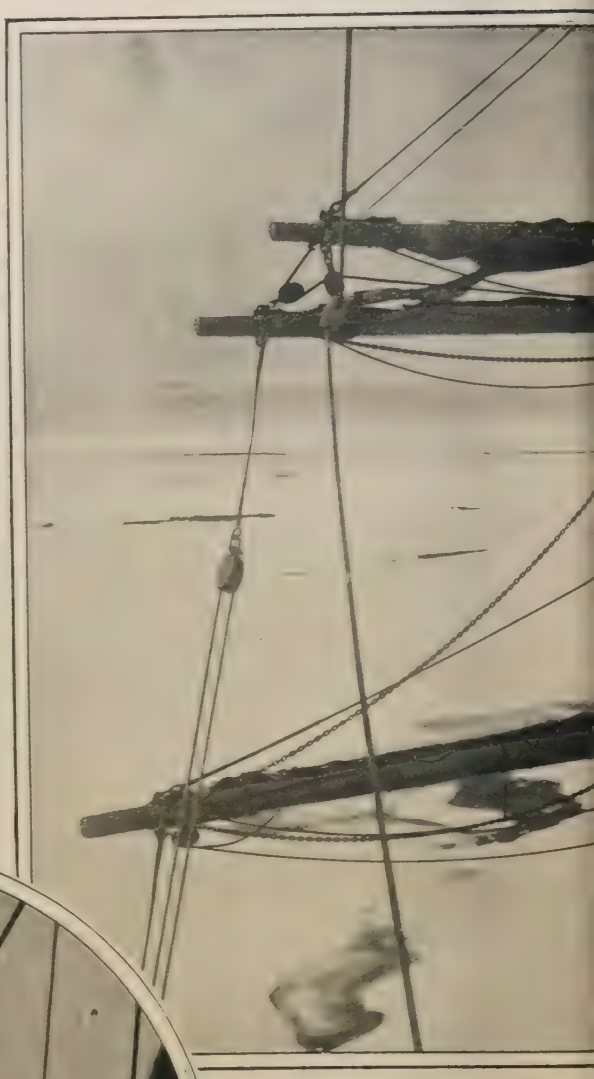
Slowly the gale abated, and, though the sea was still mountainously high, the ship laboured less heavily and took in less water. Bailing continued in two-hour shifts. By 10 p.m. the hole in the engine-room bulkhead was completed, "and Lieutenant Evans, wriggling over the coal, found his way to the pump shaft and down it. He soon cleared the suction and, to the joy of all, a good stream of water came from the pump for the first time." Though the pump choked again several times, doubt had ended; and with no second gale to follow immediately, the ship went on her way with the loss of two

ponies, one dog, sixty-five gallons of petrol, and a case of the biologist's spirit.

Thence it was a case of "fighting her way South" through heavy seas and another gale till the ice was sighted on December 9th and the pack entered on December 10th. With baffling winds and cross-currents, and the need of husbanding coal and only steaming when at last favourable leads opened out, they were kept prisoners for twenty days—"an exasperating game. Great patience is the only panacea for our ill case." Men could get exercise by taking out their ski on the floes, but the long confinement augured ill for the ponies' condition.

Singing to the Penguins.

An odd entertainment on the floes was afforded by the big Adelie penguins. "The latest amusement is to sing songs to them. The music is supposed to charm them, and it appears that a party on our 'long detention' floe entertained a group of penguins with chanties for quite a long time and, as declared by the party, to the affording of much mutual satisfaction." Wilson later tried this lure in order to capture some specimens. They came towards him when he was singing and ran away again when he stopped, seeming to be exceptionally shy young birds, but attracted to the ship by a fearful curiosity.



ENTERING THE

COMMANDER EVANS DIRECTING THE COURSE OF THE "TERRA NOVA" FROM THE CROW'S-NEST.

It was ill-luck, but the bright side was that everyone was ready to exert himself to the utmost. Cheerfulness and good-fellowship reigned, whether in calm or storm. Marine life, the very different movements of the bergs and floes, the discussion of plans, provided interest,

ICE-PACK—A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE MAINTOP OF THE "TERRA NOVA."

Between a storm and a storm the release from their long captivity came almost suddenly, and a little before midnight on the last day of the year Mount Sabine could be seen a hundred and ten miles away. Nineteen hundred and eleven was ushered in by a glorious day, when a man could read and bask in the sun at 11 p.m., and on January 2nd Mount Erebus, their fiery landmark, rose into view, though still a hundred and fifteen miles distant.

The large island on which stand Mounts Erebus and Terror is roughly triangular in shape, its sides, from forty to forty-five miles long, facing north-east, south, and west. The northern apex, first reached, is Cape Bird; steering to the left, or south-east, the eastern extremity of the island is Cape Crozier, where the great Ice Barrier comes down to the sea, its front extending well over four hundred miles to the east. Steering to the west, the ship enters McMurdo Sound, between the island and the Western Mountains on the mainland opposite. At the southern extremity of this side of the island is the long promontory of Cape Armitage, with Hut Point, where the *Discovery* wintered in 1902. From this some five miles of sea-ice leads up to the flank of the Barrier, which backs on the mountain range of the continent and spreads at its foot, and was to be traversed for nearly four hundred miles south till a gap in the soaring ramparts is made by the Beardmore Glacier.

A VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE "TERRA NOVA," SHOWING THE DOGS UNDER THE CHARGE OF MEARES, WHO IS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

The Station at Cape Evans.

The old winter quarters were undesirable, being exposed to the winds that swept the Barrier to the south of the island and Cape Crozier, as well as less accessible to a relief ship. Cape Crozier offered many advantages, but landing would have taken weeks. Then came the first good fortune of the expedition. An ideal spot was found half-way up the west coast, sheltered from the worst winds, and with a natural landing-stage in the shape of a level floe, one and a quarter miles wide, still firm and fast before the full summer break-up. In eight days the disembarkation was complete, the Main Hut habitable, though not actually finished, the stores in apple-pie order, and Bowers, the organising genius, able to lay his hand on anything required; the dogs and ponies refreshed, even skittish, sometimes upsetting their drivers and loads, and hauling load after load across the ice and up the beach, some of the party taking ten journeys in the day—*i.e.*, twenty-five miles. The speed with which all was completed was the consequence of the previous months of care. Only one catastrophe marred the perfection of the work. The thawing of the ice proceeded rapidly; one of the motors broke through a soft patch where all had been well a few hours before and went to the bottom, happily without loss of life.

An Exciting Adventure With Killer-Whales.

The strangest adventure was on the second day of the disembarkation. Scott, coming on deck a little late—for he had had a spell of forty-eight hours without sleep—saw six or seven killer-whales (or grampus), old and young, skirting the fast floe edge ahead of the ship. They seemed excited, and dived rapidly, almost touching the floe. Suddenly

they appeared astern, raising their snouts out of water. "I had heard weird stories of these beasts," writes Scott, "but had never associated serious danger with them. Close to the water's edge lay the wire stern-rope of the ship, and our two Eskimo dogs were tethered to this. I did not think of connecting the movements of the whales with this fact, and, seeing them so close, I shouted to Ponting, who was standing abreast of the ship. He seized his camera and ran towards the floe-edge to get a close picture of the beasts, which had momentarily disappeared. The next moment the whole floe under him and the dogs heaved up and split into fragments. Whale after whale rose under the ice, setting it rocking fiercely. One could hear the 'booming' noise as the whales rose under the ice and struck it with their backs. Luckily Ponting kept his feet and was able to fly to security. By an extraordinary chance also, the splits had been made around and between the dogs, so that neither of them fell into the water. Then it was clear that the whales shared our astonishment, for one after another their huge, hideous heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks which they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet [killers run to twenty feet long] it was possible to see their tawny head-markings, their small, glistening eyes, and their terrible array of teeth, by far the largest and most terrifying in the world. There cannot be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Ponting and the dogs. The latter were horribly frightened, and strained to their chains whining. The head of one killer must certainly have been within five feet of one of the dogs.

"After this, whether they thought the game insignificant, or whether they missed Ponting, is uncertain; but the terrifying creatures passed on to other hunting." And it was possible to rescue both the dogs, and, almost

THE MAIN HUT AT CAPE EVANS, WITH MOUNT EREBUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

HERE THE EXPEDITION SPENT THE WINTER WHILE LAYING OUT DEPOTS TOWARDS THE POLE. THE READER WILL NOTE THE SLEDGES AND SKIS PLACED ROUND THE HUT FOR THE NIGHT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY MOONLIGHT.

more important, five or six tons of petrol stacked on a piece of ice now split off. Such singular intelligence, combined with the strength to break ice two and a half feet in thickness, thereafter commanded a wary respect.

Laying the Depots of Provisions.

No sooner was all ashore than preparations began for the first depot-laying, to start if possible at the end of the month, as soon as the ponies were in proper condition. Here, as always, Scott found his transport officer, Bowers, invaluable, working out the figures of every detail and putting the results into practice. "He is a perfect treasure, and enters into one's ideas at once, and evidently thoroughly understands the principles of the game." Had he only been surrounded by a few men of courage, enthusiasm, and practical capacity, it would have been much; but the perfection of working struck him as almost too good to be real, and, to give but one sentence of praise among many, "Indeed, it is hard to specialize praise where everyone is working so indefatigably for the cause. Each man in his way is a treasure."

Nearly three months of the autumn (January 24th to April 13th) were spent in the depot-laying to the south, and at the same time a party, under Griffith Taylor, whom "Wilson, dear chap," had been carefully coaching, explored and geologized and gained experience among the Western Mountains.

For the Southern party, the first objective was Hut Point, on Cape Armitage, at the opposite end of the island. The approach was by the "road" of fast ice along the shore, which must be expected to break up in a few days for the rest of the summer. A few miles south of the station a glacier descended from Mount Erebus, thrusting a massive tongue into the open water of the Sound. The track went of necessity over this tongue, and the way up and down was too steep for laden ponies. Accordingly, while the rest of the party and the stores and sledges were conveyed beyond the tongue by the ship, the ponies were led afoot, crossed the glacier, and reached the farther floe with a single mishap, one pony slipping into a snow-covered crack and having to be hauled out with ropes.

Safety Camp.

Once assembled on the farther floe the party set off in lively style. The task before the twelve men, eight ponies, and twenty-six dogs was first to transport the eight tons of stores from the ship to a secure point on the permanent ice of the Barrier, afterwards called Safety Camp, about six miles east-south-east of Hut Point, fourteen from the ship, and twenty-one from the station, before the ice should break up. Then, with Safety Camp as home base, a further depot could be laid to the south. "Safety" was the third camp from the ship, and the teams made a threefold journey between camp and camp to convey all the stores. The dogs gave rise to various excitements, as when, at the outset, they started on hard ice with a light load; nothing could hold them, and they dashed off over everything, to the imminent peril of their drivers; or when, as Scott was returning to the ship, they caught sight of a whale breaching in the thirty-foot stretch of open water across their path, and promptly made for it. "It was all we could do to stop them before we reached the water."

The Ponies.

The ponies gave promise of being "real good." "They work with extraordinary steadiness, stepping out briskly and cheerfully, and following in each other's tracks. The great drawback is the ease with which they sink in soft snow." Indeed, when conditions suddenly became very bad it seemed best to spare the ponies; to bring up as much of the last load as the dogs could draw and leave the rest of the fodder where it stood, on the Barrier, but one and a half miles short of Safety Camp. A remedy was afterwards found in a sort of snowshoe. However, they were by no means tame or dull. One spirited, nervous fellow, at a morning start, got away when his head was left for a moment and charged through the camp at a gallop, finally cannoning with another sledge and breaking free. Another, led by the young ski-ing expert of the party, went well while he was alongside, but when he came up from the back the beast was frightened by the swish of the ski and fled, load and all, faster than the trained ski-runner in pursuit.

By January 31st fourteen weeks' stores for man and beast (dating from the 25th) had been brought up. Scott's plan, which he now unfolded, was to go forward with five weeks' supplies, depot a fortnight's supply after travelling twelve or thirteen days, and return to Safety Camp. This would give light loads all round, and should be feasible if the surface were good.

That afternoon all was ready for the start,

THE "TERRA NOVA" HELD UP BY THE ICE-PACK.

THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WERE KEPT PRISONERS FOR TWENTY DAYS. AS CAPTAIN SCOTT WROTE: "AN EXASPERATING GAME. GREAT PATIENCE IS THE ONLY PANACEA FOR OUR ILL CASE."

but before leaving an experiment was made. The one pair of horse snowshoes was tried on the quiet pony rejoicing in the name of Weary Willie. It could not have been expected that the quietest animal would endure them without long practice, but "the effect was magical; he strolled round as though walking on hard ground in places where he floundered woefully without them." Here was the chance of doubling the length of the journey. Within half an hour Wilson and Meares were off to the station, twenty miles away, in the hope of getting more. They returned next day empty-handed. The ice was out—no return to Cape Evans—no pony snowshoes—alas!

On February 2nd the actual start was made, Atkinson, with a sore foot, result of mistaken zeal in not early confessing to a blister, being compulsorily left behind, with Crean to look after him.

The surface, hard in parts, was soft in others. All approved their leader's suggestion to march at night, with the hardest surfaces, and rest with greater comfort for the ponies in the warm hours of the day. And so they moved on "through the eternal silence of the great white desert—the vast silence broken only by the mellow sounds of the marching column."

In the deep drifts came the triumph of the sole pair of snowshoes. They were put on the big pony; he walked about awkwardly for a few minutes only, then settled down, was harnessed, and led the way easily over the mass of soft snow deep drifted in the hollow of a great pressure wave. But as the worst drifts seemed to occur only in patches, "our course is to pick a way with the surer-footed beasts and keep the others back till the road has been tested. What extraordinary uncertainties the work exhibits. Every day some new fact comes to light, some new obstacle which threatens the gravest obstruction. I suppose this is the reason which makes the game so well worth playing."

From Safety Camp fifteen marches were made, the first three east-south-east as far as Corner Camp, to get round a projecting spur of the mountains, dubbed the Bluff, then due south to One Ton Camp, in lat. 79° 28½'. The intention had been to plant this depot on the eightieth parallel, but three days had been lost at Corner Camp by reason of a fierce blizzard, and the ponies were beginning to feel the strain—chiefly, it seemed, because they had not yet grown thick enough coats, and partly on account of their forty days' confinement in the ship. From Camp 11, or Bluff Camp, where an intermediate depot was made, the three weakest beasts were sent back with Ford and Keohane, under Lieutenant Evans, who was to take this opportunity of making an accurate survey on his return. Nevertheless, enough was carried forward to support a unit of four men for seven weeks, besides ponies and dogs.

Incidents of the journey are chiefly concerned with the animals and the Barrier surface.

The Dogs.

"With our present routine the dogs remained behind for an hour or more, trying to hit off their arrival in the new camp soon after the ponies have been picketed. The teams are pulling very well, Meares's especially. The animals are getting a little fierce. Two white dogs in Meares's team have been trained to attack strangers. They were quiet enough on board ship, but now bark fiercely if anyone but their driver approaches the team. They suddenly barked at me as I was pointing out the stopping-place to Meares, and Osman, my erstwhile friend, swept round and nipped my leg lightly. I had no stick, and there is no doubt that if Meares had not been on the sledge the whole team, following the lead of the white dogs, would have been at me in a moment. Hunger and fear are the only realities in dog life, and an empty stomach makes a fierce dog."

It was strange and almost alarming to see the blind workings of natural instinct. The dogs, friendly in harness or at rest, were suspicious of one another as soon as food was in their thoughts, and the smallest circumstance provoked a sudden fight. Equally sudden were the fights following a "mix up" on the march; a quiet, peaceable team with wagging tails one moment, and the next a set of raging, tearing, fighting devils.

"It is such stern facts that resign one to the sacrifice of animal life in the effort to advance such human projects as this." One day, near the end of the outward march, the pony Weary Willie, true to his name, had lagged behind, and, being tired, slipped and fell. A dog-team was just coming up. The instant they saw him fall they dashed at him regardless of control. Weary Willy made a gallant fight for it, biting and shaking some of the dogs with his teeth, but getting much bitten himself, though by good hap not seriously. At last the men beat them off, breaking ski-sticks and steering-stick. Yet the dogs were so tough that they got off uninjured.

THIS STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ICE-PICTURES EVER TAKEN, SHOWS THE INTERIOR OF A CAVE IN AN ICEBERG. THE "TERRA NOVA," WHICH MAY BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE, IS ABOUT TWO MILES AWAY.

A March Described.

The regular march is thus described, under date of February 10th, between Camps 8 and 9: "We turn out of our sleeping-bags about 9 p.m. Somewhere about 11.30 I shout to the soldier [*i.e.*, Oates]: 'How are things?' There is a response suggesting readiness, and soon after figures are busy amongst sledges and horses. It is chilling work for the fingers, and not too warm for the feet. The rugs come off the animals, the harness is put on, tents and camp equipment are lashed on the sledges, nose-bags filled for the next halt. One by one the animals are taken off the picket-rope and yoked to the sledges. Oates watches his animal warily, reluctant to keep such a nervous creature standing in the traces. If one is prompt one feels impatient and fretful whilst watching one's more tardy fellows. Wilson and Meares hang about ready to help with odds and ends. Still we wait; the picketing lines must be gathered up, a few pony putties need adjustment, a party has been slow striking their tent. With numbed fingers on our horse's bridle, and the animal striving to turn its head from the wind, one feels resentful. At last all is ready. One says, 'All right; Bowers, go ahead,' and Birdie [for such was his nickname] leads his big animal forward, starting, as he continues, at a steady pace. The horses have got cold, and at the word they are off, the soldier's and one or two others, with a rush. *Finnesko* [fur boots] give a poor foothold on the slippery sastrugi, and for a minute or two drivers have some difficulty in maintaining the pace on their feet. Movement is warming, and in ten minutes the column has settled itself to steady marching. The pace is still brisk, the light bad, and at intervals one or another of us suddenly steps on a slippery patch and falls prone. These are the only real incidents of the march; for the rest, it passes with a steady tramp and slight variation of formation. The weaker ponies drop a bit, but not far, so that they are soon up in line again when the first halt is made. We have come to a single halt on each half-march. Last night it was too cold to stop long, and a very few minutes found us on the go again.

"As the end of the half-march approaches I get out my whistle. Then, at a shrill blast, Bowers wheels slightly to the left, his tent-mates lead still farther out to get the distance for the picket-lines. Oates and I stop behind Bowers and Evans, the two other sledges of our squad behind the two others of Bowers's. So we are drawn up in camp formation. The picket-lines are run across at right angles to the line of advance and secured to the two sledges at each end. In a few minutes ponies are on the lines

CHERRY-GARRARD. BOWERS.

THE BUNKS IN THE MAIN

THIS PICTURE GIVES A VIVID IDEA OF THE MANNER

MEARES (top). ATKINSON.

HUT AT CAPE EVANS.
IN WHICH EVERY INCH OF SPACE WAS UTILIZED.

covered, tents up again, and cookers going. Meanwhile, the dog-drivers, after a long, cold wait at the old camp, have packed the last sledge and come trotting along our tracks. They try to time their arrival in the new camp immediately after our own, and generally succeed well. The mid-march halt runs into an hour, and at the end we pack up and tramp forth again. We generally make our final camp about eight o'clock, and within an hour and a half most of us are in our sleeping-bags. Such is at present the daily routine. At the long halts we do our best for our animals by building snow walls and improving their rugs, etc."

The Dogs Fall Into a Crevasse.

The farthest depot laid, there was no reason for keeping the swifter and the slower units together, and Scott himself, with Meares, Wilson, and Cherry-Garrard, pushed on with the dogs, completing the return journey lightly laden in six marches. The night before reaching Safety Camp, "we made a start as usual about 10 p.m. The light was good at first, but rapidly grew worse till we could see little of the surface. About an hour and a half after starting we came on mistily-outlined pressure ridges. We were running by the sledges. Suddenly Wilson shouted, 'Hold on to the sledge!' and I saw him slip a leg in a crevasse. I jumped to the sledge, but saw nothing. Five minutes after, as the teams were trotting side by side, the middle dogs of our team disappeared. In a moment the whole team was sinking. Two by two we lost sight of them, each pair struggling for foothold. Osman, the leader, exerted all his great strength and kept a foothold; it was wonderful to see him. The sledge stopped, and we leapt aside. The situation was clear in another moment. We had actually been travelling along the bridge of a crevasse; the sledge had stopped on it, whilst the dogs hung in their harness in the abyss, suspended between the sledge and the leading dog. Why the sledge and ourselves didn't follow the dogs we shall never know. I think a fraction of a pound of added weight must have taken us down. As soon as we grasped the position we hauled the sledge clear of the bridge and anchored it. Then we peered into the depths of the crack. The dogs were howling dismally, suspended in all sorts of fantastic positions and evidently terribly frightened. Two had dropped out of their harness, and we could see them indistinctly on a snow-bridge far below. The rope at either end of the chasm had bitten deep into the snow at the side of the crevasse, and with the weight below it was impossible to

MEARES AND OATES AT THE BLUBBER-STOVE IN THE STABLE.

move it. By this time Wilson and Cherry-Garrard, who had seen the accident, had come to our assistance. At first things looked very bad for our poor team, and I saw little prospect of rescuing them. I had luckily inquired about the Alpine rope before starting the march, and now Cherry-Garrard hurriedly brought this most essential aid. It takes one a little time to make plans in such sudden circumstances, and for some minutes our efforts were rather futile. We could get not one inch on the main trace of the sledge or on the leading rope, which was binding Osman to the snow with a throttling pressure.

"Then thoughts became clearer. We unlashed our sledge, putting in safety our sleeping-bags with the tent and cooker. Choking sounds from Osman made it clear that the pressure on him must soon be released. I seized the lashing off Meares's sleeping-bag, passed the tent-poles across the crevasse, and with Meares managed to get a few inches on the leading line. This freed Osman, whose harness was immediately cut.

"Then, securing the Alpine rope to the main trace, we tried to haul up together. One dog came up and was unlashed, but by this time the rope had cut so far back at the edge that it was useless to attempt to get more of it. But we could now unbend the sledge and do that for which we should have aimed from the first—namely, run the sledge across the gap and work from it. We managed to do this, our fingers constantly numbed. Wilson held on to the anchored trace whilst the rest of us laboured at the leader end. The leading rope was very small and I was fearful of its breaking, so Meares was lowered down a foot or two to secure the Alpine rope to the leading end of the trace. This done, the work of rescue proceeded in better order. Two by two we hauled the animals up to the sledge and one by one cut them out of their harness. Strangely, the last dogs were the most difficult, as they were close under the gap, bound in by the snow-covered rope.

"Finally, with a gasp, we got the last poor creature on to firm snow. We had recovered eleven of the thirteen. Then I wondered if the last two could not be got, and we paid down the Alpine rope to see if it was long enough to reach the snow-bridge on which they were coiled. The rope is ninety feet, and the amount remaining showed that the depth of the bridge was about sixty-five feet. I made a bowline and the others lowered me down.

The bridge was firm, and I got hold of both dogs, which were hauled up in turn to the surface. Then I heard dim shouts and howls above. Some of the rescued animals had wandered to the second sledge and a big fight was in progress. All my rope-tenders had to leave to separate the combatants, but they soon returned, and with some effort I was hauled to the surface. All's well that ends well, and certainly this was a most surprisingly happy ending to a very serious episode"—which took, all told, nearly two hours. Above all, Scott was pleased by the steadiness and resource of his three companions.

The conclusion arrived at was the need to plot out the danger zone among the cracks running from the Bluff to Cape Crozier, and to adhere rigidly to the first pony-route, where the cracks appeared to be very narrow.

February 22nd, when they reached Safety Camp again early in the morning, was an agitating day. They found Lieutenant Evans and his return party, but with only one pony. Both other weaklings had succumbed to the blizzards. After a short sleep they visited Hut Point, but Atkinson and Crean had vanished. It was guessed that they had gone to meet the new-comers at Safety Camp; but their tent was not to be seen beside the others, and—alarming to contemplate—the ice over which they must have passed near Cape Armitage was full of water-holes. It was so; they had come, and their tent was not yet up. But the mail they brought with them disturbed the sense of relief.

News of Amundsen.

A letter from Lieutenant Campbell told how he had found Amundsen established in the Bay of Whales—one hundred and twenty-six statute miles nearer to the Pole than Scott's station, and with many dogs, ready to start his dash for the South Pole at an earlier date than ponies could set out. This knowledge might have hurried a smaller man into staking success upon a rival dash with dogs only, but Scott resolved to adhere to the plans he had so carefully thought out and proceed exactly as though this had not happened. Strange that history can produce a parallel in the case of Ross seventy-three years ago—only with the result that he was, as it were, driven off his intended beat into the making of his famous discoveries.

After a day's rest Scott organized a party, including two man-hauled sledges and one

AN ENORMOUS BERG IN THE ICE-PACK.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH ADMIRABLY SHOWS THE PICTURESQUE FORMATION OF THESE FORMIDABLE MASSES OF FLOATING ICE.

sledge drawn by Jimmy Pig,* who alone of the three sent back from the depot party had survived the severe weather at the end of February. They took further supplies to Corner Camp. The experience of this trip showed that for those who were practised, pulling on ski was easier than pulling on foot; beyond doubt very long days' work could be done by men in hard condition on ski. Every one, it is noted down, must be practised in this.

At Corner Camp they hoped to have met Oates and Bowers on their slower march back; but the day before arriving the latter were seen far away on the horizon making for home on a different track. And Scott's team, hurrying back, and held up for a day by another blizzard, found them at last at Safety Camp, the ponies in sorry condition after the blizzard of unexampled severity for the time of the year, which had raged there for two days, burying parts of the sledges three or four feet under drift.

Disasters.

The word now was back to the shelter of Hut Point. The Barrier was cold, the sea-ice dangerous. The return was disastrous. First Weary Willy collapsed, and, though Scott and the two who stayed with him made every effort, he died in the night. "It is hard to have got him back so far only for this." The hard fact stood out that even with the best of coats the ponies lose condition badly if caught in a blizzard; and an expedition could not afford to let them lose condition at the beginning of a journey; this "makes a late start *necessary for next year.*"

This was bad; but the events of the next forty-eight hours bade fair to wreck the expedition. The only consolation was the miraculous avoidance of loss of human life.

It will be remembered that some five miles of sea-ice extended between the solid flank of the Barrier and Hut Point, and that the pony-track made a large elbow over the Sound instead of following a straight line. What was the horror of the three men, on drawing near, to see that the dark and lowering sky ahead, with its mirage of broken floes, was no ordinary optical illusion. The sea was full of broken pieces of Barrier edge. Their thoughts flew to the ponies and dogs with Bowers's and Wilson's sections of the party, who had been sent on while Scott tended the sick pony.

Turning to follow the ice-edge, they suddenly discovered a working crack, dashed over this, and slackened pace again after a quarter-mile. At each new crack pace was put on, not slackening again till they were upon solid ice to the eastward on the line between Safety Camp and the Castle Rock above the Hut. Here they pitched tent, and, with a leader's thoughtfulness, Scott sent a warning by Gran to Lieutenant Evans, who was returning to the depot. He expected that if either section of the party ahead had reached safety, whether on the Barrier or at Hut Point, they would immediately have sent a warning message to Safety Camp, and by this time it should have reached them. Anxiety reigned. "Some half-hour passed, and suddenly, with a 'Thank God!' I made certain that two specks in the direction of Pram Point were human beings." These turned out to be Wilson and Meares, who had got the dogs to Hut Point. They feared the ponies were adrift on the sea-ice, having seen them with glasses from Observatory Hill, whereupon they had hastened out without breakfast. Before anything else was done they were given cocoa. Then Wilson espied a figure hurrying towards the depot from the west. Intercepted by the speedy Gran, it turned out to be Crean, of the pony party, much spent with haste.

A Thrilling Story: Adrift on the Ice-Floes.

He brought brief word of a thrilling story, the fullness of which, in the deeds of rescued and rescuers, can only be realized by Polar explorers. Bowers, with Cherry Garrard and Crean, had duly made for Hut Point with the ponies. As they advanced over the sea-ice towards Hut Point one crack appeared after another, till at last they reached one which showed the ice to be actually on the move. At once they turned and hastened back—but the ice was *drifting out to sea!*

The ponies behaved splendidly, jumping the ever-widening cracks with extraordinary sagacity, while their devoted drivers launched the sledges back over the cracks in order not to risk the ponies' legs. Eventually they reached what looked like a safe place. Men and ponies were thoroughly exhausted. Camp was pitched, and the weary party fell asleep. But soon Bowers was awakened by a strange noise. The ice had begun to break up even at their camping spot; one of their four ponies

* The ponies were to have been called after the schools which contributed to their purchase: but sailors are great hands at inventing nicknames, and these nicknames were too much for the official nomenclature.

ad disappeared into the sea, and they were urrounded by water.

Packing up hurriedly, for five long hours ney fought their way over three-quarters of a ile of drifting ice, getting ponies and loads rom floe to floe. They stuck to their charges ke men. On them depended the hope of eaching the Pole, for the loss of more ponies nd equipment must spell ruin for their hief's plans. Open water cut them off from he Barrier, and had they been able to reach there was small prospect of finding a way or the ponies up the ice-wall. And all round he savage killer-whales were blowing and norting in the open water-spaces.

Crean then, with great gallantry, volun-eered to make his way somehow to rm ground nd find help. t was a des-erate adven-ure. He umped from oe to floe, nd at last, vith the help f his ski-tick, climbed p the face f the Barrier rom a piece f ice which ouched the ce-cliff at the ightmoment.

Pemmican. Biscuits. Butter.
Cocoa. Sugar. Tea.

THE SLEDGING PARTY'S RATION—THE DAILY ALLOWANCE OF EACH MAN.

Cherry-Garrard stayed with Bowers at his request, or little Bowers would never give up his harge while a gleam of hope remained, and or a whole day these two were afloat.

To the Rescue!

To the rescue, then; but not without a lan. First to Safety Camp, to take up some rovisions and oil, and then to the scene of he disaster, marching carefully along the ce-edge. "To my joy I caught sight of the ost party." The two men, jumping from loe to floe, reached a bit of ice which the urn of the tide had brought to rest against he Barrier face. "We got our Alpine rope, nd with its help dragged the two men to he surface. I pitched camp at a safe listance from the edge, and then we all tarted salvage work.

The ice had ceased to drift, and lay close and quiet against the Barrier edge. We got the men at 5.30 p.m., and all the sledges and effects on to the Barrier by 4 a.m. As we were getting up the last loads the ice showed signs of drifting off, and we saw it was hopeless to try and move the ponies. The three poor beasts had to be left on their floe for the moment, well fed. None of our party had had sleep the previous night, and all were dog tired. I decided we must rest, but turned out at 8.30." By that time the floe had broken from the ice-anchors with which they had essayed to hold it, and had disappeared. Hope revived when the animals were descried through the glasses about a mile away to the north-west. They packed and went on at once. They found it easy to get down to the poor animals, and decided to rush them for a last chance of life. But while Scott searched for and found a possible way up for the animals, the others tried to leap Punch across a gap. The poor beast fell in, and eventually had to be killed. "It was awful. I recalled all hands and pointed out my road. Bowers and Oates went out on it with a sledge and worked their way to the remaining ponies, and started back with them along the same track. Meanwhile, Cherry and I dug a road at the Barrier edge. We saved one pony. For a time I thought we should get both, but Bowers's poor animal slipped at a jump and plunged into the water. We dragged him out on some brash ice, killer-whales all about us in an intense state of excitement. The poor animal couldn't rise and the only merciful thing was to kill it."

Thereafter it took three days to get all safe to Hut Point by a circuitous route, and so on by the hills and the dangerous ice-foot.

The next instalment will describe how the party passed their time in their winter quarters and how they started on their last fatal journey to the Pole.)

"HALL SAT STARING, WITH DROPPED JAW AND HAMMERING HEART."

Sir Clifford's Gorilla

by Martin Swayne

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott

ON the night that the gorilla arrived at Tarnley Towers Sir Clifford Hall gave a dinner-party.

It was the first dinner-party he had given since he had received his baronetcy, and he was successful in persuading a goodly selection of the county folk round about Little Westerham to accept his invitations. There were several reasons why he obtained this success, the chief of which being that he was an exceedingly wealthy bachelor. It was not clearly understood quite how he had made his money, but it was known that he had been a man of importance in South Africa.

In appearance he was medium-sized, with sleek black hair, a prominent beaky nose, and an olive complexion. Some people said he was a foreigner, and others said they didn't care what he was, since he gave excellent dinners and was quite amusing in his own way.

On the night that the gorilla arrived his butler, Howard, made a discreet inquiry.

"This—er—hanimal, sir," he observed, catching his master just before going up to dress. "Where shall I put him, sir?"

Sir Clifford laughed.

"Don't try and put him anywhere, Howard, or else he'll put you somewhere. Remember, he's a gorilla, straight from West Africa."

"Really, sir!" Howard coughed slightly. "Then he will be in a cage, sir, I presume?"

"Heaven help you, Howard, I hope so. A gorilla isn't a pet monkey. I want him put in the billiard-room to-night in order that my guests may have a look at him. To-morrow I'll have him moved into one of the outhouses near the greenhouse furnace."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the men to carry the cage into the billiard-room and put it in the corner near the alcove. Get everything clear and in order, for we'll all come and see him after dinner. I expect he'll come during dinner."

It was typical of Hall to startle Little Westerham with the advent of a gorilla. Some months before a neighbour had been talking about private menageries and telling anecdotes about some of those that exist in England, and Hall immediately decided to begin one himself. He began modestly with small mammals and a few odd species of birds. Then someone said his menagerie was not exciting enough, so Hall, after dallying with the idea of a tiger, came to the conclusion that a gorilla would be still more remarkable.

So he put an advertisement in the papers, and at length received a letter from a firm of shipping exporters in Little Thames Street which ran as follows:—

"In reply to your advertisement, we beg to inform you that we have agents in various parts of the world who can make arrangements for the capture of wild animals. We should be pleased to undertake your commission, but would like to point out that a gorilla, taken straight from its natural haunts, such as you wish, will be an expensive job."

The firm was called Messrs. Hobray and Child.

Hall replied that cost was of no importance to him. He had set his heart on a gorilla, and it must be obtained regardless of expense.

Messrs. Hobray and Child, of Little Thames Street, E.C., wrote to say that their agents had been communicated with and that they would let Sir Clifford know as soon as they received any news.

Six months elapsed before Messrs. Hobray and Child communicated again, and Hall had almost forgotten about them when he received a letter to say that the gorilla had arrived at the Albert Docks, and would he please wire instructions to Hobray, Little Thames Street.

It had seemed very good to Hall that the gorilla should arrive on the same day as he gave a dinner-party, and he wired to say it was to be sent down by motor-car, or motor-lorry, instantly. And then, looking again at the letter, his eye fastened on the name.

Hobray!

It reminded him of an incident of his past.

It was curious, but when the firm had written before and signed themselves *Hobray and Child* he had not noticed anything. But the single name struck him instantly. Hobray! A strange coincidence! Nothing more. And yet—it was a rare name.

He dismissed the unpleasant recollections that had arisen, and turned to the pleasures of the moment.

But after speaking to Howard, his butler, and while he was dressing, his thoughts reverted again to the subject.

"Hobray," he murmured, as he stared at his well-fed appearance in the mirror, "of Little Thames Street. It cannot be he. Why should he be in Little Thames Street?"

He laughed softly, and when he went down to greet his guests he felt in excellent spirits. The gorilla had not yet arrived, but soon all the guests knew that the animal was expected. Dinner began with conversation about gorillas, and monkeys in general, and several men told rather gruesome tales of the sagacity and ferocity of the brutes and of their strange passions and supernatural strength. Sir Clifford added some tales he had heard in South Africa, and very soon had the satisfaction of seeing that the women were getting worked up into a nervous state. When Howard announced that the gorilla was being carried into the billiard-room at that moment there was quite a sensation.

"Oh, Sir Clifford," exclaimed one woman, "I feel so dreadfully nervous. Are you sure we are perfectly safe?"

"Quite," said Hall, reassuringly. "The beast is safely caged, and cannot possibly escape."

"Well, they aren't nice companions," commented an elderly soldier next her. "I've heard of a man being carried off by one and kept tied up to a tree for days while the brute fed him. He went mad after he was released."

The women shuddered.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the soldier.

"Keep him in captivity," replied Hall. "I fancy he will prove a very interesting captive. If possible, I'll try and tame him."

"Well, mind he doesn't escape and terrorize the whole neighbourhood. We sha'n't be grateful to you if he does. To meet a full-sized gorilla after dark would be an unpleasant event."

After dinner a move was made to the billiard-room. It lay at the end of a long corridor, and was approached by a little flight of steps. The guests streamed along the corridor, chatting and laughing, while Sir Clifford led the way.

The lights were fully on above the table, but the corners of the room were in the shadow. At the far end he could make out the outline of a large cage. He went towards it quickly.

The cage, made of heavy iron bars, was about eight feet in height and length. It rested on a base of thick planks of wood, bound together with steel ribs, into which the iron bars were sunk and slotted at the end. Within the cage sat the gorilla.

The guests thronged round, and for a moment there was a hush. The beast crouched in a corner nearest the wall. His head was bent forward on his breast, and the attitude was one of extreme dejection. But it was clear that he was a good specimen. From what could be judged as he crouched in his corner, he stood almost six feet in height, and his arms and shoulders seemed gigantic. His general colour was blackish, with a marked brownish tinge on the hair of his chest and head. The ears were small and the head elongated, with a deep groove along each side of the nostrils. The eyes were overhung by projecting skin and hair, and although several attempts were made to make him look up he refused to take any interest in the spectators.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed one of the women. "He looks so sorry for himself. Has he had anything to eat?"

Fruit, in the shape of pineapples and bananas and oranges, was thrust into the cage, but the huge ape made no effort to take any. His arms hung listlessly at his side, and his head remained sunken on his chest. By

bending low and looking up at him Sir Clifford caught the glint of the half-closed eyes, and started away.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "he's alive all right. I never saw such a gleam in any animal's eyes before."

Others looked, but the gleam had died away. The strange brute from the depths of the Congo forests had looked only at Sir Clifford Hall with that sudden gleam.

A discussion was started as to how gorillas slept, and it was suggested it should be provided with a bed. The nervousness of the guests passed away, for the beast seemed so mournful that everyone felt touched by its obvious despair at being torn from its savage home.

Sir Clifford wanted to christen it, but no one could think of a suitable name.

"It's curious," he said, at length. "I put an advertisement in the papers, and then wait, and six months later I get a gorilla. Everything done for you—all the business of making an expedition, setting traps, overland carriage, and endless trouble. All done in reply to your advertisement."

He wanted to stir up the beast with a stick, but people restrained him.

"If that brute loses its temper, I don't think those bars will count for much," said someone. "Mind you get him into a stronger place to-morrow. Look at his muscles."

The great ape's muscles were enormous, so large that even when the arms hung loosely they showed in great lumps under the hairy skin.

"Perhaps it is safer to leave him alone," said Hall. "But I must have another look at his eyes."

He stooped down again, and once more saw those dark orbs light up with a sudden gleam that sent a thrill down his back and made a faint shiver pass over him.

"I believe he doesn't like me," he exclaimed. "If that isn't pure ferocity, I don't know what it is."

"He's probably guessed that you are the supreme cause of his troubles," said the soldier.

People began to stroll away to the drawing-room, and the gorilla was left alone in its cage. When the room was empty it moved slightly and turned its head. One of its arms crept towards the bolt that fastened the door, and then, as if the beast had lost interest, swung back slowly to its side.

Before midnight everyone had left except a certain Samuel Brockman, a financier, and intimate friend of Sir Clifford Hall. He was rather like Hall in appearance.

"Well," he remarked, "I congratulate you on your dinner, and your guests, and your baronetcy. You are getting on in the world, Hall."

"I am," said the new baronet, complacently.

"You must marry now," advised the other. "Marry one of the girls round about here."

Sir Clifford laughed and changed the topic.

"Come and look at my gorilla before you go," he said, an hour later. "Perhaps it will be a little more lively by now."

They went down the corridor to the billiard-room. The lights were still burning over the table. In the shadowy corner loomed the big cage. The ape was in much the same position as before, huddled up in its corner, a huge, bulky mass that scarcely moved.

"Wake up," said Hall. He thrust his fat hand between the bars. The gorilla stirred a little. "Wake up!"

He snatched his hand back just in time, for the beast turned on it suddenly.

"Ah, would you?" said Hall, and he frowned.

"He doesn't show his teeth," remarked Brockman. "I thought he would bare his tusks if he was angry. By the way, who did you get him through?"

Sir Clifford lit a cigar and strolled to the fireplace.

"Well, it's rather funny, but the name of the firm is Hobray and Child."

He looked across the lighted billiard-table at his friend, and blew a big cloud of smoke.

"Hobray!"

"Yes. Of course, it's not he. Merely a pure coincidence."

"It's an uncommon name."

"I know. But what on earth could Charles Hobray have to do with a shipping firm in Little Thames Street? I tell you it is someone else with the same name. Besides, even if it was Charles Hobray, what difference does that make? You know he's far too much of a coward to touch me. He knows well enough I could arrest him if I cared to."

"And he could arrest you, I suppose?"

"No, he couldn't do that," replied the other quickly. "I've never done anything legally wrong to Hobray."

"But you treated him about as badly as you could," said Brockman, with a chuckle. "If ever a man had good reason to hate

"'BY JOVE!' HE EXCLAIMED, 'HE'S ALIVE ALL RIGHT. I NEVER

SAW SUCH A GLEAM IN ANY ANIMAL'S EYES BEFORE.'"

another man, Hobray has good reason to hate you."

"I admit it. I ruined him not once, but twice. But I did it on purpose. I loathe him—if possible more than he loathes me. If he were drowning in a pond, I would turn my back on him."

Brockman came up to the fireplace.

"I've never heard of that firm in Little Thames Street. How did you get into communication with them?"

"By advertisement. I advertised for a gorilla. For some days I had no reply. Then Hobray and Child wrote and offered their services."

"In reply to your advertisement?"

"Of course."

Brockman looked across the room. The dim bulk of the great ape was visible in the cage, and he watched it for a moment.

"Well, I must be off," he said. "I agree with you that even if it is Hobray I don't see what he can do. Unless——"

He paused. An idea came to him, and he crossed the room and began to examine the cage carefully.

"What are you doing?" asked Hall.

"It occurred to me the cage might be insecure."

The two men looked at each other for a moment.

"Nonsense!" said Hall, but he had become a little pale.

They could find nothing suspicious. The bars were sound. The bolts on the sliding door were strong and held down by catches. No animal could have undone them.

Brockman laughed.

"It's all right," he said. "It was only a fancy. Hobray wouldn't do anything like that."

"No. Hobray was always an arrant coward. He'd never do anything that was likely to be found out. He had a horror of being arrested. That scar on his forehead would always give him away."

Sir Clifford Hall rattled the bars of the cage.

"Good night, Sir Gorilla," he cried. "To-morrow you'll be put in your permanent quarters, and if you don't cheer up a bit I'll have to feed you on port and minced chicken."

But the gorilla sat listlessly without moving.

Hall waved his hand, switched off the lights, and followed his friend out of the room. After Brockman had gone off in his big motor, Sir Clifford smoked in his study for a few minutes and reflected upon the successes of the evening. Then recollecting he had a letter to write to catch the early morning post, he sat down at the writing-table.

The study was a small room. The writing-table stood against the wall farthest from the door. Just to the right of it hung an oval mirror, so placed that anyone seated at the writing-table could see the door behind him reflected in it.

Sir Clifford wrote for some time, for the letter was important. The house was quite silent. He had covered a couple of sheets, and was just reaching out his hand for a third sheet when his eye caught the mirror.

He could see the reflection of the door distinctly. He knew he had shut it. But now it was open, not very much, but sufficient to let him see the light from the hall outside. A narrow border of light was round its margin, and as he stared this border widened slowly. There was no doubt about it. The door was opening.

He tried to turn in his chair, but the mirror held his eye. He could see a view of the hall now. But what was opening the door? None of his servants would have come in like that. It could not be a current of air, for no draught could turn a handle. And almost before he saw he knew what it was, and fear struck him rigid. His mouth went dry and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, for looking round the corner of the door he saw the strange, narrow head of the great ape.

Hall sat staring, with dropped jaw and hammering heart. He could not move. And then he saw a thing that almost made him mad on the spot. The hairy arm of the ape was stretched in through the door and one finger touched the electric light switch that was in the wall close by, and next moment the room was in darkness, for the door had shut.

The gorilla was in the room.

Hall, his senses sharpened acutely, heard a sound that again threatened to draw reason from his mind.

The gorilla had turned the key and locked the door.

Hall heard the click distinctly, and the faint snap as the lock went home.

Then there was silence. Neither the man nor the beast stirred. But very gradually the power of movement came back to Hall, and with it the power of thinking swiftly. On the left side of the writing-table, let into the polished wood, was an electric button. He put out his hand in the darkness with infinite caution, and by accident touched the lid of the inkpot, which closed with a snap. He clenched his teeth and waited. Through

the heavy curtains that were drawn across the window came a faint light, for the moon was shining, and as his eyes became accustomed to it he began to make out the dark outline of pieces of furniture around him. He was still looking in the direction of the mirror, not daring to turn his head in case the ape should hear.

The noise from the falling lid of the inkpot did not make the animal move. Hall could hear nothing, and his hand went on creeping steadily towards the button. His fingers touched the ivory surface. But before pressing it he paused. Would the sound of the bell ringing in the servants' quarters be audible? If so, the noise might startle the ape—and more than that, for the brute in the darkness behind him seemed to have an almost human knowledge, and would probably understand why the bell was ringing. Hall, in an agonizing effort, tried to remember if the bell could be heard from the study.

There was a movement behind him, and against the faintly-luminous curtains he saw the huge bulk of the gorilla. Hall pressed the button. The sound of the bell rang out clearly in the stillness of the house.

Although his hand was trembling violently, he kept his finger jammed hard on the button. The bell, far away, went on ringing shrilly. Hall was suddenly caught by the shoulders and wrenched away from the writing-table. The bell stopped abruptly.

It happened that Howard, the butler, was in the yard at the back of the building, giving the house-dogs a run before locking up, when the bell began ringing. He listened to it for a moment, and then, since the sound was continuous, became alarmed and hurried indoors. He ran through the servants' hall and looked up at the indicators. It was the study bell that rang so wildly, and while he was looking it stopped and there was silence.

Howard went quickly up the stairs and reached the main hall. The lights were burning. He instinctively looked down the corridor that led to the billiard-room, and saw that the door at the far end was ajar.

He stood for a moment staring. Before he had decided what to do he heard the study door open. He jumped round and saw the gorilla standing in the doorway, looking at him.

Howard saw the study was in darkness behind the beast. With considerable presence of mind the butler sprang into the electric lift beside him, touched the key, and was borne swiftly to the upper storey. The gorilla remained where it was, and Howard caught a last glimpse of it watching him dully from the study door with an expressionless face.

The butler made his way to the servants' quarters and roused the two footmen. The three men went down by the back stairs and crept cautiously to the gun-room, where they armed themselves. Each carrying a gun, they stole up the hall in a little group.

There was no sign of the gorilla. They went into the billiard-room. The cage was empty and its door was open. Then Howard led the way into the study.

On turning up the lights they found their master lolling in the chair by the writing-table. His neck was broken.

The keepers and grooms were roused and a search for the gorilla with dogs commenced. A broken window in the drawing-room showed which way the animal had escaped, and the dogs were soon on its trail. The head keeper was the first to catch sight of the beast, running swiftly along the crest of a low hill, its great frame clearly outlined against the starry sky. He fired, and the gorilla staggered. Others came up and fired, and the ape was seen to drop and lie still.

They approached it cautiously. It lay in a heap on the grass, a big black mass in the moonlight. The head keeper stirred it with the butt of his gun, but the beast did not move. It was dead. They crowded round it.

It was the head keeper who first drew the attention of the others to the fact that the animal's arms had a curious feel about them. The muscles seemed inelastic and strangely lumpy. Then someone tried to force the beast's jaws open and failed. A lantern was brought, and a piece of wood wedged between the jaws. They opened suddenly with a tearing sound, and pieces of broken wire were seen glinting in the light.

A gasp of astonishment went round, for the whole head of the beast fell back and they saw before them the face of a man, white and ghastly, with closed eyes and an expression of strange agony and dismay on his features. Across the left side of the forehead ran a long white scar.

It was in this manner that Charles Hobray replied to Hall's advertisement.

"Marathon Golf"

A HOLE THIRTY-FIVE MILES LONG!

BY T. H. OYLER

THE START FROM LINTON PARK,

UNDOUBTEDLY the longest hole ever played at golf is one measuring a distance of no less than twenty-six miles in a bee-line and thirty-five in actual play, the tee being at Linton Park, near Maidstone, and the putting-green at Littlestone-on-Sea. The writer of this article was one of the players in this unique performance.

A party of golfers who resided in the neighbourhood of Maidstone were returning from Littlestone, where they had been spending the day on the famous links. While waiting for a train at Appledore Junction a conversation took place respecting freak golf matches, and the question arose as to how many strokes would be needed by two men playing alternately to cover the distance between Maidstone and Littlestone. One of the party suggested that about two thousand would be a fair number, whereupon a popular sporting parson replied that he was prepared to lay a wager of five pounds that none of those present could do it in that number. With very little time for consideration the bet was accepted by two members of the party, and arrangements for this extraordinary match were settled in less than five minutes.

The only stipulations made by the layer of the wager were that the match should take place within three months, that the ordinary rules of golf should be observed, and that, as he was not prepared to journey on foot for so long a distance, an umpire should be appointed to keep the score. A well-known Cambridge undergraduate kindly offered to undertake this office, though had he known the large amount of monotonous work attached to it, it is very doubtful if he would have accepted. It was decided to take two or three of each of the following clubs—brassie, cleek, and niblick, with one driving-iron and about half a gallon of old balls which were newly painted and carried in a bag.

The start was made in the early morning of a beautiful day in spring from the north gate of Linton Park, about three miles south of Maidstone, Mr. F. S. W. Cornwallis, the popular squire of Linton, having kindly given us permission to make the first part of our journey through his lovely park. The beginning was not propitious; the carriage-drive, beside which our first and only tee was made, is of snake-like form, its sinuous windings extending for some two or three hundred yards, and the first drive with a brassie landed our ball in a rhododendron-bush, out of which we dropped with a penalty. The third shot was a repetition of the first, so it was thought better to use a cleek, which we did until the cricket-ground was reached, where the brassie again came into play. Frequent stymies by trees marred our progress through the lower part of the park, until a niblick shot carried us over the high wooden fence at the bottom into the pastures beyond. We had taken far too many strokes for this short distance, but now we were able to use our brassie more frequently, though rough grass often spoilt the length of our shots. Hedges frequently caught the ball and necessitated dropping, with the consequent loss of strokes. At the sixty-fifth shot the River Beult was reached, and our ball promptly disappeared in it and was lost. Another which we dropped found its way into a backwater, but was retrieved.

At 11.25 we reached Hertsfield Bridge with a good brassie shot (No. 97) that carried both the river and road. Long grass and rushes here caused the niblick to be used freely.

NEAR MAIDSTONE.

Leaving Dunbury Farm on the left, we still kept to the pasture land, the principal hazards being hedges and ditches. Hawkenbury Bridge was reached soon after midday, and No. 158 was driven on to the railway at the spot where many years ago a disastrous accident happened to the boat-express in which Charles Dickens was a passenger.

In playing off the railway the ball hit a post and came back, but with a niblick we landed into the meadow on the north side. Passing though some swampy ground, we followed the river till we reached Kelsham Farm, where we crossed at the 201st stroke, reaching Frittenden Road Bridge, and had to drop twice owing to the ball finding hedges.

No. 213 brought us to Headcorn at 2.30. Here we stuck a stump into the ground to mark the last stroke and retired to the village inn for luncheon. On our return we found that our caddie had mysteriously disappeared. Stroke 214 was made at 3.30, and our progress was fairly rapid, varied by an occasional lost ball in a hedge or long grass. We passed Bletchenden on our left, crossed a wheatfield, and then pitched into a narrow road near Ayleswade Farm, whence we took a line for the main Tenterden road, which we reached at the 285th stroke, having just previously driven into a brickyard, the ball resting against a chicken-coop. Once in the road, which was running in the right direction, we endeavoured to keep along it with the cleek, but soon found this impossible, as anything but a short putting stroke found the ditches on either side.

"THE FIRST DRIVE WITH A BRASSIE LANDED OUR BALL IN A RHODODENDRON-BUSH."

From one of these we pitched on to a heap of stones, and from them into a thick willow-bush. Hereabouts we found much trouble, but soon got going again and, beyond hitting two stiles and finding several ditches, met with no noteworthy adventures. We now reached a more thickly-wooded country, and frequently hit trees, the ball sometimes cannoning off to a considerable distance. Fortunately the weather had been dry, and the fields, in which

ROUGH WORK FOR THE NIBLICK.

wheat and oats were growing, had been rolled, so that at times we found quite good brassie lies even on these. One very rough arable field gave us much trouble, and for a time a heavy niblick was the favourite club.

After crossing a road we unfortunately pitched into a farm-yard, but got out with some trouble into a pasture field, and, as it was nearly six o'clock, we inserted a stump where the ball lay and stopped for the day close to Crampton House Farm, between Biddenden and High Halden. Near here our carriage met us, and we drove home after a fair day's work of about fourteen miles.

On Tuesday morning we drove to Crampton House, where the owner of the farm greeted us very cordially, and our 428th shot, with a cleek, was a good one. Then over a hedge into a ditch—this kind of thing was repeated several times—and a pulled stroke landed us into a small wood, but a chopped shot with the niblick brought us back into a meadow. We drove clean through a thick hedge with a brassie, and then, passing over a road, we

SOME IDEA OF THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED MAY BE GAINED FROM THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

reached Moat Farm, near which we were for the first and only time treated as trespassers. Our ball had come to a stop in the middle of a small meadow, and the owner, rushing up, asked what we were doing on his premises! Our reply being that we were playing golf, he said he must request us to go away as quickly as possible. Fortunately a capital brassie shot into a rough wheat-field took us on to another farm, and peace was restored. Here our caddie gave us some trouble, as he had evidently an old quarrel to settle with some other lad of his own age, and we had to dismiss him and engage another.

A strong cross-wind made the going very tiring. We lost a stroke by moving the ball when addressing it, and then came to a high fence, which we hit five times before going through. Many troubles were now encountered. A sliced ball pitched into a hop-garden in which the poles were standing. They were too close together to allow of a proper swing, and the ground was rough, so several strokes were wasted. We were, however, only out of the frying-pan into the fire, for a niblick shot landed our ball into a wood, but fortunately close to the outside, a good recovery being made with the next shot. We then passed close to St. Michael's Church and Harbourne House, and found some good brassie lies in a large field of oats which had been quite recently rolled. As we could see more woods ahead, we decided to bear to the left and make for Ingledon Park, which was reached with a good brassie shot that carried the park fence, and, as this was the 500th shot, we took an interval for refreshments. On resuming, several trees were hit, but the going was good. Then our course took us over small, rough fields and into a lump of poles, where we had to lift and drop, losing a stroke. In one small, rough arable field we took no fewer than seven strokes, crossed the Tenterden and Woodchurch road, and, with stroke No. 561 passing Pigeon Hoo Farm, we entered Shirley Moor. Here, with the exception of losing a ball now and then in the network of broad ditches or in clumps of rushes, the going was good, and the brassie was brought into frequent use. Our progress was slow, however, owing to the dykes containing water, which were too wide to jump, and we frequently had to retrace our steps for several hundred yards in order to find the gateways. Consequently, instead of reaching Appledore at 2.30 as we intended, it was 4.25 when, after losing a ball in the military canal, we put down a peg and retired to the village inn for a somewhat belated luncheon. After changing caddies, the first shot (No. 715) after refreshments was into a ditch, and

BALL LOST IN THE MILITARY CANAL AT APPLEDORE.

718 into the canal; but the umpire's unpleasant remarks about the effect of the luncheon were treated with contempt. After much trouble with rushes and ditches we got on to the road, and promptly hit a house, the ball rebounding into the road. We then decided to make for Appledore Station, and on arriving there the ball hit the Railway Hotel at the 785th stroke. Here we took tea at 5.50, and then putted over the railway-crossing, having first hit the gate and bounced on to the rails. As we were well within our number of strokes we kept to the road for some distance, and then struck off to the right through oats, beans, and pasture. No. 842 was lost in a wide dyke, and, as 844 shared the same fate, we decided to halt for the night, as the dyke was too wide to jump. Having driven our peg, we started to walk to Brookland Station, and fortunately caught a train to Lydd, where we spent the second night.

THE STAFF AT APPLEDORE STATION ARE GREATLY INTERESTED.

On Wednesday morning we took train to Brookland and walked to Snargate, near which was our starting-point, and at eight o'clock drove over the dyke and then had to walk a long distance to a bridge before we could cross. This happened many times, as the waterways are seldom sufficiently narrow to jump. At the 915th stroke we reached Brenzett, after crossing pasture, arable, oats, wheat, and so forth. Here a friend offered us sloe gin, which was not refused, and it greatly assisted our progress, as for some time the brassie shots were far and sure. We now crossed the main sewer which drains Romney Marsh; twice our ball hit a sheep, and we were frequently in small ditches, but could generally play out. After passing the quaint little church of Old Romney, we found many rushes and reeds, and strokes were short.

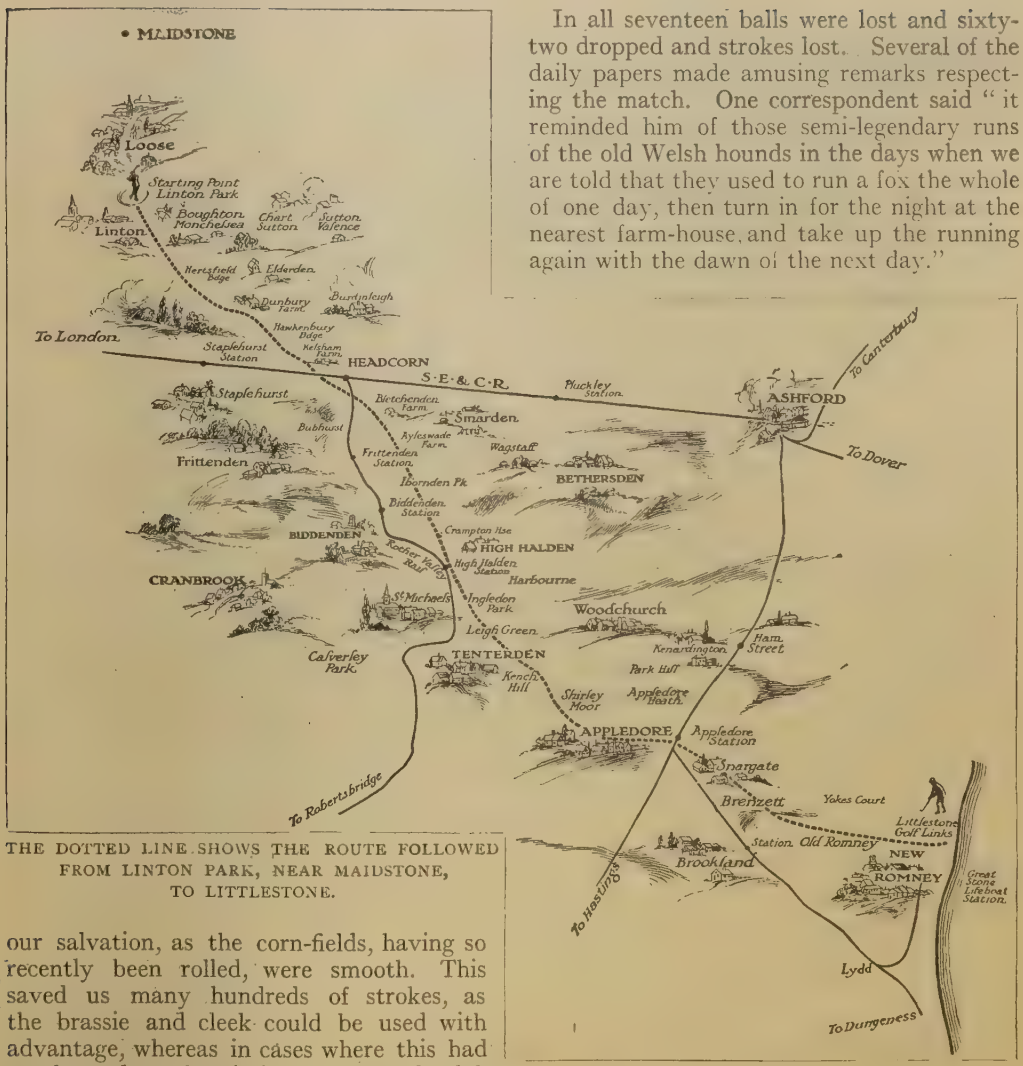
At the 1,000th stroke the ball hit a tree and rebounded. We then made our way twice over the main sewer and through rough pasture, while the wooden fences, which are numerous, were frequently hit. After passing the ruins of Hope Chapel and leaving New Romney, with its grand old Norman church, on our right, we took a bee-line for the lofty water-tower at Littlestone, and soon got among the sand-hills and rabbit-holes, in one of which we lost a ball.

The end was now near, as it had been arranged that we should hole out on the first green of the celebrated links. A good mashie shot landed us on it, a putt rested within four feet of the hole, and with the 1,087th stroke we holed out at 11.38 on the third day.

We were, as may be supposed, very tired, and for several days disinclined for exertion. Short mashie shots and putts would have been restful; but, as it was necessary to get as far as possible with each stroke, they did not come into use, and consequently it was a prolonged strain on the arms, hands, and wrists. Caddies were a difficulty, and we had six or seven, each one after going a few miles wanting to return, as he was afraid of getting lost.

IN THE CENTRE OF ROMNEY MARSH.

With the aid of a compass and some knowledge of the district we kept a good course, but it can readily be understood that we had to make a very large number of small *détours* to avoid woods, hop-gardens, arable land, marshes, and so forth. The fact that the weather for some weeks previously had been fine was



THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ROUTE FOLLOWED FROM LINTON PARK, NEAR MAIDSTONE, TO LITTLESTONE.

our salvation, as the corn-fields, having so recently been rolled, were smooth. This saved us many hundreds of strokes, as the brassie and cleek could be used with advantage, whereas in cases where this had not been done the niblick was the only club that could be taken.

In all seventeen balls were lost and sixty-two dropped and strokes lost. Several of the daily papers made amusing remarks respecting the match. One correspondent said "it reminded him of those semi-legendary runs of the old Welsh hounds in the days when we are told that they used to run a fox the whole of one day, then turn in for the night at the nearest farm-house, and take up the running again with the dawn of the next day."

THE LAST STROKE (NO. 1,087) ON THE LINKS AT LITTLESTONE.

Joking apart, however, the game proved not only novel, but of extremely varied interest, much more so than is obtainable on any ordinary golf-links, and may be highly recommended to any golfer who would like a new experience. We should very much like to see a match between champion players of forty miles across country, and we think the whole golfing world would note with interest the way in which they acquitted themselves in the trying circumstances of Marathon golf.

[Photographs by De'Ath and Dunk, Maidstone.]

Three Helios

By Talbot Mundy

ILLUSTRATED BY CYRUS CUNEO

I.

IT was on a bench in Trafalgar Square that Robert Furleigh sat one bitter February morning. He was wedged in tightly between five other men, shabbier even and dirtier than he was; and he stared disconsolately at his unblacked boots, and tried to forget the hunger that was gnawing at his stomach.

Ten paces from him was a man in uniform, who wore a little bunch of ribbons in his cap. He was spotless and unrumpled as a new-struck silver coin. Five medals hung in a row on his left breast, and he possessed the balance and self-reliance that nothing save work well done can give a man. He stroked his moustache and faced St. Martin's Church without any apparent interest, and nobody, judging from a first glance at him, would have supposed that he was there on business. But this was one of the feeders of Britain's firing-line, and sideways, from the corner of his eye, he was watching Furleigh.

"Raw as a piece of steak," he muttered to himself. "Now, I wonder what brought him down in the world. Hit the bottom about a week ago, I should say; his boots haven't been blacked for four or five days, but they're good ones, clothes are well-cut, and they fit him. Blood on his collar, and the tail end of a black eye about a week old. Um-m-m! Was it debts, I wonder, or a woman? Both, probably. Anyhow, I think he'll do, and he's ripe."

The derelict got up from the seat and craned his neck to look above the crowd, and the moment that he rose another derelict slipped into his place behind him. This newcomer was a bull-necked brute of a man, strong by the look of him, but he had the sly leer and the sneer on his face of the unsuccessful criminal. Whatever it was that Furleigh looked for he was disappointed, for he turned to sit down again with an air of even greater despondence on his face, and the man who had stolen his seat looked up and laughed at him, and his lips moved in some sneering insult. Quick as a flash Furleigh's hand shot out and seized the brute's collar; there was a short struggle, a blow, a blasphemous oath, and the man who had no right to the seat went over behind it backward.

"Good!" said the recruiting-sergeant, still watching from his point of vantage. "I'd an idea that fellow hadn't dropped through the bottom yet. He's got more spirit left than I thought, even. Pretty nearly six feet, and over forty round the chest. He'll do."

He started to stroll back again, quite casually, but this time he came to a stop directly in front of Furleigh and faced him, and stared at him deliberately. He stared him out of countenance, and Furleigh's eyes dropped; he felt in his pockets nervously for cigarettes, and finding none, looked down at his boots again. Instantly the recruiting-sergeant produced a packet, and held it out towards him

"Hands soft as a woman's," he thought, as his quarry reached out eagerly and took one. "He'll mould all right, this one will, but he'll suffer. Here, take the lot, won't you?" he said, tossing him the packet.

His quarry thanked him and blew smoke luxuriously through his nose. He seemed to think that the incident was closed, for he once more dropped his eyes and sank his chin on to his chest and lapsed into disconsolate reverie. But the sergeant had not finished with him.

"You're looking glum," he said, suddenly. "What's wrong?"

"QUICK AS A FLASH FURLEIGH'S HAND SHOT OUT AND SEIZED THE BRUTE'S COLLAR."

"Everything," said the outcast, looking up, and then standing up.

The sergeant stepped back a pace. His uniform was immaculately clean, and this sorry-looking stranger was not.

"The world seems pretty good to me" he said, pushing his chest out like a pouter pigeon.

"If you were as hungry as I am," said Furleigh, "you'd think otherwise."

"Cold morning given you an appetite, eh? So it has me."

"Well, then, go and eat, and be hanged to you. Don't stand here and talk to me about it, or I shall go mad."

"Come along. Come and eat with me. I'll buy you a breakfast."

Every other occupant of that bench pricked up his ears. Two of the men smiled cunningly, one swore savagely under his breath, and the other two looked from Furleigh to the sergeant and back again, and nodded knowingly. But there was nothing but quite innocent amazement in Furleigh's voice.

"That's very decent of you, sergeant," he said, in accents that were foreign to the underworld.

As they walked side by side towards the little eating-house, tucked away in a quiet corner not far from St. Martin's Church, Furleigh glanced nervously from side to side. The sergeant looked up at him curiously.

"Seem a little strange to be going to breakfast with a non-com.?" he asked.

"Just a little," answered Furleigh, and the sergeant nodded.

In spite of his vaunted appetite, the sergeant ate little. He sat and watched his man and said nothing, waiting with an art that was learned in war for the psychological moment in which to strike.

"Have you had enough?" asked the sergeant, at last.

"Plenty, thanks," said Furleigh.

"Enough of wandering the streets, I mean?"

"Yes. I've had more than enough of that."

"Then why do it?"

Furleigh stared at him. It seemed like the question of a madman.

"I've been trying hard to get up again ever since I——"

"You've been trying in the wrong way, then. Look at me. I was down and out once, and I wasted a lot of time wandering about asking folks to help me. Some of 'em did, a little; but most didn't. So I did what I thought was worse than suicide; I went off and enlisted. Look at me now. I've money in the bank, and a good coat to my back, and three square meals a day, and I shall have a pension when I'm through. I've seen quite a little of the world, too, and had a corking good time of it." Furleigh was silent now, staring down at the table in front of him. The sergeant tried another line of argument. "There's nobody can accuse me of being anything but what I am, either," he asserted. "I've a record of twenty years' service behind me, every day of it accounted for, and that's more than most can say. When a man's down and out, anybody can call him a rotter, and he can't disprove it as a rule."

Furleigh winced.

"Unless he's been in the army for a spell. Then he can push his written record under the nose of anyone that accuses him!"

Furleigh still said nothing; he still stared at the dirty tablecloth, with his hands deep down in his empty pockets and a look of indecision on his face. But the sergeant had not yet exhausted his list of lures.

"Nobody knows who I was before I joined," he said, darkly, as though he were hiding some thrilling secret. "I gave my real name, because it's against the law not to, and I wasn't taking any chances."

Furleigh seemed interested now.

"Is that a fact? Can't a man enlist under an assumed name?"

"Some of 'em do, but it's against the regulations, and there's apt to be trouble if it's ever discovered. What's your name, now?"

"Furleigh."

"I know half-a-dozen men of your name!" lied the sergeant, promptly. "There's one in the First Life Guards, one in the Middlesex, one in the D. L. I. Why, I must know a dozen of them!"

"Come along, then," said Furleigh. "I'll enlist."

"And you'll be glad of it," the sergeant answered.

An hour or two later Furleigh had been taken before a magistrate, and had kissed the Book, and had sworn to serve Her Majesty the Queen and obey her officers in Great Britain, or abroad, or in the Dominions beyond the seas, without question—loyally—and to the death.

"Now listen," said the recruiting-sergeant, when the oath was taken and they were out on the street again. "You've been a gentleman. Forget it! You've given orders all your life instead of taking 'em. Forget it! You're a new boy in a new school now! And don't you forget that! Be civil, obey orders at the jump, grin when you don't like a thing, keep your fists behind you and your tongue in your head, and let the canteen alone; then you'll be all right."

II.

It was all very well for the recruiting-sergeant to give advice to Robert Furleigh. The advice was good, but he found that following it meant remoulding a life-long point of view. He was housed in a barrack-room with nineteen other men any one of whom would have blacked his boots a month ago and have been proud to do it; and the temptation to secure their respect by hinting darkly at influence and relations high up in the service was too insistent to be withstood. So at the very start he fell the way that all fools fall, and derision and abuse met him whichever way he turned. He found himself dubbed a "ranker."

In the end, to get away from his comrades' roasting, he took a signalling course, and there his education helped him. The Morse Code that was a thing of mystery to most recruits was almost like an open book to him. But he had already broken every single rule of conduct that the recruiting-sergeant had laid down for him. He had made the amazing discovery that cads can use their fists, and he had fought half of the first-year men in the regiment, and been licked by most of them. Those that had got the better of him bullied him on the strength of it, and the men that he had licked were training and hardening their muscles with the laudable desire of one day getting even. He had no friends.

Even among the signallers he was unpopular, so his proficiency with the heliograph

stood him in very little stead. Officers are chary of recommending for promotion a man who has earned the whole-hearted contempt of two-thirds of the regiment and the hatred of the rest. Furleigh remained a private, while younger men than he, who had been bred in the slums of London, and whose education began and ended with the three R's, rose to be lance-corporals—and gave him orders and abuse.

The iron of it sank deep into his soul, and he grew worse tempered than he had ever been, and sulky and morose. Also—and that was the last and the most important of the recruiting-sergeant's rules—he took to drink; the canteen got his pay and what was left of his self-respect. The cells were the next acquaintance that he made. Every pay-day, almost, found him sentenced to them for "drunk and resisting the guard," or "drunk and disorderly," or just plain, ordinary drunk. It was in the cells that light dawned on him in the shape of Copeland, newly joined.

Second-lieutenant Copeland looked through the iron-barred window of the cell, and recognition was mutual and instant. Fifteen minutes later the cell door opened to admit Copeland, and the sentry marched away to the end of the flagged promenade in front, and stood there out of ear-shot.

"Are you in under your right name?" asked Copeland.

"Yes," said Furleigh.

"Were you after a commission?"

"No," said Furleigh.

"Well, even if you had been, you've lost all chance of getting it now, of course; so there's no use in talking about that. Don't you think you'd better purchase your discharge, Furleigh? Don't you think you might do better out of the army? I'd give you the money myself, and give you something else besides to start you after you've left."

Now, if human nature were not what it is known to be—quite inexplicable, and if every man had not some different kink in him that leads by devious byways to his pride, this story might seem incredible.

"I suppose you don't want me in your half-company?" asked Furleigh.

"Candidly, I don't."

"Does anybody else know that you've recognized me?"

"Not a soul."

"Very well, then; don't let them. Keep it dark, and keep me in your half-company."

"But look here, Furleigh! See sense! The thing's impossible! I can't carry on, and say nothing, and let you blackmail me, for that's what it will amount to!"

"Blackmail you! You mean little sneak! If I'd wanted to blackmail you, d'you think that I'd have not done it before this? We were both of us to blame for that business, but I got found out and took the blame, and you, you dirty little underhanded tradesman's son, you let me take it, didn't you, and said nothing? Now you want to buy me out of the army, do you, and get me out of sight again, and out of mind? Try if you dare! Hold your tongue, Copeland, and I'll hold mine."

"But, Furleigh——"

"That's all!" said Furleigh.

"But, you know, I sha'n't be able to do you any favours; I shall have to treat you the same as all the rest."

"If you so much as dare to show me a single favour I'll expose you that minute!"

"But——"

Furleigh came one pace nearer, and spoke to him through clenched teeth.

"I want you to clearly understand," he said, "that what I say now is final. Leave the army yourself, if you like; but don't you dare to try to get me out of it, or even to get me transferred. And don't you dare to let anybody know who I am, or what you know about me, or what I know about you. And if you elect to stay in the army, don't you dare to treat me differently to the rest. I'll take no favours of any kind from a little cad like you!"

That incident did the trick for Furleigh. He came out of cells, two days later, a changed man, and the canteen saw no more of him. He was determined to show Copeland how a gentleman behaved under stress of circumstances, and the delight he took in doing it gave him something to live for, and changed his whole appearance and his point of view and his relation to the service.

He took a keen delight now in every form of soldiering; and because Copeland, who had no birth at all to speak of, was making himself unpopular by his snobbery among his brother officers, Furleigh chose to forget his birth and prove that a gentleman can survive any form of disaster with credit to himself.

His eyes never met Copeland's eyes, save in the course of duty, and then only as they would have met another officer's. He placed no difficulties in Copeland's way; he obeyed his orders, and he neither avoided him nor got in the way of him. He behaved to him exactly as he did to any other officer—that

is to say, civilly and with all the power of prompt obedience he had in him.

And as the weeks wore by and Furleigh's efficiency increased, the regiment began to perceive the change in him. Men who had scorned him a month ago now shared their tobacco with him and slapped him on the back; men who had objected to sleeping in the next cot to him now sat on his bed and talked to him; and officers who had cast him previously for every conceivable form of fatigue, began to watch him now from another point of view. Six months later he was made lance-corporal. When war broke out and the regiment was ordered overseas, he was a corporal already. And when the regiment reached South Africa and the shifting and confusion of campaign had begun, Furleigh was sergeant-signaller. Copeland was second lieutenant still, and likely to remain one; Furleigh's behaviour had got on his nerves, and he was silent and morose and distrusted and unpopular.

III.

A SIGNALLER has his full share of all the hard work that may be going, and positively no glory whatever, at the stage of a war when crawling columns are evolving out of chaos and the skyline is rendered hazy with the dust of manœuvring brigades. Furleigh sat, or stood, and sweated at his helio while everybody lost his temper, and nobody knew for ten consecutive minutes who was which, nor who commanded what, nor what orders were, nor why. And during that time he saw little or nothing of Second-lieutenant Copeland.

But all this while Copeland was exercising influence; and because his regiment had no use for him, every application that he made for a transfer to some other detail was warmly seconded by his colonel; and in the end somebody commanding found time to scrawl his signature across a piece of paper that sent Copeland hurrying to the front.

Furleigh went too, but for other reasons. An order had come down from the fighting-line that the most efficient signallers should be sent forward immediately; and the first to go was the man who had toiled from daylight until dusk ever since he landed, and had made himself and proved himself the most accurate and quickest signaller at the base. The same train took both of them. Copeland travelled first-class, in a carriage reserved for the use of officers; he went on importunity and influence. Furleigh went in an open truck, in among the cartridge-boxes, sent forward on his merits.

Copeland, out on the platform to stretch himself at a wayside station, beheld Furleigh sprawling in the truck and cursed the sight of him. Furleigh saw him too, but took no notice. And then, after an almost interminable journey, the train disgorged them at the front, and once again they lost sight of one another for a while.

They went under fire together the next time that they met; and then the crisis came. Copeland commanded a little body of scouts, some five-and-twenty of them, who had orders to push forward and get in touch with a supposed-to-be-retreating enemy. And along with the outfit marched Sergeant Furleigh, smoking his pipe contentedly beside a mule that bore the helio. In front were the five-and-twenty, spread out like furlong posts across the veldt. Fifty paces or more behind them, and at an equal distance from either end of the extended line, walked Copeland, and behind him, two hundred yards or more, came Furleigh.

They reached a river, where the only ford was overlooked by jagged kopjes. There the scouts lay down and watched a while. Nothing moved on the far side and there were no signs of any enemy, so Copeland gave an order, and one by one, with their rifles held above their heads, the scouts crossed over. On the far side they lay down in a cluster and waited for their officer. Then Furleigh led the mule across, and Copeland rode it, cursing because the water wetted his legs, for every now and then the mule stumbled or put a foot wrong, and he had to sit cross-saddle in order to keep his seat.

When they reached the far side, one of the scouts reported having seen a man's head on the near horizon. It had bobbed up for a second and disappeared again. Only one had seen it, but he was positive that he had not been mistaken. Copeland turned to Furleigh.

"D'you see that little kopje over there? The one with the hollow on this side of it?"

"Yes, sir," said Furleigh.

"Well, take your helio there, and set it up. If the enemy do happen to be in front, you'll be under cover and out of their sight. I suppose you can signal the rear from there?"

Furleigh glanced upward at the sun.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Go ahead, then, and stand by in readiness to signal."

Furleigh led off the mule, leading him along in the shallow water below the river-bank until he had the kopje he was aiming

for between him and the supposititious enemy; then he made a break for it, and reached the hollow behind the kopje at the run.

"Brave man!" said Copeland, with a sneer, and one of the five-and-twenty laughed.

The rest glanced from one to the other and said nothing; they were scouts, not humorists. Copeland stood up and watched the skyline for five minutes through his glasses, sweeping it slowly from left to right.

"There's nothing there," he said, with an air of conviction. "Forward, to that kopje in front. We shall get a better view from there, and then I'll decide what to do next."

"Begging your pardon, sir——" said a sergeant, a twelve-year, two-medal man.

"Hold your tongue," commanded Copeland. "I'm in command here."

The scouts glanced at each other again, but they had to obey his order, and they advanced in a body across the open to the kopje.

They had nearly reached it when a shot rang out—one solitary shot that hit nobody. But that shot was a signal. A second later came a volley, sudden and sharp and shorn off like the sound of one gun firing, and then another volley, and another; then independent firing, that rattled for a moment, and grew less, and died down into nothing, ending with one solitary shot.

Furleigh, peering round the corner of his shelter, could see nothing; he supposed that the scouts had taken cover. So he turned to his helio again and got ready to transmit the message that Copeland would surely send him in a minute or two. But no one came back with any order.

He sent a flash or two, to call the attention of the column that was still out of sight beyond the skyline to the rear, and after a minute he caught the answering flash.

"Stand by," he signalled. "Information coming!"

"Ready!" came the answer.

Then, from the corner of his eye, he caught another flash, over to the left, beside him. A glance over there showed him another helio, manned by a fellow with a shaggy beard. It was a Boer helio, and it was signalling the British column. Furleigh and his instrument were out of sight of the enemy, and so was the mule, for a little ragged escarpment ran down from the kopje that concealed him and formed a wedge-shaped screen between him and the Boers. He had to stand on tip-toe and peer above it in order to see the man who signalled. So he drew back his helio a little farther towards the kopje and hobbled the mule more carefully and watched, trying to read the Boer flashes.

It proved difficult. He could read easily enough what the British signallers answered; but they, too, seemed to find it hard to understand.

"Repeat!" they kept on signalling. "Repeat! Not understood!"

Either the Boer was a beginner at the instrument or else his knowledge of English was at fault.

Suddenly Furleigh heard a noise behind him, to his right, and he turned and saw Copeland creeping towards him on his stomach. The moment he reached the little hollow in the shelter of the kopje Copeland rose to his feet. He was white as a sheet and trembling, but there was no sign of a wound on him.

"Quick! Out of this!" said Copeland. "The Boers are behind that hill, several thousands of them. They ambuscaded us. Shot down every single man!"

"Except you?" suggested Furleigh.

But the irony missed; Copeland was too excited.

"The Boers have got a helio on that hill," said Furleigh, quite calmly. "They're signalling the column. I can't read what they're saying, but our men don't seem able to read it either."

"Who cares what they're saying! Loose that mule! Come on, hurry! I'll ride him, and you take hold of the stirrup!"

Furleigh loosed the mule.

"All ready, sir!" he said.

There was a pronounced accentuation on the "sir."

Copeland mounted.

"Come on!" he ordered. "Catch hold; hurry up!"

"One minute," said Furleigh, still holding to the rein. "If you get through, tell 'em that that wasn't my helio flashing; d'you understand, SIR?"

"Let go of that rein, will you, you fool!"

The mule milled round and round, for Furleigh held it, and Copeland was kicking with both of his heels. Officers commanding scouts were armed with rifles like the rest, to save them from being picked off by the enemy; Copeland had dropped his rifle, and he had no weapon of any kind, but he felt for his sword now instinctively.

"A LUMBERING, BLUNDERING, BULL-PLUCKY BRITISH COLUMN WAS ADVANCING WIT

EYES SHUT INTO PLANNED, MARKED-OUT, CALCULATED, AMBUSCADED DEATH!"

Furleigh laughed at him, and Copeland struck out with his fist and missed.

Once again Furleigh laughed, but he loosed the rein, and hit the mule a resounding wallop with his open palm. In went Copeland's heels, and off went the mule at an awkward gallop. Furleigh stood where he was, with a grim smile on his face, watching. He saw that Copeland never once looked round.

The mule plunged into the river under Copeland's urging, and began to wallow and plunge across the ford. It was not until that moment that the Boers caught sight of him; then ten men opened fire, and the men who were clustered round the helio stopped what they were doing to watch.

The mule was by no means a steady target, and he was half-way over before they hit him; he fell then, though, in a heap, head under, and Copeland slipped off his back and began to wade. Never once looking back, he plunged, pushing, wallowing forward, diving head and shoulders under for so long as he could hold his breath, bobbing up again for an instant, to be greeted with a volley that spattered round him, and then diving again and struggling forward.

He reached the bank, unhit apparently, and he lay low there in the shallow water for five minutes. Then Furleigh saw him make a spring for it and climb the bank; a long-range volley greeted him the moment that he showed himself, and as he reached the top he fell forward into the long grass and lay there. It was difficult to judge at that long distance, but it seemed to Furleigh that he had not been hit; the Boers, though, thought otherwise, for they left off firing.

Furleigh watched for a little while, but saw no sign of movement on the far bank, so he turned his attention to the signalling again. The flashes had resumed, and there was another man on the helio now, who seemed more of an adept at it. Furleigh crawled down towards the river, and lay still between two ant-hills; from that angle he could read the flashes better.

Flick-flick! went the Boer helio. "General Commanding," read Furleigh from where he lay, and back came the answering flash:—

Flick-flick-flick! "Enemy retired some hours ago. Ford easy and undefended. Have reconnoitred all positions on far side. No signs of enemy except litter along line of their retreat."

"Press forward and report," came back the answer.

From where Furleigh lay he could see the heads of more than a thousand Boer marksmen, peeping above a ridge to stare at a heavy dust-cloud that began to show on the far horizon. And from where the dust-cloud was there came the angry rumble of an army. A lumbering, blundering, bull-plucky British column was advancing with its eyes shut into planned, marked-out, calculated, ambuscaded death!

Flick-flick! went the helio. *Flash-flash!* came the answer. And the Boer heads disappeared again, and the Boer signallers unshipped their instrument and hid it behind the ridge.

Back crawled Furleigh to his hollow where the helio stood. If ever a man faced certain death, he did then; but he faced it laughing. When he reached the hollow he drew out his pipe and filled and lit it. He was out of sight, he knew, and he could take his time about beginning; but once he started he would have to hurry, for there were Boers in plenty within three hundred yards of him. So he smoked for five full minutes, while he thought; there was going to be no room for mistakes.

Then quietly, and almost casually, he stood up behind his instrument, and his fingers clutched the key.

"General Commanding," he signalled, quite steadily and without a tremor; "General Commanding"—"General Commanding"—"Gen——"

It seemed like an hour to him before the answer came; and there were not even seconds to lose!

"Last messages false!" he signalled. "Enemy ambuscaded far side of ford in force. Scouts surprised and killed. Enemy using their helio to draw you into trap. Do you understand?"

Another hour followed, that was really sixty seconds. Then:—

"Repeat!" came the answering signal.

Furleigh heard sounds behind him—nailed boots hurrying over rocks, and a gruff command in Dutch. The Boers had seen his signals! But he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the sky in front of him, and repeated his signal word for word.

"To draw you into a trap," he signalled. "Do you under——" And a man peered over the edge of the kopje behind him and a rifle-barrel flashed for a second in the sunlight. There came a sharp report and another flash—and Furleigh dropped down in a heap where he had stood. Another Boer leaned over then and put another bullet into him, to make quite sure.

The British column signalled and signalled,

"FURLEIGH DROPPED DOWN IN A HEAP WHERE HE HAD STOOD."

but got no answer. The Boers lay low and waited, and the cloud of dust drew nearer. But out of it, after a while, there came another cloud—a little one, that rose higher and moved three times as fast. And three thousand yards beyond the ford three batteries of horse artillery swung round to "Action Front."

Shrapnel were the scouts this time—round iron balls that shrieked and sang among the kopjes, ricochetting off the rocks and seeking out what lay there. Then came a real retreat, hurried along by pom-pom shells and maxims and very long-range rifle-fire. And after that a stretcher picked up Furleigh and bore him to the rear. Copeland rose from the grass and walked back, and reported to the general officer commanding.

"Who are you?" asked the general.

"Copeland, sir. O.C. advanced scouting-party."

"Where is your command?"

"All killed, sir."

"Excepting you, eh?"

Copeland said nothing.

"How did you come to report the crossing safe and undefended?"

"I did not, sir. The sergeant-signaller did that. As I lay among the grass on this side of the river, spent, sir, you'll understand, I

"THE BUTLER HANDED HIM AN OFFICIAL-LOOKING ENVELOPE."

saw him standing over there and flashing signals."

"Did you at any time give him signals to send after you were attacked?"

"No, sir. I had no opportunity."

"How so?"

"Could not get near him, sir."

"How did you cross the river?"

Copeland hesitated. He had no idea who had seen him or who had not, and there was the dead mule lying in the river for damning evidence against him.

"I started on the mule; the enemy shot that, and then I swam and waded."

"And the mule, where did you get that from?"

Copeland turned red and hesitated.

"You may consider yourself under arrest, Mr. Copeland," said the general, slowly and deliberately. "I'll have your conduct in this matter investigated at once."

Copeland saluted and started to walk slowly to the rear, trying hard to think of some way to save his reputation, and as he walked he was recognized by a corporal of Yeomanry, who had until lately been teller in a London bank. The corporal made no sign, and neither did Copeland, but each man recognized the other. Copeland continued his march to the rear, and the corporal rode forward to where the general stood. There he halted, to the rear of him, and waited for further orders.

Nine stretchers passed, one of them in front and the rest all in a cluster behind it. The general turned his head.

"Corporal," he ordered, "find out who are on those stretchers."

And the corporal dismounted and stopped the stretcher-bearers. The first man that he looked at, on the stretcher that was in front, was Robert Furleigh, and the corporal recognized him. He lifted the skirt of his open tunic, though, and looked at the name on it, to make absolutely sure.

"Is he alive?" he asked.

"Yes, hit in two places. But he's got a chance."

The corporal reported his discovery, and the general changed colour slightly under the dark sunburn. He, too, seemed anxious to make sure, for he walked up to the stretcher and stooped over it.

"Take this man's deposition the moment he regains consciousness," he ordered. "And let me have it immediately."

Then he mounted and rode forward to attend to his country's business. His own could wait.

IV.

THROUGH the whole of the weary, jolting, bumping journey to the base Furleigh lay on his back in the ambulance and groaned. He had had the good fortune to be hit at a time when there were no other wounded men to deal with, so the surgeons had had time to spare for him. They saved his life, but they did nothing to spare his feelings. He was to be sent home, they told him, on the first home-going troopship, and in all likelihood he would be invalided from the army.

And what was a man to do, he wondered, who knew no trade, and had nobody who cared a hang about him, and nothing but a few pounds of wound-money to fall back upon?

He had been a fool, he thought, as usual. And fooled by Copeland once again. Why hadn't he taken that mule and ridden away, as that cad Copeland did? He could have left Copeland to his fate then—and serve him right! Why hadn't he? Because then he would have been a cad, like Copeland.

He thought it over still more on board the troopship going home, and in the end he began to feel almost satisfied. He had been faced with an ugly proposition, and he had not hesitated. He had played the game. What else mattered?

But the long days of convalescence in Netley Hospital brought gloom with them again. Discharge from the army was each day twenty-four hours nearer, and London loomed big, with the friendless streets and the benches, and the hurrying, careless crowds again. Nobody visited him. He had plenty of time to think. And not one of the plans he thought of brought him a single gleam of hope.

Then one day they did bring in a visitor to see him, and he turned over on his cot, a little wearily, expecting to see a missionary, or some semi-professional ward-visitor, who would bore him with well-intentioned platitudes. But he gasped and turned even whiter than his wound had left him when he saw who stood beside his bed.

"Good morning, Mr. Robert, sir," said a well-remembered voice.

"You, Blades! Have you left, then?"

"No, sir; I'm still your father's butler."

"What brought you here?"

"Your father's letter, sir, and the first train I could catch. He ordered me to bring you this by hand."

The butler handed him an official-looking envelope, and Furleigh seized it and tore it open with fingers that twitched and trembled.

It was dated from General Headquarters, and ran:—

DEAR BOB,—Blades will bring you this, and by this same mail he will receive my orders to wait on you, and convey you home the moment you are well enough to leave the hospital. When I ordered you out of the house, it appears that I acted under a false impression. You were in the wrong, for you put your name on a promissory note in spite of my orders, and in spite of your own promise not to do so. I had no idea, though, that Mr. Copeland had most of the money, that you repaid your share of it to him, and that it was he, not you, who failed to meet it. I suppose that in my anger I gave you no opportunity to explain; or possibly your own misguided sense of honour prevented you. In any case, your fault was not so great as I supposed, and you have been punished for it quite enough. You are welcome home again.

You will possibly be interested to learn that Mr. Copeland has left the army, Her Majesty having no further use for his services. The coincidence of my receiving your signals direct, coupled with the certainty that you could not have known that I was with that column, and the opportunity that I had to investigate the circumstances on the spot and reconstruct what happened from the evidence directly afterwards, was a piece of wonderful good fortune.

I will attend to the matter of your honourable discharge from the army, as you will readily understand that I could not, in all the circumstances, possibly recommend you for promotion. What you did, however, shall be considered as having blotted out the past.

Your affectionate father,
WHITTINGHAME FURLEIGH,
General Commanding, Eastern Transvaal.

"It's all over the county, sir," said Blades. "Your father's written home and told pretty near everyone all about it, and how you're his heir again. We're all glad, sir!"

"Gad, Blades! The old man doesn't do things by halves, does he?"

"No, sir," said Blades, "he don't. An' if you asked me, his son don't either. Seems it runs in the family."

The Greatest Mystery

Can You

The greatest mystery of the sea is, of course, the case of the *Marie Celeste*, which has defied all attempts at solution for forty years. Nevertheless, some solution there must be, and it has occurred to us to reprint the story (from the *Nautical Magazine*) and to invite eminent writers, who are celebrated for their ingenuity in disentangling mysteries, to suggest solutions. We have pleasure in publishing most ingenious conjectures by Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Morley Roberts, and Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell. It is possible that the explanation of this strange mystery is really quite simple, and if some plausible solution should occur to any of our readers we shall be very glad to hear from them, and to publish and pay for anything we may decide to use.

WHAT is the greatest mystery of the sea? Ask any deep-water sailor that question, and the chances are that he will answer — the *Marie Celeste*. Why was she abandoned, and what became of her crew? These are riddles which for forty years have been discussed without result by the seamen of the world. In this tragedy one looks in vain for a clue to a natural or supernatural explanation.

The circumstances in which the brig *Marie Celeste* was found deserted in mid-ocean are matters of official record, but that only. No trace of any member of the ship's company of thirteen souls has ever been found. Thirteen, that unlucky number! "Had that anything to do with it?" asks the superstitiously-inclined sailor.

To-day, many years after the disaster, we know practically no more about it than did the skipper who found the deserted ship. There is ample room for imagination, for from the recorded facts no one has been able to construct even a tenable theory. However, here are the facts in the case, all that has been learned after forty years.

Why was the brig *Marie Celeste* abandoned? Not one of the thirteen souls who sailed from New York has ever returned to tell how or why they fled in haste from the vessel. With all her boats intact, and well stocked with provisions, the brig was found sailing in the Atlantic a day after she was abandoned.

Early in September, 1872, Captain Ben Griggs, a New Englander, stood on an East River wharf, in New York, watching the loading of the last article for his ship's cabin. It was a sewing-machine belonging to his wife, for Mrs. Griggs was to go with her husband for the voyage on the *Marie Celeste*, of five hundred tons, bound for Genoa. As the machine was slung aboard, the captain's wife, with their seven-year-old daughter and their twelve-year-old son, and accompanied by the vessel's owner, appeared on the wharf.

The boy ran up to Captain Griggs, crying:—

"Oh, father, do please take me for a trip as well as sister."

"Stop there, my lad, not so fast," replied his father; "you've been two voyages with me, and now it's proper that you stay at home so as to attend school."

"But I shall be lonesome without mother and sister," replied the boy.

"Aye, I dare say you will," said the old man, thoughtfully. Then, turning to his owner, "What do you say, sir, as to the boy coming with his mother and sister?"

The owner of the ship shook his head.

"I believe, captain, the lad should stick to his books."

That settled it. When the brig hauled off, the captain's son was left standing on the

Solve It?

jetty beside his father's employer, and he wept as though he was broken-hearted, till the owner took him to a shop and bought him some sweets and toys. In not taking his son on that voyage of the *Celeste* the skipper spared the lad—what? No one can answer that question. The weeks passed, two months or more. Then suddenly through the State Department there came to the owner, from the United States Consul at Gibraltar, this notice :—

Gibraltar, January 2nd, 1873.

The American brig *Marie Celeste*, of New York, was brought into this port by the British barque *Dei Gratia*. *Marie Celeste* picked up on high seas on December 5th, abandoned. Brig in perfect condition, but was taken possession of by Admiralty Court as a derelict. Fate of crew unknown.

The owner of the ill-fated brig at once took passage for Gibraltar. Before his departure, however, he sent a copy of the letter to Captain Griggs's little son.

"If only father had taken me along with him," the boy said, "we should have been together and happy now. For when they left me and took mother and sister that made the ship's company up to thirteen."

At noon on 5th December, 1872, the Atlantic, at a point three hundred miles due west from Gibraltar, was as smooth as a mill-pond, and there were three vessels within sight of each other. One was a German tramp steamer holding a course for the West Indies, and crossing the bows of the brig about three miles off. The steamer ran up a signal that called for an answer from the brig. But the brig sent no answer. She was silent. Then, as if saying to the brig, "Well, if you don't want me to speak to you or report you, it's all the same to me," the tramp held on her course due south, dropping at last over the horizon.

The third vessel was the British barque *Dei Gratia*, Captain Boyce, bound for Gibraltar. Captain Boyce, through his telescope, had seen the signal displayed by the tramp steamer when trying to speak to the brig. Also, he had waited in vain for an answering flag from the *Marie Celeste*, the reply demanded by the common code of courtesy on the high seas.

"Queer, jolly impolite, when I come to think of it," was the British skipper's comment, and he determined to investigate. "A confounded, surly churl of a sea-dog who refused to be spoken at sea," for the Briton was not as lacking in curiosity as his brother skipper of the steamer seemed to be. Taking every advantage of the cat's-paw of wind from the southward, Captain Boyce ran within hailing distance of the silent brig.

"There appears to be something amiss with that vessel," he said to his mate, Adams.

"Aye, sir," replied the mate; "she should by rights have every inch of sail spread. And how she yaws, sir. She acts to me, sir, as though the crew were all drunk."

They were now within half a mile of the *Marie Celeste*, and both captain and mate were scrutinizing closely the queer actions of the brig, the captain through his telescope and the mate through binoculars. Suddenly, at the same moment, both cried, "Not a soul in sight on her decks!"

"It must be our eyes; we can't see them, but they're there somewhere, of course," said the skipper.

There was still no response from the brig.

"Give 'em an urgent hoist, Adams; that'll get 'em, surely."

Forthwith the urgent hoist was run up. Still no reply.

Meanwhile, the behaviour of the brig became stranger than ever. The wind had

veered slightly, and the brig's sails were flapping in an irresponsible way.

"The fools," cried the skipper of the British ship. "Strange we can't see them. What are they hiding for? But they're there, sure enough, 'cause they're bringing her about. Hang me, if they ain't trying to run away from us!"

Captain Boyce now formed a trumpet with his hands and shouted, "Brig, ahoy!" the mate joining in the yell, for they were within easy hailing distance. But the mysterious brig still failed to answer, and, though all hands on the British ship could now examine the decks of the brig with the naked eye, not a sign of life could they discover.

"Lower a boat," ordered Captain Boyce. "Mr. Adams, we must board that craft. Her whole crew is either drunk or murdered, or dead of fever, or starved to death, or——" He turned to look into the mate's eyes.

"Or they've abandoned the ship, sir," said the mate, understandingly. "And yet, never that, sir. Why should they abandon her? She's not showing signs of distress, not one."

On the calm sea a boat, manned by two sailors and carrying both captain and mate from the *Dei Gratia*, pulled towards the strange brig. As they drew near they read, on the vessel's stern, "*Marie Celeste*, New York."

"*Celeste*, ahoy! On deck, there," cried Boyce, as he came alongside, well forward. The only answer was the flapping of the somnolent sails aloft.

"Bless me, if she ain't pretty near all right aloft," said the skipper. "It's below the wrong is."

Whereupon he ordered his sailors to stand by, while he and the mate boarded the brig, climbing up by the chain-plates.

Then, after one swift glance over the bulwarks, the captain said:—

"All hands must be below, for there's not a man in sight, not even a man at the wheel."

The two Britons then made their way aft, noting the ship's condition as they went. Not a thing was missing. Nothing was wanting that would be needed by such a vessel at sea. She was obviously a first-class craft, freshly painted, newly outfitted, spick and span in every way.

But that uncanny silence on such a fine ship was something awesome. The two men felt their flesh creep. Was the ship deserted? To them the brig seemed a floating graveyard, a ghost ship, the kind of phantom craft they had read about. From stem to stern, in cabin and forecastle, the two men searched, but not a human being, dead or alive, could they find.

"Mutiny!" exclaimed the skipper. "Master and mate have been thrown overboard. But where are the mutineers? Why this game of hide-and-seek?"

After a second examination of every part of the mysterious brig the mariners returned to the cabin.

"Well, it hasn't been mutiny, sir," said the mate; "there's no sign of a struggle."

"Nor was it piracy," said the captain; "the money-box has not been disturbed, and the cargo's valuable, but not touched, and there's no indication of any violence."

"Nor starvation, sir, with fever and all hands going loony and jumping over the side, because there's tons of grub, and the medicine-chest ain't been used to any account."

"And there was no storm, Adams, nor waterspout, nor tidal wave to wash 'em overboard. The log shows nothing since leaving Sandy Hook."

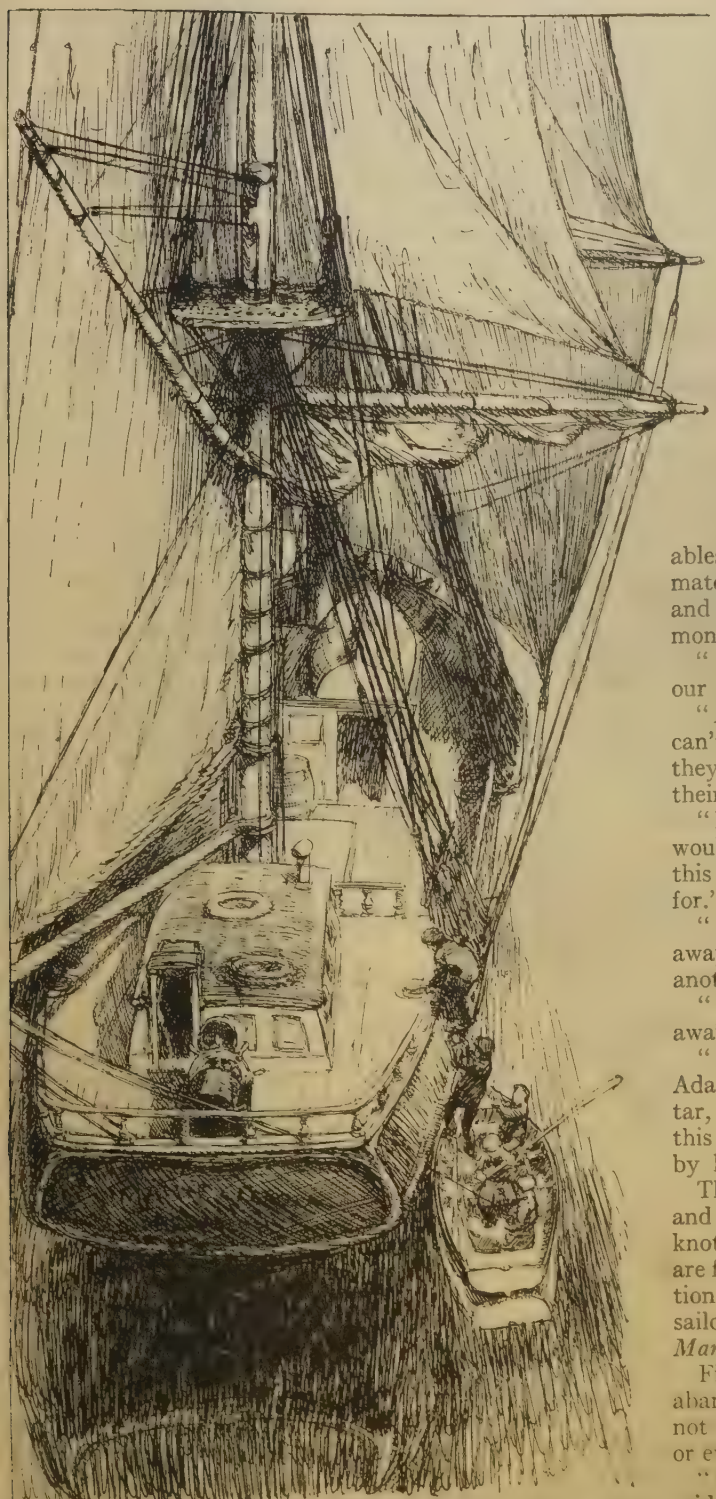
"Well, then, sir, if it weren't mutineers, nor pirates, nor storm, nor wreck, nor leak, nor famine, nor sickness, what could it have been, sir, except a sea-serpent sticking his snout aboard and swallowing 'em one by one?"

"They abandoned ship, Adams, that's plain," said the skipper, ignoring the sea-serpent theory.

"Yes, sir, they've left the ship; but why?"

"Why? It's most extraordinary, you know. They were not forced off, that's easy to see. They went willingly, and they had not made any preparations to go, that's certain. They didn't know they were going till the very moment they went. They went all in a most unaccountable hurry, because they left the ship in the middle of their breakfast. And they didn't take a stitch of clothing with 'em except what they had on their backs. Hang it! They took nothing but the ship's chronometer. Why the chronometer? We can't find the chronometer, can we? And I firmly believe they took the ship's papers, too; at least we haven't found the papers, though they may be locked in some drawer we've failed to open."

"That's straight, sir; they abandoned ship with nothing but the chronometer, and, possibly, the ship's papers. But why did they quit a ship that's as sound as the day she was launched? We've tried the pumps, and there's not an unnecessary drop of water in the old hooker. The ship's just perfect in



"AFTER ONE SWIFT GLANCE OVER THE BULWARKS, THE CAPTAIN SAID, 'ALL HANDS MUST BE BELOW, FOR THERE'S NOT A MAN IN SIGHT, NOT EVEN A MAN AT THE WHEEL.'"

every particular. Halloa! Here's blood!" The mate had drawn a cutlass from a scabbard that hung on the cabin wall. He pointed to spots on the blade. "Blood, sir, yet why did the man that used the cutlass take the trouble to put it back in its sheath? And" — looking at the woodwork of the cabin round about the scabbard —"see these marks; more blood. Piracy, sir, that's it. There's a Captain Kidd in this job, and he's made 'em all walk the plank."

"Pirates, Adams; yes! But, then, there's the valuables—the two watches in the mate's room, and the lady's rings and other jewels, and the full money-chest."

"Well, captain, anyway she is our prize."

"Aye, Adams; but what I can't make out is, how did they leave the ship? Not in their own boats, eh?"

"No, sir; because the boat that would be carried by a craft like this is here present and accounted for."

"Well, then, Adams, they got away in a boat belonging to another vessel."

"How else could they get away, sir?"

"So, all we've got to do, Mr. Adams, is to tow her into Gibraltar, and try and find out why this A 1 craft was abandoned by her people."

The reader may wish to try and unravel this hard nautical knot for himself. Therefore, here are further details of the examination made by the two British sailors on the abandoned ship *Marie Celeste*.

First, it was clear that the abandonment of the vessel was not due in any way to a storm or even bad weather.

"Look at the sewing-machine," said the skipper, as he and the mate discussed the situation in the brig's cabin. "There's been

a woman here—probably the captain's wife—and she was using that machine not long before she went wherever she went. Note this thimble lying on its side on a corner of the machine. There could have been no storm at the time the woman separated from the ship, for any kind of sea-roll would have caused the cotton to tumble off the machine."

"There's been a child here, too, sir," put in the mate. "It was a girl, for the thing the

"THE APPEARANCES OF THE TABLE SHOWED THAT FOUR PERSONS HAD RISEN FROM A HALF-EATEN MEAL TO LEAVE THE CABIN FOR EVER."

woman was sewing on the machine appears to me like a pinafore. The child was possibly the skipper's kiddie. And the woman stopped sewing in the middle of stitching a sleeve to leave the ship, however she left it."

"No, she didn't," said the captain. "She stopped sewing to get her breakfast." And the captain pointed to the table, the appearance of which showed that four persons had risen from a half-eaten meal to leave the cabin for ever. The four at table were accounted for as the captain, his wife and little girl, and the mate. That the meal was breakfast was indicated by the nature of the food—oatmeal, coffee, bacon, and eggs. The child had almost finished her porridge. At the captain's place at the table lay the two halves of a hard-boiled egg in the shell. It was evident that the moment he broke the shell he left the cabin never to return. At another place at the table—probably his wife's—stood a bottle filled with a popular brand of cough medicine. It looked as if the woman's last act aboard the brig had been to remove the cork from the bottle, for the cork lay on the cloth; and, as an evidence there had been nothing but a calm sea since the ship was deserted, the narrow tall bottle stood upright close to the edge of the table, not a drop of the medicine having escaped from the bottle. In the forecastle, too, pans on the stove contained a breakfast ready cooked, showing that the sailors were about to gather for the morning meal when they went over the side instead.

Second, as already stated, there was a dearth of evidence of mutiny or piracy. No sign of any kind indicated violence or a struggle. Moreover, the money-chest was found to have its contents presumably intact.

Third, how long had the vessel been deserted? The log replied to this question, but whether truthfully or not there was no way of knowing. The last entry in the log was made forty odd hours before the *Marie Celeste* was sighted by the *Dei Gratia*. There was no mention of storm. The log was found in the mate's room. The entry made at seven o'clock on the morning of September 2nd, 1872, merely gave the latitude and longitude.

Fourth, there was no sign of any intention to leave the ship. That the sailors had no expectation of abandoning ship, but that, on the contrary, all hands left in a great hurry on the spur of the moment, was shown by the fact that they had washed their underclothing before breakfast on the morning of the desertion, for, on looking around, Captain

Boyce and his mate beheld the sailors' clothes hanging on a line over the forecastle. In the mate's room lay a paper containing an unfinished sum in addition. When the mate was summoned to leave the ship was he eating breakfast or was he doing this sum ?

Fifth, while the binnacle and compasses of the vessel were found, the chronometer was missing. Absolutely not another thing—so far as the two men could see—was missing from the brig except, possibly, the ship's papers. The sailors had not even stopped to take their pipes or tobacco.

Sixth, and strongest of all, the boat belonging to the *Celeste* was in its place. How, then, could the crew of thirteen have left the ship except by boats from another vessel ?

Seventh: "What I want to know," said the skipper, as he towed his prize to Gibraltar, "is how is it a mother and child would leave a good ship in mid-ocean without taking even the child's nighties ? "

For the rest, the official data bearing on the mystery are very meagre. In the archives of the Department of State are the following :—

CREW AND PASSENGERS VANISH.

Document 136, from U.S. Consul Johnson, dated Gibraltar, January 7th, 1873, "Result of analysis adverse to blood existing on sword and woodwork belonging to the brig *Marie Celeste*."

Document 137, from the same, dated January 20th, 1873, "Principal owner of brig *Marie Celeste* arrived from New York to claim brig from Admiralty Court. Nothing heard of missing crew. Chronometer and ship's papers not to be found on board the brig."

Document 138, "Brig *Marie Celeste* restored to her original owner February 12th, 1873."

Document 139, "Brig *Marie Celeste* cleared for Naples under command of Captain John Hutchins, sent out by owner from New York for the purpose. Forwarded to Mrs. Bilson, of New York, effects of Henry Bilson, missing mate of brig *Marie Celeste*. The brig's last voyage."

And, meantime, though the representatives of the United States in all the ports of the world had been instructed to watch for the missing crew, not a single vessel anywhere reported picking up the *Celeste's* thirteen.

To-day the mystery of that ill-fated craft is as dark as ever, for forty years have passed without a word as to why or how the thirteen, headed by Captain Griggs, abandoned a perfectly sound vessel.

With these facts as a foundation, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published a story in one of the magazines entitled, "J. Habakkuk Jephson's Statements." It was supposed to be the narrative of the sole survivor of the *Marie Celeste's* tragic voyage of 1872. So successful was he in giving an air of truth to his story that the account was reprinted in the *Boston Herald* in 1885 as the actual explanation of the mystery. The main features of the yarn are worth repeating as an example of what *might* have happened.

J. Habakkuk Jephson, according to the yarn, was a doctor in bad health who took passage in the *Marie Celeste* for the sake of the sea trip. There were two other passengers, John Harton, a representative of the owners, and Septimus Goring, a quadroon from New Orleans. Goring, it seems, was anything but an attractive companion, but no one had anything definite to charge him with. Two of the crew had disappeared at the final moment, and their places had been taken by two negroes. With these men Goring appeared to have much to do. About ten days out from New York, the Captain's wife and child vanished. The next day the captain was found dead, and as there was a pistol by his hand, Goring declared he had committed suicide from grief. About two weeks after this, Jephson showed to Goring, in the course of a conversation, a stone shaped like a human ear which an old negro woman had bequeathed to him, saying that she had no other friend to whom to give it and that he had always been kind to her. To her, at any rate, it always appeared to be of great value. This was also the opinion of the negro at the wheel when he chanced to see it, for he almost worshipped it. Jephson was much surprised at all this fuss about a stone, but he was still more astonished when they sighted land and found it to be not Portugal but the coast of Africa. The mate, who had been in charge of the vessel since the captain's death, was intensely mortified at the reflection upon his seamanship. He insisted that his instruments had been tampered with, but he was not permitted to learn whether they had been or not. That night a gang of negroes put out from the shore, overcame the whites on the brig, and murdered all but Jephson ; him they saved because he had the ear-shaped stone. They all went ashore in their native canoes, and this accounts for all the *Marie Celeste's* boats being found intact in their places—one of the most mysterious features in the whole mysterious case. Once on land, Jephson went through some strange adventures which have nothing to do with the *Marie Celeste*, and was finally aided by Goring to escape. Goring had devoted himself to private warfare on the white race. He had planned the wholesale murder of the ship's company, shot the captain, and pushed the woman and child overboard—all this principally for the fun of it. By skilful tinkering with the nautical instruments, he had succeeded in sailing the brig to a point off the coast of Africa, where he was met by a tribe of natives, over whom he planned to rule. Unfortunately, the natives possessed a large idol, the ear of which had been broken off. This was the stone that had been given to Jephson, and through its possession the natives regarded him as their ruler. In order, therefore, to get rid of his rival, the one white man whom he dared not kill, Goring gave him a boat and told him to make for Gibraltar. This Jephson did, and lived to tell the story of the capture and the fate of the crew of the American brig *Marie Celeste*. But, as he himself admitted, he could find no one to believe him.

The following are some of the solutions with which other eminent novelists have been good enough to favour us. Whether our readers think that any of them completely solve the mystery, or whether they themselves

can suggest something more plausible, now remains to be seen.

Mr. Barry Pain's solution is as follows :—

Supernatural explanations are too easy to be satisfactory. Looking, then, for a natural explanation, it is clear that the crew and passengers of the brig did not leave her of their own free will or in pursuance of any plan of their own. What, then, was their motive for leaving? Clearly it was fear. If they had been lured away by any kind of attraction, they would at least have finished breakfast first, and taken with them some of their personal belongings. They had to go at once—on the moment—and they went because they were afraid.

The idea that all thirteen of them went mad simultaneously and jumped overboard asks too much of coincidence. They left in a boat, and it was not one of the boats belonging to the brig. Therefore that boat came alongside the *Marie Celeste*, and contained in it the source of the terror which led to the abandonment of the brig.

Of what nature was that terror? There were no signs of any violent struggle. There was no bloodshed. But an unarmed man who has a loaded revolver pointed at him does not struggle. He does what he is told by the man who holds the gun.

Let us now suppose that a ship, which we will call the "*X*," is engaged in some nefarious enterprise. The nature of the enterprise may be left to the imagination—it does not matter. Fever breaks out on the "*X*," and many of the crew die. There are not enough hands left to work the ship. The survivors are in a desperate plight. They dare not signal for help, because their ship will not bear inspection. The "*X*" is well supplied in all ways except in men. The survivors must get men.

Now, men were taken from the *Marie Celeste*, and nothing else, with the exception of the chronometer, was taken. The boat from the "*X*" came alongside the *Marie Celeste*, and the boat's crew had a plausible story and showed every sign of friendliness. They went aboard the *Marie Celeste*, and they really had only eleven people to deal with. The woman and child that made up the thirteen could be neglected. Possibly those eleven were taken in sections. First of all, those of the crew who were on deck were terrorized by the revolvers and secured by ropes. Then those who were below were treated in a similar way. The human cargo was then removed by boat to the "*X*." The chronometer was simply an after-thought. The survivors of the "*X*" had not come for chronometers, but for men. One of them happened to take a fancy to the chronometer.

Several possibilities would account for the fact that not one of the crew or passengers of the *Marie Celeste* was ever seen again. They may have died of fever. The "*X*" may have gone down with all hands. It is not beyond possibility that some of them may be alive even now. An honest man who has been compelled by fear to engage in dishonest work may feel that his character is lost, and may prefer not to disclose his identity.

Mr. Morley Roberts writes :—

I have thought of the *Marie Celeste* at intervals for thirty years, and have never yet made the wildest shot at a solution. The data are insufficient to draw any conclusion from. If we knew the history of everyone on board, something might be suggested. It is, of course, easy enough to cook up a fictional hypothesis, but that is simply supplying the very facts we can't get at. The explanation is almost certainly simpler than the problem, but more complex. I have sometimes thought it was a "put-up" job, arranged by the captain for some reason, and his plan went wrong. Perhaps there was finance at the bottom of it. The fact that on analysis the notion of blood on the sword and woodwork was negatived makes what looks like a clue as vain as everything else.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell thus explains the mystery :—

I think, with the rest of the world, that one must dismiss as quite untenable the hypothesis of piracy or mutiny. Nothing would seem to be left but the occurrence of some absolutely unforeseen phenomenon, which caused every soul on board to jump overboard and perish. I conceive it possible that a submarine explosion, of a volcanic character, may have sent to the surface of the Atlantic some lethal gas lighter than water and heavier than air, whose fumes lingered together for an appreciable time. The ship sailed into this noxious zone. The effect of the gas may have excited madness and a raging thirst, a desire for water at any cost. One imagines the watch on deck to be affected first. One piercing scream would have alarmed those in the cabin and forecastle. The mate, realizing that something terrific had happened, may have seized the chronometer to note the exact time, or the instrument may have been in his hand at the moment, a more probable conjecture. The captain may have seized the ship's papers, sensible that a catastrophe was impending. In any case he rushed on deck, followed by the mate, the woman, and the child. At the same moment the rest of the crew appeared from the forecastle. The gas affected them instantly. Each became raving mad, and plunged into the sea, which swallowed them and their secret. Any attack by man or beast must have left some trace, and we are told that the stains on cutlass and wainscot were not those of blood. Whatever happened must have taken place with almost incredible swiftness. The ship's company must have perished instantly. How? Suicide alone explains this wholesale slaughter which left no trace. Suicide by a crew possessed of sudden madness. No poison taken with their food could act so simultaneously and swiftly. The poison, therefore, must have been administered by Nature in one overwhelming dose. Are there gases in Nature's laboratories which might create madness and raging thirst? If so, are such gases of the nature of carbonic acid gas heavy enough to lie upon the face of the waters till dissipated and weakened by atmospheric changes? Perhaps the calmness of the weather, a dead smooth sea, hardly any wind, and so forth, caused the escaping fumes to hold together for a few minutes. I am no chemist, and make these conjectures at hazard.

Finally, Mr. Arthur Morrison has cast his solution into the form of a little story.

The name of Joseph Hallers, A.B., had been "signed on" for ship after ship, about which vessels, however, the man was never called anything but "Holy Joe," or "Old Swede-bug." He was an enormous creature, with almost disproportionately enormous hands and arms, and a seaman of known efficiency and trustworthiness, whose discharge papers never varied. He had his abnormality, however, and owed his nicknames thereto. He was a religious crank. This is not a peculiarity unknown among sailors, but "Holy Joe" was of an unusual type—he was a Swedenborgian, and a translation of Emanuel Swedenborg's "Heavenly

Arcana" accompanied him on every voyage, and from it and from other treatises of the mystic he would lecture the forecastle into mystified derision. He lived in a world of spirits and "correspondences." For him death did not exist, and all the departed were about him in his daily comings and goings, merely purged of bodily encumbrance and bodily needs. We were spirits all—an emanation of the substance of the sun. Every animal and plant, every inanimate object even, every name, word, and number had its mystic meaning, its hidden "correspondence" with some deep-seated fact of spiritual existence—the only real existence he would admit. Time was a part of eternity, and he esteemed no human invention so highly as that of the clock, by which man could bring a spiritual conception to actual measurement. On the whole, "Old Swede-bug" was regarded as a harmless idiot; but he was a very large and strong one, so he indulged his fancies unmolested.

"Holy Joe's" last voyage was in the *Marie Celeste*, and that was the last voyage also of all on board. Thirteen was the number, including the skipper's wife and small child, and the superstition as to that luckless numeral affected "Holy Joe" in a characteristically topsy-turvy fashion. He affirmed that the voyage started under spiritual portent of great and happy significance, that a wholesale conversion and transfiguration was certain. He preached and he argued with more fervour than ever, and the forecastle chaff made him frantic and prophetic. Jim Tubbs, chief among the scoffers, should be the first to "see the light," he averred, and the crew had an odd shock when Jim Tubbs one calm but dark night disappeared wholly.

He had been at look-out, and the mate at the helm, failing to get an answer to a hail, shouted angrily again and again, supposing him to have fallen asleep. But at the turn of the watch no Jim Tubbs was to be found, nor any trace of him about the ship. And two nights afterwards another man vanished with just as much mystery—again the man at look-out.

The ship's crew was so far affected that all watches were changed, and the look-out man was never alone at night. But this arrangement had only lasted two nights when something occurred in early morning and broad daylight.

In the captain's cabin the skipper, his wife and little daughter, and the mate were at breakfast. The morning was soft and calm, with a light and steady wind, and the brig was wholly in charge of one Allen, at the wheel. In and about the forecastle the rest of the foremast hands, half-a-dozen, were some at the beginning of breakfast, some hanging their shirts out to dry. Allen, at the wheel, saw nothing of their doings beyond the flap of a blue shirt once and again, and indeed had little to think of beyond keeping her steady south-west-by-west. So things were when he became aware of "Holy Joe" coming aft with a can of coffee and a tin pannikin.

"We've been tryin' this 'ere coffee in the fo'c'sle," said "Holy Joe," "and we think it's just pizen. We'll speak to the old man. You try it."

Allen, suspecting nothing, took a gulp from the pannikin, stared for a moment, then opened and closed his mouth once or twice, and changed colour. "Holy Joe" took the wheel with a madman's chuckle.

"Lie down and go easy," he said. "I said it was pizen. We're all goin' to be with Jim Tubbs. Jim's been talkin' to me about it day an' night ever since I put him overboard an' released his soul. We'll leave no sinful flesh aboard this ship."

"Holy Joe" took a length of line from his pocket and lashed the wheel.

"Sou'-west-by-west it is," he said, "an' a steady air o' wind. Over with your old carcass, Allen. Your soul'll thank me joyful for this."

Allen, pallid, sweating, and gasping, lay staring at his feet.

"Just like the rest, Allen," said "Holy Joe," stooping to lift him. "Five of 'em in the fo'c'sle I'm to heave over, and they're thankin' me grateful now aloud in my ears, like Jim an' Billy."

The dying man was like a kitten in "Holy Joe's" long arms, and went over the rail unresisting. Then the madman, exultantly waving his arms, made for the companion-way, and called quietly for Mr. Bilson, the mate.

"The chaps are all very queer for'ard, sir," explained "Holy Joe," when the mate appeared. "I believe it's something in the coffee. I haven't had any. I think you'd better see 'em."

The mate stepped on deck and walked towards the forecastle, and the maniac dropped slyly behind him. The struggle was over in a second. Sturdy, but small, the mate was taken wholly unawares from behind in "Holy Joe's" enormous arms and rolled over the bulwarks ere he could turn his head or catch at anything.

"I'm sendin' 'em, Jim, I'm sendin' 'em!" the madman cried. "All same as you, Jim!"

In the cabin the skipper paused in his breakfast, turning over the ship's papers, doubtful of some entry. His wife reached for a bottle of a favourite advertised cough remedy which she took in season and out, for cure or prevention. Their little daughter, restless at her breakfast, sought the companion ladder and looked upward. There stood "Holy Joe," smiling and beckoning to her. The pet of the ship's company, dreading nothing, climbed the ladder, and was lifted on deck.

A moment later came "Holy Joe's" voice down the companion-way.

The child was overboard.

Captain Griggs, cramming the papers into his pocket by instinct, sprang up the ladder roaring for the boat, and jumped overboard as he was, where "Holy Joe" pointed. Behind him came his wife and hung frantically over the bulwark screaming for aid for her husband and child, and in the next instant she was flung after them, and the maniac danced alone on the empty deck.

He ran to the wheel, cut the lashing, and put her before the wind till the distant white speck of the woman's dress was no more visible. Then he left the helm to itself, and went forward to clear the forecastle.

Two dead men were on deck and three in the forecastle. One after another they went overboard to the sharks that came about the brig, and "Holy Joe," alone on the *Marie Celeste*, danced again and gibbered at the ghosts he saw about him.

"The flesh consumes, but the spirit liveth!" he cried. "It's all but done, Jim—all but done. I'm coming. You laughed in the flesh, but you praise me in the spirit. The flesh and the day die, but eternity is for ever, and time is the measure of the measureless!"

He capered and sang and screamed, and ran for the ship's chronometer.

"Here is time," he cried, "and I give it to eternity! Time and myself, we join the crew again, skipper and mate and Jim and all!"

With that he spun about and sprang overboard, with the chronometer gripped tight in his arms.

The *Marie Celeste* dipped and yawed, took the wind again, and drifted off on the calm Atlantic.

Amusing Children I Have Met.

Written and Illustrated by
HILDA COWHAM.

[The Cowham child may be said to be an institution, and there are few, surely, who are not acquainted with that droll little creature with the odd-shaped legs, short skirts, fluffy hair, and most innocent of expressions which Hilda Cowham—in private life Mrs. Lander—has made so popular. As a child Hilda Cowham used to draw quaint children, and she was really the first woman to take up black-and-white illustrating, studying first at the Wimbledon and Lambeth Schools of Art. Her work attracted much attention, and commissions poured in from the editors of many periodicals. She discovered that her forte lay in child-studies, and in this interesting article she tells some amusing stories of children she has met. Incidentally, the artist gives a few facts regarding her methods of work.]

I LOVE watching children, if they are interesting, and I never miss an opportunity of overhearing their prattle and conversation. But I don't like *all* children. I like those who are naturally interesting, rather than the precocious youngster. There are some children who are grown up beyond their years, who seem to assume airs and habits which are quite out of keeping with their age. On the other hand, there are children who are a delight to the artistic eye, as well as to the mind, and it is such children who provide me with the best material for my child studies.

I might mention, in the first place, that I never use a model, and that it is by quietly studying children when they are quite unaware of my observation that I obtain my best impressions. I may make a rough sketch, but that is chiefly to impress it on my memory, and it often happens that I use the figure of a child I have seen months afterwards, and perhaps am at a loss to know, for the moment, where the idea came from. Practically speaking, all my finished work is done from imagination or memory, and the quicker I work the better effect I often obtain.

There is one curious fact about many of my pictures which shows how greatly we are influenced by early associations. I often find it difficult, when making a study of a child out of doors, not to introduce a little bit of Margate as a background. I suppose that is because I went to Margate as a child, and took a fancy to it. I have not been there for years, but there used to be a little wooden

pier on which the children played. I have sketched bits of this wooden pier hundreds of times. Sometimes it is only a vague line or two, but to me it is always the little pier I once played on at Margate. Just occasionally I put my figures at Brighton or Harwich. I only went to the latter place for a day, but it rather appealed to me.

One pleasing feature of my work is the number of letters which I receive from people and children with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance. Very often I get letters from mothers saying that they have dressed their little one like a Hilda Cowham girl.

But a constant source of delight to me are the quaint and amusing sayings which I overhear at times in my associations with children and the funny little pranks they get up to. I was once at a house, for instance, where everybody smoked, and the small child (about two), feeling rather out of it, I suppose, took a handful of cigarettes from the box and went into the hall. A few minutes afterwards I went out and found him there, sitting in the middle of the floor, puffing away at an unlighted cigarette, with all the tiger-skin rugs round him, each with a cigarette in its mouth, or—if it was one of the pressed-flat type—the cigarettes were put into its ears, one in each ear.

The ingenuity of the small child is simply astonishing, and although at times it is apt to lead him into wrongdoing and specious excuses, one cannot help laughing at the manner in which he attains his desire and avoids rank disobedience. Once a friend of mine took Billy, his little son, round his garden—quite a small one—where the apple trees were those trained along to make a fence, and consequently the fruit grew very low down. Pointing to them, he said to Billy, "Now, you mustn't pick any of those apples. Do you hear? You're not to *pick* them." "Yes, daddy, I won't." But after about a week he went round his garden again, and sticking out from the trees were some cores. The child had taken him quite literally. He had not picked them!

"I FEEL AS THOUGH I LIVED HERE NOW!"

Equally ingenious is a little niece of mine who has an imaginary husband, who at times is "a great weight on her mind," she says, and *sometimes*, but not often, "comes in useful." Her mother gave her a chocolate one day, and after a pause gave her one for her husband also. The little girl ate hers, and then, saying her husband was sitting on the stairs as he was shy, took his out to him. Presently she returned. Her mother said, "How did husband like his sweet?" "Oh," said Joan, "he said he felt sick and couldn't eat it, so I could have it."

On another occasion I asked a small child to stay with me for the day. She arrived early in the morning, and seemed to be enjoying herself very much, but in the afternoon I found her upstairs in tears. I said, "What's the matter?" "Oh, I don't know, but I feel as though I lived here now!" Not very complimentary, certainly, but the feelings which prompted the remark will be readily understood when it is explained that the child was exceptionally fond of her mother, and was seldom separated from her.

My own small boy has been a source of amusement to me at times. During his first term at school he told me one day that he was humming in class. The master turned round and said, sarcastically, "Go on humming, we like it." "And I did, mother," he remarked, naïvely, "and he came and turned me out. Why did he do that?"

He was talking to his cousin one day, who is much smaller than he is, about their respective schools. My son said, "You're only a baby. You go to a baby's school, where you're taught by a lady. *I'm* taught by a man." "Oh," said his cousin, indignantly, "if I do go to a baby's school and am taught by a lady, she's got short hair, anyway!" Which, I suppose, made up for the deficiency of sex.

Another amusing encounter between these two was brought about through my nursing a baby, not by any means a beauty. My son and nephew were discussing the usual question of where babies come from. Dick, the nephew, said, "It's come from heaven. Mother told me so." My son, who is eight,

"I HOPE THEY WON'T SEND ME BACK LIKE THAT."

said, "Well, I hope if I die and go to heaven, they won't send *me* back like that. Ugh!"

On another occasion I heard one youngster say to another, referring to the latter's brother, who was not overpowered with beauty, "Is that your new brother?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, if he wasn't your brother, would you have choosed him?"

One of the most embarrassing situations in which I was ever placed was caused by a niece of mine, whose father was a clergyman, and whom I took to church for the first time. She did not in the least know what her father did, and for a long time did not observe him. But, after sitting quietly beside me for some time, hardly daring to raise her eyes, because I told her she must be quite quiet or she would not go to church again, she suddenly, in the middle of the sermon, looked up and saw him and screamed, "Auntie, look, there's daddy up there! And whatever is he yelling about?"

Which reminds me of two little nephews of mine who were taken to a churchyard by a very old and pious aunt. She, thinking to impress the surroundings on them, said, "You know, Jack and Fred, it is only the body that lies here. Now, what part of him goes to heaven?" "His head, I suppose."

There are probably many mothers who have had cause to smile at the quaint additions which their children at times have made to their prayers. A little girl friend of mine was once taken to a ventriloquial entertainment, which impressed her very much. Whilst saying her prayers that night she asked God to look after all her brothers and sisters and make her a good girl. Then there was a pause, and one heard, *sotto voce*, "All right."

Molly, another little girl I knew, was saying her prayers, and, as she was going to a party the next week, she ended up with, "And please give me a new dress"—pause—"if you can afford it."

A little friend of mine was once told that she need not be afraid, as angels would watch round her bed all night. She hesitated, and then said, "Mother, will you leave the light, as I wouldn't like one to settle on me."

And there are few who will not sympathize with the little daughter of a well-known actress, who was sitting next to me one day. She had been kissed and fussed by a great many ladies, when a gentleman came up and said, "Have you a kiss to spare for me?"

"No," said the little lady, very bored, "I haven't a kiss left in me."

I was once teaching for a little while in a school to relieve a friend of mine. I had written the alphabet on the board and had gone over it two or three times with the children, who were very young. I then asked one of them what came after A. She waited a long time. "What came after B?" I said. No answer. "Well, what came after C?" She turned round and said, "Look on the board."

At the same school I asked the same little people, "Does a cat wear fur or feathers?" One of them looked at me in astonishment and said, "Haven't you ever seen a *cat?*"

"HE TOLD HER THAT SHE SHOULD HAVE A GRAMOPHONE."

"I FOUND HIM PUFFING AWAY AT AN UNLIGHTED CIGARETTE, WITH ALL THE TIGER-SKIN RUGS ROUND HIM, EACH WITH A CIGARETTE IN ITS MOUTH."

"HOW DID HUSBAND LIKE HIS SWEET?"

"OH! HE SAID HE FELT SICK, SO THAT I COULD HAVE IT."

"IS THAT YOUR NEW BROTHER?"

"YES."

"WELL, IF HE WASN'T YOUR BROTHER, WOULD YOU HAVE CHOOSED HIM?"

H. COWHAM

HOWMAN

MOLLY'S PRAYER.
". . . AND PLEASE GIVE ME A NEW DRESS . . . IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT."

"YOU NEED NOT BE AFRAID, AS ANGELS WATCH ROUND YOUR BED ALL NIGHT."

"MOTHER, WILL YOU LEAVE THE LIGHT, AS I WOULDN'T LIKE ONE TO SETTLE ON ME."

"DOES A CAT WEAR FUR OR FEATHERS?"
PUPIL (WITH ASTONISHMENT): "HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A CAT?"

Another little nephew was once with me at the seaside, and had quite a craze for fishing. He used to spend a great deal of time digging for bait which he never got. One day, getting rather tired of his fruitless efforts, he turned to me and asked, "Can you tame worms? 'Cos, if so, it would be nice to have a stock in the house, and then I would have no trouble in getting bait."

Very practical was the suggestion of another small boy who was constantly being corrected by his mother. He told her that she should have a gramophone, "and then it would say all the 'don'ts' for you, mother, wouldn't it?"

"ARE THERE PEOPLE IN THE MOON?"

A little girl once said to me, "Are there people on the moon?" I said I didn't know, but that perhaps there were. "Well, what do they do," she said, "when there's only a little bit? They must get very crowded. Don't they?" Which was almost as perplexing as the query put to me by another little maiden, who asked, "What do angels do with their wings when they lie down and go to bed?"

"WHAT DO ANGELS DO WITH THEIR WINGS WHEN THEY LIE DOWN AND GO TO BED?"

Very quaint was the idea of a little girl who was once visiting a house where a small child had died recently. She was asked to draw something. So she drew a grave with some flowers on it. Her mother, on seeing it, said, "Janie, you mustn't do that; Mrs. —— wouldn't like it. You see, it reminds her of very sad things." "Oh, well," said the child, "perhaps it was thoughtless of me; but I can easily turn it into a beehive." And she did, with all the bees coming out.

Amusing, too, are these two "pet" stories. I once asked a little girl where her pet dog was. She turned and said to me, "Why, he's gone to heaven. He's there now, with wings and a crown on his head."

A little boy was once drawing ships, and I noticed that all his flags on the boats were half-mast. I said, "Why have you got all your flags half-mast on your drawing, Bobbie?" "Oh," he said, in a hushed whisper, "all pussy's kittens died this morning."

"I CAN EASILY TURN IT INTO A BEEHIVE."

THE POISON BELT.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

ND now I come to the end of this extraordinary incident so overshadowing in its importance, not only in our own small, individual lives, but in the general history of the human race. As I said when I began my narrative, when that history comes to be written this occurrence will surely stand out among all other events like a mountain towering among its foothills. Our generation has been reserved for a very special fate since it has been chosen to experience so wonderful a thing. How long its effect may last—how long mankind may preserve the humility and reverence which this great shock has taught it, can only be shown by the future. I think it is safe to say that things can never be quite the same again. Never can one realize how powerless and ignorant one is, and how one is upheld by an unseen hand, until for an instant that hand has seemed to close and to crush. Death has been imminent upon us. We know that at any moment it may be again. That grim presence shadows our lives, but who can deny that in that shadow the sense of duty, the feeling of sobriety and responsibility, the appreciation of the gravity and of the objects of life, the earnest desire to develop and improve, have grown and become real with us to a degree that has leavened our whole society from end to end? It is something beyond sects and beyond dogmas. It is rather an alteration of perspective, a shifting of our sense of proportion, a vivid realization that we are insignificant and evanescent creatures, existing on sufferance and at the mercy of the first chill wind from the unknown. But if the world has grown graver with this knowledge it is not, I think, a sadder place in consequence. Surely we are agreed that the more sober and restrained pleasures of the present are deeper as well as wiser than the noisy, foolish hustle which passed so often for enjoyment in the days of old—days so recent and yet already so inconceivable. Those empty lives which were wasted in aimless visiting and being visited, in the worry of great and unnecessary households, in the arranging and eating of elaborate and tedious meals, have now found rest and health in the reading, the music, the gentle family communion which comes from a simpler and saner division of their time. With greater health and greater pleasure they are richer than before, even after they have paid those increased contributions to the common fund which have so raised the standard of life in these islands.

There is some clash of opinion as to the exact hour of the great awakening. It is generally agreed that, apart from the difference of clocks, there may have been local causes which influenced the action of the poison. Certainly, in each separate district the resurrection was practically simultaneous. There are numerous witnesses that Big Ben pointed to ten minutes past six at the moment. The Astronomer Royal has fixed the Greenwich time at twelve past six. On the other hand, Laird Johnson, a very capable East Anglian observer, has recorded six-twenty as the hour. In the Hebrides it was as late as seven. In our own case there can be no doubt whatever, for I was seated in Challenger's study with his carefully-tested chronometer in front of me at the moment. The hour was a quarter-past six.

An enormous depression was weighing upon my spirits. The cumulative effect of all the dreadful sights which we had seen upon our journey was heavy upon my soul. With my abounding animal health and great physical energy any kind of mental clouding was a

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"THE YOUNG MAN WAS LEANING OUT OF THE WINDOW SHOUTING A DIRECTION."

rare event. I had the Irish faculty of seeing some gleam of humour in every darkness. But now the obscurity was appalling and unrelieved. The others were downstairs making their plans for the future. I sat by the open window, my chin resting upon my hand, and my mind absorbed in the misery of our situation. Could we continue to live? That was the question which I had begun to ask myself. Was it possible to exist upon a dead world? Just as in physics the greater body draws to itself the lesser, would we not feel an overpowering attraction from that vast body of humanity which had passed into the unknown? How would the end come? Would it be from a return of the poison? Or would the earth be uninhabitable from the mephitic products of universal decay? Or, finally, might our awful situation prey upon and unbalance our minds? A group of insane folk upon a dead world! My mind was brooding upon this last dreadful idea when some slight noise caused me to look down upon the road beneath me. The old cab-horse was coming up the hill!

I was conscious at the same instant of the

"THE GOLFERS WERE GOING ON WITH THEIR GAME. THE REAPERS WERE SLOWLY TROOPING BACK TO THEIR WORK."

twittering of birds, of someone coughing in the yard below, and of a background of movement in the landscape. And yet I remember that it was that absurd, emaciated, superannuated cab-horse which held my gaze. Slowly and wheezily it was climbing the slope. Then my eye travelled to the driver sitting hunched up upon the box, and finally to the young man who was leaning out of the window in some excitement and shouting a direction. They were all indubitably aggressively alive!

Everybody was alive once more! Had it all been a delusion? Was it conceivable that this whole poison belt incident had been an elaborate dream? For an instant my startled brain was really ready to believe it. Then I looked down, and there was the rising blister on my hand where it was frayed by the rope of the City bell. It had really been so, then. And yet here was the world resuscitated—here was life come back in an instant full tide to the planet. Now, as my eyes wandered all over the great landscape, I saw it in every direction—and moving, to my amazement, in the very same groove in which it had halted. There were golfers. Was it possible that they were going on with their game? Yes, there was a fellow driving off from a tee, and that other group upon the green were surely putting for the hole. The reapers were slowly trooping back to their work. The nurse-girl had slapped one of her charges and then began to push the perambulator up the hill. Everyone had unconcernedly taken up the thread at the very point where they had dropped it.

I rushed downstairs, but the hall door was open, and I heard the voices of my companions, loud in astonishment and congratulation, in the yard. How we all shook hands and laughed as we came together, and how Mrs. Challenger kissed us all in her emotion, before she finally threw herself into the bear-hug of her husband!

"But they could not have been asleep!" cried Lord John. "Dash it all, Challenger, you don't mean me to believe that those folk

were asleep with their staring eyes, and stiff limbs, and that awful death-grin on their faces ! "

" It can only have been the condition that is called catalepsy," said Challenger. " It has been a rare phenomenon in the past and has constantly been mistaken for death. While it endures the temperature falls, the respiration disappears, the heart-beat is indistinguishable —in fact, it *is* death, save that it is evanescent. Even the most comprehensive mind "—here he closed his eyes and simpered—" could hardly conceive a universal outbreak of it in this fashion."

" You may label it catalepsy," remarked Summerlee, " but, after all, that is only a name, and we know as little of the result as we do of the poison which has caused it. The most we can say is that the vitiated ether has produced a temporary death."

Austin was seated all in a heap on the step of the car. It was his coughing which I had heard from above. He had been holding his head in silence, but now he was muttering to himself and running his eyes over the car.

" Young fat-head ! " he grumbled. " Can't leave things alone ! "

" What's the matter, Austin ? "

" Lubricators left running, sir. Someone has been fooling with the car. I expect it's that young garden boy, sir."

Lord John looked guilty.

" I don't know what's amiss with me," continued Austin, staggering to his feet. " I expect I came over queer when I was hosing her down. I seem to remember flopping over by the step. But I'll swear I never left those lubricator taps on."

In a condensed narrative the astonished Austin was told what had happened to himself and the world. The mystery of the dropping lubricators was also explained to him. He listened with an air of deep distrust when told how an amateur had driven his car, and with absorbed interest to the few sentences in which our experiences of the sleeping City were recorded. I can remember his comment when the story was concluded.

" Was you outside the Bank of England, sir ? "

" Yes, Austin."

" With all them millions inside and everybody asleep ? "

" That was so."

" And I not there ! " he groaned, and turned dismally once more to the hosing of his car.

There was a sudden grinding of wheels upon gravel. The old cab had actually pulled up at Challenger's door. I saw the young occupant step out from it. An instant later the maid, who looked as tousled and bewildered as if she had that instant been roused from the deepest sleep, appeared with a card upon a tray. Challenger snorted ferociously as he looked at it, and his thick black hair seemed to bristle up in his wrath.

" A Pressman ! " he growled. Then, with a deprecating smile : " After all, it is natural that the whole world should hasten to know what I think of such an episode."

" That can hardly be his errand," said Summerlee, " for he was on the road in his cab before ever the crisis came."

I looked at the card : " James Baxter, London Correspondent *New York Monitor*."

" You'll see him ? " said I.

" Not I."

" Oh, George ! You should be kinder and more considerate to others. Surely you have learned something from what we have undergone."

He tut-tutted and shook his big, obstinate head.

" A poisonous breed ! Eh, Malone ? The worst weed in modern civilization, the ready tool of the quack and the hindrance of the self-respecting man ! When did they ever say a good word for me ? "

" When did you ever say a good word to them ? " I answered. " Come, sir, this is a stranger who has made a journey to see you. I am sure that you won't be rude to him."

" Well, well," he grumbled, " you come with me and do the talking. I protest in advance against any such outrageous invasion of my private life." Muttering and mumbling, he came rolling after me like an angry and rather ill-conditioned mastiff.

The dapper young American pulled out his notebook and plunged instantly into his subject.

" I came down, sir," said he, " because our people in America would very much like to hear more about this danger which is, in your opinion, pressing upon the world."

" I know of no danger which is now pressing upon the world," Challenger answered, gruffly.

The Pressman looked at him in mild surprise.

" I meant, sir, the chances that the world might run into a belt of poisonous ether."

" I do not now apprehend any such danger," said Challenger.

The Pressman looked even more perplexed.

" You are Professor Challenger, are you not ? " he asked.

"MRS. CHALLENGER THREW HERSELF INTO THE BEAR-HUG OF HER HUSBAND."

"Yes, sir; that is my name."

"I cannot understand, then, how you can say that there is no such danger. I am alluding to your own letter, published above your name in the London *Times* of this morning."

It was Challenger's turn to look surprised.

"This morning?" said he. "No London *Times* was published this morning."

"Surely, sir," said the American, in mild remonstrance, "you must admit that the

London *Times* is a daily paper." He drew out a copy from his inside pocket. "Here is the letter to which I refer."

Challenger chuckled and rubbed his hands.

"I begin to understand," said he. "So you read this letter this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And came at once to interview me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you observe anything unusual upon the journey down?"

"Well, to tell the truth, your people seemed more lively and generally human than I have ever seen them. The baggage-man set out to tell me a funny story, and that's a new experience for me in this country."

"Nothing else?"

"Why, no, sir, not that I can recall."

"Well, now, what hour did you leave Victoria?"

The American smiled.

"I came here to interview you, Professor, but it seems to be a case of: Is this nigger fishing, or is this fish niggering? You're doing most of the work."

"It happens to interest me. Do you recall the hour?"

"Sure. It was half-past twelve."

"And you arrived?"

"At a quarter-past two."

"And you hired a cab?"

"That was so."

"How far do you suppose it is to the station?"

"Well, I should reckon the best part of two miles."

"So how long do you think it took you?"

"Well, half an hour, maybe, with that asthmatic in front."

"So it should be three o'clock?"

"Yes, or a trifle after it."

"Look at your watch."

The American did so, and then stared at us in astonishment.

"Say!" he cried. "It's twenty past six. That horse has broken every record, sure. Four hours from the station! But it's not possible. The sun is pretty low, now that I come to look at it. Well, there's something here I don't understand."

"Have you no remembrance of anything remarkable as you came up the hill?"

"Well, I seem to recollect that I was mighty sleepy once. It comes back to me that I wanted to say something to the driver, and that I couldn't make him heed me. I guess it was the heat, but I felt swimmy for a moment. That's all."

"So it is with the whole human race," said Challenger to me. "They have all felt swimmy for a moment. None of them have as yet any comprehension of what has occurred. Each will go on with his interrupted job as Austin has snatched up his hose-pipe or the golfer continued his game. Your editor, Malone, will continue the issue of his papers, and very much amazed he will be at finding that an issue is missing. Yes, my young friend," he added, to the American reporter, with a sudden mood of amused geniality, "it may interest you to know that the world has swum safely through the poisonous current which swirls like the Gulf Stream through the ocean of ether. You will also kindly note for your own future convenience that to-day is not Friday, August the twenty-seventh, but Saturday, August the twenty-eighth, and that you sat senseless in your cab for twenty-eight hours upon the Rotherfield Hill."

And "right here," as my American colleague would say, I may bring this narrative to an end. It is, as you are probably aware, only a fuller and more detailed version of the account which appeared in the Monday edition of the *Daily Gazette*—an account which has been universally admitted to be the greatest journalistic scoop of all time, which sold no fewer than three-and-a-half million copies of the paper. Framed upon the wall of my sanctum I retain those magnificent headlines:—

TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS' WORLD COMA.

UNPRECEDENTED EXPERIENCE.

CHALLENGER JUSTIFIED.

Our Correspondent Escapes.

ENTHRALLING NARRATIVE.

THE OXYGEN ROOM. WEIRD MOTOR DRIVE.

DEAD LONDON.

REPLACING THE MISSING PAGE.

GREAT FIRES AND LOSS OF LIFE.

WILL IT RECUR?

Underneath this glorious scroll came nine-and-a-half columns of narrative, in which appeared the first, last, and only account of the history of the planet, so far as one observer could draw it, during one long day of its existence. Challenger and Summerlee have treated the matter in a joint scientific paper, but to me alone was left the popular account. Surely I can sing "Nunc Dimittis." What is left but anti-climax in the life of a journalist after that!

But let me not end on sensational headlines and a merely personal triumph. Rather

"YOU SAT SENSELESS IN YOUR CAB FOR TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS."

let me quote the sonorous passages in which the greatest of daily papers ended its admirable leader upon the subject—a leader which might well be filed for reference by every thoughtful man.

"It has been a well-worn truism," said the *Times*, "that our human race are a feeble folk before the infinite latent forces which surround us. From the prophets of old and from the philosophers of our own time the same message and warning have reached us. But, like all oft-repeated truths, it has in time lost something of its actuality and cogency. A lesson, an actual experience, was needed to bring it home. It is from that salutary but terrible ordeal that we have just emerged, with minds which are still stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and with spirits which are chastened by the realization of our own limitations and impotence. The world has paid a fearful price for its schooling. Hardly yet have we learned the full tale of disaster, but the destruction by fire of New York, of Orleans, and of Brighton constitutes in itself one of the greatest tragedies in the history of our race. When the account of the railway and shipping accidents has been completed, it will furnish grim reading, although there is evidence to show that in the vast majority of cases the drivers of trains and engineers of steamers succeeded in shutting off their motive power before succumbing to the poison. But the material damage, enormous as it is both in life and in property, is not the consideration which will be uppermost in our minds to-day. All this may in time be forgotten. But what will not be forgotten, and what will and should continue to obsess our imaginations, is this revelation of the possibilities of the universe, this destruction of our ignorant self-complacency, and this demonstration of how narrow is the path of our material existence, and what abysses may lie upon either side of it. Solemnity and humility are at the base of all our emotions to-day. May they be the foundations upon which a more earnest and reverent race may build a more worthy temple."

THE END.

Animal Studies From "Life."

By LEONARD LARKIN.

The following amusing studies are taken from the well-known American comic paper "Life," which has for some time past made a feature of the humorous side of the animal world. We are glad to be in a position to present our readers with a selection of these clever and entertaining sketches.

ANIMALS present their own aspects of humour, and the evidence is fully sufficient that some of them have a sense of humour of their own. A jackdaw certainly has, and it is a less malicious sort than that quite as certainly possessed by his cousins the magpie and the raven; it is more human, in a word. The dog's sense of humour seems to grow blunted after puppyhood; or rather it changes, being overlaid by a horror of becoming ridiculous. Nothing in creation can stand a joke against itself so badly as a dog; nothing is so wretched as a dog who thinks he is being laughed at.

But the humour of animals as seen by human eyes is apt to depend on some supposed parallel between human and animal habits and conditions, so self-centred and self-sufficient are we of two legs and no unbought wings; and it is the way of the comic artist who deals with animals to depend on semi-human situations for his effects. Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an old favourite of STRAND readers, does this less than most, and has the faculty of bringing out the humour of animal life from the animals as they really live, a rare and difficult achievement. But in general, and quite legitimately, the humorous draughtsman makes the most of human concerns applied to animal life; several American artists in particular show very lively and alert perceptions in this direction, and from the ever-bright pages of *Life* we reproduce a number of characteristic specimens.

Mr. Walt Kuhn has made himself a reputation in one particular department, and we begin with a bright little drawing of his own particular sort. "Be patient, dear!" observes the little hen bird to the hungry husband perched above; "breakfast will be up in a minute!" And the innocent breakfast, a caterpillar who has never dreamed itself to be a meal of any sort, rises patiently to its doom where the sharp-set spouse, with no patience at all, shows imminent signs of waiting no more, but coming down to breakfast.

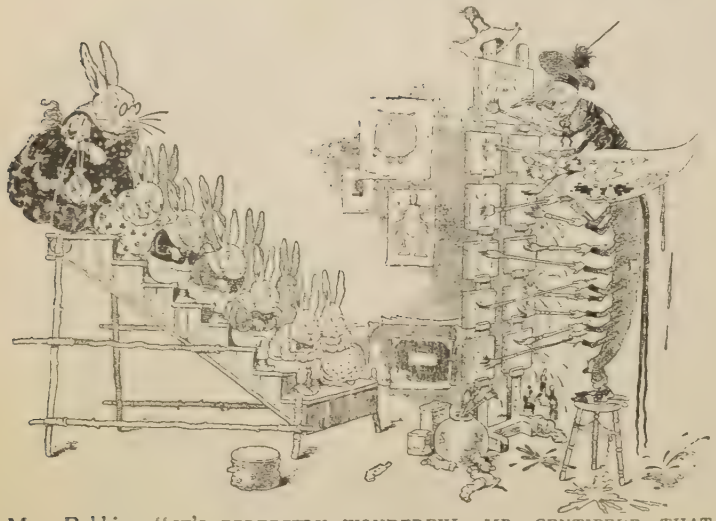
Leaving Mr. Kuhn for a moment, we have a picture by Mr. Lutz wherein the woodpecker's obvious function as a "bill-sticker" gives the tom-tit a chance to score—in the human sense.

Mr. Kuhn, finding a food joke successful, tries again, and

"BE PATIENT, DEAR! BREAKFAST WILL BE UP IN A MINUTE."

Mr. Tom-Tit: "HEY! MISTER, DON'T YOU SEE THAT SIGN, OR CAN'T YOU READ ENGLISH?"

"SAY, BROTHER, I'M AFRAID GRUB IS GOING UP!"



Mrs. Rabbit: "IT'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL, MR. CENTIPEDE, THAT YOU CAN COMPLETE A DOZEN PORTRAITS IN ONE SITTING."

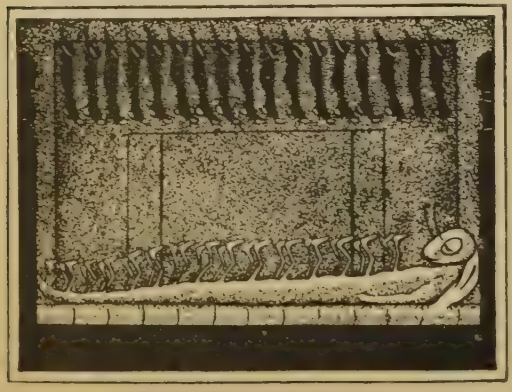
succeeds, notwithstanding the obvious parallelism of this to his former effort; and we reflect on the melancholy fact that not only here, but all over the world, food is rising and is sometimes out of the reach of even ducklings.

Centipede jokes are numerous as centipede legs, and here are more, and new ones. Mr. Harrison Eady promotes the leggy insect to a distinguished place in his own profession, and credits it with a dexterity in each limb not given to the ablest human brother brushes. The pleasantry has something of a double application also in its obvious reference to the family likeness of all rabbits, so that the observation of one pair of eyes is enough to direct the work of many pairs of hands in this sort of portraiture.

In the next sketch Mr. W. R. Graupner suggests certain disadvantages in American trading enterprise too recklessly imitated among animals. The monkey-barber advertises a free boot-polish to every visitor who pays for a shave, and his panic-stricken assistant conveys the ghastly news of the approach of a centipede-customer! Thus prepared the reader is ready to contemplate with modified horror the ruinous tragedy confronting the centipede-parent who finds himself in presence of a perfect hosier's shop of expectantly-gaping stockings on Christmas Eve.

But from the depths of tragedy we are brought up with a jerk in presence of the fashionable ostrich

"SAY, BOSS, YOU'D BETTER TAKE THAT SIGN DOWN; HERE COMES MR. CENTIPEDE."



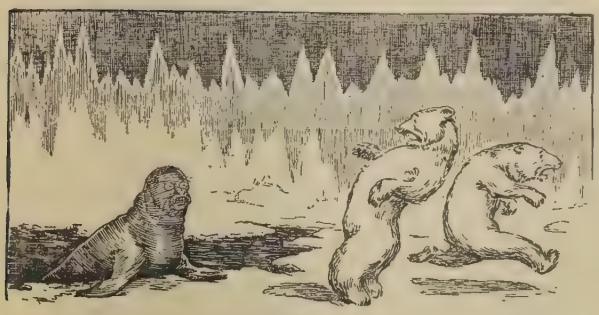
A CHRISTMAS MONOPOLIST.

who must reverse the order of Nature or be out of the mode. These little sacrifices must be made by any bird of social pretensions; society expects it.

Mr. Roosevelt's hunting adventures in Africa a few years back provided much sport in the United States Press, and animal jokes made part of the sport.

Mr. Roosevelt's not wholly in-

"'NOW FASHION,' THE BIG OSTRICH SAID, 'IS A THING THAT I VERY MUCH DREAD. TO BE IN THE MODE YOU'LL OBSERVE, MR. TOAD, I MUST CARRY MY TAIL ON MY HEAD.'"



"GREAT SCOTT! I THOUGHT HE'D GONE TO AFRICA!"

conspicuous eyes and teeth must have been worth considerable sums in positive cash to American humorous artists during the past ten or fifteen years. In the time of his absence in Africa Mr. A. B. Walker imagines a walrus suddenly appearing before a pair of Polar bears who are struck by terror at what they suppose to be the presence of the chief enemy of the animal kingdom, believed to be ten thousand miles away. And at the same period Mr. Lutz, with a stroke of originality, abandons the ex-President's eyes and teeth for the opposite end of his anatomy—though here he finds it needful to label the boot-sole with the initials T. R. From which we may gather the comforting reflection that Mr. Roosevelt's feet, at any rate, are not vastly unlike those of less sublime citizens.

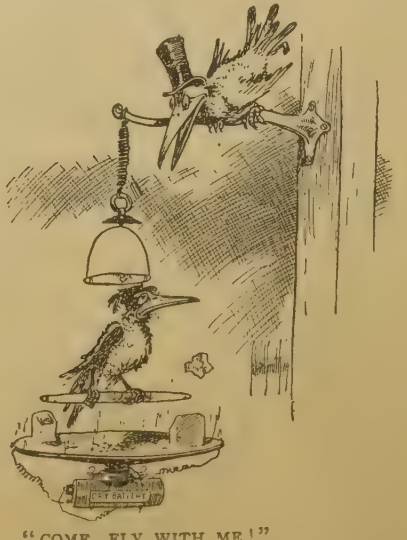
ONE SECTION OF A MOVING-PICTURE FILM TAKEN IN AFRICA, SHOWING AN EMINENT FAUNAL NATURALIST AT WORK.

We are back with Mr. Kuhn again in the next sketch, wherein a frequently-observed human preference for opposites is given application among birds; the lady pelican expressing a preference for the company of the lengthy flamingo, who, with head bent low for facility of conversation, stalks beside her in a top-hat and nothing else.

When there is so much talk of wireless telegraphy, why nothing of wireless other things? Why not, for instance, a wireless bird-cage which would confine the prisoner without obscuring the brilliance of its plumage? At any rate, the idea has occurred to our next artist (Mr. Smith), who pictures the misfortunes of a loving pair (the exact species seems a little difficult to identify; are they starlings?) parted by the

"I ALWAYS DID ADMIRE TALL MEN."

wireless walls of an invisible cage. It is a surprising property of this cage, we observe, that the exterior wirelessness manages somehow to support the ends of a perch and a piece of sugar.



"COME, FLY WITH ME!"
"CAN'T; I'M IN A WIRELESS CAGE!"

Family pride is a little out of fashion nowadays, but there seems no reason for allowing it to decline in animals—indeed, every dog show, every poultry show, encourages and rewards it. Therefore it is possible to

"SAY, ISN'T MR. ROOSTER EVERLASTINGLY STUCK UP?"
"RIGHT YOU ARE! HE HAS BEEN READING UP HIS LINEAGE, AND CLAIMS TO BE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE HEN THAT LAID THE EGG THAT COLUMBUS STOOD ON END."

show some sympathy with the fowl who boasts direct descent from Columbus's egg.

And when Mr. Kuhn draws a pair of pigeons aghast at a speed-limit sign, the picture needs no legend at all.

The kangaroo and its pouch can never be

"SLOW UP, BILL! DON'T YOU SEE THE SIGN?"

neglected by the comic draughtsman who deals with animal life, and, indeed, none of them show any signs of neglecting it. The little conversation printed under Mr. Fenderson's picture tells the story clearly enough.

The Visitor: "SAY, BILL, IS YER SISTER AT HOME?"
"YES; BUT SHE AIN'T UP YET."

The mouse-cabman who makes a hansom of a snail makes a figure in a drawing showing

Mr. Mouse: "HANSOM CAB, LADY? HANSOM? HANSOM?"

something more of quaint fancy than of sheer humour—something, perhaps, a little

"I DO."

reminding us of the late Ernest Griset. It is a light and pleasant fancy, not to be pushed too far. For what accommodation is there for the fare?

Mr. Graupner's snail-picture deals more with practicable fact. For the snail is an absolute free-holder and his house is his castle—till the nationalizing boot of some ruthless expropriator terminates his tenancy. There is something about this drawing which quite irresponsibly brings to mind poor Dan Leno's reply to his wife, who, quoting from an advertisement, asks, "Why pay rent?" "My dear," quoth Dan, "*we don't!*"

"YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO TAKE THE WHOLE BUNCH ON ONE FARE?"
Mrs. O'Possum: "I CERTAINLY DO. THEY ARE UNDER AGE."

The opossum family, like that of the rabbit, is apt to be large; and if opossums *do* run tramcars or railways of their own there must be a deal of difficulty about half-tickets, not to consider the case of some determined matron who declines to pay at all, as Mr. Barnes imagines.

"I THINK THIS EASTER BONNET NEEDS MORE TRIMMING ON THE SIDE."

Mr. E. D. Lance, in the next drawing, celebrates the eternal feminine. The duckling, not yet wholly out of its Easter egg-shell, already coquets with the mirror of the pond, and considers trimmings for what is left of the shell.

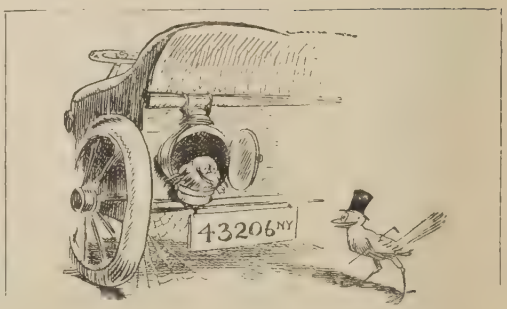
The monkey-dentist interviewed by the rhinoceros seems ready to face a large responsibility. Suppose the toothache *does* chance to be external, what will he do to the horn? But perhaps his professional quandary is less distracting than that of the frog-tailor, whose task it is to suit a dress to the changing complexion of a lady chameleon!

But birds, after all, make what may be called (in the States) the "heavy jerk" in American pictorial animal humour. On the next page is the disgruntled cock who finds cold worms confronting him for dinner, and the sparrow who is disrespectful of the balloon-like chests of the pouter pigeons.

Hippo.: "I'VE GOT A TOOTHACHE."
Dr. Monk: "INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL?"

"PARDON ME, MISS CHAMELEON, BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT A COAT TO SUIT YOUR COMPLEXION WHEN YOU CHANGE COLOUR WITH EVERY GARMENT?"

"NOTHING BUT COLD WORMS FOR DINNER! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A FEW FIRE-FLIES FOR A CHANGE?"



"WELL, GOODBYE, MR. CHIRP. I HOPE YOU'LL REMEMBER THE NUMBER."

Very good, too, are the sketches of a pair of sparrows going visiting to an old pair of trousers, and finding nobody in; of the complacent sparrow who, having built its nest in a motor-car lamp, coolly adopts the number for his address; and of the parental drudge who has nursed a fractious egg all night.

Sparrow: "GEE! THIS MUST BE A MEETING OF THE AERO CLUB."

And lastly, we cannot but smile at the vision of the wily alligator who fraudulently represents his gaping mouth as the entrance to the most interesting show on the beach!

Who can deny, after glancing at these sketches, that the animal world enjoys many happy moments and has a keen sense of humour? Of course, it may be said that in certain cases the artist has given too free a rein to his imagination, but these scoffers should spend a few afternoons at the nearest Zoological Gardens. If they have a camera with them, and are patient, they will secure a number of amusing pictures which should dispel that illusion for ever. And in so doing they, too, will enjoy their happy moments.

"YOU LOOK A LITTLE OFF COLOUR THIS MORNING?"

"YES, I WAS WALKING THE FLOOR ALL LAST NIGHT. ONE OF THE EGGS HAD THE COLIC."

"YOU WERE RIGHT, GEORGE; THERE IS NO ONE IN!"

"ALL ABOARD FOR THE SUBWAY."

Holloway's Corot

By MORLEY ROBERTS

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

IT was getting on for nine o'clock in the evening when Major Thompson came in to see Tom Mandeville. They had been friends for years, and it was through Thompson that Mandeville had heard of the practice at Bampton which had turned out so badly for him. He had bought one in that particular locality on account of Margery Thwaites, who lived a few miles away at Thornwell. Nevertheless they were not engaged, for Margery, though she was very pretty, was strangely shrewd. She was aware that marrying a poor doctor was likely to end in disaster. As she was a friend of Thompson's, he knew the whole situation.

"Well, how are things going?" he asked, anxiously, when he came into Mandeville's sitting-room.

"As badly as they can," replied Mandeville, gloomily. "But I've just had a letter from Grimes."

Grimes was the doctor from whom Mandeville had bought the practice.

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Thompson. "Well, what has he to say?"

"He's dead," replied Mandeville.

"Surely he didn't write to say so?" said Thompson, starting.

"It amounts to that," said Mandeville, "for he knew he was dying, and wrote that he wanted to confess to having cheated me about the practice. It's a miserable letter. He wanted money badly for his wife, and, knowing his condition, he faked the books deliberately. You can read the letter if you like. His wife's, too. She sent his on unopened."

He passed them over to the Major.

"You're certainly having a rotten run of luck," said Thompson. "It was hard enough on you to get let in for this practice, but for your mother to lose that money through a dishonest trustee was very hard."

"Yes," said Mandeville, "and I've got a letter from her too. On top of all the rest, she put money into that company of old Holloway's—the one that went wrong the other day—and she's lost it."

"By Jove!" said Thompson.

"I don't think I shall be able to hold on here," said Mandeville.

"Oh, you must," said Thompson; "you're beginning to get popular."

"Popular!" said Mandeville, savagely. "If I'd been able to keep that motor something might have been done, but the snobs here look sideways at a motor-bicycle."

Thompson laughed.

"No doubt a doctor on a bike isn't exactly the god in the car that the inhabitants of this town look for. And the whole country is reeking with robbers who wallow in money,"

"'WELL, HOW ARE THINGS GOING?' HE ASKED, ANXIOUSLY."

said Thompson, irrelevantly. "Look at old Holloway."

Holloway lived in a big house not very far from Bampton, though it was nearer Thornwell. He was a retired tradesman who began by selling jam in the East-end. When he got on he built a factory, which was still in the East-end, and by a stroke of genius he called it The Farm. It was more like a gas-works than a farm, but nevertheless his jams, "Fresh from the Farm," did extremely well, and when he turned the thing into a company, and to amuse himself became a company promoter, he was worth the best part of a million. His firm's carts, with "Fresh from the Farm" in gold letters, were familiar objects in London.

"Oh, Holloway," said Mandeville—"well, I dare say he's an old scoundrel, but he's not a bad sort in his way. Margery really likes him, though her real pal in the house is Mrs. Holloway, who's a dear. I wonder what old Holloway lives for?"

As a matter of fact, Holloway lived for his only child, a boy of eight.

"What's he live for? Oh, he lives for the kid," said Thompson. "Thinks of nothing else. Savage makes a lot of money out of Holloway's boy. It's a pity he isn't your patient; you'd be over there in a car every other day. If his finger aches they telephone for Savage. Indeed, they sent for him one day when the youngster refused to eat jam."

"Was it 'Fresh from the Farm'?" asked Mandeville, laughing for the first time. "Perhaps he's had too much of it."

"Perhaps," said Thompson, pensively. "On my soul, Mandeville, I should like to rob old Holloway. He's got some wonderful things in that library of his. I don't know whether you've been in it?"

"I've never been near the house more than once since he had it," said Mandeville, "but I used to go there when I was a boy."

"Ah," said Thompson, "I tell you, he's got Dresden china there that would make the experts sit up, and pictures worth any money. I don't know much about art, but I believe there was a blighter called Corot who did very pretty things. He's got one or two of those, and a little one by the mantelpiece must be worth thousands in the market. Last week Holloway let me take an American over there to see them, and I could hardly keep his American hands off it. He wanted to buy it, but of course Holloway refused."

"What American was that?" asked Mandeville. "Was it the one you were about with lately?"

"That's the chap," nodded Thompson. "A very good sort, but an awful scoundrel. He said to me, as we came away in his car, 'For a row of pins I'd burgle the house, Thompson, and steal that picture. If you happen to know a burglar who'd do it for you, I'll give you three thousand for the canvas without the frame, if you get him to throw in that Dresden group in the little cabinet.'"

"Did he mean it?" asked Mandeville, idly.

"He meant it all right," said Thompson. "I asked him, and he replied, 'My dear Major, I'm known as Say-it-and-mean-it Baker of Milwaukee. My word is a great deal better than my bond, and far, far better than my character.'"

"Ah," said Mandeville, "it's a pity we can't oblige him. I shouldn't mind getting even with Holloway now, although he's so nice to Margery. He hasn't behaved well over this company. A man in his position ought to have put up a hundred thousand pounds, to say the least of it; and now I'm suffering and my mother suffers."

"Egg on Margery to talk to him," said Thompson.

But Mandeville shook his head.

"It's no good," he said. "She and his wife have been at him for months past about that cottage hospital. And he's the only really rich man about here."

"I don't believe he's half so bad as he seems," said Thompson. "But you've got to hang on here, if you rob his house and sell his pictures to Baker of Milwaukee, who always says what he means and means what he says. So buck up if you want to get married."

Mandeville had to take a dose of bromide that night before he could sleep. Towards the morning he dreamed. He found himself upon his bicycle going as hard as he could pelt through a heavy storm to Holloway's house. He had no idea how he came upon the road, but suddenly found himself driving into the gale. He did not know the road very well, and yet in this dream he saw every detail of it. He was nearly at the house before he knew why he was going there in this dream, and when he knew he laughed. Then there was a gap, as there so often is in dreams.

He found himself inside the house, which was full of beautiful things, of valuable furniture. He wandered all over the house, and in the end found himself in the room with a Corot in his hands, the Corot that Baker wanted at any price, honestly or dishonestly. Then he found himself back in his own room in his own house with the picture. He locked it up, and was then aware that he had left his bicycle planted in the hedge outside Holloway's grounds. He went back to look for it, and had got half-way to Holloway's when he woke up in his own bed.

He was not in good health, and was a man of nervous temperament. This dream had a strange effect upon him. He knew something of dream psychology; he had read more of Freud than most English doctors, for he knew German. He had listened to Thompson's idle talk about Baker and this Corot without paying much attention to it, yet now it seemed to him that the seed had taken root.

In the morning he received a letter from his mother. She had herself written to Mr. Holloway, pointing out the position in which she was placed by the failure of a company for which he was obviously responsible. Whether it was that Holloway's secretary was away or not, this letter had been answered by Holloway himself. His reply was anything but courteous, and amounted to a general statement that people who speculated must sometimes expect to lose their money.

As he read this letter Mandeville wondered if Holloway knew the person to whom he wrote was the mother of the doctor over at Bampton. It was possible, but not likely. If he did know, the tone of his letter might have been influenced in some way by the fact that the old jam manufacturer had shown himself very hostile to Mandeville with regard to Margery Thwaites. He felt that to get even with Holloway was about all that remained to him.

As Mandeville was thinking of this he turned over his mother's letter and found a postscript on the last page which he had not before noticed. It ran: "Oh, my dear boy, I am so grieved I never told you I was two quarters behind with the rent; and after this I really don't know what to do. Can you lend me the money to pay it?"

He ate nothing that morning. His breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee. It seemed that everything that could go wrong had gone wrong, and truly that was so as far as big things were concerned, but during the day a hundred little disasters assailed him.

The night came at last, and he was alone. Thompson did not come in. His mind worked strangely. At times he felt quite calm as though nothing mattered, and then again he was in a strange state of fury. He felt like a beast in the nets, a trapped animal. He walked about his room in agitation. Once or twice he took up a paper and tried to read it, but did not understand a word of what he read. He took down a book and put it back again. He took down another, by chance a copy of Hudson's "Purple Land." He opened it at an old favourite chapter, and read what Manuel, also called "The Fox," said to Anselmo: "If Providence is angry against the entire human race, and is anxious to make an example, I know not for what reason so harmless and obscure a person as I am should have been selected."

This passage had often made him laugh, and he laughed now with a strange bitterness. He put the book back on the shelf and again took up the paper. His eyes lighted on the words, "The Sale at Christie's." This was an account of a sale of pictures, and underneath the heading there was a subheading, "Record Prices." He read the first paragraph blankly, for what his eye saw was not wholly reported to his brain. But presently he woke up, for he read the word "Corot." A good, a supremely good example of Corot, although it was a very small picture, had been sold for two thousand pounds.

"And Holloway has half-a-dozen of them," said Mandeville, "and one 'a supremely good example.' And he's got money, unlimited money, and a dear little wife, and a beautiful boy. And Margery Thwaites is his wife's friend. Some men have everything, and others have nothing."

For himself he did not understand how his mind worked, or what was going on in him. He was aware that something brewed in him, that something was being done. He was like a writer who sometimes repeats, it may be for weeks or months, a phrase, a sentence, knowing not whence it comes or what it fits, and at last begins to write in a strange fury of passion something which seems given to him; and to his amazement this solitary phrase fits into the puzzle and is, indeed, the whole cause and the solution at once. For this is the work of the brain, which creates in secret even during sleep, a ceaseless mind that never rests.

He heard the wind blow. He had noticed that day the signs of a coming gale, and now he heard the sough of the wind. The rain, too, fell heavily. He heard it thrown by the gusts across his window that fitted ill and let in the draughts. He went outside, taking a lantern with him and came to the stable where he kept his motor-bicycle. There he put on overalls and a mackintosh. He saw a strap hanging up, a strap that the previous tenant had left. Mechanically and with no formed intention, or with no formulated intention, he rolled it up and put it in his pocket. It would do to strap anything with. It would be useful to fasten something to his bicycle if he had anything to fasten to it. He opened his tool-box and looked in. The things that he needed were there; wrenches, a screw-driver. One could do much with that screw-driver, so his mind told him.

He wheeled the bicycle out into the deserted road, ran it a yard or two, and when it fired jumped into the saddle. His mind worked furiously, and he went at a pace to which he was not accustomed. The night was dark as pitch, the roads muddy and dangerous, yet he never slackened his pace although he knew that he risked his life at every moment.

But a man's mind is a manifoldness; he knows little of the working of his deep consciousness. The brain gives but vague outward suggestion of the processes that are going on within it. Even as he faced the weather and went headlong through the darkness he thought of certain irrelevant things, things connected with his profession, points he had read lately. He thought of his own people, of his youth, of the old hard and yet hopeful days when he lived in Lambeth and worked at St. Thomas's. Margery came into his mind, his hopes came, his mother, his ambitions.

Deeper than all these things there was something in him which directed the way. It was eleven o'clock and after when he was aware that he was heading straight for Holloway's with a purpose which he did not formulate and purposely left undefined.

As he went he now said things to himself.

He kept repeating little phrases, some of which he hardly understood; words, new words that he had come across lately. One of them was hypnopompic, a word that means the sleep procession, which in its way was as irrelevant or as illogical as life itself. He was now in a dream procession. He was the dreamer and the dream. Fate dreamt him. Suddenly he said to himself, "Say-it-and-mean-it Baker." Then he laughed. He said again, "Baker of Milwaukee," and kept on repeating "Baker of Milwaukee." Then suddenly in front of him he saw the gates which led down to Holloway's big house, through the avenue planted hundreds of years before by a great extinct family.

This avenue was really the back way to the house, which was two hundred yards inside the boundary. When Mandeville reached the gate he got off his bicycle, opened his tool-box, took out his big screw-driver, put it in his pocket, and hid his bicycle inside a field opposite the gates. Presently he came to the garden, after passing through part of the field where Holloway had laid out miniature golf-links. There was a little gate at the first tee, which led into the garden. Mandeville went through this gate and closed it quietly. He walked straight to the library just beyond the big cedar, the room in which Holloway kept his greatest treasures. Now he noticed there was a little light in one of the rooms at the top of the house. Probably it was a servant's room. He paid no attention to it, for the lower part of the house was quite dark.

He went to the library window and stood for a moment listening. He meant to force the door with the screw-driver, and took it out of his pocket. He laid his hand upon the fastening. The moment he touched the door it opened of itself; it was not even latched. It seemed that fate was helping him. He had made no plans—truly, he had done no thinking that night, for what he had been through mentally was hardly thought. But now he gave himself no time, but went straight across the room to the farther end by the side of the fireplace. The picture he meant to take hung there. He struck a match and saw it. He lifted it from the nail and turned towards the cabinet where the Dresden china was. But at that moment he heard a step outside in the hall, and suddenly the door opened. He stood where he was, motionless, paralyzed, the picture in his hand.

Time lasted long. It seemed an incredible time until the person opening the door really entered. The telephone was in the library at the far table near the door. Perhaps somebody was coming to use it. They would see him. This, then, was ruin, ruin absolute and final. Well, if so, what could a man expect who had had such luck? There was a strange grin upon his face, bitter, sardonic. He shifted the picture into his left hand and took the screw-driver in his right. For one savage moment he thought of striking down the person who came in. If he was not recognized he might escape.

But as soon as the door was opened the light from the hall showed that a woman came in—a slender, lithe, and girlish figure. Instantly she put her hand to the electric switch which was close to the door. She did not look round towards him; she went straight to the telephone, and the door closed automatically. He saw who it was. Yes, yes—it was Margery Thwaites!

He had very keen senses. As she had rushed into the room she brought in with her an odour, faint and yet powerful, far-reaching, indicative. His nostrils dilated. He tasted the odour in his mind. There was someone ill in the house—this was the odour of iodoform. He wondered, and still stood motionless, frozen into rigidity. He had not known that Margery was in the house. She was going to telephone for somebody, for something, and in a moment would no doubt turn and see him. Then she would scream, the house would be alarmed. It would be a great alarm to her, a terrible shock. She might do anything. He could not foretell the result.

And all the time he smelt the iodoform, and wondered who was ill, and whom it was she was going to telephone for, and why she was going to telephone at all. He watched her. She sat down at the table, rang up, put the receiver to her ear and was answered. He heard the vague, faint voice of the answering operator at the exchange at Thornwell.

"I want 156 Thornwell," she said, urgently. "Give it me quickly, for Heaven's sake!"

He knew that the number was Dr. Savage's.

In a moment she got through, and asked, "Is that Dr. Savage?"

Again there was the little mumble of the answering voice.

"Not in?—not in?" said Margery. "Oh, when will he be in? Can't you get him?"

Evidently they did not know. She cut them off and rang up another number, the number of another doctor in Thornwell, and again the same answer was returned, and Margery cried out aloud.

"Oh," she said, "isn't anybody in? Whom shall I ask to come?"

And then a strange thing happened, or so it seemed to Mandeville, and yet it was not strange after all. She rang up again, and said, "Give me 126 Bampton."

That was Mandeville's own number. He waited, but still did not move. He might have been a carven man save for the strange anxiety and tension of his eyes. Perhaps his housekeeper would not hear the telephone bell, or if she heard it might not rise, even though she knew the doctor was out. Nevertheless, he heard presently that she did come to the 'phone.

"What?" said Margery. "Is Dr. Mandeville out, too? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She dropped the receiver on the desk and sprang to her feet. It seemed as if she had heard something, or as if her instinct had told her at last that somebody was there, that she was not alone. Perhaps Mandeville had breathed heavily, or made some little motion. She saw him there plainly. He was holding a picture in his hand. There was something in his right hand, too. She did not know what it was, but she knew that this was her lover, Tom Mandeville. It seemed a hallucination, not real; something dreamed, imagined—something that came out of her tense anxiety. She had summoned him, and here he was—and yet, was he here?

She rubbed her eyes and looked again, and there he stood as white as death, staring at her. He was the man she loved, although she had never told him so. She was naturally strong, naturally reticent. She had difficulties with herself. She found it hard to speak even when her emotions bade her speak. This was her strength, as it was often her sorrow. She, too, went as pale as death, but she did not scream. She waited a long second and knew that he was real. He nodded to her strangely, turned about, hung up the picture on the nail again, and put the screw-driver in his pocket. He turned again, and stood before her with bowed head, waiting.

And she said: "Dr. Mandeville—Tom—what are you doing here?"

He answered very simply: "Yes—what?"

He looked for any answer, he was prepared for anything, however awful; for she might say cruel things, seeing that she must understand. And yet, deep in his mind, far down in it, there was a little hope, too. She wanted him urgently—there was that smell of iodoform.

"I may be very useful," said Tom Mandeville to himself; "I may be wanted."

And yet that was a little far-off thought; a faint, almost indistinguishable light in awful darkness. His real, outward mind, his consciousness with which he apprehended her immediately, was amazed when she spoke; for she cried out suddenly, with a strange light in her eyes: "Oh, I'm glad you've come. Thank God! Thank God! Come with me upstairs, Tom, the boy is dying."

"Ah!" said Mandeville.

When a man is mad, quite insane, altogether out of himself, he will often answer to a normal appeal made to him by someone in natural authority. This was a normal appeal to Mandeville. Somebody was dying. People were in great distress. This boy who was ill, the child about whom Holloway's life circled, the child for whom he was little better than a thief—a high-placed scoundrel who might be placed higher yet.

"Dying?" said Mandeville. His face became less like a strained and carven mask. His eyes lighted again with a human light. He wrinkled his face as though with a desire to feel his rigid muscles move. He came back to himself. He was a man once more, a physician. He spoke in a perfectly natural way, as one who asked for information quickly when quickness was necessary.

He said: "Now, Margery, you tell me the boy's dying. What's wrong with him?"

She cried out: "It's diphtheria, and he's choking. I can't get Dr. Savage or anyone. Come upstairs with me now."

She took him by the arm, and as he went he said: "Yes, yes—but how will you explain my coming so quickly?"

"Never mind that," she said. "Never mind that—I can explain."

"You understand why?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I understand," said Margery. "I've heard several things. That doesn't matter—come upstairs. Thank God you've come!"

He said no more, but went with her. When they got to the first-floor landing a door stood open opposite to them. Through it he heard certain sounds that he had heard before, and he saw old Holloway standing by the door with his hands clenched in his hair as if he would tear it out. Suddenly the old man cried aloud, and yet it was not like a human cry, it was something almost bestial, like the yelp of a tortured cur. Mandeville passed him and saw Mrs. Holloway on her knees by the bed. On the other side the nurse was standing. Mandeville judged her on the moment; she was probably useless, most likely not properly trained.

"SHE RUBBED HER EYES AND LOOKED AGAIN, AND THERE HE STOOD AS WHITE AS DEATH, STARING AT HER."

Margery said: "Here's Dr. Mandeville."

He went straight to the bed, thrusting aside Mrs. Holloway, who caught hold of him. He looked down at the boy and saw him choking, cyanosed, blue with oncoming death. The child was struggling for life, with the veins in his neck turgid and knotted, the face swollen and almost black.

"When did this come on?" asked Mandeville.

"Half an hour ago, sir," said the nurse.

Yes, she was a bad nurse—there were tears in her eyes. By now a good nurse with her wits about her would have done a tracheotomy on the boy, if she had had to do it with a pen-knife. Old Holloway kept on speaking to him, and caught him by the arm as he was taking off his coat. Mandeville pushed him in the chest; then he laid hold of him and thrust, almost threw, him out of the room and pushed his wife after him. He locked the door on them.

If the nurse was a poor thing Margery was now extraordinarily cool. She did things, and did the right thing. He saw her with a basin and a bundle of sterilized wool; she had an open bottle of lysol on the table. He had no instruments; what was to be done must be done at once. He put his hand in his pocket and took out his pen-knife, which he always kept very sharp. Then he made a strong solution of lysol in the basin. There was a spirit-lamp on the table. He struck a match and lighted it, and passed the little blade of his knife through the flame. Then he wetted it with lysol, wiped it with the sterilized wool, and passed it through the flame again and threw it into the lysol solution. He looked about him, and suddenly saw what he wanted. Margery wore in her hair square-headed tortoiseshell hair-pins that matched its colour. He reached his hand out, took one from her hair, and threw it in the basin. Then with a pad of the wool and the disinfectant he disinfected the skin of the boy's neck.

"Bring that electric lamp close," he said to the nurse.

She held it close, but her hand shook. He turned to Margery.

"You hold it, Margery." And she held it firmly.

"You needn't look," said Mandeville. "If you can't stand the sight, shut your eyes."

But she did not shut them, and watched him there and then do a tracheotomy with his pocket-knife. There is no such dramatic incident in all surgery, which has many such moments, as a tracheotomy done when the patient is as near death as Holloway's child. One moment the boy was blue, with a congested face, struggling horribly, at the very edge of death. And then, as the knife passed through the tracheal ring, there was a little gurgle, a splutter. Mandeville reached out and, taking the hair-pin, thrust it into the operation-wound and turned it sideways. He tied it securely with a tape. The boy's breath whistled audibly. He took a deep inspiration. His aspect changed with wonderful rapidity; his blood was drinking oxygen at last. The colour of life came back into his face; it grew peaceful, comfortable. The child seemed instantly to pass from struggle and painful unconsciousness into an unconsciousness that was happy, an unconsciousness that was little more than that of sleep—a pleasant sleep after great fatigue. His skin moistened; there was something on the child's face not unlike a smile.

Mandeville rose to his feet.

"That's all right," he said, with satisfaction.

He wiped his knife with a little of the wool, closed it, and dropped it into his pocket. He turned to Margery, who put the lamp down and for the first time trembled.

"Oh, Tom!" she said. "Tom!"

He went round the bed and took her in his arms; but he said: "Now go downstairs at once and ring up Smith or Savage and tell them to come out instantly with a tracheotomy tube. For the time being the boy's all right; he won't die now."

Margery half choked.

"Thank God you came!" she said.

"Yes," said Mandeville. "But go, do what I tell you. I'll speak to the others."

He found Holloway and his wife outside. The old man was standing by the banisters, clutching them with both hands. Mrs. Holloway was on the floor holding him round the knees. Mandeville was glad he had good news to give them.

"Mr. Holloway," he said.

"Yes," said Holloway. "Is—is the boy dead?"

"No," said Mandeville, "and I don't suppose he'll die."

He smiled over the banisters at Margery as she went downstairs.

"Not die?" said Holloway, feebly. "Oh, won't die, eh?" He took his wife by the hand and said, almost crossly: "Get up, Mary. What are you doing on the floor? The boy's all right; the doctor says so."

Mrs. Holloway rose and did not speak, but she took Mandeville's hand and kissed it.

"'BRING THAT ELECTRIC LAMP CLOSE,' HE SAID TO THE NURSE."

He felt very much ashamed of himself and turned away. Then he said :—

"In a minute you shall come in."

He went back into the sick-room.

"Nurse, give me a clean handkerchief," he said.

He took one and laid it lightly across the projecting prongs of the hair-pin that kept the operation-wound open, leaving the child's face visible. It was the face of a sleeping child. He called the father and mother in.

"You may see him for a moment," he said.

And Mrs. Holloway knelt by the bedside, while the old man laid hold of the bed-rail at the foot and stood there and nodded. And Margery came up again.

"I got through to Dr. Savage. He's bringing it at once," she said.

"That's all right," replied Mandeville. He put his coat on. "And now I think you'd all better leave the room," he said. "I and the nurse will stay with him till Dr. Savage comes."

They went out of the room all together, and old Holloway suddenly said :—

"How was it you got here so soon, Dr. Mandeville? I—I don't quite understand it."

Margery answered for the doctor.

"He came over to see me, Mr. Holloway. I'd promised to write to him, and I hadn't done it. I'll tell Mary all about it afterwards, and she can tell you. I'm going to marry Dr. Mandeville even if he is a poor man."

Mandeville knew well that Holloway had desired her to marry somebody else who was not a poor man. But now the old man suddenly burst into tears. He sobbed like a child. Then he said : "By Heaven! Margery, but he isn't a poor man if I know it—he isn't a poor man! I—I want to do something for everyone."

And Mary Holloway spoke what was in her mind.

"Then, John, won't you build that hospital now?"

He took her in his arms. "Why, of course, I will, and the doctor here shall run it. Oh, yes, I'll do that—why, of course, I'll do it, woman!" And again he broke down, and turned away and sat upon the stairs, still crying.

Just then they heard the sound of a motor, and in a minute Dr. Savage came upstairs with the tracheotomy tube, and he and Mandeville inserted it. The boy had a good chance, or so it seemed.

It was one o'clock before Margery said good-bye to Mandeville in the library where the telephone was. He said to her: "But you know why I came, and what I came for?"

"Yes, I know," she said. "I know. You have had very great trouble. Major Thompson told me about it."

"It's true I've had trouble," he said. "It broke me down—it quite broke me down. I had such a run of bad luck. Is it over now, Margery?"

"I love you," she said. "I always did. Is that enough, Tom?"

"It is enough," said Mandeville.

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and walked down the avenue. He did not know himself; he was a changed man. The whole world had altered; for he was light and happy and sane. Life was a miracle, and most wonderful; and Margery was very wonderful; and love the most wonderful thing of all. He wiped away a tear, and yet was very happy.

He took his bicycle out of the hedge where he had hidden it, and went back to Bampton. But he did not go straight home; he took a little circuit and came past Thompson's house. Late as it was there was a light in the Major's room, for Thompson slept badly, and often read very late. So Mandeville got off his bicycle, and finding some gravel threw it up at the window. Presently Thompson put his head out.

"Halloa, Mandeville, what's wrong now?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Mandeville. "It's all right."

"What's all right?" asked Thompson.

"Everything," said Mandeville. "I've been over to Holloway's."

"The deuce you have!" said Thompson. "What for?"

"The boy was dying," said Mandeville. "I suppose I saved his life."

"Good for you," said the Major.

"And the old man's going to build that hospital, Thompson."

"The deuce he is!" said Thompson. "I guess you'll be all right with him now, and with everybody else."

"It may be so," said Mandeville, quietly. "And it's all right about Margery."

"Oh, by Jove!" said Thompson; "I don't think you'll want to burgle the house for that Corot after all, Mandeville."

"I think not," said Mandeville. "Baker of Milwaukee's got to do without it."

"So he has—poor old Baker of Milwaukee!" said Thompson.

Bits of Life

By O. Henry

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

III

Vanity and some Sables

WHEN "Kid" Brady was sent to the ropes by Molly McKeever's blue-black eyes he withdrew from the Stovepipe Gang. So much for the power of a colleen's blanderin' tongue and stubborn true-heartedness. If you are a man who read this may such an influence be sent you before two o'clock to-morrow; if you are a woman, may your Pomeranian greet you this morning with a cold nose—a sign of dog-health and your happiness.

THE "KID."

The Stovepipe Gang borrowed its name from a sub-district of the city, called the "Stovepipe," which is a narrow and natural extension of the familiar district known as "Hell's Kitchen."

The members of this uncharted but widely-known brotherhood appeared to pass their time at street corners, arrayed like the lilies of the conservatory, and busy with nail files and pen-knives. Thus displayed as a guarantee of good faith, they carried on an innocuous conversation in a two-hundred-word vocabulary, to the casual observer as innocent and immaterial as that heard in the clubs seven blocks to the east.

But off exhibition the "Stovepipes" were not mere street-corner ornaments addicted to posing and manicuring. Their serious occupation was the separating of citizens from their coin and valuables. Preferably this was done by weird and singular tricks, without noise or bloodshed; but whenever the citizen honoured by their attentions refused to impoverish himself gracefully his objections came to be spread finally upon some police-station blotter or hospital register.

The police held the Stovepipe Gang in perpetual suspicion and respect. As the nightingale's liquid note is heard in the deepest shadows, so, along the "Stovepipe's" dark and narrow confines, the whistle for help punctures the dull ear of night. Whenever there was smoke in the "Stovepipe," the tasselled men in blue knew there was fire in "Hell's Kitchen."

"Kid" Brady promised Molly to be good. "Kid" was the vainest, the strongest, the

"MOLLY."

wariest, and the most successful plotter in the gang. Therefore the boys were sorry to give him up. But they witnessed his fall to a virtuous life without protest. For, in the Kitchen, it is considered neither unmanly nor improper for a man to do as his girl advises.

Black her eye for love's sake, if you will; but it is all-to-the-good business to do a thing when she wants you to do it.

"Turn off the hydrant," said the Kid, one night when Molly, tearful, besought him to amend his ways. "I'm going to cut the gang. You be mine, and I'll go straight. I'll tell you, Moll—I'll get work; and in a year we'll get married. I'll do it for you. We'll get a flat and a flute and a sewing-machine, and live as honest as we can."

"Oh, Kid!" sighed Molly, wiping the powder off his shoulder with her handkerchief, "I'd rather hear you say that than own all New York. And we can be happy on so little!"

The Kid looked down at his speckless cuffs and shining patent-leathers with a suspicion of melancholy.

"It'll hurt hardest in the rags department," said he. "I've kind of always liked to rig out swell when I could. You know how I hate cheap things, Moll. Anything in the wearing apparel line has got to be just so, or it's no good for me. If I work I won't have so much coin to hand over to the little man with the big shears."

"Never mind, Kid. I'll like you just as much in a blue jumper as I would in a red automobile."

Before the Kid had grown large enough to knock out his father he had been compelled to learn the plumber's art. So now back to this honourable and useful profession he returned. But it was as an assistant that he engaged himself; and it is the master plumber and not the assistant who wears diamonds as large as hailstones and looks contemptuously upon the marble colonnades of millionaires' mansions.

Eight months went by as smoothly and surely as though they had "elapsed" on a theatre programme. The Kid worked away at his pipes and solder with no symptoms of backsliding. The Stovepipe Gang continued its piracy on the high avenues, cracked policemen's heads, held up late travellers, invented

'MOLLY WAS TEARFUL.'

new methods of peaceful plundering, copied Fifth Avenue's cut of clothes and neckwear fancies, and comported itself according to its lawless bylaws. But the Kid stood firm and faithful to his Molly, even though the polish was gone from his finger-nails and it took him fifteen minutes to tie his purple silk ascot so that the worn places would not show.

One evening he brought a mysterious bundle with him to Molly's house.

"Open that, Moll!" he said, in his large, quiet way. "It's for you."

Molly's eager fingers tore off the wrappings. She shrieked aloud, and in rushed a sprinkling of little McKeevers and Ma McKeever, dish-washy, but an undeniable relative of the late Mrs. Eve.

Again Molly shrieked, and something dark and long and sinuous flew and enveloped her neck like an anaconda.

"Russian sables," said the Kid, pridefully, enjoying the sight of Molly's round cheek against the clinging fur. "The real thing. They don't grow anything in Russia too good for you, Moll."

Molly plunged her hands into the muff, overturned a row of family infants, and flew to the mirror. Hint for the beauty column: To make bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and a bewitching smile. Recipe: one set Russian sables. Apply.

"MOLLY PLUNGED HER HANDS INTO THE MUFF."

When they were alone, Molly became aware of a small cake of the ice of common-sense floating down the full tide of her happiness.

"You're a bird, all right, Kid," she admitted, gratefully. "I never had any furs on before in my life. But ain't Russian sables awful expensive? Seems to me I've heard they were."

"Have I ever chucked any bargain-sale stuff at you, Moll?" asked the Kid, with calm dignity. "Did you ever notice me leaning on the bargain-counter or peering in the remnant window? Call that scarf two hundred and fifty dollars and the muff a hundred and seventy-five, and you won't make any mistake about the price of Russian sables. The swell goods for me. Say, they look fine on you, Moll."

Molly hugged the sables to her bosom in rapture. And then her smile went away little by little, and she looked the Kid straight in the eye sadly and steadily.

He knew what every look of hers meant; and he laughed, with a faint flush upon his face.

"Stop that!" he said, with affectionate roughness. "I told you I was done with that. I bought 'em and paid for 'em all right, with my own money."

"Out of the money you worked for, Kid? Out of seventy-five dollars a month?"

"Sure. I've been saving up."

"Let's see—saved four hundred and twenty-five dollars in eight months, Kid?"

"Ah, let up," said Kid, with some heat. "I had some money when I went to work. Do you think I've been holding 'em up again? I told you I'd quit. They're paid for on the square. Put 'em on and come out for a walk."

Molly calmed her doubts. Sables are soothing. Proud as a queen she went forth in the streets at the Kid's side. In all that region of low-lying streets Russian sables had never been seen before. The word sped, and doors and windows blossomed with heads eager to see the swell furs Kid Brady had given his girl. All down the street there were "Oh's" and "Ah's," and the reported fabulous sum paid for the sables was passed from lip to lip, increasing as it went. At her right elbow sauntered the Kid with the air of princes. Work had not diminished his love of pomp and show and his passion for the costly and

genuine. On a corner they saw a group of the Stovepipe Gang loafing, immaculate. They raised their hats to the Kid's girl and went on with their calm, unaccented palaver.

Three blocks behind the admired couple strolled Detective Ransom, of the Central Office. Ransom was the only detective in the force who could walk abroad with safety in the Stovepipe district. He was fair-dealing and unafraid, and went there with the hypothesis that the inhabitants were human. Many liked him, and now and then one would give him a tip about something that he was looking for.

"What's the excitement down the street?"

"I BOUGHT 'EM AND PAID FOR 'EM ALL RIGHT, WITH MY OWN MONEY."

asked Ransom of a pale youth in a red sweater.

"They're out having a look at a set of buffalo robes Kid Brady treated his girl to," answered the youth. "Some say he paid nine hundred dollars for the skins. They're swell all right enough."

"I hear Brady has been working at his old trade for nearly a year," said the detective. "He doesn't travel with the gang any more, does he?"

"He's workin' all right," said the red sweater; "but say, sport, are you trailin' anything in the fur line? A job in a plumbin' shop don't match with them skins the Kid's girl's got on."

Ransom overtook the strolling couple on an empty street near the river bank. He touched the Kid's arm from behind.

"Let me see you a moment, Brady," he said, quietly. His eye rested for a second on the long fur scarf thrown stylishly back over Molly's left shoulder. The Kid, with his old-time police-hating frown on his face, stepped a yard or two aside with the detective.

"Did you go to Mrs. Hethcote's in West Seventh Street yesterday to mend a leaky water-pipe?" asked Ransom.

"I did," said the Kid. "What of it?"

"The lady's thousand-dollar set of Russian sables went out of the house about the same time you did. The description fits the ones this lady has on."

"To h—Harlem with you!" cried the Kid, angrily. "You know I've cut that sort of thing, Ransom. I bought them sables yesterday at——"

The Kid stopped short.

"I know you've been working straight lately," said Ransom. "I'll give you every chance. I'll go with you where you say you bought the furs and investigate. The lady can wear them and come along

"AROUND THE CORNER CAME POLICEMAN KOHEN."

with us, and nobody'll be on. That's fair, Brady."

"Come on," agreed the Kid, hotly. And then he stopped suddenly in his tracks and looked with an odd smile at Molly's distressed and anxious face.

"No use," he said, grimly. "They're the Hethcote sables, all right. You'll have to turn 'em over, Moll, but they ain't too good for you if they cost a million."

Molly, with anguish in her face, hung upon the Kid's arm.

"Oh, Kiddy, you've broke my heart," she said. "I was so proud of you—and now they'll do you—and where's our happiness gone?"

"Go home," said the Kid, wildly. "Come on, Ransom; take the furs. Let's get away from here. Wait a minute—I've a good mind to—no, I'll be dashed if I can do it—run along, Moll. I'm ready, Ransom."

Around the corner of a lumber-yard came Policeman Kohen, on his way to his beat along the river. The detective signed to him for assistance. Kohen joined the group. Ransom explained.

"Sure," said Kohen. "I hear about dose saples dat vas stole. You say you have dem here?"

Policeman Kohen took the end of Molly's late scarf in his hands and looked at it closely.

"Once," he said, "I sold furs in Sixth Avenue. Yes, dese are saples. Dey come from Alaska. Dis scarf is worth twelve dollars and dis muff——"

"Biff!" came the palm of the Kid's powerful hand upon the policeman's mouth. Kohen staggered and rallied. Molly screamed. The detective threw himself upon Brady and, with Kohen's aid, got the nippers on his wrist.

"The scarf is worth twelve dollars, and the muff is worth nine dollars," persisted the policeman. "What is dis talk about thousand-dollar saples?"

The Kid sat upon a pile of lumber and his face turned dark red.

"Correct, Solomski!" he declared, viciously. "I paid twenty-two dollars for the set. I'd rather have got six months and not have told it. Me, the swell that wouldn't look at anything cheap! I'm a plain bluffer. Moll, my salary couldn't spell sables in Russian."

Molly cast herself upon his neck.

"What do I care for all the sables and money in the world!" she cried. "It's my Kiddy I want. Oh, you dear, stuck-up, crazy blockhead!"

"You can take dose nippers off," said Kohen to the detective. "Before I leaf de station de report come in dat de lady vind her saples—hanging in her wardrobe. Young man, I excuse you dat punch in my vace—dis von time."

Ransom gave Molly her furs. Her eyes were smiling upon the Kid. She wound the scarf and threw the end over her left shoulder with a duchess's grace.

"A gouple of young vools," said Policeman Kohen to Ransom. "Come on away."

"SHE THREW THE SCARF OVER HER SHOULDER WITH A DUCHESS'S GRACE."

Pictures for the Blind.

A Great Idea Which Has Opened a New World to the Sightless.

By ERIC WOOD.

AMONG the men and women who have devoted themselves to work for those deprived of sight, none have done more striking work than Mr. H. M. Taylor, whose device for providing models and pictures for the blind has opened a new world to the sightless. Mr. Taylor, who is himself blind, is a man of the greatest eminence, being a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the most gifted mathematicians of the day. He is a Third Wrangler, Second Smith Prizeman (1865), was Mayor of Cambridge from 1900 to 1901, is a Member of the Council of the British and Foreign Blind Association, Chairman of its Technical and Book Committee, and Fellow of the College of Teachers of the Blind. About nineteen years ago Mr. Taylor lost his sight, and since that time he has devoted his life to the higher education of the blind. He founded, and is one of the managers of, the Embossed Scientific Books Fund, which makes substantial grants towards the publication of scientific books in the embossed Braille type. In nearly every instance Mr. Taylor adapts, transcribes, and illustrates with raised diagrams the books forming this series, thus providing perfect copy from which the plates are prepared.

It is impossible to over-estimate what Mr. Taylor's work has meant for the blind; it has opened up possibilities that were not dreamt of before. It has simplified, nay, made possible, the study of a whole host of subjects, for the books illustrated by his embossed diagrams cover a very wide range: Algebra, Euclid, astronomy, geology, sound and music, trigonometry, and so forth.

MR. H. M. TAYLOR, F.R.S., THE INVENTOR OF PICTURES FOR THE BLIND.

Mr. Taylor's invention does not, of course, appeal to the sense of colour, but only to that of form.

The far-reaching nature of the discovery can be most strikingly and briefly shown by a consideration of such examples as those which we now proceed to give.

It is one thing to describe, say, the structural appearance of some well-known building; it is another to put into the sensitive hands of the blind a model of it.

Regarding models of actual buildings, the

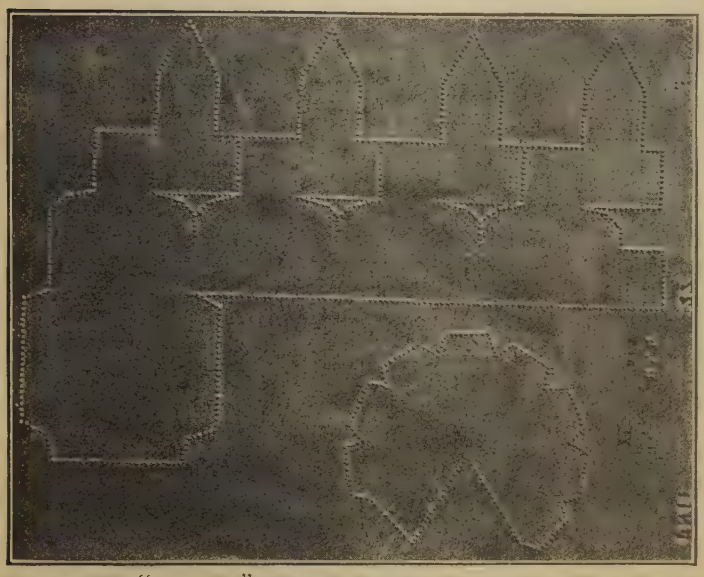


FIG. 1.—THE "PICTURE" OF A BUILDING WHICH, WHEN CUT OUT AND FOLDED, MAKES THE MODEL SHOWN IN FIG. 1A.

FIG. 1A.

aim is to give merely a general idea of the shape of the building, without attempting to show the smaller features, such as doors, windows, and chimneys. Generally speaking, the pictures and models of architecture are types, rather than correct examples, for exact representation of a building needs a thorough knowledge of its dimensions, which are not always easy to obtain.

Figs. 1 and 1A show the "picture" and the model of an hexagonal building with a pyramidal roof—a building with a square base, with a horizontal octagon section above it, the whole surmounted by an octagonal pyramidal roof—resembling closely the Chapter House of St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Would any amount of description so adequately convey to the blind the information which the feeling and folding of these diagrams convey?

FIG. 2.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

In the same way a blind person may handle the "picture" of an obelisk similar to Cleopatra's Needle, which can be easily cut out and folded into the model shown in Fig. 2. Again, to describe Saturn and his rings may not tell very much to the blind student, but to put in front of him an embossed diagram of the planet (Fig. 3) is to make it possible for him to arrive at some comprehension of the brilliant phenomenon.

Fig. 4 shows a draught-board in perspective. It will be seen that in addition to the embossed lines being in perspective, each of the dots on the receding lines is smaller than its predecessor, and it will be clear that by this means the blind may now become acquainted

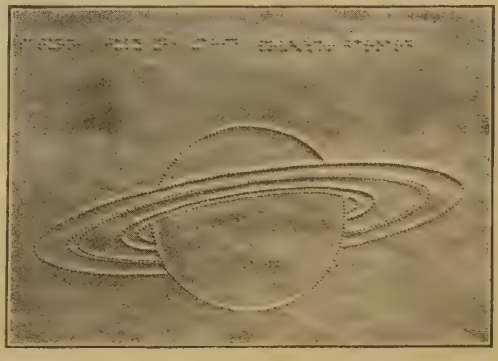


FIG. 3.—SATURN AND HIS RINGS.

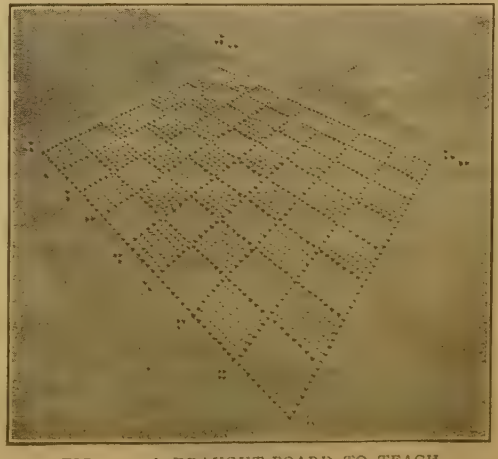


FIG. 4.—A DRAUGHT-BOARD TO TEACH PERSPECTIVE.

FIG. 5.—A SHEEP MARKED INTO JOINTS FOR COOKING.

literally with the meaning of perspective. The sensitive fingers of the student, travelling over the dotted lines, wil reveal the degree of perspective as well as do the eyes of a normal man.

Domesticity is not forgotten by any means, as even cookery books are illustrated, and in Fig. 5 is shown an embossed diagram of a sheep, with the various joints for cooking marked, and with the name of each given in Braille type.

Music, that great joy to most blind people, is partly taught by embossed

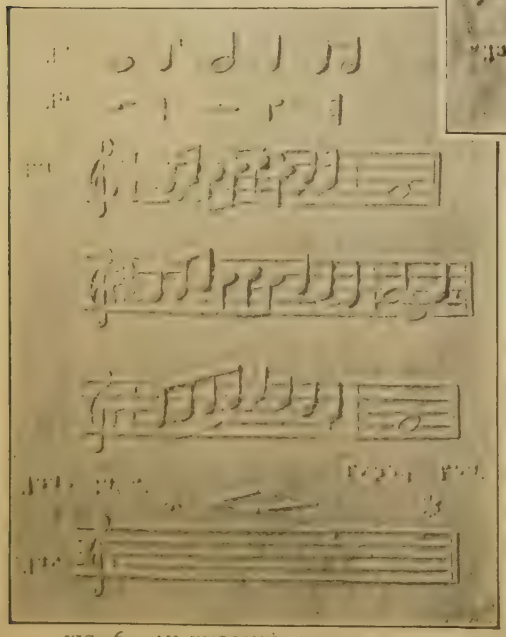


FIG. 6.—AN EMBOSSED PAGE OF MUSIC.

diagrams, as Fig. 6 will show; while Fig. 7 is taken from Sir Robert Ball's "Primer of Astronomy," and shows a chart of the Northern Constellation.

It is interesting to recall that the need for these now indispensable diagrams was once shown by a pathetic ignorance on the part of a young blind scholar. Being asked to describe a cow's leg,

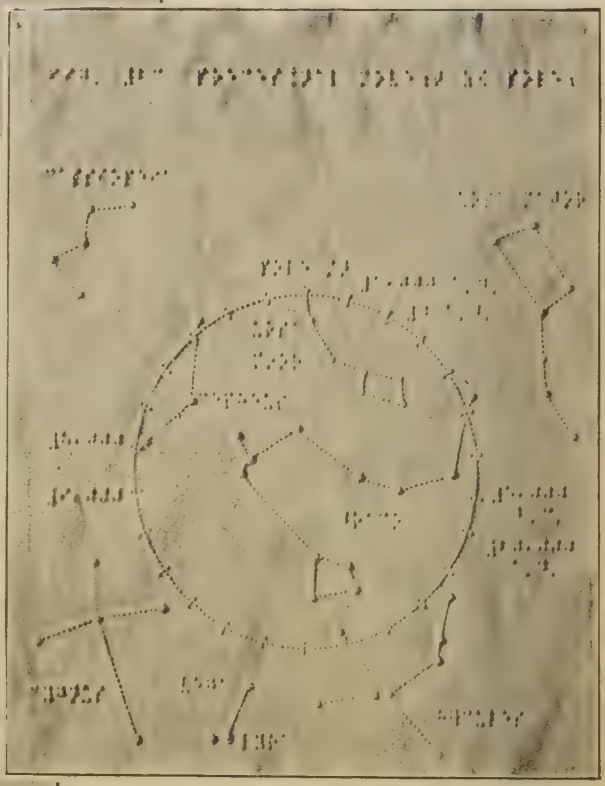


FIG. 7.—ASTRONOMY FOR THE BLIND.—THE NORTHERN CONSTELLATION.

the poor child thought of a leg in the only shape she knew anything about—her own—a very natural inference under the circumstances. Fortunately, the mistake served not only to illuminate the ignorance of those who dwell in darkness, but also to shed light upon a path by which that ignorance might be dispelled.

If Miss Keller, Dr. Campbell, and a host of others just as famous have been able to achieve what they have without the aids now available, what may not the younger generation of blind do? While there are men and women who are willing to spend their lives in the service of the sightless, there is no telling what is possible.

BACK TO BACK

By W. W. Jacobs

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL OWEN

MRS. SCUTTS, concealed behind the curtain, gazed at the cab in uneasy amazement. The cabman clambered down from the box and, opening the door, stood by with his hands extended ready for any help that might be needed. A stranger was the first to alight, and, with his back towards Mrs. Scutts, seemed to be struggling with something in the cab. He placed a dangling hand about his neck and, staggering under the weight, reeled backwards supporting Mr. Scutts, whose other arm was round the neck of a third man. In a flash Mrs. Scutts was at the door.

"Oh, Bill!" she gasped. "And by daylight, too!"

Mr. Scutts raised his head sharply and his lips parted; then his head sank again, and he became a dead weight in the grasp of his assistants.

"He's all right," said one of them, turning to Mrs. Scutts.

A deep groan from Mr. Scutts confirmed the statement.

"What is it?" inquired his wife, anxiously.

"Just a little bit of a railway accident," said one of the strangers. "Train ran into some empty trucks. Nobody hurt—seriously," he added, in response to a terrible and annoyed groan from Mr. Scutts.

With his feet dragging helplessly, Mr. Scutts was conveyed over his own doorstep and placed on the sofa.

"All the others went off home on their own legs," said one of the strangers, reproachfully. "He said he couldn't walk, and he wouldn't go to a hospital."

"Wanted to die at home," declared the sufferer. "I ain't going to be cut about at no 'ospitals."

The two strangers stood by watching him; then they looked at each other.

"I don't want—no—'ospitals," gasped Mr. Scutts. "I'm going to have my own doctor."

"Of course, the company will pay the doctor's bill," said one of the strangers to Mrs. Scutts; "or they'll send their own doctor. I expect he'll be all right to-morrow."

"I 'ope so," said Mr. Scutts, "but I don't think it. Thank you for bringing of me 'ome."

He closed his eyes languidly, and kept them closed until the men had departed.

"Can't you walk, Bill?" inquired the tearful Mrs. Scutts.

Her husband shook his head. "You go and fetch the doctor," he said, slowly. "That new one round the corner."

"He looks such a boy," objected Mrs. Scutts.

"You go and fetch 'im," said Mr. Scutts, raising his voice. "D'ye hear!"

"But——" began his wife.

"If I get up to you, my gal," said the forgetful Mr. Scutts, "you'll know it."

"Why, I thought——" said his wife, in surprise.

Mr. Scutts raised himself on the sofa and shook his fist at her. Then, as a tribute to appearances, he sank back and groaned again. Mrs. Scutts, looking somewhat relieved, took her bonnet from a nail and departed.

The examination was long and tedious, but Mr. Scutts, beyond remarking that he felt chilly, made no complaint. He endeavoured, but in vain, to perform the tests suggested, and even did his best to stand, supported by his medical attendant. Self-preservation is the law of Nature, and when Mr. Scutts's legs and back gave way he saw to it that the doctor was underneath.

"We'll have to get you up to bed," said the latter, rising slowly and dusting himself.

Mr. Scutts, who was lying full length on

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"'JUST A LITTLE BIT OF A RAILWAY ACCIDENT,' SAID ONE OF THE STRANGERS."

the floor, acquiesced, and sent his wife for some neighbours. One of them was a professional furniture-remover, and, half-way up the narrow stairs, the unfortunate had to remind him that he was dealing with a British working man, and not a piano. Four pairs of hands deposited Mr. Scutts with mathematical precision in the centre of the bed and then proceeded to tuck him in, while Mrs. Scutts drew the sheet in a straight line under his chin.

"Don't *look* much the matter with 'im," said one of the assistants.

"You can't tell with a face like that," said the furniture-remover. "It's wot you might call a 'appy face. Why, he was 'arf smiling as we carried 'im up the stairs."

"You're a liar," said Mr. Scutts, opening his eyes.

"All right, mate," said the furniture-remover; "all right. There's no call to get annoyed about it. Good old English pluck, I call it. Where d'you feel the pain?"

"All over," said Mr. Scutts, briefly.

His neighbours regarded him with sympathetic eyes, and then, led by the furniture-remover, filed out of the room on tip-toe. The doctor, with a few parting instructions, also took his departure.

"If you're not better by the morning," he said, pausing at the door, "you must send for your club doctor."

Mr. Scutts, in a feeble voice, thanked him, and lay with a twisted smile on his face listening to his wife's vivid narrative to the little crowd which had collected at the front door. She came back, followed by the next-door neighbour, Mr. James Flynn, whose offers of assistance ranged from carrying Mr. Scutts out pick-a-back when he wanted to take the air, to filling his pipe for him and fetching his beer.

"But I dare say you'll be up and about in a couple o' days," he concluded. "You wouldn't look so well if you'd got anything serious the matter; rosy, fat cheeks and——"

"That'll do," said the indignant invalid. "It's my back that's hurt, not my face."

"I know," said Mr. Flynn, nodding sagely; "but if it was hurt bad your face would be as white as that sheet—whiter."

"The doctor said as he was to be kep' quiet," remarked Mrs. Scutts, sharply.

"Right-o," said Mr. Flynn. "Ta-ta, old pal. Keep your pecker up, and if you want your back rubbed with turps, or anything of that sort, just knock on the wall."

He went, before Mr. Scutts could think of a reply suitable for an invalid and, at the same time, bristling with virility. A sinful and foolish desire to leap out of bed and help Mr. Flynn downstairs made him more rubicund than ever.

He sent for the club doctor next morning, and, pending his arrival, partook of a basin of arrowroot and drank a little beef-tea. A bottle of castor-oil and an empty pill-box on the table by the bedside added a little local colour to the scene.

"Any pain?" inquired the doctor, after an examination in which bony and very cold fingers had played a prominent part.

"Not much pain," said Mr. Scutts. "Don't seem to 'ave no strength in my back."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

"I tried to get up this morning to go to my work," said Mr. Scutts, "but I can't stand—I couldn't get out of bed."

"Fearfully upset, he was, pore dear," testified Mrs. Scutts. "He can't bear losing a day. I s'pose—I s'pose the railway company will 'ave to do something if it's serious, won't they, sir?"

"Nothing to do with me," said the doctor. "I'll put him on the club for a few days; I expect he will be all right soon. He's got a healthy colour—a very healthy colour."

Mr. Scutts waited until he had left the house, and then made a few remarks on the colour question that for impurity of English and strength of diction have probably never been surpassed.

A second visitor that day came after dinner—a tall man in a frock-coat, bearing in his hand a silk hat, which, after a careful survey of the room, he hung on a knob of the bed-post.

"Mr. Scutts?" he inquired, bowing.

"That's me," said Mr. Scutts, in a feeble voice.

"I've called from the railway company," said the stranger. "We have seen now all those who left their names and addresses on Monday afternoon, and I am glad to say that nobody was really hurt. Nobody."

Mr. Scutts, in a faint voice, said he was glad to hear it.

"Been a wonder if they had," said the other, cheerfully. "Why, even the paint wasn't knocked off the engine. The most serious damage appears to be two top-hats crushed and an umbrella broken."

He leaned over the bed-rail and laughed joyously. Mr. Scutts, through half-closed eyes, gazed at him in silent reproach.

"I don't say that one or two people did not receive a little bit of a shock to their nerves," said the visitor, thoughtfully. "One lady even stayed in bed next day. However, I made it all right with them. The company is very generous, and although, of course, there is no legal obligation, they made several of them a present of a few pounds, so that they could go away for a little change, or anything of that sort, to quiet their nerves."

Mr. Scutts, who had been listening with closed eyes, opened them languidly and said, "Oh."

"I gave one gentleman twen-ty pounds!" said the visitor, jingling some coins in his trouser-pocket. "I never saw a man so pleased and grateful in my life. When he signed the receipt for it—I always get them to sign a receipt, so that the company can see that I haven't kept the money for myself—he nearly wept with joy."

"I should think he would," said Mr. Scutts, slowly—"if he wasn't hurt."

"You're the last on my list," said the other, hastily. He produced a slip of paper from his pocket-book and placed it on the small table, with a fountain pen. Then, with a smile that was both tender and playful, he plunged his hand in his pocket and poured a stream of gold on the table.

"What do you say to thir-ty pounds?" he said, in a hushed voice. "Thir-ty golden goblins?"

"What for?" inquired Mr. Scutts, with a notable lack of interest.

"For—well, to go away for a day or two," said the visitor. "I find you in bed; it may be a cold or a bilious attack; or perhaps you had a little upset of the nerves when the trains kissed each other."

"I'm in bed—because—I can't walk—or stand," said Mr. Scutts, speaking very distinctly. "I'm on my club, and if as 'ow I get well in a day or two, there's no reason why the company should give me any money. I'm pore, but I'm honest."

"Take my advice as a friend," said the other; "take the money while you can get it."

He nodded significantly at Mr. Scutts and closed one eye. Mr. Scutts closed both of his.

"I 'ad my back hurt in the collision," he said, after a long pause. "I 'ad to be helped 'ome. So far it seems to get worse, but I 'ope for the best."

"Dear me," said the visitor; "how sad! I suppose it has been coming on for a long time. Most of these back cases do. At least all the doctors say so."

"It was done in the collision," said Mr. Scutts, mildly but firmly. "I was as right as rain before then."

The visitor shook his head and smiled. "Ah! you would have great difficulty in proving that," he said, softly; "in fact, speaking as man to man, I don't mind telling you it would be impossible. I'm afraid I'm exceeding my duty, but, as you're the last on my list, suppose—suppose we say forty pounds. Forty! A small fortune."

He added some more gold to the pile on the table, and gently tapped Mr. Scutts's arm with the end of the pen.

"Good afternoon," said the invalid.

The visitor, justly concerned at his lack of intelligence, took a seat on the edge of the bed and spoke to him as a friend and a brother, but in vain. Mr. Scutts reminded him at last that it was medicine-time, after which, pain and weakness permitting, he was going to try to get a little sleep.

"Forty pounds!" he said to his wife, after the official had departed. "Why didn't 'e offer me a bag o' sweets?"

"It's a lot o' money," said Mrs. Scutts, wistfully.

"So's a thousand," said her husband. "I ain't going to 'ave my back broke for nothing, I can tell you. Now, you keep that mouth o' yours shut, and, if I get it, you shall 'ave a new pair o' boots."

"A thousand!" exclaimed the startled Mrs. Scutts. "Have you took leave of your senses, or what?"

"I read a case in the paper where a man got it," said Mr. Scutts. "He 'ad his back 'urt, too, pore chap. How would you like to lay on your back all your life for a thousand pounds?"

"Will you 'ave to lay abed all your life?" inquired his wife, staring.

"Wait till I get the money," said Mr. Scutts; "then I might be able to tell you better."

He gazed wistfully at the window. It was late October, but the sun shone and the air was clear. The sound of traffic and cheerful voices ascended from the little street. To Mr. Scutts it all seemed to be a part of a distant past.

"If that chap comes round to-morrow and offers me five hundred," he said, slowly, "I don't know as I won't take it. I'm sick of this mouldy bed."

He waited expectantly next day, but nothing happened, and after a week of bed he began to realize that the job might be a long one. The monotony, to a man of his active habits, became almost intolerable, and the narrated adventures of Mr. James Flynn, his only caller, filled him with an uncontrollable longing to be up and doing.

The fine weather went, and Mr. Scutts, in his tumbled bed, lay watching the rain beating softly on the window-panes. Then one morning he awoke to the darkness of a London fog.

"It gets worse and worse," said Mrs. Scutts, as she returned home in the afternoon with a relish for his tea. "Can't see your 'and before your face."

Mr. Scutts looked thoughtful. He ate his tea in silence, and after he had finished lit his pipe and sat up in bed smoking.

"Penny for your thoughts," said his wife.

"I'm going out," said Mr. Scutts, in a voice that defied opposition. "I'm going to 'ave a walk, and when I'm far enough away I'm going to 'ave one or two drinks. I believe this fog is sent a-purpose to save my life."

Mrs. Scutts remonstrated, but in vain, and at half-past six the invalid, with his cap over his eyes and a large scarf tied round the lower part of his face, listened for a moment at his front door and then disappeared in the fog.

Left to herself, Mrs. Scutts returned to the bedroom and, poking the tiny fire into a blaze, sat and pondered over the wilfulness of men.

She was awakened from a doze by a knocking at the street-door. It was just eight o'clock, and, inwardly congratulating her husband on his return to common sense and home, she went down and opened it. Two tall men in silk hats entered the room.

"Mrs. Scutts?" said one of them.

Mrs. Scutts, in a dazed fashion, nodded.

"We have come to see your husband," said the intruder. "I am a doctor."

"'HALLOA,' SAID THAT GENTLEMAN, WHO WAS STANDING IN THE SCULLERY REMOVING MUD FROM HIS BOOTS. 'WHAT'S UP?'"

The panic-stricken Mrs. Scutts tried in vain to think.

"He—he's asleep," she said, at last.

"Doesn't matter," said the doctor.

"Not a bit," said his companion.

"You—you can't see him," protested Mrs. Scutts. "He ain't to be seen."

"He'd be sorry to miss me," said the doctor, eyeing her keenly as she stood on guard by the inner door. "I suppose he's at home?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Scutts, stammering and flushing. "Why, the pore man can't stir from his bed."

"Well, I'll just peep in at the door, then," said the doctor. "I won't wake him. You can't object to that. If you do——"

Mrs. Scutts's head began to swim. "I'll go up and see whether he's awake," she said.

She closed the door on them and stood with her hand to her throat, thinking. Then, instead of going upstairs, she passed into the yard and, stepping over the fence, opened Mr. Flynn's back door.

"Halloa!" said that gentleman, who was standing in the scullery removing mud from his boots. "What's up?"

In a frenzied gabble Mrs. Scutts told him. "You must be 'im," she said, clutching him by

the coat and dragging him towards the door. "They've never seen 'im, and they won't know the difference."

"But——" exclaimed the astonished James.

"Quick!" she said, sharply. "Go into the back room and undress, then nip into his room and get into bed. And mind, be fast asleep all the time."

Still holding the bewildered Mr. Flynn by the coat, she led him into the house and waved him upstairs, and stood below listening until a slight creaking of the bed announced that he had obeyed orders. Then she entered the parlour.

"He's fast asleep," she said, softly; "and mind, I won't 'ave him disturbed. It's the first real sleep he's 'ad for nearly a week. If you promise not to wake 'im you may just have a peep."

"We won't disturb him," said the doctor, and, followed by his companion, noiselessly ascended the stairs and peeped into the room. Mr. Flynn was fast asleep, and not a muscle moved as the two men approached the bed on tip-toe and stood looking at him. The doctor turned after a minute and led the way out of the room.

"We'll call again," he said, softly.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Scutts. "When?"

The doctor and his companion exchanged glances. "I'm very busy just at present," he said, slowly. "We'll look in some time, and take our chance of catching him awake."

Mrs. Scutts bowed them out, and in some perplexity returned to Mr. Flynn. "I don't like the look of 'em," she said, shaking her head. "You'd better stay in bed till Bill comes 'ome in case they come back."

"Right-o," said the obliging Mr. Flynn. "Just step in and tell my landlady I'm 'aving a chat with Bill."

He lit his pipe and sat up in bed smoking until a knock at the front door at half-past eleven sent him off to sleep again. Mrs. Scutts, who was sitting downstairs, opened it and admitted her husband.

"All serene?" he inquired. "What are you looking like that for? What's up?"

He sat quivering with alarm and rage as she told him, and then, mounting the stairs with a heavy tread, stood gazing in helpless fury at the slumbering form of Mr. James Flynn.

"Get out o' my bed," he said at last, in a choking voice.

"What, Bill!" said Mr. Flynn, opening his eyes.

"Get out o' my bed," repeated the other.

"You've made a nice mess of it between you. It's a fine thing if a man can't go out for 'arf a pint without coming 'ome and finding all the riff-raff of the neighbourhood in 'is bed."

"'Ow's the pore back, Bill?" inquired Mr. Flynn, with tenderness.

Mr. Scutts gurgled at him. "Outside!" he said as soon as he could get his breath.

"Bill," said the voice of Mrs. Scutts, outside the door.

"Halloa," growled her husband.

"He mustn't go," said Mrs. Scutts. "Those gentlemen are coming again, and they think he is you."

"WHAT!" roared the infuriated Mr. Scutts.

"Don't you see? It's me what's got the pore back now, Bill," said Mr. Flynn. "You can't pass yourself off as me, Bill; you ain't good-looking enough."

Mr. Scutts, past speech, raised his clenched fists to the ceiling.

"He'll 'ave to stay in your bed," continued the voice of Mrs. Scutts. "He's got a good 'art, and I know he'll do it; won't you, Jim?"

Mr. Flynn pondered. "Tell my landlady in the morning that I've took your back room," he said. "What a fortunit thing it is I'm out o' work. What are you walking up and down like that for, Bill? Back coming on agin?"

"Then o' course," pursued the voice of Mrs. Scutts, in meditative accents, "there's the club doctor and the other gentleman that knows Bill. They might come at any moment. There's got to be two Bills in bed, so that if one party comes one Bill can nip into the back room, and if the other Bill—party, I mean—comes, the other Bill—you know what I mean!"

Mr. Scutts swore himself faint.

"That's 'ow it is, mate," said Mr. Flynn. "It's no good standing there saying your little piece of poetry to yourself. Take off your clo'es and get to bed like a little man. Now! now! Naughty! Naughty!"

"P'r'aps I oughtn't to 'ave let 'em up, Bill," said his wife; "but I was afraid they'd smell a rat if I didn't. Besides, I was took by surprise."

"You get off to bed," said Mr. Scutts. "Get off to bed while you're safe."

"And get a good night's rest," added the thoughtful Mr. Flynn. "If Bill's back is took bad in the night I'll look after it."

Mr. Scutts turned a threatening face on him. "For two pins——" he began.

"For two pins I'll go back 'ome and stay there," said Mr. Flynn,

He put one muscular leg out of bed, and then, at the earnest request of Mr. Scutts, put it back again. In a few simple, manly words the latter apologized, by putting all the blame on Mrs. Scutts, and, removing his clothes, got into bed.

Wrapped in bedclothes, they passed the following day listening for knocks at the door and playing cards. By evening both men were weary, and Mr. Scutts made a few pointed remarks concerning dodging doctors and deceitful visitors to which Mr. Flynn listened in silent approval.

"They mightn't come for a week," he said, dismally. "It's all right for you, but where do I come in? Halves?"

Mr. Scutts had a rush of blood to the head.

"You leave it to me, mate," he said, controlling himself by an effort. "If I get ten quid, say, you shall have 'arf."

"And suppose you get more?" demanded the other.

"We'll see," said Mr. Scutts, vaguely.

Mr. Flynn returned to the charge next day, but got no satisfaction. Mr. Scutts preferred to talk instead of the free board and lodging his friend was getting. On the subject of such pay for such work he was almost eloquent.

"I'll bide my time," said Mr. Flynn, darkly. "Treat me fair and I'll treat you fair."

His imprisonment came to an end on the fourth day. There was a knock at the door, and the sound of men's voices, followed by the hurried appearance of Mrs. Scutts.

"WRAPPED IN BED-CLOTHES, THEY PASSED THE FOLLOWING DAY LISTENING FOR KNOCKS AT THE DOOR AND PLAYING CARDS."

"It's *Jim's* lot," she said, in a hurried whisper. "I've just come up to get the room ready."

Mr. Scutts took his friend by the hand, and after warmly urging him not to forget the expert instructions he had received concerning his back, slipped into the back room, and, a prey to forebodings, awaited the result.

"Well, he looks better," said the doctor, regarding Mr. Flynn.

"Much better," said his companion,

Mrs. Scutts shook her head. "His pore back don't seem no better, sir," she said, in a low voice. "Can't you do something for it?"

"Let me have a look at it," said the doctor. "Undo your shirt."

Mr. Flynn, with slow fingers, fumbled with the button at his neck and looked hard at Mrs. Scutts.

"She can't bear to see me suffer," he said, in a feeble voice, as she left the room.

He bore the examination with the fortitude of an early Christian martyr. In response to inquiries he said he felt as though the mainspring of his back had gone.

"How long since you walked?" inquired the doctor.

"Not since the accident," said Mr. Flynn, firmly.

"Try now," said the doctor.

Mr. Flynn smiled at him reproachfully.

"You can't walk because you think you can't," said the doctor; "that is all. You'll have to be encouraged the same way that a child is. I should like to cure you, and I think I can."

He took a small canvas bag from the other man and opened it. "Forty pounds," he said. "Would you like to count it?"

Mr. Flynn's eyes shone.

"It is all yours," said the doctor, "if you can walk across the room and take it from that gentleman's hand."

"Honour bright?" asked Mr. Flynn, in tremulous tones, as the other man held up the bag and gave him an encouraging smile.

"Honour bright," said the doctor.

With a spring that nearly broke the bed, Mr. Flynn quitted it and snatched the bag, and at the same moment Mrs. Scutts, impelled by a maddened arm, burst into the room.

"WITH A SPRING THAT NEARLY BROKE THE BED, MR. FLYNN QUITTED IT AND SNATCHED THE BAG."

"Your back!" she moaned. "It'll kill you. Get back to bed."

"I'm cured, lovey," said Mr. Flynn, simply.

"His back is as strong as ever," said the doctor, giving it a thump.

Mr. Flynn, who had taken his clothes from a chair and was hastily dressing himself, assented.

"But if you'll wait 'arf a tick I'll walk as far as the corner with you," he said, quickly. "I'd like to make sure it's all right."

He paused at the foot of the stairs and, glancing up at the pallid and murderous face of Mr. Scutts, which protruded from the back bedroom, smiled at him rapturously. Then, with a lordly air, he tossed him five pieces of gold.

A Study in Hats

BY

Gertrude Bacon

NOT everyone is, perhaps, aware that part of the stock-in-trade of every old-established hatter is a large number of charts, maps, plans, call them what you will, of his customers' heads. These are obtained by means of an instrument called a "brow," which can be adjusted with screws to any size or shape, and which, being accurately fitted to the cranium, will provide the necessary contour on which the hat is subsequently moulded. The majority of people, it is true, are content with ready-made hats, just as they are with ready-made boots and shoes; but many prefer, and a number are compelled, to have their hats made for them. The advantage of having a block at the hatter's is, of course, obvious. It ensures a perfect fit, at any time, without the necessity of a personal visit. The disadvantage—that it places the hatter in possession of purely personal secrets, is not generally considered.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett, Messrs. Henry Heath, and other firms of similar world-wide reputation, we are here enabled to present a number of these curious human diagrams, including those belonging to some of the most celebrated men of our day. The study of them reveals at once some interesting facts. One is that the left side of the head is almost always larger than the right, due, it is said, to the universal practice of using the right hand more than the left. Another curious point is that nationality considerably affects the shape of the head. It would surely be an interesting subject for a biologist to explain why it is that the nearer the equator a race resides, the rounder their heads become. No one needs reminding of the round, bullet-shaped skull of the negro, but the hatter will assure us that a Frenchman's head is rounder than an Englishman's, and similarly an Englishman's rounder than a Scotsman's. The average Scot's head tapers considerably towards the front, narrows at the temples, and becomes square and prominent at the forehead. A good example of this is shown in

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

the head-chart of that celebrated Scotsman the late Duke of Argyll, which, in proof of the racial characteristics already referred to, may well be contrasted with the typically French head of the Prince Imperial (Fig. 3). German heads, on the average, are rounder than English, and broader at the back. Irish heads, in general, are long, like the Scotch, but scarcely as narrow.

The Slavonic head is narrow in front and very broad at the back. When the recent Peace Conference took place in London a few months ago, the first thing that the delegates of the Balkan States did on arrival was to call on Messrs. Heath with a demand to be immediately fitted out with the top hats that their new position necessitated; and that famous firm was well-nigh nonplussed to provide, at instant notice, hats of so totally unusual shape.

As a fine example of the highest form of individual his $6\frac{7}{8}$. In striking contrast to this stands the largest hat which the same famous hatters have ever supplied, a hat no less than $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and proportionately broad—a giant hat, almost as capacious as a hat-box, and which literally swallows up any every-day sample placed within it. Its owner, however, was no giant, neither was he a man of unusual attainments. A peculiar, and happily rare, disease which enlarges the bones of the head, was indeed responsible for the strange development which caused his hat to establish a record in the annals of hat-making.

Naturally following these largest and smallest hats, may be instanced (from Messrs. Heath's collection) the roundest and the longest (that is to say, in proportion to the width)—Figs. 1 and 2, on the preceding page. To contemplate these side by side is to marvel at the vagaries of Nature

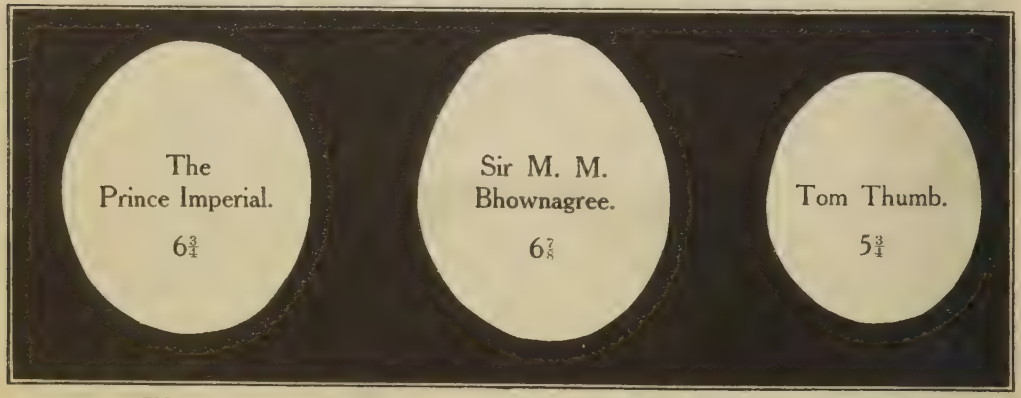


FIG. 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5.

IN EACH CASE THE FIGURES IN THE OVALS SHOW THE SIZE OF HAT WORN, WHILE THE UPPER PART OF EACH DENOTES THE FOREHEAD.

Asiatic head, we may instance the shape of Sir Mancherjee Merwanjee Bhownagree, the eminent Parsee lawyer, philanthropist, and man of letters (Fig. 4).

The size of the head, as is well known, does not correspond, except in a general sense, to the size of the body. A child's head is, of course, smaller than a man's, and it is only to be expected that the hat of that famous dwarf Tom Thumb (Fig. 5) should have been a particularly miniature specimen. Small as this was, however (only $5\frac{3}{4}$), this Lilliputian silk hat has not been the smallest which Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett have been called upon to produce. Tom Thumb's great (or rather, minute) rival, General Mite, required a hat of but size $5\frac{1}{8}$, a veritable toy of a "topper," but which the tiny gentleman wore with as much satisfaction as an ordinary which should envelop two sets of human brains in such widely different cases. It is not difficult to understand how necessary it must be for the owners of such abnormal skulls to keep a block at their hatter's, since they could never hope to find ready-made hats to fit them.

To the late Sir John Shaw-Lefevre belonged the honour—for such he doubtless esteemed it, of wearing the biggest hat in Parliament. This eminent Parliamentarian required size $8\frac{3}{4}$, whereas the largest size of hats in ordinary request does not exceed $7\frac{3}{4}$. Sir John was, undoubtedly, a very clever man, but had the power of his brain been in direct proportion to its dimensions he must have been one of the greatest geniuses of the age. In point of fact, in spite of popular conception to the contrary, there is but small connection

between size of head and cleverness. Many clever men, it is true, have big heads, but so have many lunatics and imbeciles. The weight of the brain is a surer guide to its quality than the size of the head. Other things being equal, brain-weight corresponds with intelligence. The average weight for a man is from forty-six to fifty-three ounces — of a woman from forty-one to forty-seven (a bitter fact for advocates of the superiority of the fairer sex). The heaviest human brains known were Dr. Abercrombie's, which was sixty-two and a half ounces, and Cuvier's, the great French naturalist, an ounce and a half heavier. It falls to the lot of but few geniuses, however, to have this test applied to them. The brain of a man, on the whole, is about one-fortieth of the weight of his body. Of a dog, but one hundred-and-twentieth. Only two kinds of animal, the whale and elephant, have larger brains than man, but in both these the proportion to the weight of the body is greatly less.

But it is in the shape of head, rather than in the weight or in the size, that the true nature is displayed. Quite instinctively we realize this fact and form our own judgments. To take one most famous example, surely not one of his loyal subjects could fail to recognize, from picture, photograph, or actual observation, the "good head" of the late King Edward (Fig. 6). Phrenologists or no, we

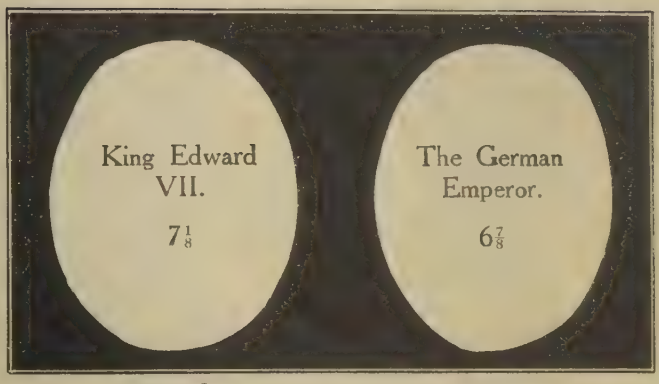


FIG. 6. FIG. 7.

can all of us trace immediately in the hatter's pattern—broad, shapely, and symmetrical, the kindliness, the humanity, the consummate tact and knowledge of mankind that made Edward the Peacemaker the revered and beloved of all the world. King Edward took a $7\frac{1}{8}$ in hats—his illustrious nephew the Emperor of Germany has a $6\frac{7}{8}$ "easy" (Fig. 7). His head is also very talented and symmetrical, and, for a German, quite unusually long. German heads, as already stated, are generally round — that of the late Duke of Cambridge (Fig. 8) being much more typical in this respect.

The Duke's head, we observe, was very broad. Breadth of head denotes common sense and reasonableness; a somewhat pointed back the self-respect and desire for the good opinion of others which strengthens a man's character and makes him prize his good name above all other possessions. Self-esteem tilts up the back of the head. Too much of it produces selfishness and arrogance; too little, diffidence and self-distrust. The absence of the "bump" (so-called) of love of approbation is often observed in criminals, and the result is shamelessness. This organ, as might be supposed, is apt to be larger in the female than in the male sex.

Remarkably alike are the heads of two great soldiers—one of the past, the other, most happily, yet with us and nobly labouring

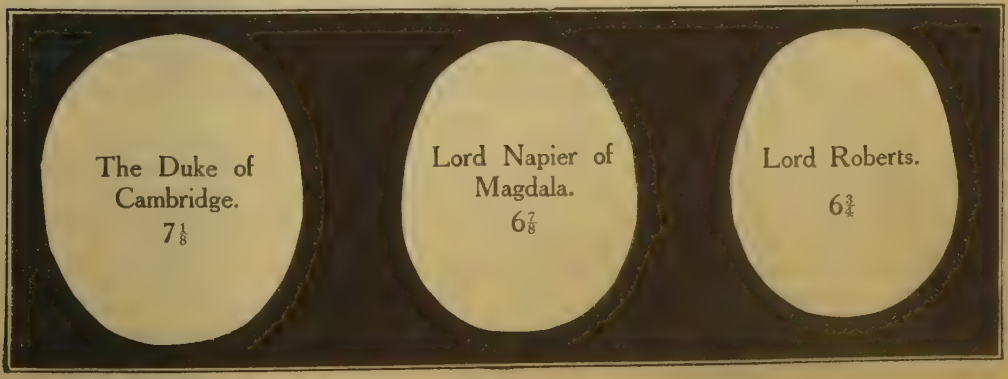


FIG. 8. FIG. 9. FIG. 10.

for his country as of yore—Lord Napier of Magdala and Lord Roberts (Figs. 9 and 10). The hatter is perforce less of a judge of fighting men than of those of other callings, for the skull-developments that indicate courage and combativeness come too low down on the head to be touched by his "brow." But however necessary these characteristics may be, there are other, and even higher, qualities necessary for the great General—the cautiousness and prudence that give the wide back to the head, and the firmness or even obstinacy (of the bulldog description) that is indicated by the pointed forehead. These, at least, we trace in fullest measure in the contours before us, as also in the rounder shape of that illustrious sailor, Lord Fisher (Fig. 11).

Turn now to Parliament, and head-shapes of famous statesmen and Ministers. It were

FIG. 11. FIG. 12. FIG. 13.

but appropriate and graceful to begin the list with the present Speaker (Fig. 12). It is surely more than a coincidence that his hat-shape is practically precisely the same as that of King Edward. This is, indeed, entirely what we might expect from two men holding each beneficent sway over others, secure in the affectionate esteem that perfect courtesy, unswerving justice, and unrivalled tact confer.

A fine large head was that of the late Right Honourable W. H. Smith, M.P., the staunch and trusty statesman, affectionately known in *Punch* as "Old Morality," respected and beloved by all for his unflinching integrity and sterling qualities of heart and brain. Sense and virtue are in every line, and kindness and benevolence in the broad and prominent forehead. It is a curious fact, by the way, that this last indication prevails even in the brute creation. It has again and again been observed that horses and dogs with full or prominent foreheads are better tempered and more amiable than those whose foreheads are sunken.

Compare with this head that of another famous member of Parliament of past years, Samuel Morley. In his pattern a great and almost unusual breadth of the back of the skull is observed, indicating cautiousness. A man with this development will accept no statement on hearsay, will most carefully weigh the evidence for every fact, and will decide only after long and earnest deliberation.

A very fine head, and rather a large one, belonged to that famous and heroic man, Professor Fawcett, M.P. Afflicted above most mortals by the loss of his sight, he did not allow even this heavy handicap to unfit him for his life's work, and, rising superior to his blindness, led an existence of honour and useful labour for his country. Especially remarkable is the unusually fine development of the brow. Those who exercise their reasoning powers most will always be found to be very full in the middle upper portion of the forehead, near the hair.

Of living statesmen, Mr. Balfour's is the shapely head of the cultured thinker and philosopher, wise and urbane, a leader of men (Fig. 13); Lord St. Aldwyn's that of the prudent and experienced man of affairs, on whom the responsibilities of great position rest safely and easily.

A most striking head is that of the late John Pierpont Morgan (Fig. 14), mighty financier, wondrous organizer, multi-millionaire. Prudence is there, but also ambition, broadening the back of the head, and the length that tells of supreme self-confidence without which great success is impossible. This is the head which, above all other things, succeeds.

For the reflective, scientific head, the head that compares and tests, perceives and

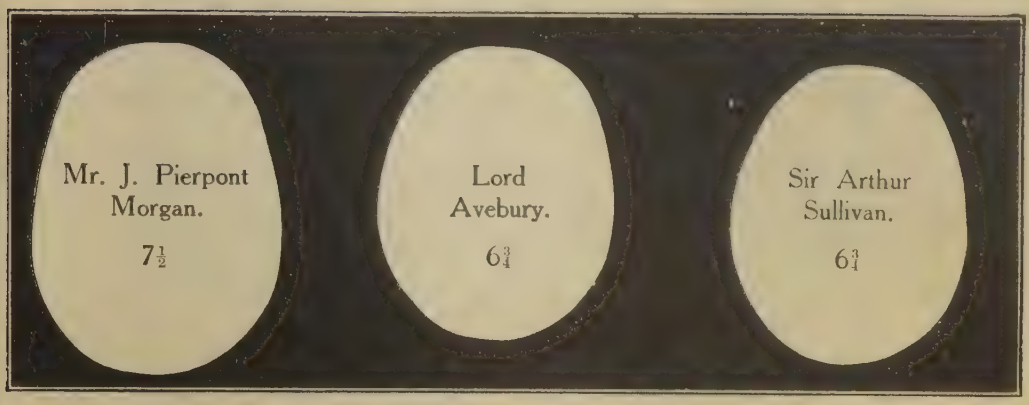


FIG. 14. FIG. 15. FIG. 16.

thinks out, we have a splendid example in Lord Avebury (Fig. 15). These qualities give the broad forehead, the "noble brow," the searching eye that are so unmistakable when we see them at scientific gathering and learned meeting. It is a curious fact that Lord Avebury's hat would have been an equally good fit for Sir Arthur Sullivan (Fig. 16), who represents Music in our collection.

We cannot fail to observe how wonderfully broad in the front is the hat-shape of that Prince of Actors, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree (Fig. 17). This is because at this part of the head are situated the organs of Imitation, endowing with histrionic power, and Ideality, the love of the beautiful and refined, and the appreciation of the artistic. Thrice happy combination that gives to a grateful public the superb productions ever associated with "His Majesty's"!

It has been stated, as a general axiom, that those who wear long hats are clever and affectionate, those who wear wide hats have common sense, tact, and *savoir faire*. The ideal head, therefore, would combine all these qualities and be both long and wide. Following in these lines, the most perfect pattern of our collection belonged to Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury (Fig. 18). This is entirely as it should be, and gives surest proof of the wisdom and judgment of the choice which placed at the head of the Church a man so eminently fitted for that highest of all posts. In Bishop Benson's head we have the wide, high forehead of the deep thinker, the rounded brows which tell of benevolence, veneration, and religious feeling, the fullness of the back announcing affection, unselfishness, and sympathy, the breadth which gives tact, and the length which confers steadfastness. Such a shape as this, matching as it does so faithfully the character of the man who bore it, should be enough to convince even the most sceptical of the close connection which exists between a man's qualities and the shape of the hat he wears; which all goes to prove the truth of an oft-repeated contention that the hatter may, if he pleases, be the surest judge of human nature.

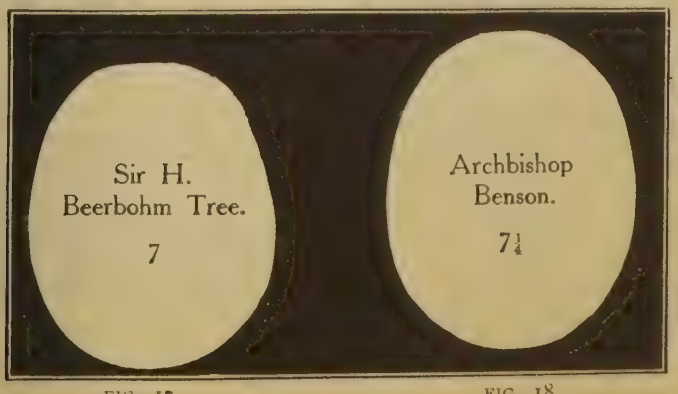


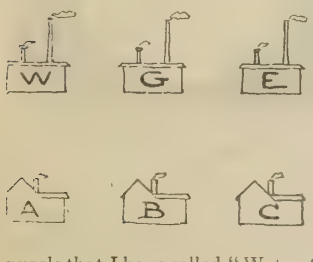
FIG. 17. FIG. 18.

PERPLEXITIES.

With Some Easy Puzzles for Beginners. By Henry E. Dudeney.

146.—WATER, GAS, AND ELECTRICITY.

THERE are some half-dozen puzzles, as old as the hills, that are perpetually cropping up, and there is hardly a month in the year that does not bring inquiries as to their solution. Occasionally one of these, that one had hoped was an extinct volcano, bursts into eruption in a surprising manner. For some quite unknown reason I have lately received an extraordinary number of letters (four of them from the United States) respecting the ancient puzzle that I have called "Water, Gas, and Electricity." It is much older than electric lighting, or even gas, but the new dress brings it up to date. The puzzle is to lay on water, gas, and electricity, from W, G, and E, to each of the three houses, A, B, and C, without any pipe crossing another. Take your pencil and draw lines showing how this should be done. You will soon find yourself landed in difficulties. My answer next month must serve as a reply to my many correspondents.



147.—AN OLD THREE-LINE PUZZLE.

HERE is another old stager about which people are always writing to me. There are two different ways in which the puzzle is presented. 1. Draw the simple diagram herewith in three strokes of the pencil without ever going over the same line twice or lifting your pencil from the paper during a stroke. 2. Draw the diagram on a slate and then rub it out in three rubs. I believe Houdin, the conjurer, was fond of showing this to his child friends, but it was invented before his time—perhaps in the Stone Age.

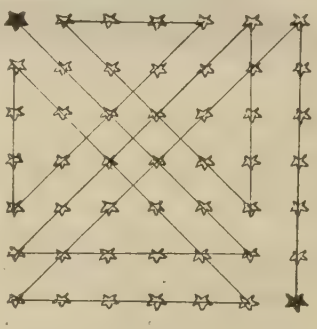
148.—CURTAILMENT.

YOU need me not; my office is
To wait upon the dead.
Remove my tail, lop off my ears,
But do not touch my head.
I'm often silent now—but stop,
For mercy's sake don't let me drop!

149.—FIND ADA'S SURNAME.

THIS puzzle bears a family likeness to "The Dutchmen's Wives" (our No. 16). It was recently submitted to a Sydney evening newspaper that indulges in "intellect sharpeners," but was rejected with the remark that it is childish and that they only published problems capable of solution! Five ladies, accompanied by their daughters, bought cloth at the same shop. Each of the ten paid as many farthings per foot as she bought feet, and each mother spent 8s. 5½d. more than her daughter. Mrs. Robinson spent 9s. more than Mrs. Evans, who spent about a quarter as much as Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Smith spent most of all. Mrs. Brown bought 21 yards more than Bessie—one of the girls. Annie bought 16 yards more than Mary and spent £3 0s. 8d. more than Emily. The Christian name of the other girl was Ada. Now, what was her surname?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.



140.—THE FORTY-NINE STARS.

THE illustration shows how all the stars may be struck out in twelve straight strokes, beginning and ending at a black star.

141.—NEW MEASURING PUZZLE.

THE following solution in thirteen manipulations shows the contents of every vessel at the start and after every manipulation:—

10-quart.	10-quart.	5-quart.	4-quart.
10 ..	10 ..	0 ..	0
5 ..	10 ..	5 ..	0
5 ..	10 ..	1 ..	4
9 ..	10 ..	1 ..	0
9 ..	10 ..	0 ..	1
4 ..	10 ..	5 ..	1
4 ..	10 ..	2 ..	4
8 ..	10 ..	2 ..	0
8 ..	10 ..	0 ..	2
8 ..	8 ..	0 ..	4
8 ..	8 ..	4 ..	0
8 ..	4 ..	4 ..	4
8 ..	4 ..	5 ..	3
10 ..	4 ..	3 ..	3

142.—THE NEST OF RECTANGLES.

THE correct answer is 225 rectangles, including the large square itself. Add the number of cells in the side of diagram to its square, divide by 2 and square the result. Thus, half of (5 added to 25) is 15, whose square is 225.

143.—CURIOUS NUMBERS.

THE three smallest numbers, in addition to 48, are 1,680, 57,120, and 1,940,448. It will be found that 1,681 and 841; 57,121 and 28,561; 1,940,449 and 970,225, are respectively the squares of 41 and 29; 239 and 169; 1,393 and 985.

144.—A WORD SQUARE.

RECANT
EVENER
CENTRE
ANTHEA*
NEREID
TREADS

* J. L. Hatton's setting of Herrick's words, "To Anthea."

145.—THE MINERS' HOLIDAY.

BILL HARRIS must have spent thirteen shillings and sixpence, which would be three shillings more than the average for the seven men—half a guinea.

WET MAGIC

A STORY
FOR CHILDREN.

By
E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER X. (*continued*).

AND now the tramp, tramp, tramp of the great army sounded nearer and more near, and through the dimly-lighted water the children could see the great Deep Sea people advancing. Very terrible they were, big far beyond man-size, more stalwart and more finely-knit than the Forlorn-hopers who had ed the attack so happily and gloriously rustrated by the Crabs, the Narwhals, nd the Sea-urchins. As the advance guard drew near all the children stared, from their places of concealment, at the faces of these errible foes of the happy Merland. Very trong the faces were, and, surprisingly, very, ery sad. They looked—Francis at least was ble to see it—like strong folk suffering roudly an almost intolerable injury—bearing, ravely, an almost intolerable pain.

"But I'm on the other side," he told imself, to check a sudden rising in his heart of—well, if it was not sympathy, what was it?

And now the head of the advancing column was level with the Princess. True to the old tradition which bids a commander to lead and not to follow his troops, she was the first to dart out and fix a shell to the heel of the left-rank man. The children were next. Their practice bore its fruit. There was no blunder, no mistake. Each Oyster-shell clipped sharp and clean the attached ankle of an enemy; each Oyster-shell at the same moment attached itself firmly to the rock, thus clinging to his base in the most thorough and military way. A spring of joy and triumph welled up in the children's hearts. How easy it was to get the better of these foolish Deep Sea folk. A faint, kindly contempt floated into the children's minds for the Mer-people, who so dreaded and hated these stupid giants. Why, there were fifty or sixty of them tied by the leg already! It was as easy as——

The pleasant nature of these reflections

had kept our four rooted to the spot. In the triumphant performance of one duty they failed to remember the duty that should have followed. They stood there rejoicing in their victory, when by all the rules of the Service they should have rushed back to the armoury for fresh weapons.

The omission was fatal. Even as they stood there rejoicing in their cleverness and boldness, and in the helpless anger of the enemy, something thin and string-like spread itself round them—their feet caught in string, their fingers caught in string, string tweaked their ears and flattened their noses—string confined their elbows and confu ed their legs. The Lobster-guarded doorway seemed farther off—and farther, and farther . . . . They turned their heads: they were following backwards and against their will a retreating enemy.

"Oh, why didn't we do what she said?" breathed Cathy. "Something's happened!"

"I should think it had," said Bernard. "We're caught—in a net."

They were. And a tall Infantryman of the Underfolk was towing them away from Merland as swiftly and as easily as a running child tows a captive air-balloon.

CHAPTER XI.

THOSE of us who have had the misfortune to be caught in a net in the execution of our military duty, and to be dragged away by the enemy with all the helpless buoyancy of

"A TALL INFANTRYMAN OF THE UNDERFOLK WAS TOWING THEM AWAY FROM MERLAND AS SWIFTLY AND AS EASILY AS A RUNNING CHILD TOWS A CAPTIVE AIR-BALLOON."

captive balloons, will be able to appreciate the sensations of the four children to whom this gloomy catastrophe had occurred.

The net was very strong—made of twisted fibrous filaments of seaweed; all efforts to break it were vain. And they had, unfortunately, nothing to cut it with. They had not even their oyster-shells, the rough edges of which might have done something to help, or at least would have been useful weapons if, and when, the Infantryman stopped and opened the net. The discomfort of their position was extreme. They were, as Cathy put it, all mixed up with each other's arms and legs, and it was very difficult and painful to sort themselves out without hurting each other.

"Let's do it one at a time," said Mavis, after some minutes of severe and unsuccessful struggle. "France first. Get right away, France, and see if you can't sit down on a piece of the net that isn't covered with *us*, and then Cathy can try."

It was excellent advice, and when all four had followed it it was found possible to sit side by side on what may be called the floor of the net, only the squeezing of the net-walls tended to flip one up from one's place if one wasn't very careful.

By the time the rearrangement was complete and they were free to look about them the whole aspect of the world had changed. The world, for one thing, was much darker—in itself, that is—though the part of it where the children were was much lighter than had been the sea where they were first netted. It was a curious scene—rather like looking down on London at night from the top of St. Paul's. Long, bright things—like trams or omnibuses—were rushing along, and smaller lights, which looked mightily like cabs and carriages, dotted the expanse of blackness till, where they were thick-set, the darkness disappeared in a blaze of silvery light. Other light-bearers had rows of round lights like the portholes of great liners. One came sweeping towards them, and a wild idea came to Cathy that perhaps when ships sink they go on living and moving under water just as she and the others had done. Anyhow, this was not one of them, for, as it came close, it was plainly to be perceived as a vast fish, with phosphorescent lights in rows along its gigantic sides. It opened its jaws as it passed, and for an instant they shut their eyes and felt that all was over. When their eyes were opened again the mighty fish was far away. Cathy, however, was discovered to be in tears.

"I wish we hadn't come," she said, and the others could not but feel that there was something in what she said. They comforted her and themselves as best they could by expressing a curious half-certainty which they had that everything would be all right in the end. As I said before, there are some things so horrible that if you can bring yourself to face them you see at once that they can't be true.

The barest idea of poetic justice—which we all believe in at the bottom of our hearts—made it impossible to think that the children who had nobly (they couldn't help feeling it *was* noble) defended their friends the Mer-folk should have anything really dreadful happen to them in consequence. And when Bernard talked about the fortunes of war, he did it in an unconvinced sort of way, and Francis told him to shut up.

"But what are we to do?" sniffed Cathy, for the twentieth time—and all the while the Infantryman was going steadily on dragging the wretched netful after him.

"Press our pearl buttons," suggested Francis, hopefully, "then we shall be invisible and unfeelable, and we can escape." He fumbled with the round, marble-like pearl.

"No, no," said Bernard, catching at his hand. "Don't you see? If we do, we may never get out of the net. If they can't see us or feel us they'll think the net's empty, and perhaps hang it up on a hook or put it away in a box."

"And forget it while years roll by. *I* see," said Cathy.

"But we can undo them the minute we're there, can't we?" said Mavis.

"Yes, of course," said Bernard, but as a matter of fact they couldn't.

When at last the Infantryman, after threading his way through streets of enormous rocky palaces, passed through a colossal arch and so into a hall as big as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey into one, a crowd of Under-folk, who were seated on stone benches round rude tables eating strange luminous food, rose up and cried, "What news?"

"Four prisoners," said the Infantryman. "'Upperfolk,' the Colonel said, and my orders are to deliver them to the Queen herself."

He passed to the end of the hall and up a long, wide flight of steps made of something so green and clear that it was plainly either glass or emerald, and I don't think it could have been glass, because how could they have made glass in the sea? There were lights below it which shone through the green transparency, so clear and lovely that Francis said, dreamily:—

> Sabrina fair,
> Listen where thou art sitting
> Under the glassy cool translucent wave.

And quite suddenly there was much less room in the net and they were being embraced all at once and with tears of relief and joy by the Princess Freia—their own Mer-Princess.

"Oh, I *didn't* mean to, Princess, dear—I *didn't*," said Francis. "It was the emerald steps—made me think of translucent."

"So they are," she said; "but, oh, if you knew what I've felt! You, our guests, our knight-errants, our noble defenders, to be prisoners; and all of us safe! I did so *hope* you'd call me. And I'm so proud that you didn't—that you were brave enough not to call for me until you did it by accident."

"We never thought of doing it," said Mavis, candidly; "but I hope we shouldn't have, if we *had* thought of it."

"Why haven't you pressed your pearl buttons?" she asked, and they told her why.

"Wise children," she said; "but at any rate, we must all use the charm that prevents our losing our memories."

"I sha'n't use mine," said Cathy. "I don't want to remember. If I didn't remember I should forget to be frightened. Do please let me forget to remember." She clung pleadingly to the Princess, who whispered to Mavis, "Perhaps it would be best," and they let Cathy have her way.

The others had only just time to use their charms before the Infantryman threw the net on to a great table which seemed to be cut out of one vast diamond and fell on his face on the ground. It was his way of saluting his Sovereign.

"Prisoners, your Majesty," he said, when he had got up again. "Four of the young of the Upperfolk," and he turned to the net as he spoke and stopped short. "There's someone else," he said, in an altered voice; "someone as wasn't there when we started, I'll swear."

"Open the net," said a strong, sweet voice, "and bid the prisoners stand up that I may look upon them."

"They might escape, my love," said another voice, anxiously; "or perhaps they bite. What?"

"Submersia," said the first voice, "do you and four of my women stand ready. Take the prisoners one by one. Seize each a prisoner and hold them, awaiting my Royal pleasure."

The net was opened, and large and strong hands took out Bernard, who was nearest the mouth of the net, and held him gently, but with extreme firmness, in an upright position on the table. Then the others. They could not stand because of their tails.

They saw before them on a throne a tall and splendid Queen, very beautiful and very sad, and by her side a King (they knew the Royalty by their crowns), not so handsome as his wife, but still very different from the

uncouth, heavy Underfolk. And he looked sad, too. They were clad in robes of richest woven seaweed, sewn with jewels, and their crowns were like dreams of magnificence. Their throne was of one clear, blood-bright ruby, its canopy of green drooping seaweed gemmed with topazes and amethysts. The Queen rose and came down the steps of the throne and whispered to her whom she called Submersia, and she in turn whispered to the four other large ladies, who held each a captive.

And with a dreadful unanimity the five acted—with one dexterous movement they took off the magic jackets, and with another they removed the useful tails. The Princess and the four children stood upon the table on their own ten feet.

"What funny little things!" said the King, not unkindly.

"Hush!" said the Queen. "Perhaps they can understand what you say—and, at any rate, that Mer-girl can."

The children were furious to hear their Princess so disrespectfully spoken of. But she herself remained beautifully calm.

"Now," said the Queen, "before we destroy your memories, will you answer questions?"

"Some questions, yes; others, no," said the Princess.

"Are these human children?"

"Yes."

"How do they come under the sea?"

"Mer-magic. You wouldn't understand," said the Princess, haughtily.

"Were they fighting against us?"

"Yes," cried Bernard and Mavis, before the Princess answered. "And lucky to do it," Francis added.

"If you will tell us the fighting strength of the Merlanders your tails and coats shall be restored to you and you shall go free. Will you tell?"

"Is it likely?" the Princess answered. "I am a Mer-woman and a Princess of the Royal House. Such do not betray their country."

"No, I suppose not," said the Queen. And she paused a moment before she said, "Administer the cup of forgetfulness."

The cup of forgetfulness was exceedingly pleasant. It tasted of toffee and cocoa-nuts and pineapple ices and plum-cake and roast chicken, with a faint under-flavour of lavender, rose-leaves, and the very best eau-de Cologne.

The children had tasted cider-cup and champagne-cup at parties, and had disliked both, but oblivion-cup was delicious. It was served in a goblet of opal, coloured in dreamy-pink and pearl—and green and blue and grey—and the sides of the goblet were engraved with pictures of beautiful people asleep. The goblet passed from hand to hand, and when each had drunk enough the Lord High Cup-bearer, a very handsome, reserved-looking fish, laid a restraining touch on the goblet and, taking it between his fins, handed it to the next drinker. So, one by one, each took the draught. Kathleen was the last.

The draught had no effect on four out of the five—but Kathleen changed before their eyes, and though they had known that the draught of oblivion would make her forget, it was terrible to see it do its fell work.

Mavis had her arm protectingly round Kathleen, and the moment the draught had been swallowed Kathleen threw off that loving arm and drew herself away. It hurt like a knife. Then she looked at her brothers and sisters, and it is a very terrible thing when the eyes you love look at you as though you were a stranger.

Now, it had been agreed, while still the captives were in the net, that all of them should pretend that the cup of oblivion had taken effect, that they should just keep still and say nothing and look as stupid as they could. But this coldness of her dear Cathy's was more than Mavis could bear, and no one had counted on it. So when Cathy looked at Mavis as at a stranger whom she rather disliked, and drew away from her arm, Mavis could not bear it, and cried out in heart-piercing tones, "Oh, Cathy, darling, what is it? What's the matter?" before the Princess or the boys could stop her. And to make matters worse, both boys said in a very loud, plain whisper, "Shut up, Mavis," and only the Princess kept enough presence of mind to go on saying nothing.

Cathy turned and looked at her sister.

"Cathy, darling," Mavis said again, and stopped, for no one could go on saying "darling" to anyone who looked at you as Cathy was looking.

"I don't know you," said Kathleen, coldly, "and I wish you wouldn't call me Cathy. I think it's awful cheek!"

She held out her arms to the Under Queen, and the Queen took her and held her; and the Queen looked exactly like a giant little girl nursing a doll.

"She shall be mine," said the Queen to her husband. "I will make a pet of her. I have never had a land-child for a pet before. Dear little thing! It shall have a collar and chain, it shall, and I will lead it about till it gets to know me. You'll like that, won't

you, pet ? " she said, caressing Kathleen, who, to the horror of the others, answered : " Yes, awfully, dear Queen," and kissed the caressing hand.

" As for the rest of you," said the Queen, " it is evident from your manner that the draught of oblivion has not yet taken effect on you. So it is impossible for me to make presents of you to those prominent members of the nobility who are wanting pets, as I had intended. We will try another draught to-morrow. In the meantime—the fetters, jailer ! "

A tall, sour-looking Underman stepped forward. Hanging over his arm were scaly tails, at first sight of which the children's hearts leaped, for they hoped they were their own. But no sooner were the tails fitted on than they knew the bitter truth.

" Yes," said the Queen, " they are false tails. You will not be able to take them off, and you can neither swim nor walk with them. You can, however, move about quite comfortably on the floor of the ocean. What's the matter ? " she asked the jailer.

" None of the tails won't fit this prisoner, your Majesty," said the jailer.

" I am a Princess of the reigning Mer-House," said Freia, " and your false, degrading tails cannot cling to me."

" Oh, put them all in the lock-up," said the King. " As sullen a lot of prisoners as ever I saw—what ? "

The lock-up was a great building, broader at the top than at the bottom, which seemed to be balanced on the sea floor, but really it was propped up at both ends with great chunks of rock. The prisoners were taken there in the net, and being dragged about in nets is so confusing that it was not till the jailer had left them that they discovered that the prison was really a ship, an enormous ship, which lay there, perfect in every detail as on the day when it first left dock. The water did not seem to have spoiled it at all. They were imprisoned in the saloon, and, worn out with the varied emotions of the day, they lay down on the comfortable red velvet cushions and went to sleep. Even Mavis felt that Kathleen had found a friend in the Queen and was in no danger.

The Princess was the last to close her eyes. She looked long at the sleeping children.

" Oh, *why* don't they think of it ? " she said. " And why mustn't I tell them ? "

There was no answer to either question, and presently she, too, slept.

I wish I had time to tell you about all that happened to Kathleen, because the daily life of a pampered lap-child to a reigning Queen is one that you would find most interesting to read about. As interesting as your Rover or Binkie would find to read—if he could—about the life of one of Queen Alexandra's Japanese spaniels. But time is getting on, and I must make a long story short. And, anyhow, you can never tell all about everything, can you ?

The next day the jailer brought food to the prison, as well as another draught of oblivion, which, of course, had no effect, and they spent the day wondering how they could escape. In the evening the jailer's son brought more food and more oblivion-cup, and he lingered while they ate. The food was odd but not nasty. He did not look at all unkind, and Francis ventured to speak to him.

" I say," he said.

" What do you say ? " the Underlad asked.

" Are you forbidden to talk to us ? "

" No."

" Then do tell us what they will do with us."

" I do not know. But we shall have to know before long. The prisons are filling up so quickly they will soon be quite full. Then we shall have to let some of you out on what is called ticket-of-leave ; that means with your artificial tails on, which prevent you getting away, even if the oblivion-cup doesn't take effect."

" I say." Bernard's turn to ask.

" What do you say ? "

" Why don't the King and Queen go and fight, like the Mer Royal Family ? "

" Against the law," said the Underlad. " We took a King prisoner once, and our people were afraid our King and Queen might be took, so they made that rule."

" What did you do with him—the prisoner King ? " the Princess asked.

" Put him in an iswater," said the lad ; " a piece of water entirely surrounded by land."

" I should like to see him," said the Princess.

" Nothing easier," said the Underlad, " as soon as you get your tickets-of-leave. It's a good long passage to the lake—all water, of course ; but lots of our young people go there three times a week. Of course, he can't be a King any more now, but they made him Professor of Conchology."

" And has he forgotten he was a King ? " asked the Princess.

" Of course ; but he was so learned the oblivion-cup wasn't deep enough to make him forget everything. That's why he's a professor."

"What was he King of?" the Princess asked, anxiously.

"He was King of the Barbarians," said the jailer's son, and the Princess sighed.

"I thought it might have been my father," she said. "He was lost at sea, you know."

The Underlad nodded sympathetically and went away.

"He doesn't seem such a bad sort," said Mavis.

"No," said the Princess. "I can't understand it. I thought all the Underfolk were terrible, fierce creatures, cruel and implacable."

"And they don't seem so very different from us, except to look at," said Bernard.

"I wonder," said Mavis, "what the war began about?"

"Oh, we've always been enemies," said the Princess, carelessly.

"Yes; but how did you begin being enemies?"

"Oh, that," said the Princess, "is lost in the mists of antiquity—before the dawn of history, and all that."

"Oh!" said Mavis.

But when Ulfin came with the next meal (did I tell you that the jailer's son's name was Ulfin?), she asked him the same question.

"I don't know, little land-lady," said Ulfin, "but I will find out. My uncle is the Keeper of the National Archives, graven on tables of stone, so many that no one can count them; but there are smaller tables telling what is on the big ones." He hesitated. "If I could get leave to show you the Hall of the Archives, would you promise not to try to escape?"

They had now been shut up for two days, and would have promised anything in reason.

"You see, the prisons are quite full now," he said, "and I don't see why you shouldn't be the first to get your leave-tickets. I'll ask father."

"I say," said Mavis.

"What do you say?" said Ulfin.

"Do you know anything about my sister?"

"The Queen's new lap-child? Oh, she's a great pet. Her gold collar with her name on it came home to-day. My cousin's brother-in-law made it."

"Her name? Kathleen?" said Mavis.

"The name on the collar is Fido," said Ulfin.

The next day Ulfin brought their tickets-of-leave, made of the leaves of the tree of Liberty which grows at the bottom of the well where Truth lies.

"Don't lose them," he said, "and come with me."

They found it quite possible to move along slowly on hands and tails, though they looked rather like seals as they did so.

He led them through the strange streets of massive passages, pointing out the buildings and giving them their names, as you might do if you were showing the marvels of your own city to a stranger.

"That's the Astrologer's Tower," he said, pointing to a huge building high above the others. "The wise men sit there and observe the stars."

"But you can't see the stars down here?"

"Oh, yes, we can. The tower is fitted up with tubes and mirrors and water-transparence apparatus. The wisest men in the country are there—all but the Professor of Conchology. He's the wisest of all. He invented the nets that caught you; or, rather, making nets was one of the things that he had learned and couldn't forget."

"But who thought of using them for catching prisoners?"

"I did," said Ulfin, proudly. "I'm to have a glass medal for it."

"Do you have glass down here?"

"A little comes down, you know. It is very precious. We engrave it. That is the Library—millions of tables of stone. The Hall of Public Joy is next it. That garden is the Mothers' Garden, where they go to rest while their children are at school. That's one of our schools. And here's the Hall of Public Archives."

The Keeper of the Records received them with grave courtesy. The daily sight of Ulfin had accustomed the children to the appearance of the Underfolk, and they no longer found their strange, mournful faces terrifying, and the great hall, where, on shelves cut out of the sheer rock, were stored the graven tables of Under-world records, was very wonderful and impressive.

"What is it you want to know?" said the Keeper, rolling away some of the stones he had been showing them. "Ulfin said there was some special thing."

"Why the war began," said Francis.

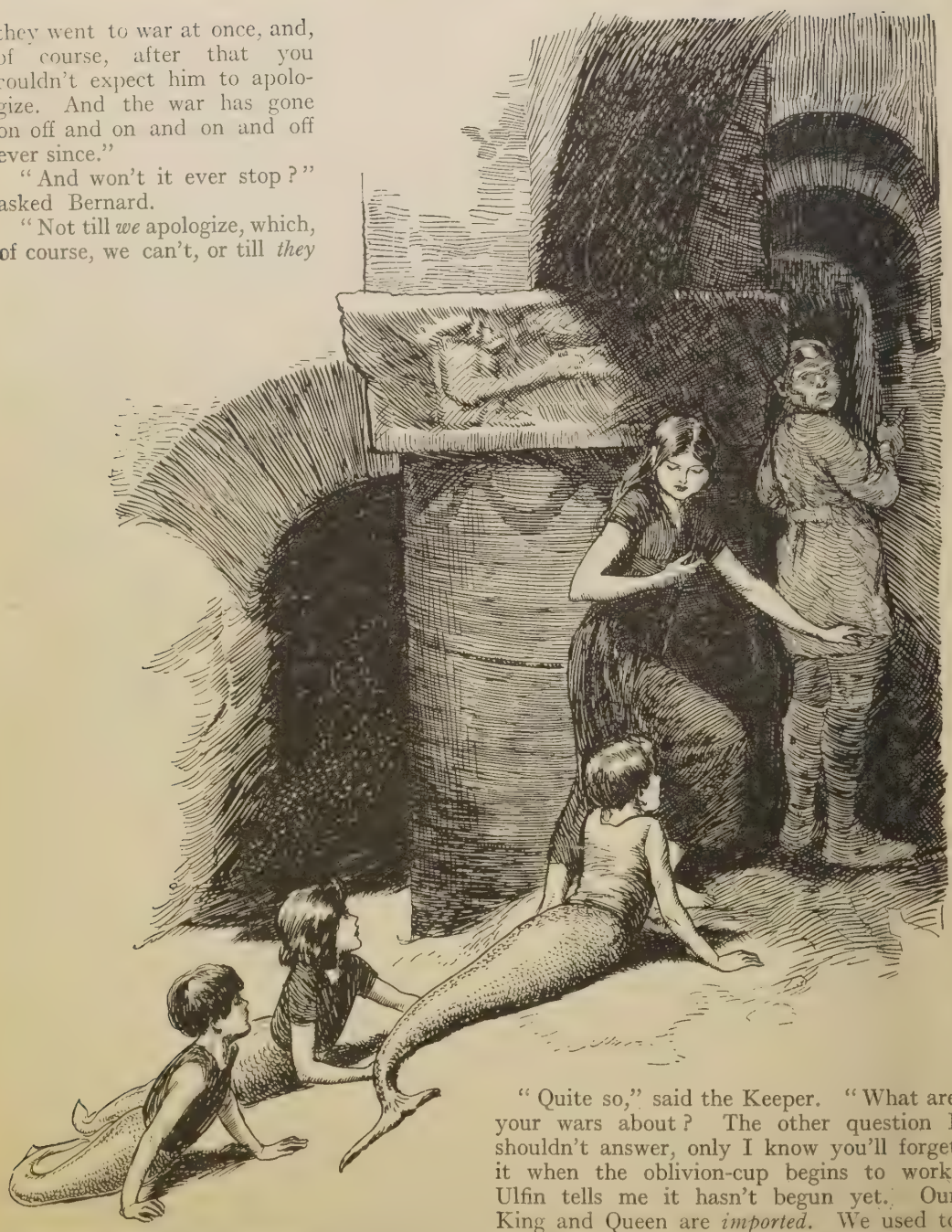
"Why the King and Queen are different," said Mavis.

"The war," said the Keeper of the Records, "began about three million five hundred and seventy-nine thousand three hundred and eight years ago. An Underman, getting off his sea-horse in a hurry, stepped on the tail of a sleeping Merman. He did not apologize, because he was under a vow not to speak for a day and an hour. If the Mer-people had only waited, he would have explained; but

they went to war at once, and, of course, after that you couldn't expect him to apologize. And the war has gone on off and on and on and off ever since."

"And won't it ever stop?" asked Bernard.

"Not till *we* apologize, which, of course, we can't, or till *they*



"THEY FOUND IT QUITE POSSIBLE TO MOVE ALONG SLOWLY ON HANDS AND TAILS, THOUGH THEY LOOKED RATHER LIKE SEALS AS THEY DID SO."

find out why the war began and that it wasn't our fault."

"How awful!" said Mavis. "Then it's all really about nothing?"

"Quite so," said the Keeper. "What are your wars about? The other question I shouldn't answer, only I know you'll forget it when the oblivion-cup begins to work. Ulfin tells me it hasn't begun yet. Our King and Queen are *imported*. We used to be a Republic, but Presidents were so uppish and so grasping, and all their friends and relations, too, so we decided to be a Monarchy, and that all jealousies might be taken away we imported the two handsomest land-folk we could find. They've been a great success, and, as they have no relations, we find it much less expensive."

(*To be concluded.*)

CURIOSITIES.

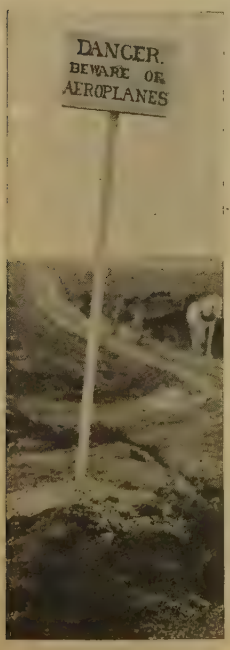
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A HIDDEN PORTRAIT.

THIS photograph, which was taken at Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, British Columbia, on February 17th this year, shows my little daughter, Lillian Gould, feeding the swans. It certainly makes a pretty picture, but the snapshot is sent to you for quite another reason. It contains a hidden portrait, which you will notice on turning the picture upside down, and the face which stands out so clearly very much resembles that of Mr. Arthur J. Balfour.—Mr. F. H. Gould, 250, Young Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

A UNIQUE NOTICE BOARD.

ONE is familiar with "Beware of the Trains," "Beware of the Steam-Roller," and other warning signs, but it has been left to the military authorities to erect the first signboard warning people against aeroplanes. This is erected on Salisbury Plain, near the Central Flying School, where the naval and military flying men are trained; and there is good reason for the danger-board, for on busy days aeroplanes pass and repass over the plain with such frequency that an unsuspecting civilian might easily receive damage from one of the defensive "wasps" of Great Britain. The day is not far distant, probably, when similar notice boards will be seen all over the country.—Mr. C. J. L. Clarke, 5 and 6, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.



A HOUSE MADE OF BUS TICKETS.

AT different times pictures have appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE of various things made with tram or omnibus tickets, but I think the house shown in the accompanying illustration beats them all. The number of tickets used was 9,500—all being from the No. 20 service—while the fares paid for them amount to £64 8s. 10d. The tickets were folded together in fours of each colour, *i.e.*, pink, white, yellow, blue, green, purple, heliotrope, and orange.

Needless to say, it took me a long time to obtain enough tickets to make up a sufficient number of sets of the different colours. The height of the model is 1ft. 6in., the length 1ft. 6in., and the depth 1ft.—Mr. H. Lawson, 13, Dewsbury Crescent, Chiswick.

THE QUEEREST MAIL-CARRIER IN THE WORLD.

THIS title can certainly be claimed by Mr. Dick Crane for the conveyance he used when running the mails in Alaska. It consisted of a bicycle, without pedals, fitted with a heavy horse saddle, to which was harnessed, of all unlikely animals, a well-grown bear! The quaint vehicle and the still more extraordinary steed which pulled it about the country have been exhibited in London and elsewhere, and, naturally enough, have aroused the greatest interest. —Mr. C. J. L. Clarke, 5 and 6, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

AN IDEA WORTH IMITATING.

THE above photograph suggests an excellent idea for those who happen to live in a "tramp" district, as the old adage "Once bit, twice shy," would assuredly hold good in this case. Were it not for the fact that this "snap" was taken in the Vale of Aylesbury, and that the "pursuer" is stuffed, the consequences might be quite as serious as the picture suggests.—Mr. Stanley H. Robinson, 167, Castellain Mansions, Maida Vale, W.

MONUMENT TO ADAM.

THIS monument erected to the "memory of Adam, the first man," is the only one of its kind in America, and probably in the world. It was erected in 1909 by Mr. John P. Brady, a well-known contractor and builder, of Baltimore, at his country place, "Hickory Ground," near Gardenville, in the north-eastern suburbs of Baltimore, Maryland. It is composed of stone, bronze, and cement, and is surmounted by a very large and accurate sundial, especially calculated and constructed for the latitude in which the monument is erected, N. Lat. 39° 20′.

Surrounding the hour figures, in a circle on the dial, is the motto, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" (So Passes the Glory of the World), and the date, 1909, and on either side of the shaft is a sunken panel with sunken letters, the two reading :—

"THIS, THE FIRST SHAFT IN AMERICA, IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF ADAM, THE FIRST MAN."

The monument has naturally attracted much attention. Mr. Brady has stated, among other things, in a newspaper interview, that "where so many others of lesser worth have been honoured, he thought it about time that something was done for Adam."—Mr. Claude L. Woolley, 302, W. Madison Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

A CRICKET CURIOSITY.

THE REV. H. K. WOODWARD, while acting as Chaplain to the City of London Mental Hospital at Stone, got the accompanying snapshot, in August, 1912. While the hospital team was batting a rather erratic bowler of the North Kent United got in a straight one, and as a result the off bail fell off and

the leg bail slid along and balanced itself on the middle stump. Seeing that something unusual had happened Drs. Patterson and Simpson and the Chaplain ran to the wicket, with the result that out of the Chaplain's bag was produced a camera—and here we have the result. Have any of our readers ever seen quite the same thing?

Solution of Last Month's Bridge Problem.

The bystander was right. A and B could win *five* tricks out of the seven. Play as follows :—

The card underlined wins the trick. The card immediately beneath is led to the next trick.

A	Y	B	Z
Hearts queen	Hearts king	Spades 4	Hearts 3
Clubs 4	Clubs 6 ?	Clubs knave	Clubs 8
Hearts knave !	Clubs 10	Clubs 7	Clubs 9
Hearts 4	Hearts 7	Spades knave	Hearts 6

And B must win the rest.

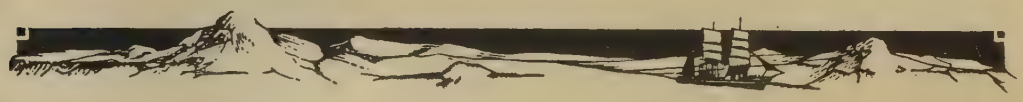
If, at Trick 2, Y leads a diamond, A trumps his partner's king with the 4, and A B win six tricks. This was the play that A had in view, but Y knew better than to fall into the trap.

THE "TERRA NOVA" IN THE SHADOW OF AN ENORMOUS ICEBERG.

TO THE SOUTH POLE

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S OWN STORY

TOLD FROM HIS JOURNALS



Photographs by HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., Camera Artist to the Expedition.

This and the articles which are to follow are related from the journals of Captain Scott, and give the first connected story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913. The story has been told from the journals by Mr. Leonard Huxley, well known as the biographer of his celebrated father, and carefully read and revised by Commander Evans, R.N. With few exceptions, all the photographs, which have been selected from many hundreds, are here published for the first time.

PART II.

At Hut Point.

ON March 6th they took up their abode in the old *Discovery* hut at the south end of Ross Island, which had now been transformed from its previously uninhabitable condition. Hut Point was their home for over five weeks, while they waited for the Sound to freeze over and afford a road back to the station; for inspection of the land from the height of Castle Rock was adverse. "There is no doubt that the route to Cape Evans lies over the worst corner of Erebus. From this distance the whole mountain-side looks a mass of crevasses, but a route might be found at a level of three or four thousand feet."

This season it was a stormy spot, with much wind and three gales in the first fortnight, "any one of which would have rendered the bay impossible for a ship, and therefore it is extraordinary that we should have entirely escaped such a blow when the *Discovery* was in it in 1902."

Trouble With the Blubber-Stove.

One result of the wind was to make the blubber-stove smoke, so that "we are all as black as sweeps and our various garments are covered with oily soot. We look a fearful gang of ruffians. The hut has a pungent

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THE WONDERS OF

THE CASTLE BERG, WITH DOG-SLEDGES IN THE FOREGROUND—ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING

THE ANTARCTIC.
PICTURES OF FANTASTIC ICE-FORMATIONS EVER TAKEN IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

odour of blubber and blubber-smoke. We have grown accustomed to it, but imagine that ourselves and our clothes will be given a wide berth when we return to Cape Evans."

The time was occupied in various small activities—the conveying of more stores to Corner Camp, seal-hunting, the manufacture of new and improved blubber-stoves, geological excursions to the curious volcanic rocks on the hills above, investigation of the growing ice, often with fish frozen in—one, indeed, in the act of swallowing a smaller fish—or study of the air-currents over the ridge. But it was ill waiting, with so much to reorganize, and so much of the transport gone, and the dogs suffering from the weather. The majority were at last allowed to run loose, at the risk of a murder or two; but the strongest could not be given such liberty without fear of widespread destruction.

When at last the ice was firm enough for a start, Scott and his advance guard took two days to reach Cape Evans, being forced to camp in a blizzard under one of the islands, with some expectation of finding the ice break up again under them. So with great exertion they reached the station early on April 13th, and the next day, Good Friday, is marked by the unusual entry, "Peaceful day."

Great was the relief to find how baseless were his recent fears lest the storms that had raged at Cape Armitage on the depot journey should have damaged the new hut at Cape Evans; for, although over a hundred feet from the shore, it stood but eleven feet above high-water mark, and with such abnormal conditions as had led to the loss of the ponies and the breaking of Glacier Tongue, it might well be that his careful calculations had been falsified, and the worst might have happened to those left at the base. All was well, but for one item of bad news: the death of another pony, nicknamed Hackenschmidt, from his vigorous use of forelegs as well as hindlegs when obstreperous; and it was with mingled feelings that the captain could look upon the remnant of his teams safe in their stable. Hackenschmidt was an intractable beast. Now that he was required to get into good condition, he had pined away, as his keeper, Anton, firmly believed, out of "cussedness," a fixed determination to do no work for the expedition.

At Main Hut—The Ingenuities of the Handy-Men.

Otherwise the hut was a revelation of perfect arrangement. It had been a sound and promising resting-place in the early days when Scott left it for his depot-laying trip; now it not only seemed positively luxurious, with the possibility of a bath after three months of primitive existence, but it possessed charm as well as comfort in the fittings set up by the various workers in their allotted places. There could be no higher symbol of the triumph of mind over matter than "Simpson's Corner," a perfect meteorological station established within, so connected with the instruments without that in the fiercest storms, the most piercing cold, the observer could take his records without going outside, with danger of frost-bite to himself and uncertainty in taking the record. Thermometer and barometer, wind-gauge, electrical instruments, all told their tale at a glance. Then came the photographer's room, another triumph. Ponting, trained to be a "handyman" by much travel, had created his workshop out of such material as he could lay hands upon. He had in order all the means for bringing his beautiful work to perfection, calling forth the description of him as "an artist in love with his work."

Next the science department, and the biologists with their microscopes—neatness and good carpentry conspicuous in the well-finished shelves. Not least remarkable, because most unexpected, the mechanical genius of Clissold, the excellent cook, who, it turned out, had enjoyed a mechanician's training before he took to pots and pans. To ensure the proper baking of his bread in the none too large oven, he had devised an arrangement by which the bread, as it "rose," rang an electric bell to warn him. No wonder that he came to be regarded as a specialist to be consulted in motor ailments.

The Ponies.

The stables—now holding ten beasts only out of the original nineteen, alas!—gave double room to most and space to lie down, if necessary, when the floor could have some covering to prevent chill. For the time they were exercised by riding barebacked over the beach; perhaps a risky proceeding where the shore was so strewn with boulders. Demetri, who tended them, had enthusiastically practised the building of shelters such as should be used on the march. All that could be done was being done.

Inspection of one department after another produced a deep impression. "I was gradually brought to realize," writes Scott, "what an extensive and intricate, but eminently

CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE DEPOT-LAYING PARTY.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN ON THEIR RETURN, WELL SHOWS THE ROUGH AND UNKEMPT APPEARANCE OF THE PARTY. THE NAMES, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, ARE—TAYLOR, WRIGHT, EVANS, BOWERS, SCOTT, DEBENHAM, GRAN, EVANS (P.O.), AND CREAN.

"PRESSURE RIDGES."

THIS STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THESE HUGE MASSES OF BROKEN ICE CONVEYS MORE FORCIBLY THAN ANY DESCRIPTION THE ENORMOUS POWER EXERTED BY THESE VAST FIELDS OF ICE.

satisfactory, organization I had made myself responsible for."

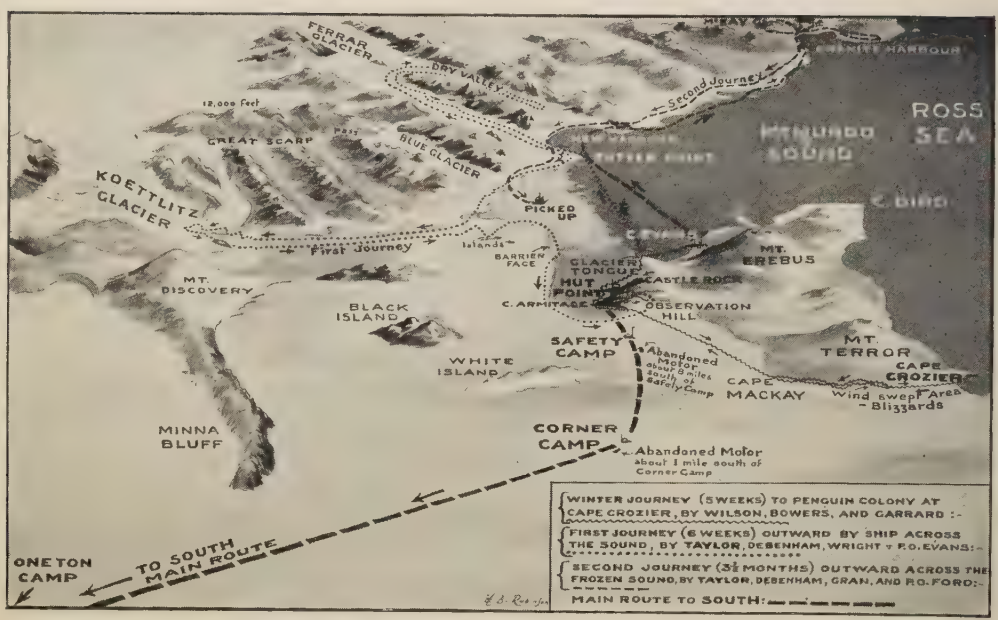
Four days' rest, and Scott headed a double sledge party to take supplies to the party held up at Hut Point till the new ice should form a level road again for the ponies instead of the difficult inland route from the glacier over the heights of Castle Rock. This did not happen till the middle of May. Meantime the increasing cold indicated the end of the sledging season. The obstacles became harder; faces got frost-bitten, and feet grew cold in the long effort to climb the wall of the ice-foot. The drift of frozen snow-dust was streaming off the cliff; the rope that had let them down four days before was now buried at both ends; the only means of scaling the wall was to unload a sledge and hold it end up on men's shoulders, while Scott himself clambered up this impromptu ladder, and with an ice-axe cut steps over the cornice.

Scaling an Ice-Wall.

With the Alpine rope he helped up others, then the gear was hauled up piecemeal and repacked. "For Crean, the last man up, we lowered the sledge over cornice and used a bowline in other end of rope on top of it. He came up grinning with delight, and we all thought the ascent rather a cunning piece of work." Then, chilled to the bone, they all

dashed up the slope, regardless of crevasses, to restore circulation. All went well, however, but for a storm that kept them at the Hut for an extra day. No weather for sledging: "The wind blowing round the cape absolutely blighting — force 7 and temperature

COMMANDER EVANS IN ANTARCTIC DRESS.



THIS MAP SHOWS THE MOVEMENTS OF THE EXPEDITION RELATED IN THE PRESENT INSTALMENT.

below – 30°." Yet Scott, anxious to discover what effect such conditions had on the formation of new ice, "took a walk to Cape Armitage" in the gale, and found the "sea a black cauldron covered with frost-smoke; no ice can form in such weather."

The return, as cold, and calling for as much ice-craft as the outward journey, afforded one amusing and very human incident. Out on the sea-ice "marched to Little Razor Back without halt, our own sledge dragging fearfully. Crean said there was great difference in sledges, though loads were equal. Bowers politely assented when I voiced this sentiment, but I'm sure he and his party thought it the plea of tired men. However, there was nothing like proof, and he readily consented to change sledges. The difference was really extraordinary. We felt the new sledge a featherweight compared with the old, and set up a great pace for the home quarters, regardless of how much we perspired. We arrived at the Hut ten minutes ahead of the others, who were by this time quite convinced as to the difference in the sledges."

In Winter Quarters.

It was now time to settle into winter quarters. St. George's Day was the last day of the sun; whereafter came only "the long, mild twilight which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day and yesterday; when morning and evening sit together hand in hand beneath the starless sky of midnight."

"A theme for a pen," he muses, "would be the expansion of interest in Polar affairs. Compare the interests of a winter spent by the old Arctic voyagers with our own, and look into the causes. The aspect of everything changes as our knowledge expands." Nor is this all; he notes emphatically elsewhere, "Science, the rock foundation of all effort." Then follows another "impression": "The expansion of human interest in rude surroundings may perhaps best be illustrated by comparisons. It will serve to recall such a simple case as the fact that our ancestors applied the terms 'horrid,' 'frightful,' to mountain crags which in our own day are more justly admired as lofty, grand, and beautiful. The poetic conception of this natural phenomenon has followed not so much an inherent change of sentiment as the intimacy of wider knowledge and the death of superstitious influence. One is much struck by the importance of realizing limits."

These reflections seem to spring from the stimulating success of a very notable feature of the winter routine. Evening lectures, followed by discussions, were given three times a week. With so many experts in the most varied branches of pure science and the practical arts of travel, there was no lack of material; and the readiness to give of their best was only exceeded by the enthusiastic desire to receive. The unlearned found these high things to be but the woof of their daily experience; and as for the learned, one day a biologist was overheard offering a geologist

a pair of socks if he would teach him some geology.

There were lectures by Wilson on the flying birds of the Antarctic and the penguins; on winds and weather in general and in these high latitudes by Simpson, with a theory of blizzards, besides descriptions of the magnetic and other instruments at work; the problems of biology and parasitism by Nelson and Atkinson; the physiography and geology of the neighbourhood and volcanoes by Taylor and Debenham; ice structure by Wright; the Barrier and the Ice Cap, by Scott; an account by Taylor of the great glacier to be ascended on the Southern trip and the things to look out for. And with ever closer application to immediate needs, the management and training of the ponies, by Oates; surveying, by Evans; motor sledges, by Day; sledging diets and Polar clothing, by Bowers; scurvy, by Atkinson; a general discussion of the plans for the Southern trip, set forth by Scott himself, so that all might understand the why and the wherefore of the arrangements; the whole lightened and beautified with as many slides as could be made, and further by Wilson's lecture on sketching and the artistic principles involved; Meares's travels in Central Asia, and Ponting's four picture-shows and graphic descriptions of his wide-ranging travels.

Thoroughness was the keynote of the work, alike in art and in science. It is recorded how Ponting rarely counted his first picture good enough, and sometimes five or six plates would be exposed before the critical artist was satisfied. "This way of going to work would perhaps," notes Scott, "be more striking if it were not common to all our workers here. A very demon of unrest seems to stir them to effort, and there is not a single man who is not striving his utmost to get good results in his own particular department." "The fact is," he writes elsewhere, "science cannot be served by dilettante methods, but demands a mind spurred by ambition or the satisfaction of ideals." It was well, therefore, with the large scientific interests which gave the solid justification for the expedition: "If the Southern journey comes off, nothing, not even priority at the Pole, can prevent the expedition ranking as one of the most important that ever entered the Polar regions."

Scott's Keen Appreciation of His Comrades.

Never, it may be believed, has a party combined so much of intellectual power

WINTER PASTIMES.

EVENING LECTURES WERE GIVEN THREE TIMES A WEEK. PONTING IS HERE SEEN DESCRIBING HIS TRAVELS IN JAPAN.

with physical fitness, and the result was apparent in the high level of mutual appreciation, of intelligent co-operation, and wise enthusiasm. There were mistakes, of course, but errors due to excess rather than defect of zeal ; while a specialist in some practical job might be unequal to the abstract calculations connected with it. The salient fact was that the human relations, the moral and social atmosphere, from first to last continued without a cloud.

Time after time Scott is impelled to note this "marked and beneficent characteristic of our community," so greatly due, in his considered opinion, to the object-lesson of Wilson's patient and thorough work, his constant help to others' efforts, and his sound judgment to which one and all appealed on matters little or great. To quote but one passage : "I am very much impressed with the extraordinary and general cordiality of the relations which exist amongst our people. I do not suppose that a statement of the real truth—namely, that there is no friction at all—will be credited ; it is so generally thought that the many rubs of such a life as this are quietly and purposely sunk in oblivion. With me there is no need to draw a veil ; there is nothing to cover. There are no strained relations in this hut, and nothing more emphatically evident than the universally amicable spirit which is shown on all occasions. Such a state of affairs would be delightfully surprising under any conditions ; but it is much more so when one remembers the diverse assortment of our company. This theme is worthy of expansion. To-night Oates, captain in a smart cavalry regiment, has been 'scrapping' over chairs and tables with Debenham, a young Australian student. It is a triumph to have collected such men."

This interesting and characteristic passage is reproduced below in facsimile.

Outdoor Research.

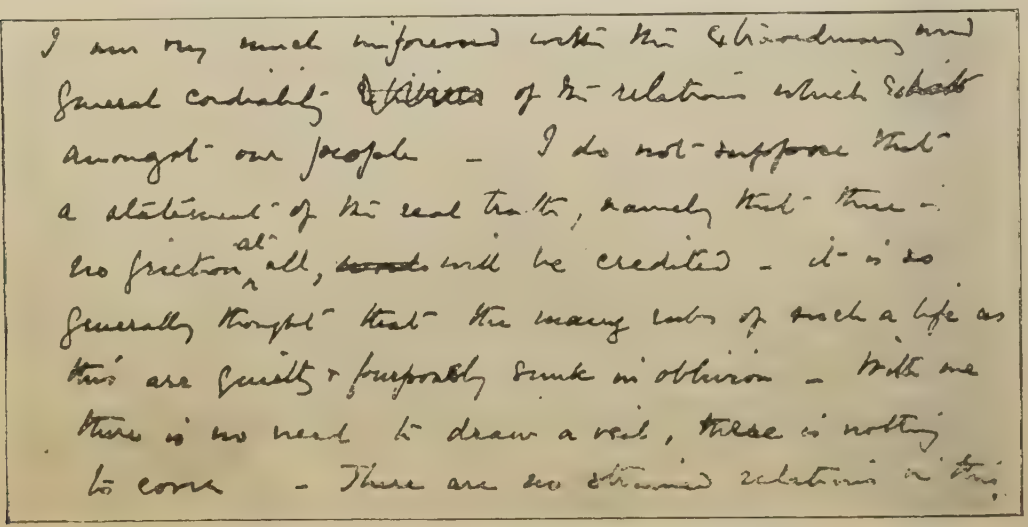
Even the winter admitted of various forms of outdoor research, apart from keeping the meteorological and physical records or working out results under the roof of the hut. In the ice-holes, sedulously kept open, were fish-traps, which supplied Dr. Atkinson with specimens for his novel and interesting investigations into parasites ; in another, a tide-gauge, and farther out an instrument for measuring the sea-currents. Many new observations of curious facts were but re-discoveries of what had been found ten years before, but not published. Local geology, the ice and its growth, offered obvious fields for observation.

Balloons.

More novel were experiments with Simpson's small balloons to test the air-currents and the temperature of the upper air.

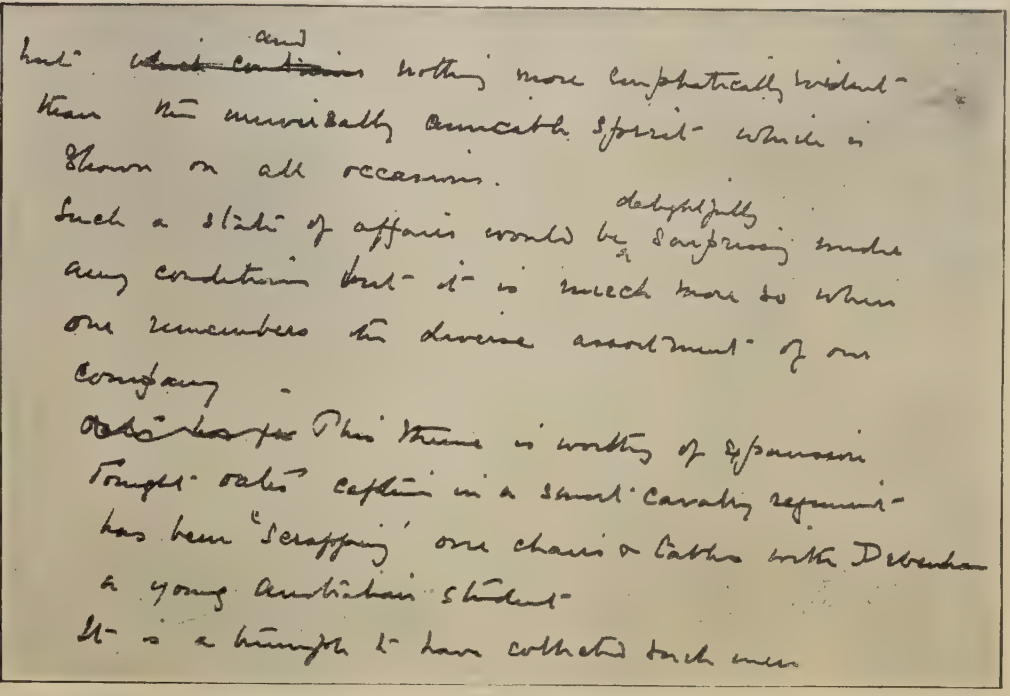
As the balloon travelled a three-mile thread of silk ran out along the ground, so that its course could afterwards be traced. A slow match between the balloon and the recording instrument, with its parachute, was timed to burn through after an ascent of so many minutes, and the instrument floated to earth.

Records were also kept of the men's weight


I am very much impressed with the extraordinary and general cordiality of the relations which exist amongst our people — I do not suppose that a statement of the real truth, namely that there is no friction at all, will be credited — it is so generally thought that the many rubs of such a life as this are quietly & purposely sunk in oblivion — With me there is no need to draw a veil, there is nothing to cover — There are no strained relations in this

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S TRIBUTE TO HIS COMRADES.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE FROM HIS JOURNALS, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF LADY SCOTT.



and measurements. On the whole "we have remained surprisingly constant," but there seemed to be improvement in lung power and grip.

"Many Inventions."

Practical work of all sorts went forward with a view to the needs of future expeditions. We read of Petty-Officer Evans, with his usual ingenuity, devising new forms of ski-boots and crampons to be used with the warm finnesko, or fur boots, providing lightness, warmth, comfort, and ease; of Cherry-Garrard starting practice in building stone huts and Eskimo *igloos* likely to be needed on the winter expedition to the penguin rookery in which he was to take part, while later others joined in, and special knives were designed for cutting the icy slabs that compose the *igloo* walls. Scott experimented in person upon the comfort of a hole in the snow, and found it as excellently warm as the dogs seemed to find it. Debenham invented a "go-cart," or sledge on wheels, which in certain conditions of the snow ran better than on the ordinary runners. Day and Lashley invented a simple and effective stove to burn blubber, which was to prove of the utmost service on expeditions near the sea, when seals could be found. Officers who were to take part in the expeditions perfected themselves in such branches of surveying as would be useful for charting their journeys and finding their way.

Telephones.

Telephones were established with great effect, the first to the isolated chamber in the neighbouring ice-hill, where magnetic instruments and pendulums were at work in an even temperature, so that accurate time signals could be transmitted between these and the transit instrument in the interior of the hut. Another was taken to the ice-hole, three-quarters of a mile away, where Nelson had the tide-gauge. Here connection was made with a bare aluminium wire and earth return, the success of which encouraged them to the bold scheme of linking up with Hut Point, fifteen miles away. This, too, worked admirably; it was no small relief and satisfaction to be in touch with this distant outpost and to have instant news of the various parties who went out depot-laying, or of Meares when he chose this hermitage for undisturbed training of the dogs.

Scott's Own Description of the Expedition to Cape Crozier.

The most striking event of the winter season was the expedition of Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard to the Emperor Penguin rookery at Cape Crozier, the eastern extremity

of the island on the opposite side from Cape Evans, and separated from it by all the bulk of Mounts Erebus and Terror. The way there led south as far as Hut Point, then east over the wind-swept Barrier. The three men returned to Cape Evans on August 1st, after a midwinter journey of five weeks, looking incredibly weather-worn, chiefly from sheer lack of sleep, a deficiency soon remedied, for, in all their unparalleled experiences, frost-bite had never seriously assailed them. In spirit, all were equally unwavering; in physique, Bowers seemed to have come through best. "I believe," writes Scott, "he is the hardest traveller that ever undertook Polar journey, as well as one of the most undaunted. More by hint than direct statement, I gather his value to the party, his untiring energy, and the astonishing physique which enables him to continue to work under conditions which are absolutely paralyzing to others.

"So far as one can gather, the story of this journey in brief is much as follows: The party reached the Barrier two days after leaving Cape Evans, still pulling their full load of two hundred and fifty pounds per man. The snow surface then changed completely and grew worse and worse as they advanced. For one day they struggled on as before, covering four miles; but from this onward they were forced to relay and found the half-load heavier than the whole one had been on the sea-ice.

DR. SIMPSON SENDING UP A SCIENTIFIC BALLOON.

TO THESE BALLOONS, WHICH WERE USED FOR TESTING AIR-CURRENTS AND TEMPERATURE, A THREE-MILE THREAD OF SILK WAS ATTACHED FOR TRACING PURPOSES.

"Meanwhile the temperature had been falling, and now for more than a week the thermometer fell below −60°. On one night the minimum showed −71°, and on the next −77°; 109° of frost! Although in this truly fearful cold the air was comparatively still, every now and again little puffs of wind came eddying across the snow plain with blighting effect. No civilized being has ever encountered such conditions before with only a tent of thin canvas to rely on for shelter. We have been looking up the records to-day, and find that Amundsen, on a journey to the North magnetic pole in March, encountered temperatures similar in degree, and recorded a minimum of −79°, but he was with Eskimos, who built him an *igloo* shelter nightly; he had a good measure of daylight; the temperatures given are probably 'unscreened' from radiation; and finally he turned homeward and regained his ship after five days' absence. Our

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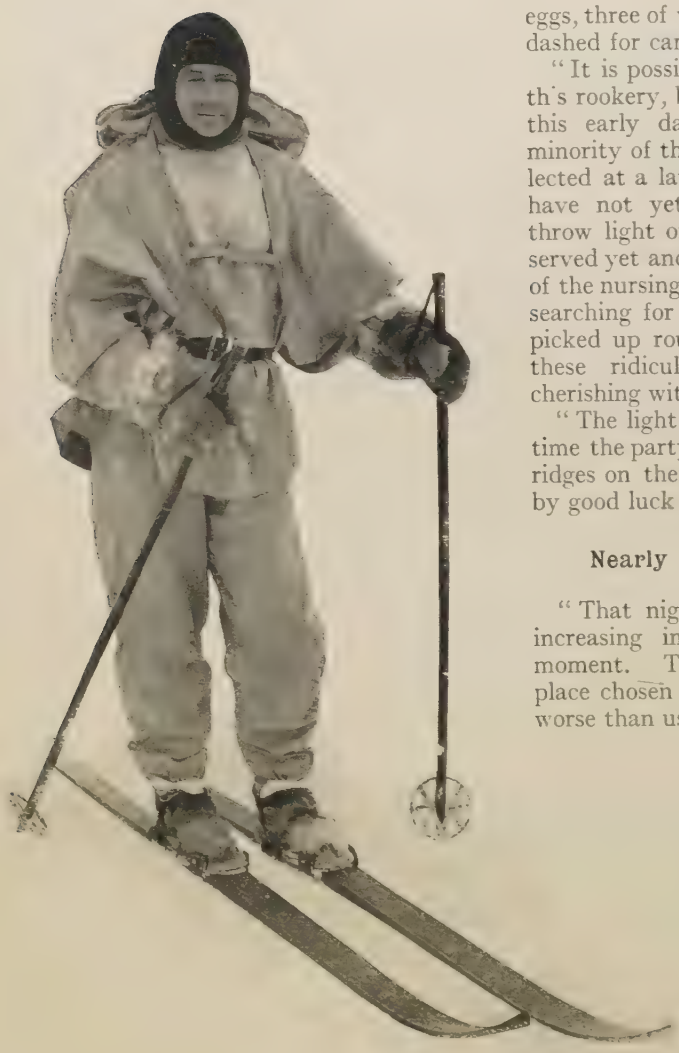
he left of their track, and sometimes diving
to the pressure ridges on the right amidst
revasses and confused ice disturbance.
eaching the foothills near Cape Crozier, they
scended eight hundred feet, then packed

FINNESKO, OR FUR BOOTS.

their belongings over a moraine ridge and started to build a hut. It took three days to build the stone walls and complete the roof with the canvas brought for the purpose. Then at last they could attend to the object of the journey. The scant twilight at midday was so short that they must start in the dark and be prepared for the risk of missing their way in returning without light. On the first day in which they set forth under these conditions it took them two hours to reach the pressure ridges, and to clamber over them, roped together, occupied nearly the same time. Finally they reached a place above the rookery where they

THE EXPEDITION TO CAPE CROZIER.

ILSON, BOWERS, AND CHERRY-GARRARD AT MAIN HUT READY TO START ON THEIR JOURNEY TO THE EMPEROR PENGUIN ROOKERY.



CAPTAIN SCOTT ON SKI.

could hear the birds squawking, but from which they were quite unable to find a way down. The poor light was failing, and they returned to camp. Starting again on the following day, they wound their way through frightful ice disturbances under the high basalt cliffs; in places the rock overhung, and at one spot they had to creep through a small channel hollowed in the ice. At last they reached the sea-ice, but now the light was so far spent they were obliged to rush everything. Instead of the two or three thousand nesting birds which had been seen here in *Discovery* days, they could now only count about a hundred. They hastily killed and skinned three to get blubber for their stove, and, collecting six eggs, three of which alone survived, they dashed for camp.

"It is possible the birds are deserting this rookery, but it is also possible that this early date found only a small minority of the birds which will be collected at a later one. The eggs, which have not yet been examined, should throw light on this point. Wilson observed yet another proof of the strength of the nursing instinct in these birds. In searching for eggs, both he and Bowers picked up rounded pieces of ice which these ridiculous creatures had been cherishing with fond hope.

"The light had failed entirely by the time the party were clear of the pressure ridges on their return, and it was only by good luck they regained their camp.

Nearly Lost in a Blizzard.

"That night a blizzard commenced, increasing in fury from moment to moment. They now found that the place chosen for the hut for shelter was worse than useless. They had far better have built it in the open, for the fierce wind, instead of striking them directly, was deflected on to them in furious whirling gusts. Heavy blocks of snow and rock placed on the roof were whirled away and the canvas ballooned up, tearing and straining at its securings — its disappearance could only be a question of time. They had erected their tent with some valuables inside close to the hut; it had been well spread, and more than amply secured with snow and boulders, but one terrific gust tore it up and whirled it away. Inside the hut they waited for the roof to vanish, wondering what they could do if it went, and vainly endeavouring to make it secure. After fourteen hours it went, as they were trying to pin down one corner. The smother of snow was on them, and they could only dive for their sleeping-bags with a gasp. Bowers put his head out once and said, 'We're all right,' in as near his ordinary tones as he could compass. The others replied, 'Yes, we're all right,' and all was silent for a night and half a day whilst the

wind howled on. The snow entered every chink and crevice of the sleeping-bags, and the occupants shivered and wondered how it would all end.

"Horrible Discomforts."

"The wind fell at noon the following day; the forlorn travellers crept from their icy nests, made shift to spread their floor-cloth overhead, and lit their Primus. They tasted their first food for forty-eight hours, and began to plan a means to build a shelter on the homeward route. They decided that they must dig a large pit nightly and cover it as best they could with their floor-cloth. But now fortune befriended them; a search to the north revealed the tent lying [in a sheltered dip of the great snow-slope below their camping ground] a quarter of a mile away, and, strange to relate, practically uninjured, a fine testimonial for the material used in its construction. On the following day they started homeward, and immediately another blizzard fell on them, holding them prisoners for two days. By this time the miserable condition of their effects was beyond description. The sleeping-bags were far too stiff to be rolled up—in fact, they were so hard-frozen that attempts to bend them actually split the skins; the eiderdown bags inside Wilson's and C.-G.'s reindeer covers served but to fitfully stop the gaps made by such rents. All socks, finnesko, and mits had long been coated with ice; placed in breast pockets or inside vests at night, they did not even show signs of thawing, much less of drying. It sometimes took C.-G. three-quarters of an hour to get into his sleeping-bag, so flat did it freeze and so difficult was it to open. It is scarcely possible to realize the horrible discomforts of the forlorn travellers as they plodded back across the Barrier with the temperature again constantly below $-60°$. In this fashion they reached Hut Point, and on the following night our home quarters.

"One of the Most Gallant Stories in Polar History."

"Wilson is disappointed at seeing so little of the penguins, but to me and to everyone who has remained here the result of this effort is the appeal it makes to our imagination as one of the most gallant stories in Polar history. That men should wander forth in the depth of a Polar night to face the most dismal cold and the fiercest gales in darkness

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ANTARCTIC.
A STRIKING MIDNIGHT SUN EFFECT, WITH PENGUINS AT THE ICE-EDGE.

is something new; that they should have persisted in this effort in spite of every adversity for five full weeks is heroic. It makes a tale for our generation which I hope may not be lost in the telling.

"Moreover, the material results are by no means despicable. We shall know now when that extraordinary bird, the Emperor penguin, lays its eggs, and under what conditions; but even if our information remains meagre concerning its embryology, our party has shown the nature of the conditions which exist on the Great Barrier in winter. Hitherto we have only imagined their severity; now we have proof, and a positive light is thrown on the local climatology of our Strait."

PENGUINS AT HOME, ONE OF MR. PONTING'S HAPPIEST

How Dr. Atkinson Got Lost.

To illustrate the perils of a Southern storm, Scott's story may be briefly repeated of how Dr. Atkinson got lost close to the hut on July 4th. It was a stormy day, with high wind and a temperature of 25° or more below zero. The wind moderated slightly in the afternoon, and a visit was paid to the upper thermometer screen. Then, in adventurous mood, Atkinson resolved to continue and visit the thermometer in the North Bay, out on the floe. This was at 5.30. Gran, equally venturesome, started likewise for the South Bay thermometer; but after two or three hundred yards prudently turned back. It took him an hour to struggle home in time for dinner at 6.45. Half an hour later, as various members of the party came out from dinner, they were sent a short way to shout and show lights, while a big paraffin flare was arranged to be lit on Wind Vane Hill. A first search-party to the north went out. The wind rose again somewhat, but the moon broke through the clouds. Yet even with this help the wanderer did not return, and at 9.20 the search-party came in with no news. Then a whole network of search-parties was organized to sweep the coast and all the floe as far as the outlying islands. There was little prospect of Atkinson's having found shelter anywhere, and his clothing was too light for such a storm. It seemed impossible that he had escaped serious accident. At last, at 11.45, after more than six hours of absence, he was brought in from the promontory hard by, badly frost-bitten on the hand and less severely on the face, and much dazed, as regularly happens after such exposure.

GLIMPSES OF BIRD-LIFE IN THE ANTARCTIC.

It turned out that before he had gone a quarter of a mile towards the thermometer he realized that he had better turn back, guiding himself, quite correctly, by the direction of the wind. This brought him to an old fish-trap, which he knew to be only two hundred yards from the headland. He paced the distance in what he thought the right direction —and found nothing. The effect of a blizzard in blunting the faculties—a greater danger than mere chill—is shown by the fact that, instead of turning east, where he knew the land lay, he dully held on his course, and in due time found himself a mile or two away at Inaccessible Island, under the lee of which he groped his way, suddenly losing the cliffs entirely in a swirl of drift when he was but a few yards distant from them. Only one idea persisted in his brain — the homeward course was up wind, and up wind he plodded. By sheer luck he hit Tent Island four or five miles from home, round which he walked, thinking it Inaccessible Island, and dug himself a shelter under its lee. When the moon came out he judged his bearings well and set off homeward. The moon went in, and soon to his surprise he found the real Inaccessible Island on his left. Here he waited again, expecting the devastating blizzard to return, till the moon reappeared, then shaped his course anew, and before long saw the flare on the headland, and so joined some of the searchers. The rest did not get in till 2 a.m. As Atkinson was ultimately none the worse, his narrow escape became the most convincing object-lesson to those who might need it on the dangers of a blizzard.

How a Blizzard Comes On.

These dangers of bewildering wind and blinding, choking snow-drift, with cold that numbed body and brain, were greatly enhanced by the suddenness and absence of warning with which they sprang up. Experience showed that no weather-sign could be trusted as giving warning or not. One night, the night of August 21st-22nd, it was Scott's turn to be on night watch, for all the "after-guard" took turns to study and record the displays of aurora. He records "the oncoming of a blizzard with exceptional beginnings. The sky became very gradually overcast between 1 a.m. and 4 a.m. About 2.30 the temperature rose on a steep grade from $-20°$ to $-3°$. The barometer was fall-

"ICE-SPRAY."

SOME IDEA OF THE EXTRAORDINARY FREAKS OF NATURE MET WITH IN THE ANTARCTIC WILL BE GAINED FROM THIS PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING THE AFTER-EFFECTS OF A GALE IN THE FORM OF RIDGES OF FROZEN SPRAY, THREE OR FOUR FEET HIGH.

ing—rapidly for these regions. Soon after four the wind came with a rush, but without snow or drift. For a time it was more gusty than has ever yet been recorded even in these regions. In one gust the wind rose from four to sixty-eight miles per hour, and fell again to twenty miles per hour within a minute. Another reached eighty miles per hour, but not from such a low point of origin. The effect in the hut was curious; for a space all would be quiet, then a shattering blast would descend with a clatter and rattle past ventilator and chimneys, so sudden, so threatening, that it was comforting to remember the solid structure of our building. The suction of such a gust is so heavy that even the heavy snow-covered roof of the stable, completely sheltered on the lee side of this main building, is violently shaken. One could well imagine the plight of our adventurers at Cape Crozier when their roof was destroyed. The snow which came at six lessened the gustiness and brought the

ordinary phenomena of a blizzard."

As to the power of endurance in these latitudes, individuals vary greatly. Bowers and Wilson were peculiarly tolerant of cold. They excited the mingled admiration and frank envy of their companions for being able to sally forth in light headgear when anyone else required muffling up. But he laughs best who laughs last. One day they presumed too far on this immunity, and came in with nipped ears. It is uncertain whether these members tingled more with the cold or with the unsparing chaff of their friends.

But a certain amount of general acclimatization undoubtedly took place. The journal records, under date of July 10th: "To-day, with the temperature at zero, one can walk about outside without inconvenience in spite of a fifty-mile wind. Although I am loath to believe it, there must be some measure of acclimatization, for it is certain we should have felt to-day's wind severely when we first arrived in McMurdo Sound." And, again, six weeks later, in a furious wind and drift with temperature of 16°, "it felt quite warm outside, and one could go about with head uncovered—surely impossible in an English storm with 16° of frost."

The activities of the expedition spread in many ramifications. So ample was the staff

DR. WILSON WATCHING THE RECORDER RECEIVING THE FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN AFTER THE LONG ANTARCTIC WINTER.

WEDDELL SEAL EMERGING FROM AN ICE-HOLE.

ONE OF THE MOST ADMIRABLE OF THE MANY STRIKING PICTURES SECURED BY MR. PONTING ILLUSTRATING THE ANIMAL LIFE OF THE ANTARCTIC.

that it could furnish forth several exploring parties and scientific outposts. While Scott and his parties were depot-laying in January—April, 1911, or away on the great Southern journey from the following November, geological parties went into the Western Mountains. Mention has been made of the first, consisting of Griffith Taylor, Debenham, Wright, and P.O. Evans, and how, having started on January 27th, they joined Scott at Hut Point on March 14th. They had crossed the Sound, explored and surveyed the Dry Valley, the Ferrar and the Koettlitz Glacier regions, planting stakes across the ice whereby the next comers could determine the movements of the glacier. The gravels below a promising region of limestones, rich in garnets, were washed for gold, but only magnetite was found. For spice of adventure they had their share of hair-breadth escapes when the sea-ice suddenly began to break up under their feet, and they had a race for their lives.

On the second, Taylor and Debenham, with Gran and P.O. Ford, left on November 7th, 1911, for Granite Harbour, farther north on the western side of McMurdo Sound, and

were away three and a half months. Going slowly, with a heavy load of provisions, they built a stone hut in Granite Harbour, providing warmth by one of the blubber-stoves invented by Atkinson, and obtaining both blubber and meat from the numerous seals. Apart from their geological notes, especially on the fossils, coal and other minerals, and the illustrations of glacial action, their strangest discovery was, perhaps, that of two species of wingless insects in their thousands, sheltering under pebbles near their headquarters.

They explored those western highlands on which Scott had looked during his short Western trip, daringly passing the huge ice falls of the Mackay Glacier by portaging sledge and gear up a thousand feet of granite cliffs and boulder-strewn slopes. Finally, having only ten days' sledging food left, they made their way over the Blue Glacier towards Hut Point, and they were picked up by the ship on February 15th.*

As spring drew on, Scott, with Bowers, Simpson, and P.O. Evans, went for thirteen days to the Western Mountains, covering a hundred and seventy-five miles in ten marching days. He wished for a final practice in sledging and photography, as well as to lay depots for the next Western party and to complete certain observations, especially to measure the movement of the stakes already

* Before leaving the subject of these subsidiary expeditions, we must refer to those of Lieutenant Campbell. During his first winter, he was not in touch with the main party. The *Terra Nova*, which picked him up and transferred his party to a new base, did not bring news of him to Cape Evans till long after Captain Scott had set out for the Pole, while his second and involuntary wintering—a marvellous feat—took place later still. Since, therefore, his work was not recorded in Scott's journals, it does not come within the scope of these articles, albeit, as Lord Curzon stated on the occasion of his presenting a gold watch to Lieutenant Campbell on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, "a great personal achievement; one of the most brilliant things ever accomplished in the history of Arctic and Antarctic exploration."

IN MARCHING ORDER.

SCOTT, BOWERS, SIMPSON, AND P.O. EVANS STARTING ON THEIR EXPEDITION TO THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS.

THE END OF THE BARRIER.

set in the Ferrar Glacier. These showed the advance of the ice to be about thirty feet in seven and a half months, confirming the belief in the slow movement of the coastal glaciers. In New Harbour copper was discovered; but the strangest discovery was that of the Glacier Tongue, a mass of ice two miles long, which had broken away from near Cape Evans in the storm when the ponies were drowned. It had driven across the Sound, to be stranded on the opposite shore forty-five miles away, still bearing a depot of fodder and the line of stakes to guide the ponies across it. Strange to think of the plan to build the hut on its seemingly stable bulk. What an adventurous voyage it would have given its inhabitants!

Off to the Pole!

The outward course from Barrier Face may be divided into three stages: (1) About four hundred and twenty-four miles over the Barrier. (2) About a hundred and twenty-five miles up the Glacier, rising eight thousand feet. (3) About three hundred and fifty-three miles along the summit plateau to the Pole, at a continuous altitude of between nine thousand and ten thousand five hundred feet. Adding the twenty-one miles from Cape Evans to Barrier Face, the total is nine hundred and twenty-three—the whole journey out and home covering one thousand eight hundred and forty-six miles.

November 1st, 1911, saw the Southern journey begun.

The first few entries in the diary are chiefly concerned with the doings of the ponies. Some are generically termed "the crocks"; others were lively and obstreperous; some slow, some swift. "The little devil Christopher was harnessed with the usual difficulty, and started in kicking mood, Oates holding on for all he was worth. Bones ambled off gently with Crean, and I led Snippets in his wake. Ten minutes after Evans and Snatcher passed at the usual full speed." Indeed, "Snatcher soon led the party, and covered the distance in four hours. Bones and Christopher arrived almost equally fresh—in fact, the latter had been bucking and kicking the whole way; for the present there is no end to his devilment, and the great consideration is how to safeguard Oates. Some quiet ponies should always be near him, a difficult matter to arrange with such varying rates of walking."

Thus the first march, writes Scott, "reminded me of a regatta or a somewhat disorganized fleet, with ships of very unequal speed!" Next day the plan of farther advance was evolved. "We shall start in three parties—the very slow ponies, the medium-paced, and the fliers—Snatcher, starting last, will probably overtake the leading unit. All this requires a good deal of arranging. We have decided to begin night-marching, and shall get away after supper, I hope."

The surface of the Barrier was fatiguing to most of the animals—even Christopher by the third day was evidently subdued by it—and "the ponies hate the wind." At the

lts, shelter walls were built for them, but November 3rd, for a happy exception, there is no wind, and the sun gets warmer ery minute."

At this stage the party slept the day through l 1 p.m., then fed. "It is a sweltering day, e air breathless, the glare intense. One ses sight of the fact that the temperature low (−22°); one's mind seeks com- rison in hot sunlit streets and scorching vements. Yet six hours ago my thumb as frost-bitten. All the inconvenience of ozen footwear and damp clothes and sleeping gs have vanished entirely."

Lunch at midnight, however, is not pleasing. But for man the march that follows is easant when, as to-day (November 3rd), e wind falls and the sun steadily increases heat."

The Motors Break Down.

These halcyon times for body and mind did ot last. The motors, four or five days ahead, d left cheering messages on abandoned

follow. Some four miles out we met a tin pathetically inscribed, 'Big end Day's motor No. 2 cylinder broken.' Half a mile beyond, as I expected, we found the motor, its tracking sledges and all. Notes from Evans and Day told the tale. The only spare big end had been used for Lashley's machine, and it would have taken a long time to strip Day's engine so that it could run on three cylinders. They had decided to abandon it and push on with the other alone. They had taken the six bags of forage and some odds and ends, besides their petrol and lubricant. So the dream of great help from the machines is at an end! The track of the remaining motor goes steadily forward; but now, of course, I shall expect to see it every hour of the march."

On November 5th these forebodings were fulfilled.

"There are three black dots to the South which we can only imagine is the deserted motor with its loaded sledges. The men have gone on as a supporting party as directed."

It was even so. They reached the aban-

DAY AND LASHLEY GETTING A MOTOR READY.

etrol tins. In that found on November 4th ay wrote, "Hope to meet in 80° 30′ (Lat.)." Poor chap," is the comment in the diary, within two miles he must have had to sing different tale. It appears they had a bad ound on the morning of the 29th. I suppose e surface was bad and everything seemed be going wrong. They 'dumped' a good eal of petrol and lubricant. Worse was to

doned motor next day (the 6th), and found a note stating "a recurrence of the old trouble. The big end of No. 1 cylinder had cracked, the machine otherwise in good order. Evidently the engines are not fitted for working in this climate, a fact that should be certainly capable of correction. One thing is proved —the system of propulsion is altogether satisfactory."

(To be continued.)

"THE EXHAUSTED MAN RUSHED FORWARD—ONLY JUST IN TIME, FOR THE BEAST HAD SPRUNG AND HAD THROWN THE WOMAN AND CHILD TO THE GROUND."

(*See page* 155.)

A Bad Lot

BY

Mary Tennyson

ILLUSTRATED BY

WARWICK REYNOLDS

A MISERABLE December afternoon, dark and drear, damp and slimy underfoot, with a biting east wind which set the teeth on edge. Over the grass of the green hill, facing the park, hung a thick white mist, which reflected in a ghostly fashion the lights of the gas-lamps that stood at intervals on each side of the principal gravel paths.

All day the place had been deserted, for the seats dripped with moisture, and even the weariest tramp hesitated to face the wind that seemed to revel in the wide open space, which in the genial spring season, with its soft turf, gently-cropping sheep, and gorgeous-flowering red and pink hawthorn and purple scented lilac, was a veritable garden of ease. And at intervals, mingling with the moaning and rushing of the wind, could be distinctly heard the hollow roar of the fretted, thwarted wild beasts imprisoned in the Zoological Gardens, separated from the hill by the high road only.

An afternoon to draw the curtains, and to thank God for the comfort of a cheery fireside and a friend to share it with.

And a man stealing along, shrinking close to the park railings on the dark side of the high road, with his head bent, his shoulders hunched, and his cold, chapped hands thrust into the pockets of his threadbare coat, shuddered and winced as the icy blast blew fiercely into his haggard face.

He was young, this man, his years numbering not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven, and would have been handsome but for a hunted, furtive look which had cruelly changed the expression of originally frank, rather widely set, dark grey eyes. His mouth, now grim and pale in hue, was fine in shape; and the chin, sunken in his chest, was big and strong, with an almost classical cleft in the centre. His figure, too, was tall and well knit; but his gait was that of a hunted, scared creature, of one who could not look his fellow-man in the face, and who, crushed by the perception of that fact, had lost all personal sense of dignity.

Drawing his breath with difficulty, for he was weak from the effects of a serious illness passed in the wards of a workhouse infirmary, from which he had been discharged only a few hours previously, Francis Denham shambled and shuffled along. His aching feet impeded his progress, and his heart thumped painfully as every now and then he started, and stopped in sudden alarm as a swaying bough of a tree cast a darker shadow over his path; and before he proceeded on his weary way he glanced nervously and furtively over his shoulder, straining his ears for the sound of pursuit, and striving to penetrate the misty darkness with piteously-dilated eyes.

His goal was a station on the North London line, from which he could get quickly to Euston. He had originally intended to walk the whole distance from the infirmary to Euston, but he now perceived clearly that his strength was inadequate to the strain of the mile and a half which still stretched before him, and that he could not possibly catch the five o'clock train, which would take him to his old home in Lancashire where his mother lived.

His mother, whom he had not seen for eight long years, for whom his whole being yearned with a sick, hungry craving, which he felt must be satisfied, no matter what he did to accomplish his purpose.

He had indeed stopped at nothing to obtain the means necessary, but surely, he thought, he had suffered enough in the past. His mother, even when she knew all, would forgive him now. He would tell her everything, with his head in her lap, even as he did

as a little lad. He would sob out all the truth, and she would surely forgive him and take him to her heart.

And if she would not pardon, then at least he could die at home. He was tired of life, with no one to love or care for him, without even his own self-respect to hearten him for the fight, and his mother used to be pitiful to all sinners. It was his father who had stood between them, his grim, puritanical old father.

But his father had been dead three months, and if, having freely confessed his sins, his mother pardoned, he might be able to believe that God also would pity and forgive.

He had been a bad lot; no one knew that better than he. Even now, two hours ago—— But of that last deed he did not repent; he had been driven to it. He had to get to his mother, to look upon her face and to kiss her lips, and they had been deaf to his prayers, they had even sneered at him. He had been forced to the act, for how was he, scarcely able to drag himself along, to earn money for the journey this bitter winter season? And he must see her, must read in her eyes that she still loved him before he begged from her.

And at the first he had not been to blame. She would surely believe him when he told her face to face that before God he was innocent of that first charge. He had been innocent, but he had been shown no mercy. His friend, the man he loved and would have died to serve, had ruined him, and he had suffered in dogged, sullen silence that the other might go free, and his father had deemed him guilty.

And as he pushed on, sighing and panting, dreary pictures floated in the filmy wreaths of the shifting mist before his weary eyes.

He saw his mother stretching out her arms to him as, on his nineteenth birthday, he had turned his back upon his old home, his stern father's admonishing words ringing in his ears. Then there rose before his eyes the face of his new friend with the beguiling, merry eyes and the smiling, boyish mouth.

They had been fellow-clerks in a merchant's office, and had lived and worked together. And then, two years later, had come the trial for theft, and the horrible, heart-numbing pain of a broken friendship and a shattered idol.

Three years of penal servitude Francis Denham suffered wrongfully, and when he came out of prison the hand of every man seemed against him. His father sent him meagre supplies, but refused to see him or to allow him to correspond with his mother, and he had sunk to the depths. Several other short terms he had served for petty thefts, and on his release, three months before, he had been found fainting on a seat in one of the public parks, and had been conveyed raving in delirium to the nearest workhouse infirmary.

Many weeks he lay there utterly helpless, and then at last his physical strength gradually returned; but he was still sullen and dogged. His heart seemed to have died when his friend betrayed him, and his pleading letter to his mother had been returned to him torn up.

But when he had lain in the infirmary nine weeks there had come a few almost illegible words from her. From the time he had been taken to the hospital she had had no knowledge of his whereabouts, but indirectly she had now heard how to communicate with him, and in a few broken phrases she told him of his father's death and of her own terribly impoverished condition, which would necessitate her leaving the old home at Christmas.

Then suddenly his brain had seemed to recover its balance, and his heart had awakened to a positive agony of craving for a sight of his mother's face and the sound of her voice.

His recovery was now speedy, for he forced himself to eat and to exercise his enfeebled muscles, and at length came the December day when, still miserably weak, but with a determined purpose in his mind, he had said good bye to the nurses and his companions in the infirmary ward, and had betaken himself to the office of the secretary of the institution.

The stone passages were cold, and Francis Denham, accustomed for so long to the warm wards, shivered with the chill and a sense of acute nervousness. The office door was open, and while he hesitated, endeavouring to screw up his courage to enter, the sound of his own name came to him from within the room.

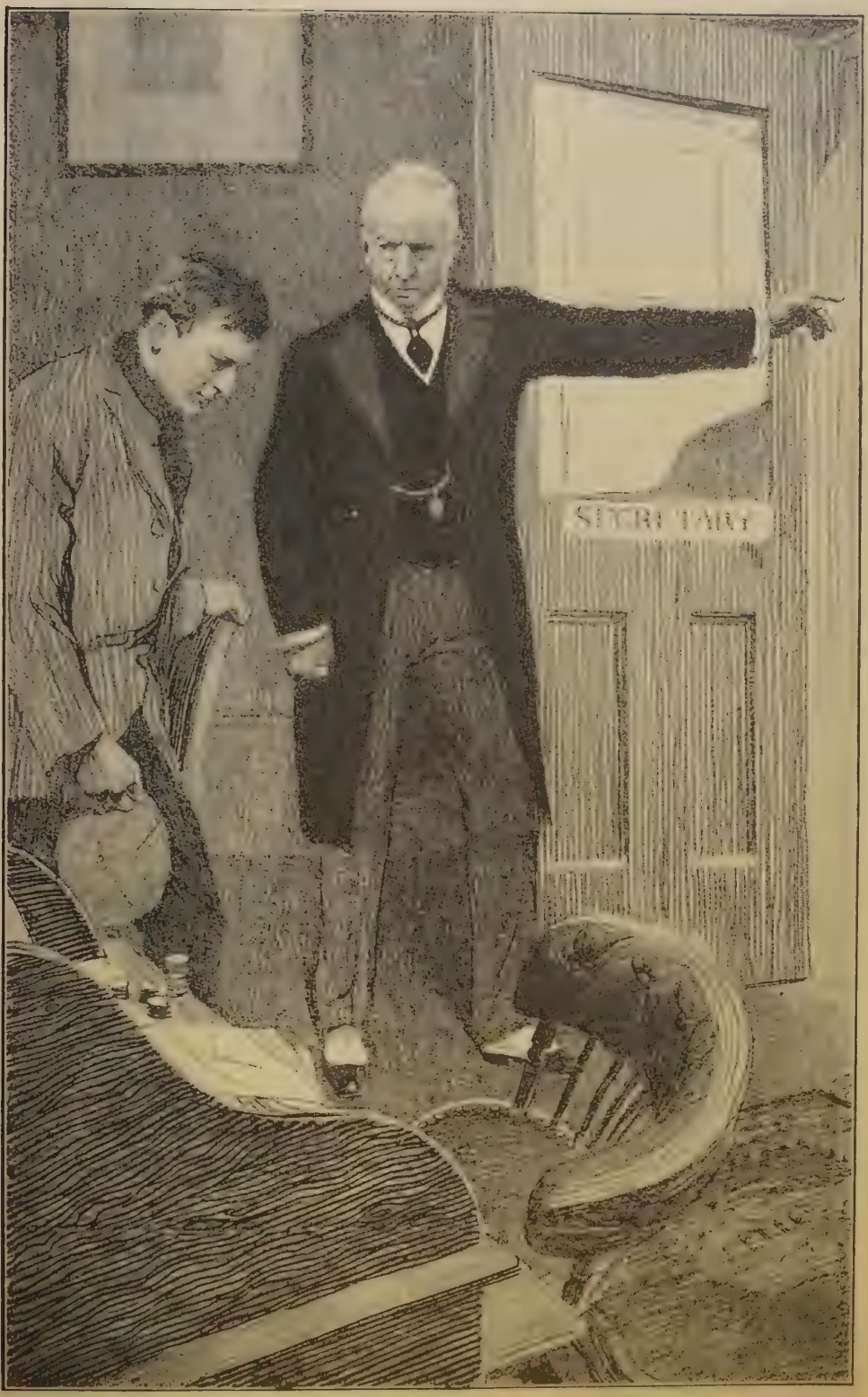
"So we get shot of Francis Denham at last," the secretary remarked.

"Yes, thank Heaven," the medical officer replied. "His has been a tough, thankless case. I really began to think I should have to put him among the 'lunies'; but I fancy now it's the temper that's been to blame, not the brain, for a more ungracious, ill-conditioned patient I've seldom come across."

"Ah, jail-bird," the other said, grimly; "they are generally thankless brutes."

"Good Lord, is that so? What a pity! Such a handsome chap, too."

"Yes. When he first came in his good



"'COME, BE OFF, DENHAM,' HE SAID. 'I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME WITH YOU.'"

looks and his superior education attracted me, and I did my best to buck him up; but I couldn't get at him at all, and from what I've heard since I've been forced to the conclusion that he's a bad lot, a downright bad lot. Has been in and out of prison, it seems, for the last six years."

"Great Scot! How horrid!"

Shrinking back from the door, Denham eant up against the wall and wiped the moisture from his face, as the young doctor emerged from the office. His aspect was very pitiable, and the other experienced a pang of compunction.

"Halloa, Denham!" he cried; "you just off?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you'd got a more decent day to start out in. You'll have to take care for a bit; one doesn't get over such a sharp bout as yours at once, you know. Well, good-bye to you, and good luck!"

He held out his strong, capable hand, and when he saw the tears of weakness which rose in the other's eyes, and felt the clammy touch of his thin fingers, his heart smote him again.

"Good luck, old fellow!" he repeated, shaking the limp hand heartily; "it's a long lane that has no turning, you know. Good luck to you!"

The doctor hurried away, and Francis Denham, a little strengthened by the unfamiliar comfort of human sympathy, had walked into the office.

He was badly received; the secretary had a pile of money before him on the desk, and was evidently immersed in worrying calculations, and when Denham faltered out his piteous request for a small loan to enable him to reach his mother, he was harshly refused.

But the sight of the gold had excited Denham, and had created in him a violent sense of cruel injustice. Among that heap of glittering coins what could one more or less signify to that callous, contemptuous Jack-in-office? And his own need was so terribly great. One of those sovereigns would take him to his mother, to the old home that in a fortnight more would be cold and desolate; he must and would have it.

Urgently he argued and pleaded, but the other man would not help him, and at last, irritated almost beyond bearing at Denham's persistence, the secretary walked to the office door and impatiently flung it open.

"Come, be off, Denham!" he said. "I can't waste any more time with you; I'm up to the ears in bothering business, and you are really not the sort of man one feels called upon to help. This sudden sense of filial affection has come on a little late in the day. And as to wanting a pound to get to your mother, I expect that's all bunkum; probably she lives near Whitechapel or Bermondsey."

"She does not; she——"

"Ah, well, I really don't want to know her whereabouts," the other interrupted, angrily; "my one object now is to get rid of you, and if half a crown will be of any service——"

"It would be of no use at all," Francis Denham had muttered, hoarsely, and then, without another word, he had gone hastily from the office, and stumbled quickly out of the great red brick building, into the dark, cold winter day. And in his left hand, clenched tightly, were a couple of the golden coins which had lain upon the secretary's desk.

For his journey he would need but one, but his mother might be in actual want that bleak, miserable day, and he would not go to be a positive burden upon her.

On and on he plodded along what seemed the interminable road; then he stopped for a moment and, resting against the park railings, passed his hand over his damp brow, and as he did so a neighbouring church clock struck the hour of five. At five-fifty his train to the North would start, and he was now within ten minutes of the local station that would take him in five minutes more straight to Euston.

His head was dizzy with fatigue and weakness, for his suppressed excitement had prevented his eating the midday meal at the infirmary, and his nervous trepidation had been too great to allow him to enter any provision shop during his long tramp. He had determined he would get food at the busy station, and eat it in the train when he was safely started. But he regretted his caution now, for it seemed to him as he leant panting against the park railing, and listened to the dreary noises of the adjacent animals, that he had suddenly come to the end of his powers of endurance. He had already tramped five miles, and on his feet there seemed to hang leaden weights.

With a shiver he rubbed his smarting eyes, and then through the mist he saw dimly the opening to the green hill, and the lights in the lodge windows by the side of it. For a while he and his false friend had lodged in this neighbourhood, and he was thoroughly familiar with the locality.

"I will cut across the hill," he muttered.

"It will save me a minute or two. Besides, I shall be safer there such a day as this than on the high road, and I have time to rest for a minute or two. I must do that, whatever comes of it. I feel as if I could scarcely lift my feet."

But before he moved he sighed heavily, and again passed his hand over his frowning brow.

"My brain is all in a muddle," he went on, under his breath. "I can't remember whether I told that brute where mother lives. I don't think so, but I can't remember. If I did, there may be detectives at Euston already, and my face is pretty well known to the police."

With a halting, dragging step he crossed the road and passed stealthily and softly through the entrance on to the hill, and then with a sickening sense of dread he stopped again. The mist was very thick where he stood, but it was less dense in places, and close to the side of the lodge he could dimly discern the figures of two men, and as he paused in sudden terror their words came to him distinctly.

"Didn't you hear something then, Bill?"

"I thought I did," was the hoarse reply, "but that blessed motor on the road confused me."

"The chaps are at the other gate, too, aren't they?"

"Yes, we are pretty near certain of catching him. He's almost bound to try to get out of one of these lower gates."

"But isn't there anyone at the gate over the hill, then?"

"Yes, there's a bobby on point there. They can't spare any more of us, but we ought to be two and two for this job. He's a pretty tough customer to tackle. Hush! I thought I heard something then. If we struck across the grass where there are no lights we should miss him to a certainty. If only this infernal fog would lift!"

With beating heart and grimly-set teeth, stealing softly to the side of the gravel path, Francis Denham stepped over the low rail which separated it from the green sward, and moved noiselessly over the reeking turf. He knew the gate he must make for. With his eyes shut he could have found it. Only one man guarded that, it seemed, and in the darkness he might slip past him; but the steep slope of the high hill tried his enfeebled physical powers terribly, and presently he halted by the side of an old-fashioned wooden seat.

With a weary moan he sank down upon it, and as he did so one of the rain-sodden rails moved under him. Rising with some difficulty, he peered closely at the wooden bench. One of the thick laths was broken in the middle. With a wrench he pulled it away, and panting with the slight exertion, reseated himself, and extracted the one or two rusty long nails which still adhered to it.

Then, placing the rough, heavy bit of wood across his knees, he drew his coat closer round him and leant back to rest, but there was a gleam in the eyes which now stared into the white mist, and a tense grimness in the set mouth which had not been there before.

Francis Denham was no longer entirely helpless, since he was now provided with a formidable weapon. He did not wish to use it or to injure any man, but this time he would fight for his liberty, and if he lost his life in the struggle—well, perhaps so much the better. Imprisonment he felt he could not and would not face again.

His reasoning faculties were still befogged and out of gear, but so far as this he realized his position entirely. He was resolved to fight to the death for freedom, and for the opportunity to look upon his mother once again.

How these men had traced him already he did not attempt to unravel. He knew it had taken him over two hours to walk the five miles, and that probably his theft had been discovered almost immediately, but why they should have made up their minds that he would attempt to cross the hill he could not imagine, though it was almost certain to him now that he must have indirectly put Euston Station into their minds as his goal; and had he not been twitted and teased with talking in his sleep by the night attendants at the infirmary? Yes; that must be the explanation, he decided at length; he had many a time dreamed of that green hill, and of the friend with whom he had walked there in loving companionship, and had waked with the tears running down his face. And when they had laughed at him he had scowled at them and hated them.

For several minutes Francis Denham sat there immersed in painful thought, every now and then falling into an exhausted doze; but presently the church clock chimed the first quarter, and, still clutching the piece of wood, he pulled himself to his feet. He must push on now; he might have to wait some minutes for the train to Euston. But when he gained the top of the hill he was forced to pause once more.

"HE COULD DIMLY DISCERN THE FIGURES OF TWO MEN, AND AS HE PAUSED IN SUDDEN TERROR THEIR WORDS CAME TO HIM DISTINCTLY."

On the higher ground the wind had caused the mist to disperse, and he could see plainly the shapes of the bushes and the trees in the railed-in garden which crowned the summit of the ascent; from every twig and branch moisture dropped heavily and glistened in the light of the big incandescent gas-lamp which stood in the centre of the small, level plateau, and so dense was the silence of the deserted spot that for a long minute he could even hear the rain-drops falling on the ground beneath.

But all at once from the high road came the distant rush and roar of heavy motor traffic, and then there fell on his ears another sound, and as it rose upon the air a chilling sense of actual terror froze the blood in Francis Denham's veins.

For the last half-hour he had heard at intervals the muffled cries of the caged wild beasts; but this snarling, hideous growl was near at hand, and rang out like a death-knell.

For a moment the trembling man stood motionless, paralyzed with a ghastly, nerve-shattering fear. There came a tearing and a rending of the bushes, and then a great, grizzly form leapt the rails and, with another rumbling growl and a hissing snarl, came to a stand immediately in front of Denham.

In the pale gleam of the gas the creature was distinctly revealed to the horrified man, and at the terrible sight his labouring heart seemed to stop for an instant, and then to thump in his breast with almost suffocating violence.

It was a huge, shaggy grey wolf with bristling spine which stood there in his path; the jaws were distended and the lips drawn back, disclosing the awful fangs, and in the lurid eyes, gleaming like coals of fire, there shone the fierce, wild light of maddened hunger.

For a long minute the hunted man and the hunted brute stood quivering in every muscle, glaring into each other's distended eyes, and then there flashed into Denham's mind an explanation of those two lurking figures at the lodge gates. They were keepers from the Zoological Gardens, and they were tracking, not him, but the ominous, terrible beast in front of him.

And at the thought the crushing, paralyzing weight which had lain upon his spirits suddenly lifted; his courage, which had been dormant for many years, returned to him, and the hot blood rushed with revivifying force through his veins, strengthening his weak arm and nerve for the terrible encounter he saw to be inevitable.

Planting himself firmly on his feet, Francis Denham grasped his heavy wooden lath with an iron grip, and on the almost imperceptible movement of the man the creature dropped his red staring eyes, and with an undulating motion of the upstanding ridge of coarse hair on his back, and another hissing snarl, sprang direct at Denham's throat.

But Denham in his boyhood had been the best boxer of his school, and was also the champion in the single-stick competitions, which old-fashioned sport still survived in the northern county of his birth; and now the blow he dealt was straight and sure, and even as the great beast sprang the crack of the wood rang out sharply on the grey, rough head.

With a discordant howl of baffled anguish, panting grievously, the half-stunned, starved creature fell back heavily, and after crouching and cowering for a moment at the man's feet, with a feeble moan, its lowered bushy tail dragging along the muddy ground, crept under one of the seats near.

And Denham, with his blood tingling in his veins and his spirits elated with the triumph of a victory over a formidable foe, waited an instant to recover his breath and to rub his hand, which smarted with the force of the vigorous blow he had delivered, and then with a little laugh of boyish satisfaction—certainly the first laugh which had issued from his lips for many a year—pursued his way down the hill-side almost briskly.

In his newly-restored courage he was now even inclined to make light of the nervous fears which before had almost crushed him. It was quite possible, he reflected, that his theft might not have been discovered even yet. The secretary was obviously in a ruffled, worried condition, probably over his cash accounts—in that case he would be some time arriving at a conclusion. Yes, and that would account also for his impatience and incivility; hitherto, Denham acknowledged, the secretary had treated him very decently. That circumstance, of course, would heighten the blackness of his offence, and now for the first time the man experienced a twinge of compunction for the theft.

"I will repay it," he muttered. "I swear before God that I will work my fingers to the bone to repay it." And then again his spirits rose. He would be at Euston within a quarter of an hour, in time to get a substantial meal before the train for the North started, and he was now conscious of an almost raging hunger.

"I remember how I used to eat after those single-stick bouts," he muttered, and then a smile lit up his haggard face. "And

what a supper mother used to give me, and how poor old dad used to grumble at her for spoiling me! I never delivered a straighter blow than that. Well, I was up against it then. It was once for all. Poor hunted, starving beast," he continued, "it was a bit hard on him, though. I hope they'll catch him soon and give him a good feed when they do. After all, he was only playing the game. Heaven knows, I don't blame him for fighting for freedom and life."

Swinging the piece of wood almost jauntily in his hand, for involuntarily he had retained his hold on it, Francis Denham was within a couple of hundred yards of his point of egress on to the road, which adjoined the local station, when another and most unexpected sound attracted his attention.

During his progress over the hill he had not encountered a single human being. A light rain was falling, and here the mist hung heavily, but the sound which struck upon his ear was the voice of a woman, evidently speaking to a young child. The voice was low and very sweet, and to the lonely man, peering through the misty vapour, it seemed actually beautiful after the storm and stress of the terrible day.

In a minute the child also spoke, in a feeble treble which conveyed no meaning to him, but every word of the unseen woman's reply fell like music on his straining senses.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Bessie. Mammy has her darling safe in her arms. The fairies wove that gauzy mist; they are dancing on the grass under it. But they don't like us big people to see them; they are afraid we might want to pick them up and carry them off."

She halted a moment. She was evidently carrying the child, and the rising ground made the burden a heavy one. Again there came the faint, childish voice, and the quick, rather breathless reply:—

"I'm not tired, Bessie. Mammy's darling never tires her, and soon you'll be able to run by my side up all the big hills. The poor leg is growing stronger every day, and we shall be home very soon now. Just up to the top where the seats and the big lamp are, and down the other side, and then we shall be at home; and, oh! won't Bessie and mother enjoy their tea, after mother has boiled the kettle?"

Still standing motionless, with a smile upon his face, Francis Denham heard the crunch of the soddened gravel beneath her labouring footsteps, but almost immediately she stopped again. It seemed as if the weight she carried prevented her speaking and progressing at the same time, and her tone was now very weary as she tried to reassure the frightened child.

"There will be the gas-lamps all the way, Bessie," she said, soothingly. "Besides, who would hurt a poor woman whose only treasure in the world is her little daughter? Put your arms tighter round my neck, my darling, and lift yourself a little, then we'll go on bravely, but we mustn't talk, because that hinders mother. Come, that's right. Why, you're no weight at all now."

With an almost tender light in his eyes, Denham heard her pursue her way, and then again the church clock struck.

"Half-past five!" he cried. "Great Scot! I've no time to lose."

Flinging down the piece of heavy wood, he turned quickly in the direction of the opening on to the road, but before he had taken two steps a ghastly change came over his excited, hopeful countenance.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned, and then, for the moment utterly overwhelmed, he reeled up against the lamp-post under which he stood.

The silence was unbroken save for the faint sound of the woman's slow, retreating footsteps, but in his ears there seemed to ring that ominous hissing snarl, and before his agonized mind there rose the hideous spectacle of the maddened, hunted beast with the lurid eyes and the distended, ravening mouth. On the top of the hill it crouched, waiting for its prey, and over the top of the hill lay the path of the exhausted mother and the crippled child.

For only a moment Francis Denham hesitated, but in that cruel, desolating moment he saw the overthrow of all his cherished plans. The train must go without him, and before the next one, three hours later, what might not happen to a man with possibly the police already on his track?

With a choking sob he clenched his hands, and tears of pity for himself welled up into his eyes; then, stooping, he snatched up the piece of wood and, bracing himself, rushed up the path in pursuit of the woman, whose footsteps he could still hear faintly.

He dared not call out to stop her, for by chance the half-stunned beast might be sleeping, and in that case might not hear the soft, slow footfall, but when he was within fifty yards of the summit a hideous outcry froze the blood in his veins.

A woman's shrill shriek of despair mingled with the growling, horrible snarl.

By a supreme effort, with the ground rocking under his feet, the exhausted man rushed forward—only just in time, for the beast had sprung and had thrown the woman and child to the ground when Francis Denham delivered his second frenzied, crushing blow, and then with a gasp sank senseless by the side of the two he had preserved from a terrible death.

When Denham regained consciousness, on the little plateau stood a dozen men. Four of them with heavy chains controlled the sluggish movements of the wolf, who moaned drearily, and whose shaggy head was clotted with blood, while on a seat near was the half-fainting woman with the terrified child.

His own head was raised against the knee of a man who held a flask of brandy to his lips, but the first words he heard were these:—

"Poor chap, he's coming to, but he'll have to go along with me, worse luck. We had a 'phone to be on the look-out for him half an hour ago. He's well known to the police. A bad lot, I dare say, but a brave one for all that! It wanted a man to tackle a beast like that with nothing but a bit of wood; and this chap only left the infirmary three hours ago. A mighty thwack it must have been to crack that brute's skull."

Again Francis Denham was tried and sentenced, but this time the judge took a lenient view of his crime for the sake of the brave deed which followed it; indeed, there were tears in his eyes as he addressed the criminal, for he had been deeply touched by the woman's piteous pleading for the man who had saved her and her child from an awful fate.

Eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour was the judge's lenient sentence to the hardened offender, who listened to it and to the emotional words which accompanied it with a callous indifference that shocked everyone.

It was a glorious afternoon in early July when Francis Denham once more stood a free man outside the gates of the prison at Wormwood Scrubs. The scent of the country came to him from the open expanse of green fields, and in the distance he could hear the twitter and the song of birds; the sky was blue above, and into his worn, miserable face there blew a refreshing breeze, but in his heart was a sense of utter loneliness and black despair.

His mother had died six months before, and now he was a free man without a friend in the whole wide world. What was the use of life to him? he thought. None. Well, the night would soon be here, and the canal not far distant.

And then there came a soft touch upon his arm, and turning quickly he saw by his side a decently-clad, careworn, but sweet-faced young woman. In great surprise he stood looking down at her, for she now grasped his arm tightly, as she raised her glowing eyes to his.

"I have been waiting an hour," she said, "and the time has seemed so long."

He caught his breath sharply; he recognized the sweet, soft voice.

"Waiting?" he repeated, with a strange fluttering at his cold, torpid heart. "Waiting, why?"

"For you, of course. I knew you were to come out this afternoon. And tea will be ready, and little Bessie is watching for us."

"For us?" he repeated again.

"Yes, for her mammy and for our friend. Oh, Francis Denham, do you think I've forgotten? I've been waiting for our dear friend, our brave, brave defender!"

"But your husband," Denham faltered, "he would not——"

"My husband died nearly four years ago," the woman replied; "there will be no one there but Bessie and me. Come, be of good heart; the cruel, black days are over. I have found work for you."

With a stifled cry Denham clutched at the hand that still grasped his arm.

"Work for me?" he gasped; "honest work?"

"Yes, for you," she answered, in ringing tones. "At the office where I am employed my master thinks of you as I do. And why not? God knows you are a good, brave man!"

Clasping his hands together and wringing them hard, Denham looked up into the blue dome of heaven.

"Thank God," he murmured, solemnly, "for this fresh chance!"

And then, turning to his companion, he took her outstretched hand in his.

"I will come with you," he said, simply; "oh, my friend, I will be true to your belief in me. You have saved my soul by your faith and charity."

"I am only trying to pay my debt," she answered, with a sob. "Now come."

And as they walked away together, the sun shone upon the path before them.

The Road to Liberty

By
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

ILLUSTRATED BY
E S·ANNISON

THE house was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills, fashioned of mouldering white stone painted pink, struggling against its inborn ugliness and succeeding only because of the beauty of its setting—the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry-blossom, in the background, the brown earth with its neatly-trained vines. Félice's window faced east, and as usual, when the sun came from behind the hill and lay across the faded carpet of her room, she rose with a yawn, sat up in bed for a moment or two, slipped softly out, and stood before the window.

It was always the same, what followed. She stood and looked for a while at that towering wall of stony, pine-hung mountain, at the blue-smocked men and women crouching in the vineyard, at the white church upon the hill, the orchard touched with snow, and the corner of a field of violets, bending a little with the morning breeze. And then she sighed. It was always the same.

Félice bathed and dressed, daintily and carefully, herself like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals. She left her room—as bare almost it was as a nun's cell—spotlessly neat, with the breeze sweeping in through the wide-flung window, a breeze which brought a perfume of mimosa to mingle with the fainter odour of lavender which hung about the linen and the plain white muslin curtains of the little chamber.

She took her morning coffee, served by an apple-cheeked, sour-faced domestic, in a corner of the wooden balcony which had been built out from the one habitable living-room. The petals from a climbing rose-tree fell upon the coarse but spotless cloth, bees hummed around the drooping jasmine, the soft sunshine every moment grew warmer. Félice finished her breakfast, yawned, and dreamed for a time with her eyes lifted to the hills. Then she rose, shook out her neat white skirt, fetched a pink parasol, wandered for a little time in the garden and orchard, and then, turning her face southwards, went out to meet the adventure of her life.

She walked down the straight, cypress-bordered path—a mere cart-track across the brown-soiled vineyard—down a narrow lane until she reached the one spot which she never neared without some quickening of the blood. For Félice was nineteen years old, and beautiful, though no one but the glass had ever told her so. And this was the road to liberty, the main road to Toulon and Marseilles on one side, to Cannes and Monte Carlo on the other. She had told herself repeatedly that if ever freedom came to her it would come along this road. And because her worn-out invalid father had been a little more peevish and trying than ever on the night before, and because of other things, freedom seemed to her just now so specially desirable.

Her adventure came to her in a cloud of dust—a long, grey motor-car, with luggage strapped on behind, and two men. Unrecognizable though they were, she caught the flash of their curious eyes as they passed. Then she stepped back with a little gesture of dismay. A cloud of dust enveloped her. She bent her pink sunshade to protect herself; she was disposed to be a little irritable. Then her heart suddenly commenced to beat

fast. She had heard the grinding of brakes, quick footsteps were approaching along the road. Was this, perhaps, the adventure at last?

"Mademoiselle!"

She moved the parasol from before her face. She had self-control, and there was nothing in her gravely-inquiring eyes—beautiful, soft brown eyes they were—to indicate the turmoil within. Her first instinct was one of reassurance. It was a boy who addressed her, a boy of little more than her own age, bare-headed, not altogether at his ease. He spoke in halting French.

"Would mademoiselle be so good as to inform a traveller whether this is indeed the road to Cannes?"

Félice answered him with perfect gravity—in excellent English.

"There is but one road, monsieur, as you see, and it leads, without doubt, to Cannes," she told him.

"'THERE IS BUT ONE ROAD, MONSIEUR, AS YOU SEE, AND IT LEADS, WITHOUT DOUBT, TO CANNES,' SHE TOLD HIM."

The boy remained embarrassed, but he was very resolute.

"We thought it might be the right road," he admitted; "but, to tell you the truth, you looked so awfully jolly and all that sort of thing, you know, I couldn't help stopping. Don't be angry, please," he begged.

She lowered her parasol momentarily—

he stooped anxiously to see if indeed it were to hide a smile. She said nothing.

"You speak English awfully well," he continued, "but you are French, aren't you?"

"I am French," she assented. "I have just returned from what you call a boarding-school in Brussels. We always spoke English there."

"And now?"

She motioned with her parasol.

"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is—a little dull. That is why, I suppose, I permit myself to talk with you. My father is an invalid, who rises only for two hours a day, and there is no one else. But your automobile returns. You know the way to Cannes, and you must go."

The car had slipped slowly back in the reverse until it had stopped almost by their side. An older man was leaning back amongst the cushions, a man whose hair was turning grey at the temples and whose eyes were tired. He looked out upon the two with a faintly sardonic smile. The girl returned his gaze with frank curiosity, and his expression gradually changed. For all his cynicism, Maurice Londe had a soul for beauty. The girl, with her neatly-braided hair, her exquisitely undeveloped figure, her clear complexion, her large, soft eyes, her general air of sweet and spotless childhood, was immensely and irresistibly attractive.

"This is my friend—Londe," the boy said, with a wave of the hand. "My name's Arthur Maddison. I say, couldn't we persuade you to come just a little way with us? You don't seem to have much to do with yourself, and we'll bring you safely back."

Félice looked longingly along the road. She pointed to where it disappeared in the distance around a vineyard-covered hillside. To her that disappearance was allegorical.

"Farther than that," she sighed, "I have never been."

"Come with us to Cannes for lunch," the boy begged. "We'll bring you back. Do! It's only an hour's run."

She looked wistfully at the cushioned seats. The boy was already taking off his motor-coat.

"But—I have no hat," she protested.

"We'll buy you one," he laughed.

"I have no money!"

"It shall be our joint present," he persisted, holding out the coat. "Come. We'll take great care of you, and we'll have a splendid time. You shall hang the hat in your wardrobe to remind you of this little excursion."

She sat between them and the car started. To her it was like an enchanted journey. When they began to climb she held her breath with the wonder of it—the road winding its way to dizzy heights above; the vineyards like patchwork in the valley below; the mountains in the background, gigantic, snow-capped; Cannes, white and glistening with its mimosa-embosomed villas, in the far distance.

"Oh, but it is wonderful to travel like this!" she murmured. "What beautiful places you must see! . . . If you please!"

She withdrew her fingers quickly from beneath the rug. She seemed scarcely to notice the boy's clumsy attempts at flirtation. The light of worship was in her eyes as she looked towards the mountains. The boy felt the presence of something which he did not understand, and he began to sulk. Maurice Londe frowned slightly, and for the first time made some efforts at polite conversation. And so they reached Cannes.

They bought the hat, for which she let the boy pay, although the fact obviously discomposed her. She carefully chose the least expensive, although one of the prettiest in the shop. At the Casino the boy, whose further efforts at primitive flirtation had been gravely, almost wonderingly, repulsed, began to tire a little of his adventure. He spent much of his time paying visits to neighbouring tables, and made the acquaintance of a dazzling young person in yellow, from Paris, who kept him a good deal by her side. It was Maurice Londe, after all, who had to entertain their little guest.

Afterwards, when they had walked outside for some time upon the little quay and the boy failed to rejoin them, Londe made some sort of apologies for his companion, to which she listened with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"So long as it does not weary you, monsieur," she said, softly, "I am content. I think that Mr. Arthur Maddison is rather a spoilt boy, is it not so?"

"Perhaps," his older friend admitted.

"Tell me some more, please, about the countries you have visited," she begged. "But one moment. Let us watch the people land from this little steamer."

"Trippers," Londe murmured, with a glance towards them. "An excursion from somewhere, I should think."

She clutched at his arm. A short, fat man, with bristling black hair and moustache, descended suddenly upon them. He addressed Félice with an avalanche of questions. Londe fell a few paces behind. When she

"HE ADDRESSED FÉLICE WITH AN AVALANCHE OF QUESTIONS."

rejoined him she was very pale, and there was something in her frightened eyes which touched him strangely.

"It is Monsieur Arleman," she faltered. "He is a *rentier*—a friend of my father's. It is he whom my father wishes me to marry."

Londe, a tired man of the world, thirty-eight years old, was suddenly conscious of a feeling of unexpected anger.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, the little beast must be sixty at least."

She clung to his arm. He could feel the trembling of her fingers through his coat-sleeve.

"It is of him that I am afraid," she half whispered, half sobbed. "Oh, I am so afraid! Sometimes the thought—drives me mad. I cry to myself, I wring my hands. I felt like that this morning. That is what drove me down to the road. That is why I came when your friend asked me. That is why I would do anything in the world never to go back—never!"

Londe drew a little breath. Her words seemed to ring in the sunlit air.

"But the thing is preposterous!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"We are very, very poor," she continued, under her breath, "and Monsieur Arleman is rich. He has an hotel and much land. He has promised my father an annuity, and my father says that one must live."

Once more they drew close to the front of the Casino. In the distance they saw the boy with the young lady in yellow, on their way towards the shops. He was bending over her, and his air of devotion was unmistakable.

"He has forgotten all about me," Félice sighed. "I hope—there won't be any trouble, will there, about my getting back? Not that I mind much, after all."

She looked at Londe a little timidly. It seemed to him that he had grown younger, had passed somehow into a different world, with different standpoints, a different code. The things which had half automatically presented themselves to his brain were strangled before they were fully conceived.

"There shall be no trouble at all," he assured her. "I shall take you back myself now. Perhaps it is better."

They got into the waiting car and Londe gave the man his orders. Soon they were rushing back once more towards the hills, on the other side of which was her home.

"You are very silent," she murmured once.

He turned towards her.

"I was thinking about you," he replied; "you and your little pink and white house amongst the hills, and your father, and Monsieur Arleman. It is a queer little chapter of life, you know."

"To you," she sighed, "it must seem so very, very trivial. And yet, when I wake in the mornings and the thought comes to me of Monsieur Arleman, then life seems suddenly big and awful. I feel as though I must go all round, stretching out my hands, seeking some place in which to hide. I feel," she added, as her fingers sought his half fearfully and her voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that there isn't any way of escape in the whole world which I would not take."

Londe made no response. The appeal of her lowered voice, her wonderful eyes, seemed in vain. He was an adventurer, a hardened man of the world, whose life, when men spoke of it, they called evil; but his weak spot was discovered. He sat and thought steadily for the girl's sake, and at the end of it all he saw nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "this Monsieur Arleman is not so bad when one knows him. If one is kind and generous——"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Monsieur," she replied, "he is *bourgeois*, he drinks, he is old. His presence disgusts me."

Once more Londe was silent. The sheer futility of words oppressed him. They were climbing the hills now. The patchwork land was unwinding itself below. Only a few more turns, and they would be within sight of her home. Then, because he was a man who throughout his life had had his own way, and because there were limits to his endurance, he changed, for a moment, his tone.

"Little girl," he said, "if I were free I think that I should take you away, just as you are, in this car, on and on to some place at the end of the road. Would you rather have me for a husband than Monsieur Arleman?"

She said nothing, but she had begun to tremble. He felt the instinctive swaying of her body towards him. He laid his hand upon hers.

"It was wrong of me to ask you the question," he continued, "because, you see, I am not free. I have not seen my wife for years. I am not a reputable person. If you met with those who understood, they would pity that boy for his companion, and they would be right. They would tremble for you, and they would be right. So, Mlle. Félice, I cannot help you."

"You have helped me, and you will help me always," she whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "You will help me with what you have said—with the memory of to-day."

Then again there was silence. They were at the top of the hill now, and below them the sun-bathed landscape stretched like a carpet of many colours to the foot of those other hills. Her fingers tightened a little upon his.

"When you asked me that question—when you said that you would have married me yourself," she continued, hesitatingly, "does that mean that you could care just a little?"

Londe was only human. He leaned over, and she stole very quietly into his arms. She lay there for a moment quite passive. Then he kissed her lips once.

"I always prayed," she whispered, as he set her down at the corner of the lane, "that love might come like this."

Londe and his youthful companion went on to Monte Carlo, where for a week or so they had the usual reckless time. Then suddenly the former pulled up. He strode

into the boy's sitting-room one morning, to find him red-eyed and weary, looking distastefully at his breakfast.

"Look, young fellow," he said, "I have had enough. So have you. Do you understand? I am going to take you back to England."

The boy stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "What's the use of going back to England in March, just when we are getting into the swing of things here, too?"

"The good of it for you is that you'll get back to your work," Londe answered, curtly. "How do you suppose you're going to pass your exams. if you waste your time like this? What do you suppose you're going to do with your life if you commence at twenty years old to live the life of a profligate?"

Arthur Maddison set down the cup of coffee which he had been trying to drink and gazed at the speaker blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "What's come to you, Londe? Why, it was you who first of all suggested coming out here!"

"And I was a fool to do it," Londe retorted, coldly. "They were right, all of them, when they advised you not to come with me—right when they called me an adventurer. I don't get much out of it. I have lived free and done you for a few hundreds. I've had enough of it. It's a disgusting life, anyway. Back we go to England to-day."

"You're mad!" the boy declared. "I am not going. I've got a dinner-party to-night."

"We go to-day," Londe repeated, firmly, "and don't you forget it."

"Do you think you're going to bully me?" the boy began.

"I don't know what you call bullying," Londe replied, "but I shall wring your neck if you don't come. Your man has begun to pack already. I've got seats on the *Luxe* for three o'clock, and I've wired your mother."

The boy collapsed.

Londe left him at his mother's house in Grosvenor Square two days later, and drove the next day into the City. He called upon a firm of old-fashioned lawyers, and was at once received by the principal of the firm. The greeting, however, between the two men was mutually cold. The lawyer looked questioningly at his visitor's grey tweed suit and Homburg hat.

"We wrote you four days ago, Mr. Londe," he said, "to acquaint you with the news we had just received from America."

"My wife?"

"She has been dangerously ill," the lawyer replied. "The habits of her life, I regret to say, are unchanged. It is necessary that she remains under restraint."

"Is there any money left at all besides the four hundred pounds a year that goes to her?" Londe asked.

The lawyer sighed.

"It is always money," he said, grimly. "There is the Priory still."

"I won't sell it," Londe declared.

"Then there is nothing else worth mentioning."

"If you were to sell everything else that belongs to me," Londe inquired, "how should I stand?"

"You might have a thousand pounds."

"Then I'll take it," Londe declared. "I am going to emigrate."

For a moment the grim lines in the lawyer's face relaxed.

"As an old friend of your father, Mr. Londe," he said, "it would give me great pleasure if I thought you were tired of the life you are reputed to live."

"I am heartily sick of it," Londe assured him.

"Then I will do my best to straighten out your affairs," the lawyer promised. "It will take a month. Shall you remain in town?"

"I expect so," Londe answered. "You know my address. I will call here a month to-day."

Londe spent three restless weeks. The sight of the City was hateful to him. The clubs, where he was received coldly, the shadier resorts which he had been wont to patronize, were like nightmares to him. He turned his back suddenly upon them all, left London at two-twenty, and late in the afternoon of the following day arrived at Hyères. He took a room at the hotel and wandered restlessly into the Casino. There was a variety entertainment going on in the theatre, which he watched for half an hour with ever-increasing weariness. Then a juggler came on and began the tricks of his profession. Londe leaned forward. The girl who stood at the table, assisting him, had turned her face to the house. He watched her with a little start. Something in the shy grace of her movements, the queer, half-frightened smile, seemed to have let loose memories which were tugging at his heart-strings. He got up with a little exclamation and left the place. To divert himself he strolled down to the gambling saloon and threw his francs recklessly away at boule,

"SOMETHING IN THE SHY GRACE OF HER MOVEMENTS, THE QUEER, HALF-FRIGHTENED SMILE, SEEMED TO HAVE LET LOOSE MEMORIES WHICH WERE TUGGING AT HIS HEART-STRINGS."

Presently the audience streamed out for the interval. He made his way back again to the promenade and came to a sudden standstill. Before him on a chair the girl was seated, looking a little wistfully at the people who passed. There were traces of make-up still about her face; her clothes were very simple. Then she saw Londe and gave a low cry. He came to a standstill before her, dumbfounded.

"It is you!" she murmured.

A hot flush stole over her face. As though instinctively, she glanced down at her skirt.

"You saw me just now?" she murmured.

He took a seat by her side. He was a little dazed.

"My child," he exclaimed, "what does it mean? It wasn't really you?"

She nodded. She was over her first fit of shyness now.

"The night I got home," she explained, "Monsieur Arleman came to the house. He had had too much to drink. He tried to kiss

me. I—I think that I went mad. I ran out into the fields and I hid. That night I walked miles and miles and miles. I came to Hyères in the morning. There was an old servant here. I found her house. She was very poor, but she took me in. She lets lodgings to the people who come here to perform. This man was staying there, and the girl who travels with him was ill. On Monday I—I took her place. I earn a little. I have no money. I cannot be dependent upon Aline."

She looked at him with trembling lips. He patted her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "it—you did right, of course; but it is not a fit life for you."

She was suddenly graver and older.

"Will you tell me how in this world I am to live, then?" she asked.

He led her away to a table and ordered some coffee. The performance was over. She was sitting there only to listen to the music. He talked to her seriously for a time. There were no other relatives, not a friend in the world.

"Monsieur Arleman," she explained, "has been ill ever since that night, but he has sworn that he will find me. My father doesn't care. He has his coffee, his brandy, his *déjeuner*; he dines and reads—nothing else. He never cared. But, oh, I am terrified of Monsieur Arleman! Why do you look so gravely, Monsieur Londe?" she whispered, leaning across the table towards him. "Say that you are glad to see me, please!"

"I cannot quite tell you how glad," he said.

He was on the point of telling her that he had come back to Hyères only to catch a glimpse of her, but he held his peace.

"I only regret," he added, "that you should have had to take up work like this. There are other things."

"There is one thing only I can do," she cried. "Jean!"

She called to the violinist. He came across, bowing and smiling. She took the violin from his hand and commenced to play. Her eyes were half closed.

"They let me do this," she murmured. "Listen. I will play to you."

When she had finished many of the people had gathered around. Londe slipped a five-franc piece into the hand of the violinist.

"I see now, little girl," he said, "the way out. I am going back with you to your lodgings. I am going to talk to Aline. Afterwards we shall see."

She left him on the platform at the Gare du Nord three weeks later. She was placed with a highly respectable French family. She was a pupil at the Conservatoire, with her fees paid for two years and the remainder of Londe's thousand pounds in the bank. She took his hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"If only you had not to go!" she whispered, clinging to him. "You have been so good, so dear, and you won't even let me love you; you won't let me tell you that there isn't anything else in the world like even my thoughts of you."

He kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Little girl," he said, "it is well that you should love your guardian. Remember that I am old, and married, and a very impossible person. The little I have done for you is absolutely nothing compared with the many things I have done wrong or have left undone. Mind, I shall return some day soon to hear you play."

The train bore him back to London. He sat in his rooms that night and reviewed his position. His little income, such as it was, was gone now for good. He had twenty-four pounds left in the world. He went to see his lawyer the next morning.

"And when," the old gentleman asked, kindly, "do you start for Australia?"

Londe, when he had signed all the papers which were laid before him, held out his hand to the lawyer.

"Mr. Ronald," he said, "shake hands with me for the last time. When you have heard my news I am afraid you will have finished with me. I am not going to emigrate at all."

The lawyer's face fell.

"The fact is," Londe continued, "I have spent that thousand pounds you sent me to Paris."

"Spent it?" the lawyer gasped.

"I have either gambled with it or invested it," Londe sighed. "I can't tell which. That is on the knees of the gods. I have twenty pounds left, and I am off to the States—steerage—on Saturday. I am going to see my wife and find work out there, if I can."

"Gambled with it or invested it?" the lawyer repeated, puzzled.

Londe nodded. "Very likely," he said, "I shall never know which myself."

When, two years later, Londe found himself once more in Paris, a strange servant opened the door of the little French pension in the Rue de Castelmaine. She shook her head at Londe's inquiry. Mlle. Félice was certainly not amongst the inmates of the pension.

Londe, bronzed with travel and hard though he was, felt a sudden pain at his heart. He pushed through into the little hall to meet Mme. Regnier, the proprietress. She held out her hands.

"But it is Monsieur Londe at last, then!" she cried. "Welcome back once more to Paris."

"Mlle. Félice?" he asked, eagerly.

Mme. Regnier became suddenly grave.

"Ah, that poor child!" she exclaimed. "She has gone. It is eleven months ago since she came into my little sitting-room one morning. 'Madame,' she said, 'I have finished with music. I have finished with Paris. It is of no use. Never will they make a musician of me. Herr Sveingeld has told me so himself. There are other things.' She left the next day."

"But do you know where she went?" Londe demanded.

Madame shook her head.

"She left no word."

"But why on earth was that?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Mlle. Félice," she said, "was discreet always, and careful, if one can judge by appearances; but she was far, far too beautiful for Paris and to be alone. The men I have thrown almost from the doorsteps, monsieur, the men who would wait till she came out! For a week there was a motor-car always at the corner!"

Londe set his teeth firmly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mlle. Félice has found a lover, then?"

Mme. Regnier once more shrugged her shoulders.

"All I can say is," she pronounced, "that whilst she was here mademoiselle was, of all the young ladies I have ever known, the most discreet. Whether she has stolen away to escape, or the other thing, who can tell?"

Londe went to Herr Sveingeld. The old musician did not recognize him at first. Then he gripped him by the hand.

"I remember you perfectly, monsieur," he declared. "The little lady—she gave it up. She was clever enough, talented in a way, perhaps, but without genius. She worked hard, but there was little to be made of her. Unless they are of the best, there is no call for girls who play the violin, especially with her appearance. A public *début* would only have been a nuisance to her."

"Do you know where she has gone?" Londe demanded.

"I have no idea," Herr Sveingeld replied.

Londe braced himself for the question he hated.

"Do you know anything of any admirers she may have had?"

Herr Sveingeld shook his head.

"Why should I?" he asked. "It is not my business. I think only of music. As for my pupils, they are free to come and go. They can do what they like. I am not the keeper of their morals. I am here to teach them music."

So Londe wandered back to his hotel. He spent three days in aimless inquiries leading nowhere. Then he took the train to the South. He stayed at an hotel in Hyères, and the next morning he hired a motor-car and drove over the mountains and along the straight, white road which led once more to the hills. He leaned over and touched the chauffeur's shoulder as they came nearer to the place where he had first caught a glimpse of the little pink sunshade. The car slackened speed. He looked around him. It was all very much the same. Then the car came almost to a standstill at a corner. They met a market-cart filled with huge baskets of violets, and on a seat by the side of the driver—Félice!

Londe left the car whilst it was still crawling along. He stood out in the road, and Félice looked down at him and gave a little cry. She set her feet upon the shafts and sprang lightly into the road. The only word that passed between them was a monosyllable, and yet a hope that was almost dead sprang up again in the man's heart. Félice was very plainly dressed in trim, white clothes, a large straw hat, and over her dress she wore a blue smock such as the peasants wore in the field. In her eyes was still the light of heaven.

"But tell me," he begged, "what does it mean? I went to Paris. No one could tell me what had become of you."

She laughed, the laughter of sheer happiness.

"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me. I can play the violin like others—no better, no worse. And—don't laugh—but Paris was a terrible place for me. There were so many foolish people. They gave me so little peace, and it would always have been like that. And then one day I read an article in one of our reviews, and I had a sudden idea. There was three hundred pounds of your money left. I came back. My father had died. The little house and an acre or so of vineyard belonged to me. Well, I hired more. I am a market gardener. Behold!"

She pointed to the fields. Londe followed the sweep of her fingers. Everywhere was an

"LONDE LEFT THE CAR WHILST IT WAS STILL CRAWLING ALONG."

r of cultivation. The vineyards were closely
uned. A wonderful field of violets stretched
most to the village. In the distance was the
itter of grass, rows of artichokes and peas,
orchard of peach trees in blossom.

" It is our business," she laughed; "yours
d mine. See, I have no head for figures,
t since I returned I have added four
nes to our capital. We keep books. I
ve a manager, very clever. I was going to
ok at a little piece of land which is for sale
d leave these violets at the station. It is
thing. Walk with me here up home, and
ile they get *déjeuner* ready I will show you.
me this way. You must see the almond
ees."

They passed across the field, where twenty
thirty blue-smocked peasants were at
rk. Félice stopped once or twice to speak
them. Finally they entered another gate
d passed through an orchard, pink and white
th blossom. The air seemed faint and sweet
th a perfume almost exotic. The sunshine
y all around them. When they came out,
e turned a little to her right and pointed to
e road, straight and dazzlingly white—
inted to where it disappeared over the hills.

"After all," she said, "it meant something to me—the road to liberty."

They were at the edge of the orchard. He took her hands firmly in his.

"Félice," he murmured, "it may mean so much to you, if you will, for I have come back—I am free—I am no longer a wanderer. I, too, have worked, and I have been fortunate. And the day when I commenced my new life—and the whole reason of it—was the day we travelled over that road together."

She came closer and closer to him, and her eyes were softer, and she seemed to him like the fairest thing on earth.

"I have prayed," she whispered, "oh, I have prayed all my days that you might return and bring back love with you—like this!"

Some New Anecdotes of Mark Twain.

By MARION SCHUYLER ALLEN.

These interesting reminiscences of Mark Twain are written by the lady in whose house, in Bermuda, he stayed during the last months of his life, and are illustrated with some most characteristic photographs here published for the first time.

THE PIRATES, WHOSE RAID ON H.M.S. "EURYALUS" SO MUCH AMUSED MARK TWAIN.
From a Photograph.

MARK TWAIN, although the creator of the most lovable boy in literature, "Tom Sawyer," was really more interested in little girls, and it was through his interest and affection for my little daughter Helen that we came to know him so well and to share the last months of his life. He used to pretend that only girls were interesting, that boys ought not to exist until they were men. The fact was, he really was interested in any young creature. In one of the books he gave Helen he wrote, "It is better to be a young June-beetle than an old bird of Paradise."

During his first visit to our home in Bermuda, a touch of the picturesque signalized a step in our acquaintance, just such a scene as might have come out of one of his own books. The flagship *Euryalus* was entertaining, and we had received word that something unusual and mysterious was to take place during the afternoon. So we persuaded Mark Twain to go with us, on a particular boat which we had been warned not to miss. As the steady old steamer with its burden of light-hearted humanity calmly steamed through the Narrows, we were startled by the appearance of a ship's long-boat, boasting a formidable gun and full of fierce-looking pirates! They were armed to the teeth and wildly gesticulating. Our ship was hailed, but on receiving no reply three shots were fired across our bow, which quickly brought us to anchor. They boarded us so eagerly that they failed to secure their own craft firmly, and she was caught in the tide, swirled upon a rock, and sank in the channel. They swarmed over our ship in their blood-thirsty array, capturing the officers, two of whom were made to walk the plank in full

regalia. They hauled down the British flag and flew the skull and crossbones in its place. And when the crew and passengers were thoroughly intimidated, they ordered the ship to proceed to the Pirates' Lair, officially known as the *Euryalus*, that awaited her guests, drawn up to the jetty, at the dock-

"INNOCENCE AT HOME."
From a Photograph.

yard. The joke was wonderfully well done, the costumes most realistic, and the acting so good that one felt transposed into the far-away days of Bermuda's early history, when tradition says that to be captured by pirates was nothing unusual and almost to be expected in these waters. The refreshing piquancy of it all appealed to Mark Twain, and this delightful adventure charmed him exceedingly.

A few days after this, when he came to Bay House to bathe in the sea with Helen, he told us of an experience of his the night before at a little speech he gave at the hospital. He said he had been told that he was to be introduced by the Chief Justice, but he had not met him. Arriving in good season, he was shown to the platform, and there greeted by several old friends, besides some that he did not know. Presently the house filled, "Royalty" arrived and was seated, but there was no sign of the Chief Justice. He grew uneasy, feeling it discourteous to keep the audience waiting, and was just about to say to the young man seated beside him—in fact, his mouth was forming the words, "If that infernal Chief Justice would only come, we might begin," when the "young man" arose and proceeded to introduce him!

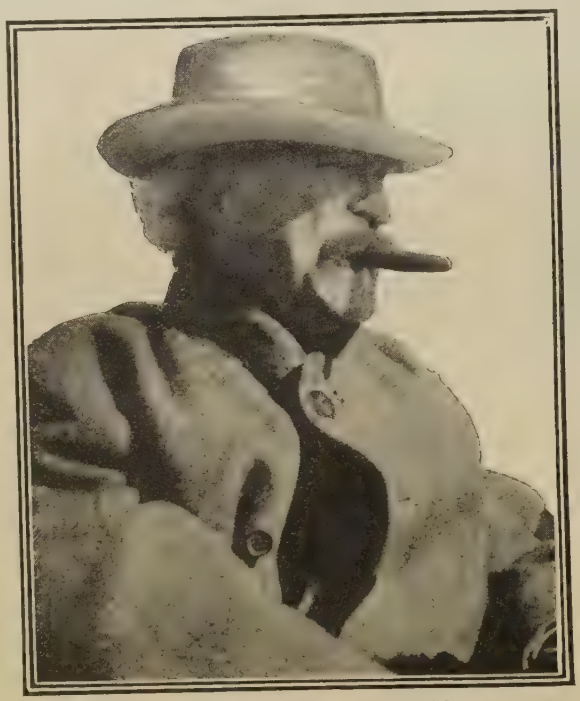
It was during this stay in Bermuda that Mark Twain decided to have an aquarium of his own, "with little girls instead of fishes and himself as the only shad in the pond." And Helen was one of the first to be decorated with the badge of the order, which was a little angel-fish brooch, enamelled in the natural colours. He told me that sometimes, when he felt *very* humble, he would be a minnow, but he was afraid he would be the shad most of the time!

From a] "THE SHAD AND THE ANGEL-FISH." *[Photograph.*

He had the lifelong habit of underscoring anything he thought true or beautiful in the book or magazine he was reading. I found this quotation much underscored in a magazine he read while he was with us: "It has been said that a man's last will and testament best expresses his character. Does it? Do we not rather know a man best from the simple act, look, or speech of daily life, when the consciousness is unaware?" Perhaps this record of his last months may give

some knowledge of the man Mark Twain was to his friends. He usually spent his mornings with his books; his books and cigars were always with him. His bed was covered with books, manuscripts, and writing materials, while at the head of his bed was a table with all kinds of smoking paraphernalia, except cigarettes. Any spare moments were spent in reading, night or day, and he frequently carried a book with him on the chance of an unoccupied moment. Carlyle's "French Revolution," Pepys's Diary, Kipling's works, reference books of science were always at hand, besides recent books of note which were sent him by every mail.

He seldom dressed before luncheon, but was in and out of his room in his gay kimono and slippers as the fancy took him. His room was on the ground floor, with a door opening on to the veranda which surrounds the house. The lawn is but a step down from the veranda, almost on the level, in fact, as is often the way in these old Bermuda bungalows. This one is over two hundred years old, and has many of the old-time characteristics left. In this out-of-the-way, secluded spot one does not realize the nearness of other homes. Sometimes he would wander out on the lawn enjoying his pipe, and if it happened to be near noon and by chance Helen had returned from school and we had met in the garden, down he would come to join us for a chat, near the quaint old ship's figure-head, here at last peacefully at anchor. Many times we warned him we would take his picture, and did so one day, much to his amusement.



ENJOYING A MOTOR-BOAT SPIN.
From a Photograph.

It was a quiet time, for he had come for a rest. We had little going on—now and then some friends to dine or for afternoon tea, people who interested or amused him, the band concerts which he so greatly enjoyed, and a few such breaks in our quiet routine. After one of these concerts, when he had been caught and had to speak to twenty-five members of a women's club, he wrote during the night, "Rules of Etiquette on Reaching Heaven." They were to be for the benefit of his secretary, Mr. Paine, if he should reach heaven without a guide, and each point in the evening's lionizing was strikingly brought out.

To have our tea at one of the beaches was a favourite afternoon's amusement. He would tell us stories by the hour, or join the children's games with equal pleasure. I remember a story he told us one afternoon. It belonged to the time when he was a reporter in San Francisco. He had gone a long distance to tell the story of a boat-race. He had reached the town the night before, tired out. On the morning of the race he heard it raining steadily. He turned over and went to sleep again, secure in the fact that there would be no race that day. When he did turn out late in the afternoon, what was his surprise to find that it had been a beautiful bright day, and the race brought to a successful finish! The rain he had heard was the pattering of a fountain just outside his window!

I can see now the listeners' keen enjoyment of this story. They may have heard it before, but any story was always new when Mark Twain told it. He recreated it in some fascinating new way each time he told it. This, he said, was the highest "art" in story-telling.

Mr. Allen found that there was a film of "The Prince and the Pauper" in the local picture show, and that there was a picture of Mark Twain himself in it. Mark Twain was keen to see it, for he said he had always wanted to see what a personation of himself would be like. When he did see it, it was

positively uncanny to see him there in the frame, puffing his cigar and looking about in exactly the same way that he was doing at our side. He said it was like looking in a mirror, but it was so lifelike it gave him a creepy feeling. We wanted to hear the records made of his voice. What a pleasure it would be to hear them now, but we have heard they were accidentally destroyed.

He helped Helen with her lessons, and they had the happiest time over them. One of his ways of teaching was for her to see if he knew them, and for every mistake there was a severe penalty, such as writing out the mistake fifty times, which he faithfully fulfilled. We have several pages of his pad filled with words written as penalties, and dozens filled with French translations.

When he came to us he had just published "A Fable" (in *Harper's Magazine*), and it was a rare treat to hear him read it in his dramatic way. I remember our keen appreciation of it, particularly that handsome word "sesquipedalian," used so casually. He said he was always fond of fine-sounding words, and sometimes saved one for a long time before he found just the place to use it. Kipling's coinage of words was a delight to him. It is marvellous to us that he should ever be thought of merely as a humorist. His humour he could not help; it was spontaneous, and served but as a vehicle to attract the casual mind to his beautiful ideas and thoughts.

In the evenings he would play his favourite card game, hearts. Night after night he would play and never seem to tire. He knew the game thoroughly, and at first won continually, but even when the family grew proficient, and at last became formidable opponents, his zeal was unabated. He would make the most of impossible hands, although disgusted with bad luck, for he hated to lose. He started to learn bridge, but gave it up, saying he had not the patience to learn so many fussy rules.

Meantime, the heart attacks from which he was suffering had grown more frequent, though not more distressing nor of longer duration. A cup of almost boiling water usually succeeded in relieving them, and two or three cups were sure to succeed.

One morning he had a very serious bleeding of the nose in the garden, and the entire family were busy, maids, valet, and all bringing wet cloths for his relief. Amused at such a fuss being made over him, he said, with a quiet chuckle, "Helen, run quickly and get a pencil and paper, so that you can take down my last words. It is the only thing that has been forgotten." And then followed a discussion as to just what was proper in the way of last words. He contended that they were usually "faked," for he thought it impossible that at the moment of death last words could be thought of.

He was happiest when it rained, as it did at one time for nearly three days, so that the whole family were storm-bound. We were in his room all day long, talking, or he would read to us. We discussed everything, including equal suffrage, in which he was a firm believer, and said that women were excusable for any lengths they went in gaining their point, yet it would only be a short time before it would be an accepted fact everywhere.

Theology was a frequent subject of discussion, so we can safely refute the many mistakes made as to his beliefs. His ideas on religion were different from any conventional ones, but he could not truly be called an agnostic, for he firmly believed, and as a result of the deepest thought, in a Supreme Being. The following passage, marked by him in a book read during the winter, gives an insight into his thoughts on heaven and a hereafter: "I do not think of heaven as a glittering place with streets of gold and walls of pearl, but more like the quiet woods, where the grass is green and the little brook sings all day. I have thought of heaven as a place where those who love shall be together, free from all thought of parting."

One afternoon, when we were sitting around the fire, he read us extracts from "Tom Sawyer," and told us that many of the incidents in it were taken from his own life—notably the whitewash scene, and the cat and the pain-killer.

One evening we had two young boys to dine that he admired, but who were a little in awe of him. He soon put them at their ease, and they were happily exchanging stories in a short time. He told his in his best style, and it inspired one of the boys to tell an unusually good story he had heard.

When he was fairly launched he noticed a twinkle in Mark Twain's eye which made him stop and ask if he had ever heard it before. Mark Twain said "No," so S—— proceeded with the story, but again noticing that knowing expression, he asked a second time if Mark Twain was sure he had not heard it. "No," said he again. But when the story was finished there was that particularly pleased expression, like the cat that ate the canary. So he asked once more if Mark Twain had really never heard it. At this

MARK TWAIN AND MR. (NOW PRESIDENT) WOODROW WILSON ENJOYING SOME PUTTING PRACTICE.
From a Photograph.

Mark laughed heartily, and confessed he wrote it himself. "But," said the youth, "why did you say twice before you had not heard it?" "Well, you only asked me twice, and I could easily tell two fibs for politeness; but when you asked me the third time, I had to tell the truth." So after that, if we suspected him of "fooling," we always asked him three times, till he had to tell the truth.

On Valentine's Day he wrote Helen an original valentine:—

FEBRUARY 14TH, 1910.

I know a precious little witch,
And Helen is her name,
With eyes so blue, the asters say,
"They bring our blue to shame";
And cheeks so pink the eglantines,
That by the roadway blow,
Shed all their leaves when so they fail
To match the dainty glow
That steals across from ear to ear,
And down from eyes to chin,
When that sweet face betrays the thoughts
That hidden lie within.

I am hers, though she's not mine;
I'm but her loyal
Valentine.

Soon after this he read us the manuscript of a story that was about half finished—a marvellous story of intense interest, b which he intended to show the insignificanc of the human race. He would read a littl and then we would talk it over, for in thi way he hoped to encourage the mood t finish it. In fact, he almost succeeded i doing so, when he took a severe cold, whic rapidly developed into bronchitis, and th cough so racked him that it occupied hi entire attention.

He would sit out in the garden well wrappe up in a sunny spot, come home early fro his afternoon drive, and nightly used vaporizer, which his friend Mr. Woodro Wilson recommended to him. But we foun it very difficult to make him take care o himself, for he was impatient of any restrain Mr. Wilson was then President of Princeto University. Mark Twain had always admire him sincerely, and said that he had a grea future before him.

On Sunday (April 3rd it was) he receive this cable:—

"To Mark Twain, Hamilton, Bermuda.

"The clowns of Barnum and Bailey Circus, recognizing you as the world's greate laughmaker, will consider it an honour you will be their guest at Madison Squa Garden, Sunday afternoon, April 3rd, two. Will you please answer collect.—BARNUM AND BAILEY.

("A reply of fifty words has been prepa on this message.")

He chuckled when he read it, and the gave it to us to read, saying, "I will answ at once, so as not to keep them waiting And without hesitation he wrote this reply:—

"I am very, very sorry, but all last week dates are full. I will come week before las if that will answer.—MARK TWAIN.

"Twenty-five Collect."

As he was recovering from the bronchitis and feeling much relieved at his escape, came the famous cricket week, when everyone in the island thought of nothing but cricket, and spent most of their time watching the game enthusiastically. He had never understood it thoroughly before, but he said he felt sure it must be a good game if an entire nation thought it so. And he was soon as keen as anyone, and attending daily.

THIS PORTRAIT OF MARK TWAIN WAS TAKEN AT THE BAY HOUSE, BERMUDA, THE LAST TIME HE WAS ABLE TO DRESS.
From a] [*Photograph.*

Here is a list of

"ETIQUETTICAL REQUIREMENTS AT A CRICKET MATCH."

It is not good form for the ignorant spectator to be constantly questioning his intelligent neighbour about the game.

There should be intervals of from one to two minutes between the questions, otherwise the intelligent neighbour will eventually get tired.

The questions usually asked—and the answers usually furnished—are as follows. Study them carefully, and keep still:—

Ignorant Spectator: "What are those things there?"

Intelligent Neighbour: "Wickets."

I. S.: "What are they for?"

I. N.: "For the umpire to sit down on when he is tired."

(Written after first day's attendance of cricket.)

The first dangerous attack came on March 22nd, when out visiting. He was so ill that we feared we might not get him home, but when it passed off he would not let us make any change in our plans. But from this time on he slept little, and the shortness of breath began, when it really seemed an established thing that he could not lie down without its return. One night when he was very tired, but could not sleep, he said, "Now I know what poor 'Livy' suffered." He was thinking of his wife, who had this same difficulty. He was always thinking of her, and towards the last spoke of her constantly. A few days before he left he wrote in "Eve's Diary," which he gave to the doctor, "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden." There never was a more devoted husband, and in these last days his thoughts were with her always. It was almost as if he were reaching out to her, feeling her near.

One evening he fell into a discussion of style in writing. He had just read a book which made him indignant with the author because of his redundant use of the word "that." This fault annoyed him excessively, and he called our attention to its frequency. This evening we had with

us a young couple of whom he was very fond, and Mrs. H—— insisted that she had been told by an authority that a correct sentence could be made in which "that" was used four times consecutively. He thought a moment, and then wrote this sentence:—

"It is not *that* that that that refers to, but——"

Another night, when these same young people had come to play hearts with us, he felt too tired to play, having had no sleep for twenty-four hours. So he asked us to bring the card-table into his room and play near his bed, where he could watch the game. He said he thought he might fall asleep in this way, and he made us promise not to leave until he was sound asleep, if he did. So we played there quietly, and presently he fell asleep sitting there propped up in bed, with a cigar in his mouth.

During the first week of April I took some pictures of him, and this was the last time he was ever able to dress, for he soon grew so weak that he was practically kept alive by the doctor's constant care.

And so ended his last visit, which will be a precious memory to us all, these last months of his life, spent in our home.

MARK TWAIN'S LAST VOYAGE—A SNAPSHOT TAKEN ON HIS JOURNEY HOME FROM BERMUDA. "HE WAS SO WEAK HE COULD NOT BE DRESSED, AND, WEARING ONLY HIS COAT AND WRAPPED IN RUGS, HE HAD TO BE CARRIED IN A CHAIR TO THE PRIVATE TENDER."

From a Photograph.

The return journey was terrible for him; he was so weak he could not be dressed, and, wearing only his coat and wrapped in rugs, he had to be carried in a chair to the private tender, in which we took him to the *Oceana*. But he seemed to enjoy the sail up, and joked with Helen as usual, keeping her laughing most of the time. We had encouraging reports of him at first, and it was a great comfort to know his daughter was with him. We did not realize that he was peacefully slipping away, just as he would have planned to die. So the cable announcing his death came as a sudden blow.

And while he lay there drifting he could think, among all his other cares, to ask that some books he wanted me to have should not fail to be sent. It was almost his last request. And so did this most characteristic point in his nature hold true to the last—his unfailing thought for others

Queen Cophetua and the Beggar-Man

BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY Dewar Mills

I.

IT was long past midnight when a wretchedly-dressed woman slouched from one of the turnings that lead down from the Strand to the Embankment, with her head bent to the rain that was blown like a thin mist on the wind.

The broad stretch of road was bare, except for an occasional taxi-cab speeding homewards empty to its garage. A hooded van, laden with goods for some early morning delivery in a distant suburb, rattled towards Westminster, and a great double-deck tram, blazing and warm with light in that cold rain, slid along wet rails with the last night-workers for its passengers.

The rain made puddles and pools that stole the pallid glow of the electric light and turned it into twisted reflections, and the bridges loomed impalpably above the water, their light hung in the air like a chain of stars, between the impenetrable sky and the black murk of the river.

The woman picked her way across the street, clutching a ragged shawl closer to her thin frame. She walked with the hesitating steps of one who was unfamiliar with the path, looking to left and right with quick, nervous turns of her head, as though she feared observation. There was mud on her shabby skirt, not the fresh mud of a night, but the accumulated, caked mud of many days, and her boots sagged with the wet. As she came to the parapet, and stood for a moment looking at the long, empty road that stretched to Hungerford Bridge, her face shone clearly in the lamplight. It was a face thin and pallid, marked with dark shadows under the eyes that burned then with a suggestion of excitement. Unquestionably it was a face that held beauty behind all its haggardness. It might even be made beautiful now, if those hard lines about the cheeks could be taken away and the deep shadows around the eyes painted out. As much of her hair that showed under the tattered shawl was of a pale, uncertain colour, yet its texture was fine and silky; brought over the forehead, instead of brushed back, it might have changed the appearance of her face. There seemed, even to the most casual observer, some refinement about this woman. She was, you would have said, one who had come down in the world.

And now, having peered for a time at the dark tide that hurried dimly and mysteriously below the parapet, she turned with a sigh, and with the same timidity of step that marked all her movements she went towards a seat and sought a place.

Three men were sitting there—three men who were wrecks of humanity. One of them was asleep, a huddled, inert lump, with his head on one side and his mouth gaping in slumber. His face was the index to a tragic life—unshaven, bloated, and weak even in sleep. He seemed a thing without spirit—a mere husk of a man.

The woman did not sit by him.

The next man leaned against the curved back of the seat, jabbering in incoherent jocularity to himself and the night. He was bearded and blear-eyed and ragged, and it was clear that he had begged sufficiently to get himself drunk. The woman contemplated him for a moment, and the man waved his hand at her feebly and murmured unintelligible things. He was more revolting than pitiful.

She did not sit by him.

The third man sat at the far end of the seat. He was young and good-looking, and his face was clean-shaven. His clothes were not the rags of despair, but rather the shabbiness of acute desolation. The coat was buttoned right up to the collarless neck, and

his hands were thrust deep into the pockets. In the light of the lamp the woman noted the trousers torn at the edges and the boots that lacked laces. He wore a bowler hat crushed ludicrously on the back of his head, and there was about him an air of utter dejection that touched the heart of the woman. He was so young.

She sat down by him.

As she sat down the young man, who had been staring before him immovably, turned his head slowly towards her, and she was conscious that he was looking at her. She closed her eyes to make as if she would sleep, and when she opened them again she stole a furtive glance, and saw that he had altered the position of his head so that he could regard her without turning to look at her. She saw that his eyes were brown and bright and intelligent. They had not the hang-dog, beaten look in them that one would have expected from his clothes.

For a moment their eyes met, and there was something in his, some indefinable challenge, half assertion, half query, that made her look away again.

The next moment he spoke.

"It's a rotten night!" he said.

His voice was not unpleasant, a natural, rather cultivated voice, with a hint of the Irish brogue in it. Evidently he had come down quite a lot in the world.

"Yes," said the woman.

The man smiled. Again his eyes held that curious look in them. He gazed ahead of him at the whisky sign that lights up green and red in the night on the old shot-tower by Blackfriars.

"That's pretty, isn't it?" he said. "I can watch that for hours. You don't see the 'De' from here: you only see 'War'—'War' in red letters, blinking all night long over London."

"SHE SAT DOWN BY HIM."

She was surprised to hear him speak like that.

"You come here often?" she asked.

"Every night," he replied. "What is one to do when one has neither food nor money?"

And there was a pause.

"And you?" he asked.

She hesitated before giving an answer.

"I? Oh, I come now and then when times are bad. What's brought you to this?"

"Same old story," he laughed, shortly.

"Drink, I suppose?"

He watched her with an amused smile—there was something of a cynic in him—and saw a flicker of pity cross her face.

"Poor man!" she murmured, and then, suddenly changing her tone, she too laughed, a reckless, artificial laugh. "Well," she said, "I suppose we're all the same. Mine's drink, too."

"Good God!" said the man, swiftly. "You—surely not you?"

There was a note of horror in his voice.

The woman nodded. "Not now, perhaps, but years ago. It's a long story."

"Tell it to me," the man said, eagerly. "Tell me your story."

"I'd rather hear yours," she said. "When did you have any food last?"

"I got a crust this afternoon. That's all to-day. I got late for the soup tickets."

"Only a crust all day! That is dreadful. Aren't you hungry?"

"Not so very. It's quite easy to make one's stomach independent of the clock. Mealtimes never chime for me. Now, when did you have food last?"

He smiled at her quizzically.

"I had a meal about three hours ago. A kind lady gave me a shilling as the theatres were emptying, and I spent it."

"What! the whole shilling?" he cried. "A whole shilling on food?"

"Ye-e-es," she faltered. "Why not?"

"It's a lot to spend. What did you buy?"

She fumbled with her shawl.

"Oh, sausages and things," she said. "I forget, really—and—and, of course, I had some drink."

His lower lip jutted out cruelly, as though bitter thoughts were in his mind. She saw that he really was a good-looking young man, and he could only see the thin, haggard face, lined and worn, of a broken woman who was undoubtedly well bred.

"It's a cruel shame," he said. "I never thought I should meet anyone like you. What were you—a typewriter?"

"No," she said, "I was just nothing. But that doesn't matter."

She was touched by his manner and his hungry look. For a time there was silence, and then he shivered.

"Are you cold?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I never thought it was as bad as all this. It's all so cruel and unreasonable. 'War'—there it is again." He shook his fist at the emerald lights that headed the night. "War on human beings, that's what it is. Heavens! the cruelty of this London of ours! Look at them—no future—death in life."

His voice rose, and the man who was asleep woke up complainingly and threatened to bash the jaw of the drunken man who lolled at his side. There was a hint of foul language in the air, and the man, anxious to avoid a disturbance, said to the woman, "Come on, let's stroll down to another seat."

They walked along the Embankment, and a policeman passed them, eyeing them casually, as he padded towards Blackfriars in his noiseless rubber boots. They passed other seats where huddled groups sat and slept in the rain.

"Look at it all!" he cried. He pointed to the shadows of great hotels that stood vaguely against the skyline. "Look at those—every room holding someone snugly asleep! I'd like to drag them out of their soft white downy beds and show them our benches. Fat, wealthy people they are—and you"—his voice took on another tone—"you walking here alone and friendless." He put his hand under her shawl to touch her arm. There was friendliness and a sense of protection in his gesture, but she shrank back from him in dismay.

He noticed that.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," he said, shortly. "I'm a gentleman, you know."

"I can see that," she answered, softly.

"I'm not quite so bad as I seem, you know. I might be able to help you. Look here, do you want money? I haven't got much on me. I only came out with a shilling or so, but it's yours."

He held out two shillings to her. She was perplexed.

"But—but then, why didn't you buy yourself food?"

He frowned.

"What's that to do with you?" he asked. "I suppose I can do as I like? Take the money, and good-bye."

He thrust the two shillings into her hand, and started walking in the direction of Northumberland Avenue.

He had not gone far before he felt a timid touch on his shoulder. He turned and saw the woman again. Her face was strained with sorrow and pity.

"Look here," she said, changing her voice. "I'm sorry. When you gave me your money, you know, I didn't realize. I'm not what you

think I am. It's too difficult to tell you in the street."

A passing taxi crawled along. The driver, seeing two people talking, slowed up by them. They were in the shadows, and he could not see their rags.

"Taxi!" said the woman, suddenly.

The driver came to a dead stop.

"Please come with me," she said, "and I can explain. Besides, you are hungry and cold. I can give you food and warmth and money to set you on your feet again."

"My God!" he said. "Who are you?"

"Never mind now."

The taxi-driver opened the door for them, looking queerly at his two wretched fares until he heard the address.

"Tell him to drive to Nassau Court."

Nassau Court! It was a magic address—a great block of private flats attached to the most famous hotel in the Strand.

"One of these here fancy-dress balls, I s'pose," the taxi-driver murmured. "Arabian Nights' entertainments and such."

II.

THE man sat by her side, bewildered. In one moment he had been whisked from the wet and misery of the Embankment on the wings of adventure. As for the woman, her poverty and squalor seemed suddenly to fall from her, and by her bearing she showed that she was used to giving commands. He had noticed that in her manner when she called the taxi-driver, in the complete self-possession with which she entered the cab. It was no strange thing to her; she sat back against the leather of the seat with the air of one used to luxury and wealth.

Who was she? He wanted to ask her again, but in his bewilderment he seemed unable to put a sentence together, and by the time he had recovered, and was on the point of asking her, the cab had passed the large hotels in Northumberland Avenue, slid round the shining emptiness of Trafalgar Square, down the Strand to the quiet courtyard of Nassau Court.

A night porter in splendid livery came out of the glass doors as the taxi drew up and opened the door for them. He did not seem at all dismayed when the ragged pair alighted. On the contrary, as if it were the most usual thing in the world for two tramps to drive up at two o'clock in the morning to the splendour of Nassau Court, he smiled at the woman and said, "Good evening, miss."

He said nothing to the man, only looking at him with the casual, expressionless glance of a well-trained servant.

"You might pay the taxi, Nichols," she said.

And the servant paid the fare and led the way inside. A bright fire burnt in the hall, and the electric light gave the place gaiety and brightness after the squalor of the Embankment. They passed into a lift, and glided noiselessly and swiftly to the second floor.

"Good night, miss," the servant said.

"Good night, Nichols," said the woman in rags, as he closed the lift door gently, and sank out of view with the subdued whooing of the lift.

She led the way to a room numbered 342—there are seven hundred suites in Nassau Court—and the door opened on a vision of comfort. The first impression the man received was one of pink luxury; that was the *leit motif* running through the harmony of colour in the room. The carpet that yielded to his footsteps—luckily they had dried their feet on the mat in the hall—was of a deeper note than the walls, which supplied a soft tone of salmon-pink that blended with the crushed strawberry of silken curtains and the dawn-pink of the lamp-shades. He perceived vaguely that there was daintiness in this room, daintiness in the little marble and terra-cotta statues of Venuses and Apollos, and in the lace fripperies that belonged to the table-centre or mingled with the silken curtains. The furniture was Empire, graceful and gilt and loudly pink, and a delicate ormolu clock, all cupids and nymphs, struck the hour with a clear and musical chime, like the drip of water in a grotto.

They looked utterly fantastic, these two people in rags and tatters, in this setting of luxurious comfort.

The ordered beauty of the room, the scent of a heavy bouquet of Malmaison roses in a Sèvres bowl on the rosewood piano, and the sight of the warm fire on the hearth, and, best of all, the glimpse of some food in a chafing-dish—all these charmed and gratified the senses.

He decided to look upon this as an adventurous dream.

She must have seen the amazement and incredulity in his face, for she laughed gaily and said, in a voice quite different from the voice she had used on the Embankment:—

"Oh, it's all real. You needn't be afraid. I'm a fairy queen—Queen Cophetua, if you like. Now, sit down there." She pointed

"THERE IN THE DOORWAY STOOD A WOMAN OF WONDERFUL BEAUTY—THE WOMAN OF THE EMBANKMENT."

to an arm chair by the fire. "And don't move at all till I come back."

She vanished into another room, humming gaily to herself.

While he was alone the man looked at himself in the glass and murmured to his reflection with a sardonic smile, "You're doing well, my son. This is a bit of luck."

Then he sat down by the fire once more and waited.

She was back again. The portière over the door was pushed aside, and he saw a picture that made him catch his breath in his throat with a queer quiver of joy. For there in the doorway stood a woman of wonderful beauty—the woman of the Embankment, as she might have been before she came to the rags and shabbiness of her downfall, the woman as she was to-day.

Her hair was glorious and rich, no longer brushed back from her forehead, but waved carelessly over its pale beauty, and some miracle had taken the lines and hollows from her face and the shadows away from her eyes. Her face was surprising in the beauty of its clear-cut oval and delicate features, but through it all the observer could trace the resemblance to the wretched woman who had sat on a bench beside him on the Embankment barely an hour before.

He looked at her, clad in a Chinese dressing-gown, all sprawling dragons and chrysanthemums, clasped round the waist with a scarlet girdle, the highest note in that melody of pink in her sitting-room.

And, as he looked at her, he in his shabby clothes and she in the splendid simplicity of her gown, an odd look came into his eyes, a look of profound humiliation, as though he were all too conscious of her beauty and her riches and his own poorness. He looked at her wistfully, she thought, searching her face, and then suddenly he cried out, "Why, I know who you are!"

She echoed his laughter.

"Not really!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, huskily. "I've seen your photographs everywhere, and I've seen you too. You're Ivy Marling. I've seen you in 'The Pensioner.'" He seemed to change his tone as though anxious to check his familiarity. "I paid a shilling a few weeks ago and went in the gallery."

"You spent a shilling—maybe your last shilling—to see me act?"

"Yes," he said. "It was worth it. You're splendid—I could never feel hungry listening to you."

She came farther into the room. The sadness of this man attracted her. There was something faithful and sincere in his eyes. He looked hungry and poor, and she wanted to help him.

"Well," she said, going over to the chafing-dish, "I suppose you're hungry. You see, I lied to you on the Embankment. Sit down."

He sat down near the table and she gave him a dainty plate of food—scrambled eggs, anchovies, and fish with a subtly-flavoured sauce. He ate it with a silver knife and fork. She observed that his table manners were good. Under the shabbiness the well-bred man was still there.

"Well," she said, with a smile on her pretty lips, "what do you think of me?"

"I don't know what to think except that it's all wonderful, and you're the most wonderful of it all."

"Not so bad. But aren't you wondering what's the matter with me to roam about the Embankment in rags?"

"A lark! I suppose," he said, gloomily. "Or a wager, perhaps."

"Wrong and wrong. I'll tell you really, if you would like to know. Do you know why you paid your last shilling to come and see me?"

"Because you're the most wonderful actress in the world."

"Have some more fish——"

"No! I don't want any more."

"Finish it all. It's because whenever I have a part to play, I study it and live it. Now, my next part happens to be—well, the part I was playing to-night, and one of the scenes is the Embankment. I wanted to go there myself—in character, and see what it was like."

He was intensely interested.

"I see. You *are* a good actress, you took me in completely. I'd no idea——" He laughed again, and to hide his confusion went on eating the fish.

"And oh!" she continued, "I was so sorry when I saw how real, how tragic it all was; those terrible creatures on the seats, the horror of the dismal poverty, the hopeless wretchedness of the night! And you—you looked so sad and forlorn, and yet you seemed to keep up such a brave heart."

"You are very kind. You need have no pity on me. I brought it all on myself." He smiled at her. "Do you know," he said, "I'm glad."

"Why?"

"I'm glad it wasn't drink. I thought it was terrible when you said that. You fooled me completely. You took my sympathy

for nothing, for I was sorry for you and you hadn't earned it."

"Well, I felt ashamed myself. That's why I thought—why I thought a little comfort and help and food might help you—I wish it weren't drink with you."

"It isn't—I lied, too. It was just luck with me."

"How?"

"Chance took me to the Embankment," he said, enigmatically.

"Ah, well! You lied, too—so we're quits, then."

"We can never be that—I owe you too much."

She fetched a dainty silver cigarette-box and took two cigarettes from it. He lit one and inhaled the smoke gratefully. She smoked also.

"It isn't too late?" she asked.

"Too late for what?"

"Too late to start again," she said, softly, watching the blue curls of the cigarette smoke.

"Oh," he said, uneasily, "I don't know. You make me feel ashamed of myself."

"I should like to help you. How can I?"

"You've done all you can. You *have* helped." There was something ironic in his voice. "I shall be able to show you to-morrow."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," she said.

"Like what?"

"There's a mocking note in your voice. I don't understand it. I wish I knew your history. I'm certain you're not used to this life."

"Now, that's really clever of you. But as for my own life, there's nothing to tell—it's a record of failure, and such records are best left untold."

The clock chimed. "I must be going," he said, rising, and buttoning up his thin coat.

"But where? Where can you go to?" she asked.

"Oh, anyone can see you do not belong to the seamy side. Why, to a doss-house, of course."

She opened a little chain-purse woven in platinum and gold, and took out two sovereigns.

He drew himself up proudly for a moment.

"Madam!" he said, and then again that queer, ironic smile overcame him, and he almost cringed to her. "You are very kind." He took the hand that proffered him the money, and with a sudden impulse kissed it. She drew it away shamefacedly.

"You are very kind," he murmured, "to a poor devil of a tramp."

He fumbled at his hat and blundered towards the door.

III.

THE next day Miss Marling breakfasted in her pink room as usual at eleven o'clock, with the memory of her night's adventure fresh in her mind. She thought over some plan of assisting the unfortunate young man. She might see Graham, the manager of the theatre, and get him to give the man a job of some sort—door-keeper, or scene-shifter, perhaps.

Later she went down to the theatre for the rehearsal of the new play. On her way there her attention was caught by a pink poster of the *Afternoon*. It flamed before her with an odd significance:—

"FAMOUS
ACTRESS'S
MIDNIGHT
EMBANKMENT
ADVENTURE."

The thing struck her uncannily. She had as yet seen nobody to whom she could tell the story of the night before. It came as a shock to her. Well, well, these newspapers are very enterprising, but how on earth could the *Afternoon* have heard of the story? Surely Nichols, the porter, was not in league with the newspapers? She bought the paper, and there it was—a whole column of it. The headings told her the worst:—

"Actress and Tramp.
Miss Ivy Marling Plays the Good Fairy at Midnight.
Embankment Romance."

She did not know whether to be pleased or annoyed, until she read it, and then she found that the writer had woven a charming romance out of it. And the writer had said such sweet things about her, and had written it in such a way that much of the detail could only be understood by her and the tramp—the two persons who alone knew of it. It was written with such intimate knowledge that it puzzled her. It was a fairy story in real life. There were wonderful human touches here and there, and as she read the parts about herself her ears burnt and prickled.

And yet, in spite of all its pretty writing, an undercurrent of annoyance struggled beneath her feelings. Of course, she was an actress, with an actress's human love of publicity, but somehow or other this affair had been genuine. There really had been no

motive of self-advertisement in her charity. And then again that recurring question came into her mind, "Who was the unknown writer?" It was all told with such fidelity of detail that she saw at once that it could only have been related by the tramp himself. And she thought again of his sad, half-wistful eyes.

Well, it was very annoying. Of course, she would be chaffed about it by her friends, and those who were not her friends would say, "How clever of Ivy to get such a good notice for herself!" That was really the annoying part of it.

But when she read the article again she felt as if the writer were talking to her, as if he were saying all the things that he would be afraid to say in her presence. It was audacious, but as she read between the lines it seemed that the wretch was making love to her, with a twinkle in his eye.

In the evening, when she returned to tea in her flat, there was a ring at her bell, and the maid brought in a card. "Harberton Lee," she read, and then on the corner, "The *Wire*." Of course, she knew the name at once. Everybody read the *Wire*, and everybody knew "Harberton Lee," the principal descriptive writer, who travelled half over the world for his paper. It belonged to the same proprietor as the *Afternoon*. She would be able to insist on explanations.

"Good evening," she heard a man say, in a curious, half-mocking voice, and immediately she knew that the voice held familiar echoes for her, and she looked up at Harberton Lee.

She saw before her an immaculately-clothed man, tall and thin. She had confused impressions, but out of them she retained a striking memory of little details in his dress that seemed to obtrude themselves on her notice because of their very perfection—the little pearl in the black silk tie, the neat patent-leather boots, and the well-shaped hands gloved in grey, one of them holding a knobbed malacca cane. Then she looked at his face. His eyes were bright and brown and intelligent. His face was freshly shaven now. She felt a little quiver thrill all through her as she looked upon the tramp of the wet Embankment, no longer in rags, but dressed with all the polished splendour of prosperity.

"Good evening," he said, coming farther into the room.

He was a little uncertain of his ground. He smiled now, much in the way that a schoolboy might who has been caught playing some prank.

She was angry as the full truth dawned on her. She felt that she had been tricked and cheated. No words passed between them, but he saw the shadow of anger across her face.

"I say," he said, boyishly holding out his hand, "I'm sorry—I didn't think——"

"Don't talk nonsense," she said.

She turned her head away, and glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. He was very good-looking, and it was a pleasant relief to find that her tramp was only a fantasy after all.

"I had to do something to show my gratitude," he said. "I really felt what I wrote. Why should good deeds like yours of yesterday remain unknown? Why shouldn't I write of the beautiful, tender mercies of life? Ah, now," a coaxing note came into his voice, "don't be cross with me, Miss Marling. How was I to know you wouldn't like it?"

"But I *do* like it," she cried, with a little impatient gesture. "That's what annoys me so. I wonder that you have the impertinence to stand there smiling, when you know that I'm not really angry."

At that he sighed and sat down; took off his gloves and glanced wistfully at the tea-table.

"If you can tell me what you meant by it all, you shall have some tea. Why were you playing at being a beggar-man?"

"Why," he said, "for the same reason that you played a beggar-woman. Anything for copy, you know. I wanted to do some 'specials' on the Embankment——"

The maid put the finishing touches to the tea-table and disappeared.

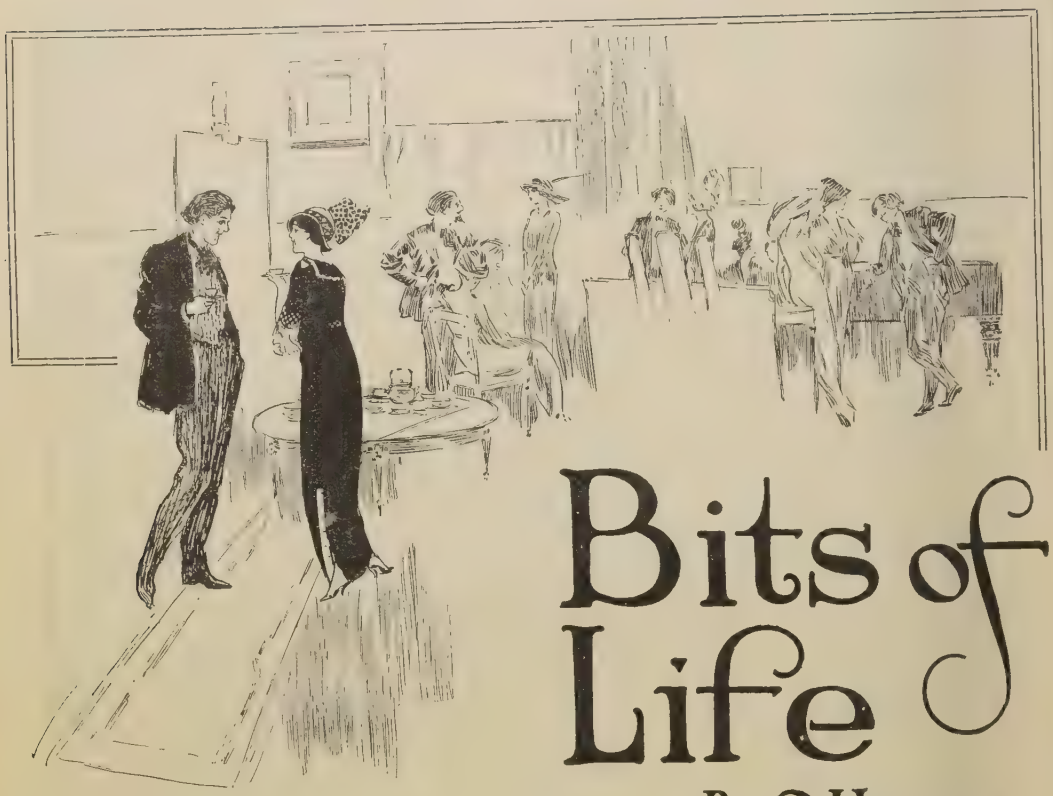
She frowned. "You've taken away all the good that I thought I had done to that poor man."

"Nothing of the kind. Your two sovereigns gladdened the life of a real tramp. I met one as I danced homewards and gave them to him. 'With Miss Marling's compliments,' I said. Poor man, he thought I was either a madman or a thief.

"Ma'am," he said (there was a hint of the Irish brogue in his voice), "you took me in so completely on the seat that I felt a little revengeful. Besides, think of me only as the poor devil of a tramp that I am, in spite of these fine feathers, and be as kind to me as you were to him."

"One lump or two?" she asked, poising the sugar-tongs above the sugar-bowl.

"SHE WAS ANGRY AS THE FULL TRUTH DAWNED ON HER. SHE FELT THAT SHE HAD BEEN TRICKED AND CHEATED."



Bits of Life

By O. Henry

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

V.

A Service of Love.

WHEN one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it, and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the great wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came from the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in a shop window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octa es so promisingly in a pine-tree village in the South that her relatives chipped in enough for her to go "North" and "finish." They could not see her——, but that is our story.

Joe and Delia met in an *atelier* where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works, pictures, Waldteufel, wall-paper, Chopin, and Oolong.

Joe and Delia became enamoured one of the other, or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married, for (see above) when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat, something like the A sharp down at the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy, for they had their Art, and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be, sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor—

janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall endorse my dictum that theirs is the only true happiness. If a home is happy, it cannot fit too close. Let the dresser collapse and become a billiard-table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long; enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn, and go out by the Labrador.

"JOE AND DELIA BECAME ENAMOURED ONE OF THE OTHER"

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister—you know his fame. His fees are high, his lessons are light—his high-lights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock—you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every — but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocket-books would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat—the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cosy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions—ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable—the mutual help and inspiration; and—overlook my artlessness—stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at eleven p.m.

But after a while Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So Delia

said she must give music-lessons to keep the chafing-dish bubbling.

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

"Joe, dear," she said, gleefully, "I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General—General A. B. Pinkney's daughter, in Seventy-first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe; you ought to see the front door! Byzantine, I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before.

"My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing—dresses always in white! And the sweetest, simplest manners. Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and just think, Joe, five dollars a lesson! I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper."

"That's all right for you, Dele," said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving-knife and a hatchet, "but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobble-stones, and bring in a dollar or two."

Delia came and hung about his neck.

"Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on fifteen dollars a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister."

"All right," said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable-dish. "But I hate you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it."

"When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard," said Delia.

"Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park," said Joe. "And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them."

"I'm sure you will," said Delia, sweetly. "And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and his roast veal."

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised, and kissed at seven o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was usually seven o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the eight-by-ten (inches) centre table of the eight-by-ten (feet) flat parlour.

"STUFFED OLIVES AND CHEESE SANDWICHES AT ELEVEN P.M."

"'THAT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, DELE,' SAID JOE, ATTACKING A CAN OF PEAS WITH A CARVING-KNIFE AND A HATCHET."

"Sometimes," she said, a little wearily, 'Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practise enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano—he is a widower, you know—and stands there pulling his white goatee. 'And how are the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers progressing?' he always asks.

"I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing-room, Joe! And those Astrakhan rug *portières*. And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her; she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinkney's brother was once Minister to Bolivia."

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two, and a one—all legal tender notes—and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

"Sold that water-colour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria," he announced, overwhelmingly.

"Don't joke with me," said Delia. "Not from Peoria!"

"All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill tooth-pick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window, and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it, anyhow. He ordered another—an oil sketch of the Lackawanna station—to take back with him. Music-lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it."

"I'm so glad you've kept on," said Delia, heartily. "You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters to-night."

"And filet mignon with champignons," said Joe. "Where is the olive fork?"

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his eighteen dollars on the parlour table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

"How is this?" asked Joe, after the usual greetings.

Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

"Clementina," she explained, "insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at five in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing-dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn't in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But General Pinkney!—Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody—they said the furnace man or somebody in the basement—out to a chemist for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now."

"What's this?" asked Joe, taking the

hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

"It's something soft," said Delia, "that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?"

She had seen the money on the table.

"Did I?" said Joe. "Just ask the man from Peoria. He got his station to-day, and he isn't sure, but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?"

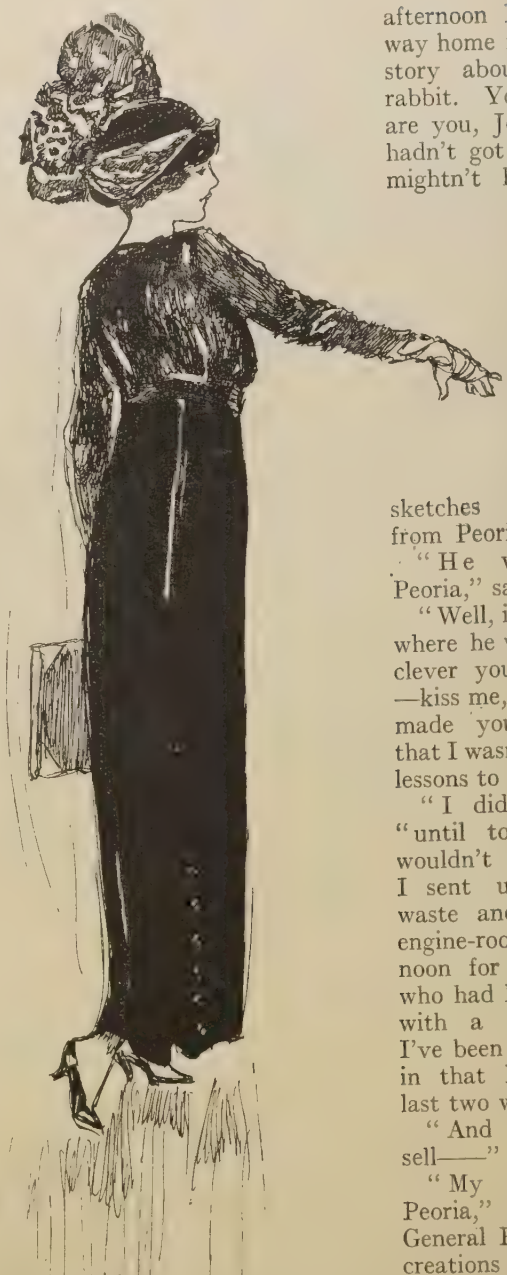
"Five o'clock, I think," said Delia, plaintively. "The iron—I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when——"

"Sit down here a moment, Dele," said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat beside her, and put his arm across her shoulders.

"What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?" he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness, and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney; but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

"I couldn't get any pupils," she confessed. "And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons, and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry, are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria."



"SHE SPILLED A GREAT LOT OF IT, BOILING HOT, OVER MY HAND AND WRIST."

"He wasn't from Peoria," said Joe, slowly.

"Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe—and—kiss me, Joe—and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music-lessons to Clementina?"

"I didn't," said Joe, "until to-night. And I wouldn't have then, only I sent up this cotton-waste and oil from the engine-room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks."

"And then you didn't sell——"

"My purchaser from Peoria," said Joe, "and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art. But you wouldn't call it either painting or music."

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:—

"When one loves one's Art no service seems——"

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips.

"No," she said, "just 'When one loves.'"

"The Bride of Danger"

AN INTERVIEW WITH MLLE. MARIE MARVINGT.

Is she the finest all-round athlete of her sex?—or can we find her match in this country?

MLLE. MARIE MARVINGT.
From a Photograph by Branger.

[In the following interview Mlle. Marvingt, whom the French people call "The Bride of Danger," and whom they claim to be the greatest lady athlete in the world, gives, in modest and most interesting fashion, her own account of the feats which have obtained her that title. Her record in so many and such various branches of athletics is one of which any nation may be proud indeed. But is it true that among the girls of this country she need fear no rival? Surely there must be many such. Can any reader send us news of one?]

FRENCHWOMEN have the honour of counting among their number one who, they say, has the right to claim the title of "the finest sportswoman in the world," Mlle. Marie Marvingt.

Indeed, the sporting life of Mlle. Marvingt is of a most extraordinary kind. Swimming, cycling, mountain-climbing, ballooning, flying, riding, gymnastics, athletics, fencing—there is not a single sport in which she does not shine. Where coolness, courage, and skill are required, in the aerodrome, on the mountains, in the sea, in the fencing-school, she is always to be seen in the front rank.

Not only is she expert with the foils and with the sword, but she is a first-rate shot. In 1907, at the International Shooting Competition, she carried off the first prize at a range of three hundred metres. On the same occasion she also won the first prize for shooting with the Flobert carbine.

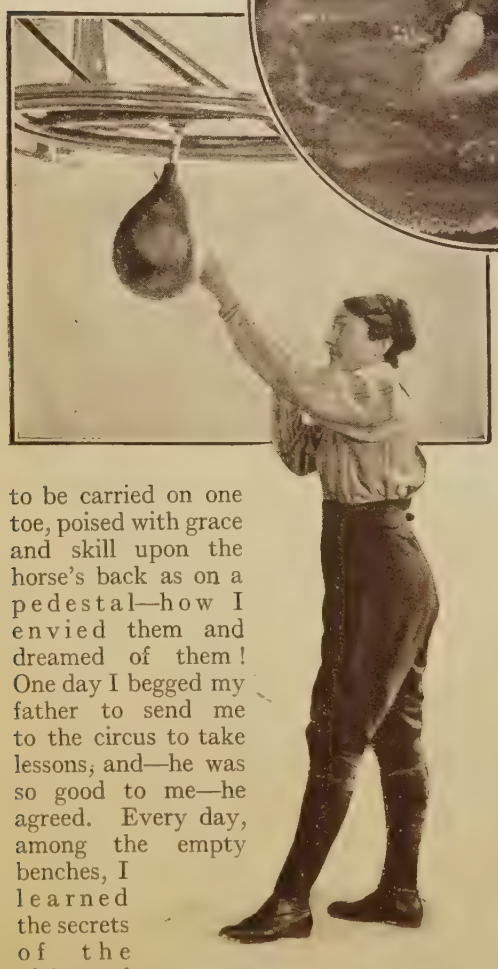
Three years ago, on March 15th, 1910, the Academy of Sport honoured her by decreeing her, as a singular and most exceptional mark of esteem, the Large Gold Medal for distinguished skill.

Mlle. Marvingt lives at Nancy, and it was there that the following interview took place.

"What led me to take up sport as I have done?" said she, smiling. "Well, many things—education, circumstances, personal tastes, a great fancy which I have always had for strife and struggle and for a spice of danger. When I was quite a little girl my father used to take me about with him during his vacation, and made me the constant companion of his mountain climbs and of his excursions into the country. Nothing

could give me greater delight than to accompany him in this way.

"During every year several large circuses visited our town. Every performance found me sitting in the front row, with my eyes sparkling as I applauded the prowess of the acrobats and the riders. Those supple young girls who seemed to fly rather than leap through the air, or to be carried on one toe, poised with grace and skill upon the horse's back as on a pedestal—how I envied them and dreamed of them! One day I begged my father to send me to the circus to take lessons, and—he was so good to me—he agreed. Every day, among the empty benches, I learned the secrets of the flight and the somersault.



"PUNCHING THE BALL."
From Photographs by Rol and Branger.

"Then, when summer came, the clear waters of the Moselle attracted me, and I was only a tiny tot when I began to bathe and swim. One day at Metz I was nearly drowned. I was only five years old, but I remember it as if it were yesterday,

SWIMMING ACROSS THE GULF OF NAPLES.

A SPLENDID DIVE.

yet I did not feel any fear of the water in consequence.

"I hardly like to speak of my successes; it seems so vain. But since I am being interviewed, well, I suppose I must tell you all about them.

"In 1907, in the ten-mile swimming races in Paris, on July 23rd, I was able to beat the record made by Miss Kellermann, at her first trial, of five hours ten minutes, for I covered the track in four hours eight minutes. In the following year I won the first prize for swimming at Toulouse. I have also to my credit the match at the lake of Gérardmer and the one at Pallanza in the Borromean Islands in two hours and three-quarters. The latter match took place at night, in quite unforeseen circumstances. The colonel of an Italian regiment stationed in this town heard of my project, and ordered out a number of gondolas, bearing the regimental band, to accompany me, and I shall never forget this swim on an enchanted lake under a clear moon, to the strains of inspiring music, both of the waves and of the military band.

"I heard another kind of music in the Gulf of Naples during the thirteen miles which it took me to cross from Capri to the Italian shore. For three days a great storm had prevented boats from entering the Grotte d'Azur in Capri. All tourists were kept back, and I grew tired of waiting. In spite of the terror of my Italian guide, I plunged into the Gulf and made my way to the mysterious hollow of the Grotte d'Azur.

"I was always crazy about aquatic sports; they are so good for developing the muscles

IN HER MOTOR-SLEDGE AT CHAMONIX.
From a Photograph by Branger.

into strength and grace. In 1905 I carried off the first prize for sculling in a standing position.

"I was very young, too, when I took to cycling. At that time the high bicycle was in fashion. You remember it? A huge wheel on which one had to perch was the earliest form of bicycle which I remember. The first time I saw this wonderful machine pass through the streets of Nancy amid the wonder of the crowd, I was fascinated. I was, I believe, the first Frenchwoman to mount that long-disused machine. But on the newer form of the safety bicycle I have some small trips to my credit."

Amongst Mlle. Marvingt's "small trips" we may count that from Nancy to Milan, from Nancy to Toulouse, from Nancy to Bordeaux, and in 1908 the tour of France, a terrible task for even the most expert cyclists, covering more than one thousand miles at an average of over a hundred miles per day.

For this intrepid young woman, who can stand everything except idleness, every season is a season for sport. When winter comes and the motor-car and the bicycle have to be put away in the garage, and the canoe and the skiff are stored away in the boathouse, Mlle. Marvingt looks over her skates and skis, and sets off for the kingdom of snow to challenge the fair English and Americans on the white tracks of the Alps and the Vosges. The celebrated Swedish professor Durban-Hansen looks on her as one of his best pupils. For three years running, at Chamonix in 1908, at Gérardmer in 1909, at the Ballon d'Alsace in 1910, Mlle. Marvingt

WINNING THE FIRST PRIZE FOR SCULLING AT ETRETAT.
From a Photograph by Loth.

carried off the first prizes for ski-running, sleighing, and skating. On January 26th of the same year at Chamonix she added to her trophies the first Ladies' International bob-sleigh championship, the Leon Auscher Cup. Finally, she was the first woman to ascend the Buet, Balme, and Voza heights on skis.

"Yes," said she, "I am passionately fond of mountains, but I prefer them in summer. Then the mountain scenery is divine. One of the best guides in Chamonix, Camille Ravanel, showed me the beauty of the mountains nine years ago, when I first began to climb Mont Blanc, and then I fully understood the pure joy which the mountain scenery

STARTING ON HER BALLOON TRIP FROM HOLLAND TO ENGLAND.
From a Photograph by Rol.

affords to those who care to try the risks of the ascent.

"I realized the attraction of those white peaks, which seemed to call, to challenge us to explore their mysteries. They sparkle in the red, pink, and purple glow of the sun, under the broad blue sky, and we feel that we must go up; we cannot stay below on the prosaic earth. We must obey the call of the peaks, to climb them, surmounting all the hidden dangers of the way. And when each successive danger is overcome, what joy, what triumph! On one occasion, as Camille, the guide, Simond, the porter, and I were steadily climbing the great irregular walls of rock, all at once there was a noise like thunder breaking the breathless silence of the Alps. Camille looked up and shouted, 'Turn to the right; lie down flat!' An avalanche of stones came pouring down the mountain-side. I had just time to dash under a projecting cliff and lie down in the hollow at its foot among the snow-drifts. I assure you that I had the sensation of being brushed by the wing of Death as the great stones came whizzing past us with a deafening noise. We crept out of our hiding-place, shivering a little, and, in accordance with the custom of the mountains, we silently shook hands."

There is hardly a mountain peak whereon Mlle. Marvingt has not planted her conquering alpenstock—the Giant's Tooth, Monte Rosa, the Shark's Tooth, the Red Needles, the Wetterhorn and the Monk's Needle, the Tacul, the Jungfrau, and many others. Some of these ascents, which dismay the most experienced mountaineers, have taken seventeen hours to accomplish. She is the only woman who has climbed in a single day the Grands Charmoz and the Grépon Pass, with the guides of the Payot family, of Chamonix.

Such achievements are not attained without a record of most interesting impressions, and I asked Mlle. Marvingt to give me some of her experiences.

"Willingly," replied she. "For one thing, when I was climbing the Grépon, I was nearly crushed to death by a block of stone which must have weighed several tons, and which must have surely awaited my arrival to choose that moment to separate itself from the side of the pass. When I did get to the top I was nearly blown away by the most terrible thunderstorm which I have ever seen even in the Alps, and Alpine thunderstorms are something to remember.

"When I was climbing the Giant's Needle, my guides and I were overtaken by a dense snowstorm, and we wandered for seven long hours along the glacier without knowing where we were. Another time, when we were climbing the Needle, one of the members of a neighbouring party slipped and brought his guides down with him. Nothing could have saved them from going over the precipice if it had not been for the lucky accident

VARIOUS SPORTS AND PASTIMES—BILLIARDS, TENNIS, SKATING, CLIMBING.
From Photographs by Loth, Branger, and Rol.

of the hook of the rope catching in a rock. I have also had the agreeable experience of being nearly roasted alive when climbing Vesuvius during an eruption.

"These impressions are very vivid, I assure you, and there is a pleasure in looking back on them. But what I owe most, perhaps, to the mountains is that they gave me the keen ambition to go beyond them, and to explore the air as well as the earth. I first went up in a balloon with the aeronauts Blanchet, Bachelard, and Barbotte, and afterwards I obtained a pilot's licence from the Aero Club of the East and from the Aero Club of France. In 1910 I had the great

pleasure of carrying off the first prize in the long-distance competition of the Aero Club of the East, by going from Nancy to Neuf-Château, in Belgium, in fifteen hours. In the same year, in the competition for the first prize of the Aero Club, I went from Paris to Rondefontaine. From Nancy I went in my balloon to Karlsruhe and the long trip to Landau. In spite of my affection for the monoplane, I have not quite deserted the balloon, for last year, 1912, I went up fourteen times, including a trip from Paris to Brussels and from Paris to Mars-le-Tour. At various times I have enabled thirty-six passengers to experience the delights of a balloon ascent.

"But the most dramatic episode of my life as an aeronaut was my trip from Nancy to Southwold, in England, over six hundred miles, one hundred and fifty of which were over the North Sea. You shall hear the circumstances of this trip.

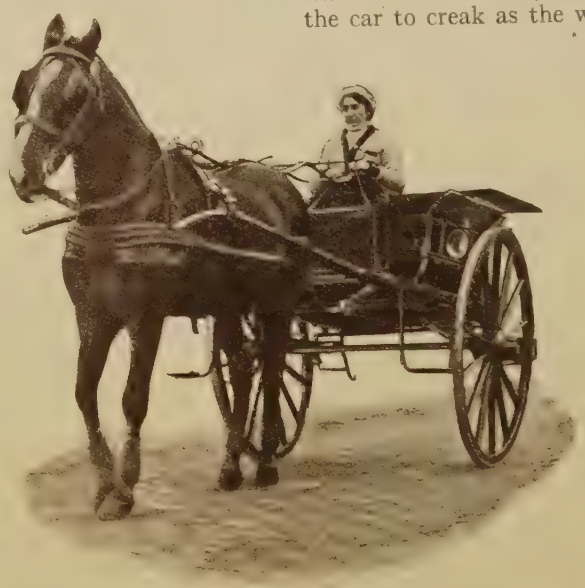
"Mr. Garnier and I had started on the 'Flying Star' in beautiful weather. About noon our 'golden ball' crossed the silver ribbon, the Moselle, and we passed over Gravelotte and St. Privat, reaching Die Kirch about five o'clock. At a quarter-past six, at Aix-la-Chapelle, night fell, and we turned on our electric lamp. Cries of 'A balloon!' came to us from the town below.

"We crossed the Rhine and the Lippe, and then things began to go wrong. The wind freshened rapidly, and we were swept furiously towards Enchede, in Holland. I was just about to try a forced descent, when the current changed completely and a contrary wind seized us. The compass pointed to the west. I said to my companion, 'We must cross the North Sea.' I was used to this district, and I knew that when the wind blew direct from the east, in a storm, there was no avoiding the direct crossing to England.

"We dashed over the Zuyder Zee at a terrific speed, seeing the lights of Amsterdam glitter far below. We embarked over the North Sea with ten bags of ballast. All went well until nine o'clock, and then came another change. The temperature fell, the cords of the car were covered with ice, and the snow beat into our faces, making us shiver in spite of our furs. The balloon descended to about fifteen yards from the sea, in which our guide-rope trailed. Four times we threw out ballast, and rose, only to fall again towards the sea, which seemed to be roaring hungrily to engulf us. The storm was terrific.

"At last we had only one bag of ballast, and our anchor. These were flung overboard, and we made our last ascent towards the moon, which just then emerged from behind the clouds. Again we descended towards the moaning waves, along which our guide-rope dragged a long furrow behind us. We crouched down in the bottom of the car, holding on to the ropes, and every instant awaiting the chill plunge into the sea. A huge wave broke over us, causing the wicker of the car to creak as the water swept through it and over us. The volume of water made the car tip over in front, and almost involuntarily we threw ourselves back to re-establish the equilibrium. For more than an hour we sailed, as it were, through the very waves, which broke our barometer and carried off all our small property, beating us to and fro and dashing us cruelly against the sides of the car. A sort of shadow seemed to pass by us rapidly. It was a sailing-ship, and the crew uttered cries of astonishment as our balloon was swept rapidly past them. Far off, we saw the lights of a steamer; then all was dark again.

"All at once a sort of star seemed to rise



DRIVING HER BUGGY.
From a Photograph by Loth.

SKI-ING.
From a Photograph by Loth.

FENCING.
From a Photograph by Loth.

SKATING.
From a Photograph by Loth.

on the horizon. We were racing at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and now we could distinctly see a quay. It seemed as though we were fated to be dashed to pieces against the coast, but a sudden blast of wind lifted us high in the air and carried us over firm land. But how were we to descend? I opened the valve, but the sea-water had made it stiff, and the cord was frozen. As I pulled with all my might the bottom of the car struck a tree, turned over, and I fell out into a thick broom-bush, while the balloon, released from my weight, dashed up again, carrying my companion. I was stiff with cold and fatigue, but I did my best to run after the fugitive balloon through a pelting rain, now stumbling into pools of water, now slipping on the icy ground. At last I came to a light, a house, and three charming English ladies ran out to meet me. It was only at half-past five o'clock in the morning, after that terrible night, that my companion found me. He was as anxious about me as I was about him, and he told me how the balloon had been caught in a tree, so that he was able to climb down. To give you an idea of the speed with which we crossed the North Sea, I must tell you that we covered in five hours the distance which the steamers from Holland to England cannot do in less than eleven hours."

I could not help thinking as I listened that it was not without reason that Mlle. Marvingt had been christened by her admirers "The Bride of Danger."

"I am not afraid of my bridegroom," said she, laughing, "as you may imagine." She added, "I have known danger from my childhood, and it is a case in which familiarity breeds, if not contempt, at least indifference. Eight years ago, in Havre, I was nearly drowned. In London, when I was bicycling, a cab knocked me down in Westminster and went over my back. At Brest a thief tried to

knock my brains out in order to rob me. He was rather taken aback by his reception, for I have learned both boxing and ju-jitsu. In St. Etienne I came down with my monoplane into a party playing bowls, to their great astonishment. Last year I was flying high in the air above Château-Thierry when part of the monoplane caught fire. I extinguished it almost by a miracle, otherwise I should have had a fall to death of over half a mile.

"I have been told that I shall one day end my life by an accident. I fully expect it, and do not fear it. When I am going to attempt anything especially dangerous, I set all my affairs in order. I shall never forget the surprise of an undertaker on whom I called one day in a large town where I went to attend a sporting fixture, when I explained that I had come to make all inquiries respecting my own prospective funeral!

"And now, to save you the trouble of asking any more questions, I will tell you my future plans. For a long time past I have been a trained and certificated nurse of the Red Cross Order, and I am most interested in hospital work. Now, what I want to do is to place the aeroplane at the service of wounded soldiers. I would have a Deperdussin monoplane to carry three, worked by a one-hundred-horse-power Gnome motor and fitted with wireless telegraphy apparatus. It would not be used to carry the wounded men, but to find them, to give information to the doctors, and to bring supplies to the ambulance stations. I have fixed on a very suitable type of machine for this purpose, which would carry all that is necessary. I would call it after my unfortunate comrade in aviation, 'Captain Echemen,' and I intend to make a tour through France to find the proper mode of having it built. I shall collect the required parts in one or another school of design, and thus carry out my great project, the composition of a new aeroplane to succour the wounded soldiers of France."

MLLE. MARVINGT (ON THE RIGHT) HAS DEVISED A CYCLE FOR CARRYING THE WOUNDED IN WAR. SHE PROPOSES ALSO TO USE AN AEROPLANE FOR THEIR SERVICE.

From a Photograph.

Great as is the devotion to sport of this remarkable daughter of our time, it is by no means the only distinction with which Nature has dowered her. She has studied medicine and law, singing and elocution. She speaks four languages, writes, carves in marble, paints, and is a capable actress. What an example for all women is this young French lady, whose passion for sport and whose accomplishments only emphasize in her the two great natural sentiments which inspire her — the love of beauty and the love of doing good!

Timothy

by J. J. BELL

Illustrated by Wallis Mills

I.

THE egg was so small as to suggest that the hen had laid it with a grudge; but what it lacked in size it made up for in flavour, and after the first morsel Mr. Timothy Wells removed it from his plate and set it down behind the tea-cosy.

"Ah!" he murmured sadly.

Mr. Timothy Wells was often sad, but never angry. People like him do not get on in this world.

He proceeded to breakfast on tough toast and stale butter, washed down with tea whose weakness hinted at exhaustion rather than insufficient infusion.

The clock on the mantelpiece wheezed ten times, thereby informing Mr. Wells that the hour was nine-fifteen. He lit a cigarette—his sole extravagance—and transferred himself to the alleged easy-chair at the side of the ugly hearth. He had five minutes' leisure before it would be necessary to put on his boots and go forth to the City.

As he sat there smoking and apparently deeply interested in the dull fire, he provided the central subject for a picture to be called "Middle Age and Failure." Yet his years did not exceed five-and-thirty, and he was the owner of a business which, while it did not entitle him to be regarded as a wealthy man, had supplied him during the past decade with a more than merely comfortable annual income. No, it was not just Time that had laid the grey on his hair, the lines on his clean-shaven countenance; neither was it business worry in the ordinary sense. His eyes, brown and luminous, eager, strangely clear under the tired lids, betrayed something of the truth. They seemed to be searching for hope in a wilderness of disappointments.

The cheap cigarette began to taste rank, and he threw it into the fire and picked up one of his badly-brushed boots. Just then, without warning, the door was opened and the landlady's voice announced:—

"A lady wants to see you."

Along with the words the visitor entered, a handsome woman in handsome furs. As the door closed her dark eyebrows were raised, her delicate nostrils sniffed in audible disgust.

"Really, Timothy!" she exclaimed. "Really!"

Timothy had risen. His smile was kind, but rather piteous. The only ladies who ever visited him were his three sisters, and they did not come out of love. The present visitor was Mirabel, his eldest sister. You would have perceived a strong family resemblance between the two; they had the same fine features, but compared with the man's the woman's face looked as though it had undergone some subtle hardening process.

"Good morning, Mirabel," he said, taking the perfectly-gloved hand. "Glad to see you. Have this chair. Cold, isn't it? Hope there's nothing wrong?" The last sentence had become a formula with him.

Apparently she did not hear him. "Really, Timothy," she said, "you go from bad to worse in your choice of lodgings. This is the worst yet. And what a horrible creature your landlady is! Why don't you go in for decent rooms?" She sank into the chair he had placed for her. "Or even an hotel. It's so absurd of you to live like this. One would say you were getting into miserly habits. And with such a splendid business, too!"

Timothy had seated himself and was lighting a fresh cigarette. "All well at home, Mirabel?" he inquired, mildly.

"Oh, yes. The kiddies have the usual November colds, but they're better now. Harold is all right, but rather crusty. This

horrid weather, I suppose. I thought I'd try to catch you, Timothy, before you left for the City, though when I saw the locality you were living in I almost wished I had gone to your office."

"The locality doesn't worry me much," said Timothy, quietly.

"That's the worst of it," was her prompt retort. She laughed, forcedly, perhaps. "It's really dreadful to have a wealthy brother who pigs it in this fashion. I must look around and find you decent rooms, my dear."

"Thank you, Mirabel. But—I'm not the rich man you persist in taking me to be."

"Rubbish!" she said, lightly. "And it's rather mean of you to begin to talk like that just when I was going to ask a small favour of you, Timothy."

Something within the man winced. He preferred a direct request to a playful hint, but the latter was his sister's way, and he ought to have been used to it by now.

"What can I do for you, Mirabel?" he asked, knowing what the answer would be.

"Now, please don't look like an old bear with a sore head! Your poor sister only wants a little loan. Harold says things are rather tight just now, whatever that means, but there's a good time coming, and then you'll get back all you've lent us. Harold would have come to see you himself, only he's so sensitive, poor man. You *know* how sensitive he is, Timothy."

In the past Timothy had known Harold as a good-looking young giant with a blonde moustache and a high colour, a fund of conversation on sporting matters, and a generous habit of offering the merest acquaintances cigars and whiskies and sodas; but somehow he had not observed his sensitiveness.

"And I'm quite sure this is the last time I shall ever bother you," Mirabel added, by way of encouragement.

Now was Timothy's time to remind his sister that for years she and her husband had been draining his resources to the tune of at least three hundred pounds per annum; to suggest that she and her husband ought to cut their extravagance and live within their income, which was by no means a beggarly one; and to inform her that she was not the only member of the Wells family who had consistently borrowed from him ever since he had had any money to lend. But Timothy did none of these things. He had been "soft" too long.

"How much do you and Harold require?" he said, without keeping her in suspense.

It was on Mirabel's tongue to say "Forty," but the word that left her lips was "Fifty"; and then, seeing how little moved he was, she wished she had said "A hundred."

"Very well," he replied, suppressing a sigh, "I'll send you a cheque when I get to the office. But please let this be the last, Mirabel."

She was used to the phrase. "Rather!" she said, and, getting up, crossed the hearth-rug and kissed him on the forehead. "You're a dear, good brother, and I'm fearfully obliged to you."

"That's all right," he returned, smiling faintly. "I'm glad I can do it — this time."

He saw her to her cab, and then returned to the parlour to don his boots.

After all, Mirabel tried him less than her sisters.

It must not be supposed, however, that his brothers-in-law always left these interviews to their wives. They took their turns, and Timothy "forked out" just the same. The years passed, and it never seemed to occur to the bachelor that a refusal might be good for every one concerned, that his help would gradually come to be taken for granted, that his weakness was simply making parasites of his relations. Nor did the borrowers reflect that their importunacy might carry them too far. With a few signs of real and grateful affection, and a little less superior criticism of his shabby mode of living, Timothy's eyes might have been kept blind to the end of the chapter; but people are apt to become careless under repeated obligations, and his relations had at last allowed Timothy to gain an inkling of their utter selfishness. He had begun to perceive, dimly, it is true, the many sweet and lovely things he had missed, the opportunities he had sacrificed, the future he had mortgaged, if not lost altogether. And Mirabel's latest visit irritated as much as it depressed him.

Yet could he ever find the will to say "No" to his sisters? The question occurred to him on his way to the City. Suppose—it was most unlikely, of course—but still, suppose that some day he should think of marrying?

II.

"A LADY waiting to see you, sir," a clerk announced to Timothy on his arrival, and Timothy's feebly-rising spirits sank back to zero. "This is her card."

Timothy's spirits rebounded, then wobbled at the higher level, for the name on the card—"Miss Florence Gale" (there was no address)

—was quite unfamiliar to him. Lady visitors to the office were rare.

"Does she want to sell typewriters and things?" he asked the clerk, who waited.

"I shouldn't imagine so, sir."

"Then she must be collecting subscriptions for some charity," said Timothy.

At his entrance a girl seated by the fire rose and turned to greet him, her hand held out as if sure of a welcoming clasp. Within the instant Timothy realized that she had beautiful eyes and charming colouring.

"Mr. Wells, is it not?"

The inflections of her voice were not English.

"'VERY WELL,' HE REPLIED, SUPPRESSING A SIGH, 'I'LL SEND YOU A CHEQUE WHEN I GET TO THE OFFICE. BUT PLEASE LET THIS BE THE LAST.'"

"Yes," he replied, shaking hands a trifle awkwardly. He glanced at the card. "You are Miss Gale?"

She bowed slightly, and waited for him to continue.

"Pray be seated, Miss Gale. And what can I do for you?"

For a moment or two she stared with wide grey eyes. Then, "Oh, dear!" she cried. "So you don't know me?"

Timothy felt and looked uncomfortable.

"I beg your pardon," he said at last, "but have we met before? I can't imagine how I could possibly have forgotten."

"No, no; I didn't mean that. But you see, my uncle said he had written to you."

"Your uncle?"

"Mr. John Gale, of Boston. Good gracious! don't you even remember him?"

Timothy's hand had gone to his forehead.

"John Gale? I seem to have heard the name, but—— And you say he wrote to me?"

"Yes, yes," rather impatiently. "Just before I sailed he told me he had written to you, and gave me your address. That's why I'm here. I arrived in London late last night, and——"

"One moment, Miss Gale." Timothy's hand fell from his head to a small basket of letters on his desk. "The letter may be here. Yes, here it is—Boston postmark. Came with the same steamer as you did, I suppose." He tore open the envelope, with its American stamp and unfamiliar superscription. "I suppose I need not apologize for reading this in your presence?" he said, now more at his ease.

"Please read it as quickly as possible," she returned, smiling, "and cease to regard me as a suspicious character. I'm so glad it has arrived safely."

The letter was not long. It ran as follows:—

"My Dear Wells,—Our correspondence failed many a long year ago, yet you are the only one of the old friends whose memory comes clear to me now. I write this in the hope that all is well with you, and to ask a favour. My niece, Florence Gale, who has been to me as a daughter since the loss of her parents a good many years ago, has suddenly made up her mind—which is no feeble one—to pay a flying visit to London. It is perfectly impossible for me to accompany her, and she stoutly refuses to accept any other travelling companion. Well, she is of age, and is quite independent of me so far as money is concerned. Knowing her as I do, I have little anxiety on her account, and that little is practically removed by the thought of you. She will call upon you on her arrival, and I am sure you will extend to her all the help and advice she may require. She will not remain more than ten days on your side. On her return she will give me the best news, I trust, of you and yours. Is there no chance of your paying us a visit, old friend? Alas! how the years have flown.—Cordially yours, John Gale.

"P.S.—Please cable me as soon as Florence reaches you."

Having finished reading the letter, Timothy continued to gaze at it with wrinkled brows.

"Well?" said Miss Gale, softly. "Is not my certificate in order?"

Timothy's countenance relaxed. A smile dawned in his eyes. "I am very glad to see you, Miss Gale," he said, seating himself, "and glad to welcome you in my father's name. My father died many years ago. Your uncle's letter is written to him. I didn't notice that at once, because I happen to bear the same name as my father. Now I recollect my father's mentioning a Mr. Gale—a very old friend who had gone abroad. It is possible that, as a lad, I have met your uncle. In any case, I am very much at your service, Miss Gale. You said you arrived last night, I think?"

"Yes. I went to the Savoy Hotel, and I expect to stay on there. It's a lovely hotel, isn't it?"

"Y-yes," said Timothy, a little doubtfully. "Did your uncle recommend it?"

"Oh, no. Poor Uncle John recommended a frightfully stuffy place—you see, he had not been in London for thirty years—and I changed my mind when I saw it, and told the chauffeur I wanted something bright and gay."

"Quite so." A brief pause. "I gather from your uncle's letter, Miss Gale, that you have no friends in London."

"Not one," she replied, with the utmost cheerfulness. "That is, excepting yourself, Mr. Wells—if I may make so bold," she added, quite seriously.

Timothy flushed slightly. There was certainly something pleasant about this young woman's manner. "If you will do me so much honour," he corrected, gravely. "And now, to begin with," he proceeded, "I must inform my sisters that you are here. I have three sisters, Miss Gale, younger than myself, and married. They will do what they can to make your visit to London enjoyable, and I am sure Mirabel will be delighted that you should stay——"

"Mr. Wells!" she interrupted, gently.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Wells, will you promise not to be offended?"

"Offended? Why, of course not! You

wish me to 'phone to Mirabel at once?" He turned to the telephone at his elbow.

"No, no." She took a good grip of her courage. "Mr. Wells, does Uncle John's letter mention how long I am to be staying in London?"

"Not more than ten days, it says. But possibly you may extend——"

She shook her head. "One can't do very much with London in ten days, can one?"

"Not a great deal. Still——"

"But I want to do the utmost possible."

"Certainly. I'll make that clear to my sisters——"

"Please, no!" For an instant the grey eyes danced, then became demure. "Mr. Wells, I'm not ungrateful, and I don't mean to be rude, but I'm going to be quite frank. I'd rather not be introduced to anybody. I called on you to please my uncle. Don't misunderstand me," she went on, quickly, at the sight of his crestfallen look. "I'm glad I called, for I feel I have one friend in this great London. But one friend is all I want. You see, I have not come all the way from Boston just to make a few temporary acquaintances, who would probably consider me a nuisance, and I can get plenty of tea-parties and so on at home." She paused.

"Dear me!" said Timothy, helplessly.

"In short, Mr. Wells," she resumed, checking a smile, "my desire is for ten days' entire freedom. I shall see only the sights I have a fancy to see; I shall shop just where I want to shop; and—I shall dine in a different restaurant and go to a different theatre every night."

"Good heavens! Alone?"

She nodded. "You think my uncle would not approve? Well, perhaps he wouldn't, but then he won't know anything about it until it is all over—that is, unless you—— But you wouldn't do that, Mr. Wells?"

"Miss Gale," said Timothy, desperately, "it's impossible! In this part of the world a young lady cannot do what you propose doing. To go to restaurants and theatres without an escort——"

"Mr. Wells, I am nearly twenty-five—and I'll be fifty before I know where I am. For years I have been dreaming of doing this. When I'm old enough to do it more conventionally it won't be worth doing. Until now I have done my best to please other people. My aunt, who died last year, was a very different person from my uncle: she permitted no pleasures outside of a parlour. Does not that explain some of my madness?"

"I think I understand," said Timothy, gently. "At your age a craving for freedom is natural. But now, supposing, instead of finding me here, you had found my father, as your uncle anticipated——"

"But I thought you were your father until—oh, dear! what am I saying?"

"Don't worry about that," he said, with a somewhat rueful smile. "I take it that you would have expressed yourself to my father just as you have expressed yourself to me."

"I came with that intention, Mr. Wells. I promised my uncle to call here, but I had just as surely promised myself that no one should turn me from my purpose."

Timothy sighed. "But supposing—and I think it would have happened—supposing my father had forthwith cabled your uncle?"

"It would have greatly upset Uncle John and made me uncomfortable; otherwise it would have been a vain thing to do, for, you see, Mr. Wells, my uncle could not reach this side until my ten days were over." She began to make those tiny preparations that with a woman presage departure. "I'm afraid I have been a disagreeable visitor," she remarked, kindly, for his discomfiture was apparent. "Please don't worry about me. If I should find myself really at a loss I shall take the liberty of coming again, but do not let that unlikely possibility oppress you." Smiling, she rose and held out her hand. "And thank you ever so much."

In all his life Timothy had never felt more helpless. But he could not let her go like this. He got up, looking wretched.

"Miss Gale, at least tell me what you intend doing now."

"Now? Oh, I'm going to have a look at the Tower—it's too wet for shopping. Then I'm going to see about seats at the theatres. Then——"

"Let—let me show you the Tower."

Her hesitation was but momentary. "Would you? Can you spare so much time, Mr. Wells?"

"It will give me great pleasure," he said, awkwardly. "But before we go I must cable to your uncle." He found a form on his desk and filled in John Gale's address, paused, then wrote: "Miss Gale safely arrived.—Wells." He handed the slip to her. "Will that do?"

"You are extravagant. Call me Florence. Your father would have done so, I'm sure," she added, calmly.

"Florence," murmured Timothy, and blushed as he made the alteration. He rang the bell, and when the clerk appeared said:

"Get this dispatched. And—I shall be out until—until I come back."

Two hours later they were lunching at Romano's. This had come about naturally enough. After all, the girl had been glad of his guidance at the Tower, and had evinced a desire for information respecting other "sights" of the great city wherein she was a stranger. When one o'clock came their conversation seemed to have only begun, wherefore Timothy had, not without diffidence, proposed luncheon together, and she, with a veiled glance at his grey hair, had graciously accepted the invitation.

Florence, in spite of her narrow up-bringing, had met some smarter men—smarter in every sense of the word than her present host. Yet Timothy's slowness, while it secretly amused her, was somehow attractive to her, while his undisguised anxiety on her behalf touched rather than irritated her.

Towards the end of the meal the conversation flagged. With the arrival of coffee it failed so far as Timothy was concerned. At his request the waiter had brought her a weekly publication called *London Amusements*, and while she went over the list of plays with a pencil, Timothy, forgetting to smoke the twopenny cigarette he had ordered, regarded her with a curious longing in those brown eyes of his.

But he got the words out at last:—

"Miss Gale, are you going to begin to-night?"

"Yes," she smiled. "I've decided to go to the Shaftesbury. Unless you can recommend something better."

"I don't even know what the present plays are," he said. "It is many years since I was in a theatre."

"Really? Then I'll go to the Shaftesbury and see Marie Tempest."

Under the cloth Timothy's fingers were knit together.

"Miss Gale, let me take you to the Shaftesbury to-night. For your uncle's—for my own conscience's sake. Regard me as—as a servant if you like, but let me accompany you. Or let me arrange with one of my sisters——"

With a faint gesture of distress she stopped him.

"Mr. Wells," she said, "you make it very difficult for me. You make me seem a most ungracious person."

"I don't mean to do that," he faltered. "But I can't endure the idea of your going to those places alone. At least you will permit me to accompany you to the door—restaurant and theatre—and meet you coming out? I promise not to interfere with you otherwise. Say you will permit that much, Miss Gale."

His earnestness was too much for her. The frown passed from her face.

"You are very good," she said, simply. "I shall be delighted to go with you to the theatre to-night, Mr. Wells, after you have dined with me at my hotel."

Overjoyed as he was, he demurred at dining as her guest at the Savoy.

"Let me take you to one of the other restaurants," he began.

But she was firm.

"I can't give away the whole of my independence," she declared. "Besides"—her eyes danced—"I am not so sure but that your ideas, Mr. Wells, are even less conventional than my own. Now," beginning to put on her gloves, "I must not keep you longer from your business."

"What are you going to do this afternoon?" he inquired.

"Shopping, since the rain has stopped."

"Couldn't I be of any use in——"

"Oh, indeed, no!" she cried, now openly amused. "But I shall promise to be back at the hotel before it is quite dark. And I shall expect you at seven."

We need not closely follow Timothy through the hours of that afternoon. He returned to his office, where he gave all the attention he could to business and the rest to the clock. At five-thirty he was in his lodgings. He spent a bad half-hour over the old dress suit that he had thought never to wear again, though the worst thing about it was its unfashionable cut. When garbed in it he was by no means unpresentable. He was struggling with his tie when the landlady knocked and informed him that his chop was ready. To this day the landlady is prepared to affirm that his reply was, "Chop be damned! I'm dining out." And possibly she had heard aright, for Mr. Wells, the next moment, informed himself apologetically that he hadn't used such a word for years. Also, before going out he apologized to the landlady and begged her to accept the chop for her own use.

Later, with considerable trepidation, he entered the Savoy. He feared Miss Gale might have regretted her invitation. But she came to meet him with so frank a welcome that he took heart. According to the Savoy standard her gown may have been an ordinary

nough affair ; to Timothy it was altogether ovely. And suddenly he realized that he ad not been so happy for many, many ears. At dinner he became positively ght-hearted.

" Mr. Wells," said Florence, suddenly, I hope you don't mind my saying it, but thought you were ever so much older than ou really are."

Timothy flushed a little, but he smiled heerfully.

" I thought so, too, Miss Gale," he said, softly.

III.

NEXT morning he was at the hotel in time to find her ready to go out.

" I have got seats for the Waldorf, and have engaged a table at the Piccadilly," he told her, eagerly. " Don't say I may not go with you."

" It is very kind of you," she began, and halted.

" SHE CAME TO MEET HIM WITH SO FRANK A WELCOME THAT HE TOOK HEART."

"If you refuse," he said, with a frail smile, "I'll send all my sisters to call upon you. I have an aunt, too."

At that she laughed, but her reply was serious.

"I will go with you, Mr. Wells, on condition that I pay my share."

He looked so cornered that her heart softened.

"I don't mean that I insist on paying on the spot," she said. "But you will give me your word to accept my share before I go back to Boston."

Timothy gave it with reluctance, admitting to himself that there was no other way. To attempt to force his entertainment on this girl would, he assured himself, be worse than ungentlemanly.

"Very well, Miss Gale, it shall be as you wish. I am glad you permit my escort."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you that I am glad to have your escort, Mr. Wells. After all," she laughed, "from what I noticed last night, I am not so bent on absolute independence so far as theatres and restaurants are concerned. Isn't that a shameful admission after my remarks of yesterday?"

It is a strange fact that despite the grand opportunity now given him Timothy did not even attempt to re-introduce the subject of his sisters. Instead he cried, a little wildly, "Then may I look after you every evening?"

"Have not you anything else to do with your evenings?" she asked, amused.

"Nothing whatever. I'm a lonely fellow, as a rule. You have no idea what a pleasure it would be to me."

"Perhaps," she said, demurely, "we had better leave it an open question."

And with that he had to be content.

"Where are you going now?" he inquired.

"I am going to Kew this fine morning. I promised Uncle John to see the gardens."

"I know the gardens very well indeed," said Timothy, all of a twitter. "Let—let me go with you."

"Oh! But your business?"

"It belongs to me. I don't belong to it—to-day, at any rate."

Somehow she could not deny him. After all, his kindly companionship was better than solitude, and did not interfere with her plans.

So Timothy telephoned to his office a message new to his clerks: "Shall not be at business to-day," and they set out for Kew.

For nigh a week Timothy lived in a state which may best be described as one wild thrill. He was like a man long blinded brought suddenly to behold a beautiful world. His days and nights were ecstasies; he lived only for the present. He did not stop to ask himself where he was going. He worshipped a goddess, and adoration so filled his soul that there was no room for the cravings of self.

But on the evening of the seventh day the change came. It came all in a breath. They were sitting in the theatre, and his eyes had strayed—not for the first time—from the stage to her face. The play was a sad one, and there were tears in her eyes. And in that instant she was no more a goddess, but a woman—the woman he wanted to have near him for ever and ever. Perhaps she noticed some alteration in his manner as he bade her good-night at the hotel entrance, for she would make no promise for a meeting on the following day. Yet it was a memory of her eyes, rather than of her words, that he took home with him. "Only three days more," he had sighed, and she had echoed his words with a smile on her lips—only on her lips. He had perceived that much.

That night he faced himself and his life. Apart altogether from the shortness of their acquaintance, had he the right to speak to her before she left London? Timothy was not ignorant of his own affairs; he knew exactly what he was worth. If he stopped giving away money he was worth at least a thousand pounds a year. It was not a great offering, but it gave him, he thought, the right to speak.

He *must* speak! Though the chances against his winning her were a million to one he *would* speak. If she could not answer him before she left London, he would seek her later in her home. It seemed to him that without her nothing in the world was worth having. Yes; he would set his affairs in order, and on the last night of her stay—he dared not sooner—he would speak.

The last night came quickly enough. She had graciously allowed him to act as host that evening. She was merry at dinner, merry at the Gaiety, which theatre she had chosen for her final outing. The hours slipped away without his finding an opening for a serious sentence.

But as he handed her from the cab at the Savoy he whispered, desperately: "May I come in for a minute? I have something to tell you."

"No, no—not to-night," she replied, faintly.

"To-morrow—before you go?"

There was no answer. A touch of her hand

and she was gone from him. For she knew what he would say, yet was not quite sure of her answer.

Timothy walked the long way to his lodgings. He was not hopeless. At the last moment of parting he had looked in her eyes.

As he entered the dingy sitting-room, a little surprised that the gas should be burning full, a man rose from the easy-chair. The man was pale, but Timothy went paler.

"George!" he cried, hoarsely. Here was disaster; he knew it.

"I had to wait to see you. Been here since nine o'clock. Clara insisted on my coming to-night, though I said it would keep till to-morrow."

"What is it?" Timothy's tone was new to his youngest brother-in-law. "Nothing the matter with Clara, I hope?"

"No," said George, sitting down again and fumbling with a cigarette. "Beastly sorry, old man, but it's the bank."

"The bank!"

"Yes; they've called up that overdraft."

"Oh! It was only about a hundred pounds the last time you spoke of it."

"It's up to the limit now, I'm sorry to say," said George, sullenly.

"The limit! Two thousand!" With an effort Timothy got command of himself. "Well, of course, Henderson and I guaranteed that amount to the bank on your account. Only I thought you were clearing it off. I don't want to worry you, George, but I'd like to be relieved of that responsibility as soon as possible. Make an effort to wipe out your overdraft before May, will you?"

"I wish to Heaven I could," the younger man muttered.

"Well, don't lose your night's sleep over it. Get away home, and I'll ask Henderson to call with me on the manager to-morrow and satisfy him that our guarantee is all right."

"Henderson," said George, weakly, "is dead—yesterday—suicide—ruined himself. I can't find another guarantor. And I'm practically broke myself."

Timothy took the nearest chair. "Oh, my God!" he said, very softly.

"I tell you I'm beastly sorry."

Timothy apparently did not hear the remark. "So I'm liable for the whole amount—two thousand pounds—two years' income."

"I thought you made more. Clara always said so," mumbled George. "I'm beastly——"

"Go home!" said Timothy, so quietly, yet so sternly, that his brother-in-law got up and departed.

At four o'clock in the morning Timothy went out to post the letter he had written to Florence. It was brief. Owing to a sudden and severe business trouble he regretted he would be unable to bid farewell to her on the morrow. He thanked her for the best days of his life. He wished her a safe voyage and happiness always, and begged leave to remain her sincere friend, T. Wells.

At the pillar-box he stood awhile hesitating; then, with a sigh and headshake, let the letter go. The brown eyes were not so clear now, but perhaps this was due to the fog that was descending on London.

IV.

He reached the office two hours late. The fog had thickened and was greatly hindering traffic. It was almost dark in the office. A clerk stepped forward to explain that something had gone wrong with the light, but that the electrician would have it going again almost immediately. Timothy merely nodded and passed on to his room, though the clerk sought to detain him.

Timothy closed the door behind him, thankful for the darkness as well as the solitude. He took a pace forward, stopped short, and threw up his arms.

"Oh, you fool!" he said, in a whisper; "you utter fool!"

"Mr. Wells," said a voice, in soft alarm.

His arms fell; he gasped.

Dimly he saw her rising from the chair by the hearth.

"Florence—Miss Gale—your train—your boat!" he stammered.

"I have lost my train," she returned, quietly. "Aren't we going to shake hands? I am sorry I startled you. Didn't your clerk——"

He was beside her, holding her hand as though he would never let it go.

"I had your letter this morning," she went on, withdrawing it gently. "I fear you have had a great misfortune."

He went back a pace from her.

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "but I have only myself to blame, Miss Gale."

"That makes it the harder to bear, doesn't it?" Never had her voice sounded so kind in his ears. "It was very sudden, I think you said in your note?"

"An hour after I left you last night."

"So—so it was not of that you—you wanted to tell me last night?"

He winced.

"No, not that—of course, not that."

A silence fell between them. At last he asked how she had come to lose her train. Had the fog been responsible?

"I think," she said, whimsically, "I think I lost it through spending too much time over a cable to Uncle John, saying I was coming with to-morrow's boat."

He stared at her.

"You—you deliberately lost it?"

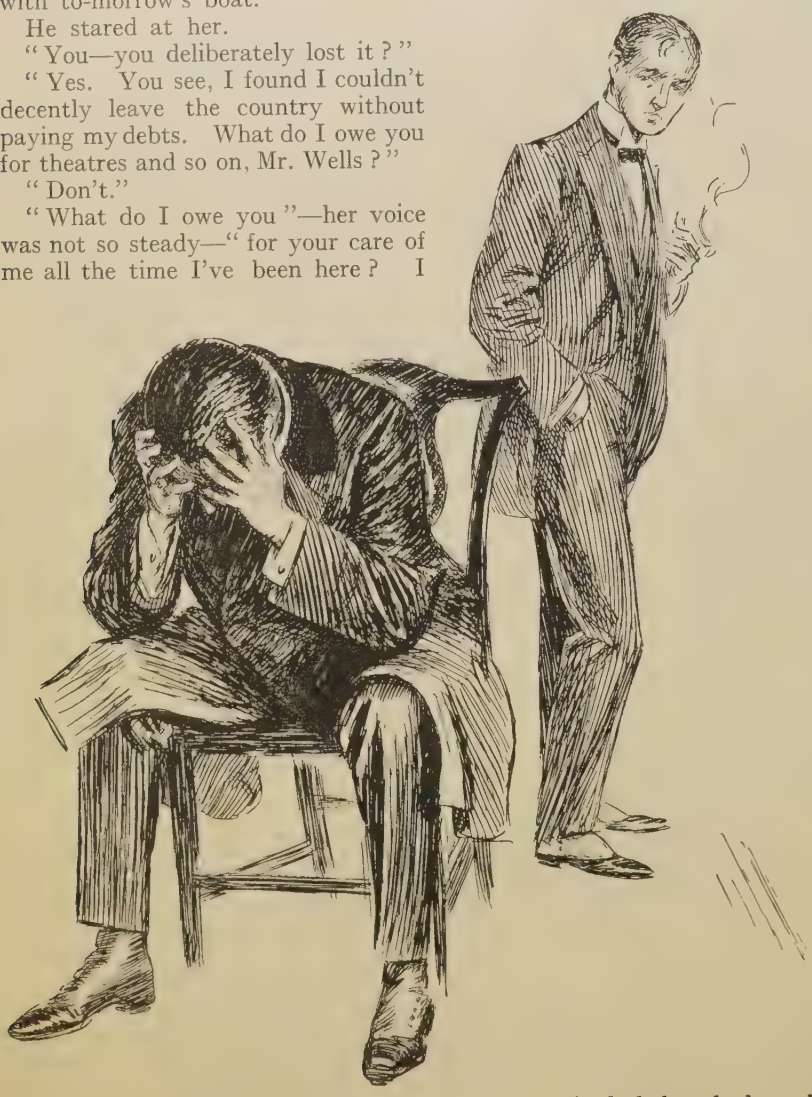
"Yes. You see, I found I couldn't decently leave the country without paying my debts. What do I owe you for theatres and so on, Mr. Wells?"

"Don't."

"What do I owe you"—her voice was not so steady—"for your care of me all the time I've been here? I see very clearly now how horrid it might have been if I had carried out my own plan."

"I assure you," he struggled, "it was a great pleasure——"

"Oh, don't—don't be polite. And—*how* could I go away without telling you I was sorry about your trouble?"



"'GO HOME!' SAID TIMOTHY, SO STERNLY, THAT HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW GOT UP AND DEPARTED."

Timothy drew a long breath and walked over to the window.

"It is good of you," he said, huskily. "I—I think the fog is beginning to lift."

"Mr. Wells, I'm going to ask you an impertinent question. Does this trouble mean that you will lose your business?"

"Oh, no. But it means that I shall be a very poor man for several years."

"Dear me! is that all?"

He turned almost fiercely.

"It means also that I have lost my right to hope."

Her voice seemed to come from far away; it just reached him.

"Can't I help? What's the use of my having money when——"

"Stop!"

He strode towards her.

"Isn't it rather late to say 'Stop'?" she sighed. And, putting her arms on the mantelpiece, she bowed her face upon them.

He halted, regarding her helplessly.

"Oh, Florence," he whispered, "oh, Florence!"

A clerk knocked at the door.

"The light is on now, sir. Mr. Johnson would like to see you."

"Tell him," said Timothy, huskily, "tell him I'm engaged."

The clerk departed—smiling.

From the mantelpiece came a small sob, a small laugh, and a very small voice:—

"Oh, Timothy!"

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW.

I.—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.
II.—Father Bernard Vaughan.
III.—Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

In the following striking series of articles a number of eminent men and women have consented to describe "the most impressive sight" they have ever seen. Their stories, as will be realized by the opening examples, will be of the most varied and exciting kind. On the principle of "place aux dames," we commence with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's graphic description of an incident she witnessed during the siege of Paris.

I.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.

By MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe.

A SIGHT I witnessed during the bombardment of Paris in the Franco-Prussian War I shall never forget as long as I live. Indeed, although many years have passed since those terrible days, the memory of this particular incident is as fresh to me as though it had happened but yesterday. For days past food had been getting scarcer and scarcer. Bitter cold enveloped the city, and the army of the enemy was daily holding the French capital in a still closer grip.

Towards the end of December hope had been slowly fading from many a gallant heart, and, speaking for myself, I may say that I was living in the expectation of I knew not what, and of something, some dread thing, that I dare not let my mind dwell on. Every night I used to hear a mournful cry of "Ambulance! ambulance!" underneath the windows of the Odéon. My friends and I would then creep softly down the stairs to meet the sad procession, and to see whether we could possibly prove of any assistance.

Our refuge, I need scarcely say, soon became full of these brave, wounded soldiers, who so proudly gave up their lives for the honour of France. At last, when our house was quite full, the sergeant said to me, in pleading tones, "Do try to take one or two more in." Although, as I have said, our house was already full of the severely wounded, such a request I could not refuse, and I replied, "Very well, I will take two more," for Mme. Guérard and I had our own beds, which we gladly gave up.

All night long bombarding continued, until close on six in the morning the mournful cry of "Ambulance! ambulance!" once more reached our ears. Mme. Guérard and I went down to meet the sad procession. We encountered the sergeant at the door. "Take this man," he said. "He is losing all his blood, and if I take him any farther he will not arrive living." The new arrival proved to be a German, one Frantz Mayer, who said that he was a soldier of the Silesian Landwehr. As he told me his name he fainted from weakness caused by loss of blood. He soon came to, however, and I had him carried into a room where there was a young Breton suffering from a bad fracture of the skull. Before leaving, one of my friends, an excellent German linguist, approached Frantz Mayer's bed, and asked him in his own tongue whether he could do anything for him. "I thank you, no, sir," he replied, bravely, "and although I suffer much I am happy in the thought that Paris cannot hold out two

"THEY SWOOPED DOWN ON THE BURNING PIECES AS DO BIRDS ON A SHOWER OF CRUMBS."

days longer. Its defenders are already reduced to eating rats."

Although this statement was an exaggeration, food was nevertheless becoming scarce in the extreme. Small morsels of decayed meat were fetching high prices, and the children were going hungry to bed and waking up still more hungry. It was for their suffering, I think, that I felt most, for to see those who cannot help themselves slowly fading away

for lack of food is a sight than which I can think of none worse.

But I am wrong when I say that they could not help themselves. They did so, and in a way which shows the utter fearlessness of danger embedded in childish minds. And the sight of how they managed to help themselves, each one carrying his or her life in their hands as they did so, is one I cannot dwell on without a shudder—one I shall never forget as long as I live.

To describe this sight it has been necessary for me to refer to the deplorable condition in which the defenders of Paris found themselves. Hour after hour the bombardment continued, and in a space of twenty yards near the Odéon in one night no fewer than twelve bombs burst. As Mme. Guérard and I sat tremblingly watching at the window, I remember thinking that these messengers of death, as they burst in the air, were strangely, weirdly, horribly like fireworks at a *fête*.

One night a young journalist came to call on me at the Ambulance, and I related to him the ghastly, terrifying splendours we had seen from our window. He said he, too, would like to see them. It would be an experience. If he lived he would be able to describe it, and thus make splendid copy for his paper.

A few hours later we three sat at one of the windows which looked out towards Chatillon, from where came the heaviest bombardment of the Germans. In the silence of the night the muffled sound of the guns and the bursting of the bombs made the most depressing music I have ever heard. One bomb burst so close to my window that, had not we quickly drawn back our heads, we should surely have been killed. The shell fell immediately underneath, grazing the cornice, and dragging it down in its fall to the ground, where it burst feebly.

"A narrow escape, indeed, madame," said the journalist. Scarcely had he spoken when from dark corners on either side of the street out dashed a little crowd of children, who swooped down on the burning pieces as do birds on a shower of crumbs. The pieces of shell were still warm and dangerous, and the children's action struck me as so extraordinary that, trembling like a leaf, I turned to my journalist friend, as I realized the danger of death the youngsters were running, and asked what they could possibly want with fragments of burst bombs.

To satisfy my curiosity, and to try to rescue the children from further danger, the journalist, whose name I remember was Georges Boyer, dashed downstairs and dragged one of the urchins up to us. The others had fled at the sound of his footsteps.

"What are you going to do with that, my little man?" I asked, pointing to the fragment of burst shell which he held tightly in his two hands. "I'm going to sell it to buy my turn in the queue when the meat is being distributed," he said. "But you risk your life, my poor child," I said. "You should take shelter from the shells, and not expose your little body."

"It makes no difference," said the child, quietly, gazing at me with eyes of wonder which seemed to ask why a stranger should take an interest in his humble welfare. "I am already so weak and my limbs ache so through want of food that I am no longer afraid of the wicked enemy's crackers." For thus he described the bombs, which were falling around like golf-balls on a crowded day on the links.

It was all too horrible. Even now when I see children playing in the streets my thoughts often turn to that little band of starving youngsters who so carelessly exposed themselves to the bombardment of the Germans in the hope that, if these dread messengers did not bring death to them, they might afterwards sell the fractured pieces of bomb for the price of a mouthful of food. In my life I have seen many impressive sights, but none has so engraved itself on my memory as this.

II.

THE GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO.

By FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

Illustrated by John de Walton.

Of all sights that I have witnessed, I cannot recall one which has so arrested and riveted my attention as the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

Until I saw the Colorado canyon, the canyon of Yellowstone Park had seemed to me the most wonderful sight that I had seen.

"I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING INTO ANOTHER WORLD, A WORLD UNTENANTED AND VOICELESS SAVE FOR THE SOUND OF THE WHIRLING, WHISTLING WIND."

Both canyons are bewilderingly wonderful, but, curiously enough, they are in nothing alike. Each one has what the other has not; each completes and is completed by the other.

The Yellowstone Park canyon is wonderfully fine and beautiful; the Colorado canyon is wonderfully grand and magnificent. And both strike me as symbolic of perfect wedded life, the perfection of what is womanly and of what is manly united in bonds indissoluble. What makes these United States canyons so impressive is that they are monuments of Nature's creative genius. They are built up out of ruins, out of *débris*, out of erosion.

When first you look down Yellowstone Park canyon and see the sunlit stream running a thousand feet below the plateau of eight thousand feet whereon you stand, you are in no sense moved to rapture by the foaming river. Neither is your imagination wrought into ecstasies by the wonderful setting of trees on the background of snow, nor with the rugged Sierras in the far, far distance; but you are wholly carried away by the beauty of the vertical walls of the chasm, walls which from highest rim down to river bed are painted with such a delicacy, beauty, and fineness of finish that you almost want to exclaim, "Look! Here a rainbow has fallen from heaven, and has been shattered against these rocks."

But not even would that simile express quite what you feel, for you almost want to ask, "Have these walls been hung with tapestries woven in the looms of heaven? Have these glories been let down to decorate the canyon for some such event as the birth of the Creator?"

Yes, the Yellowstone canyon is wonderfully beautiful; but the Colorado chasm is far more wonderfully magnificent. As, some few weeks ago, I stood on an elevated plain and saw at my feet, and before me, a gorge fifteen miles across and stretching east and west as far as the eye could travel, I found myself looking into another world, a world untenanted and voiceless save for the sound of the whirling, whistling wind.

Just imagine the scene. There below me, a mile deep and fifteen miles across, was this yawning gulf. There, in that immense depth, stood out before my bewildered and worshipping eyes a perfect city in which I could recognize every style of classic architecture and every period of Gothic: towers, keeps, and turrets, domes, spires, and minarets, streets laid out and open spaces, and flights of steps to cathedral, capitol, castle, and encircling ramparts.

Nor was the scene without the life of colour or the play of light and shade. Every hue and tint was there, and every scheme of treatment was depicted before my eyes. Nothing was wanting to make me feel how poor, petty, and paltry is all man's work when put into comparison with the wonderful works of God!

When we came away, after having seen the great spaces flooded with sunlight, hidden in mist, and swept by rain storm, I could not help exclaiming to a friend who was with me, "This to me is the last word in architecture, in painting, and in poetry."

At Yellowstone Park my soul broke forth into the Magnificat. But here in the presence of the Grand Canyon of Colorado I felt inclined to intone the "Gloria in Excelsis."

To view that canyon and to see what Nature had wrought in this wonderland of wonderlands held me spellbound with awe, admiration, and adoration. And as I stood there I offered up a silent prayer to Heaven for sight and understanding, and for the privilege of being there.

III.

MICHAEL HARDY'S DAUNTLESS COURAGE.

DESCRIBED BY

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

In a somewhat lengthy fighting career I can think of so many impressive sights I have seen that I find it far from an easy matter to select one in particular as "the most impressive." However, after mature consideration, I am inclined to choose an incident I witnessed during the bombardment of Sebastopol in 1855.

The incident in question happened on the 19th of April. On the previous day it had rained for twenty-four hours, and the water was up to the level of the platform, which

stood a good ten inches above the ground. Evidently the Russians—at least, so we thought at the time—had not anticipated a renewal of the bombardment of Sebastopol, during which occurred the most impressive sight that I have ever witnessed. We afterwards heard that they had run out of gun-cartridges, and were obliged to use infantry cartridges to make up charges for their guns. But this, of course, we did not know at the time.

We got the range immediately with an eight-inch gun which stood in the obtuse angle of the battery, the right of which looked to the Malakoff and the left face to the Redan. The gun was served by the "Queen's," who had been in battery since October, but the "Leanders," who had two thirty-two-pounders, fifty-six-hundredweight guns, were new to the work, and the shooting, therefore, was somewhat erratic. Indeed, while I was myself getting the range with the centre gun, the captain of the right-hand gun made such wild shots that I ordered him to "cease firing," when No. 3, the "loader," Able Seaman Michael Hardy, asked me if the gun's crew might "change rounds," and that he might be No. 1. I agreed to this at once, and after two trial shots Hardy got on the target, and afterwards made excellent practice.

Yes, that 19th of April is a day I shall never forget. During the first hour the embrasure of the eight-inch gun which drew the greater portion of the enemy's fire was cut down and rebuilt three times. A sergeant and two sappers, detailed for repairing that part of the battery, were wounded, and I had personally to repair the embrasure after the first occasion of its being demolished. After three hours' firing the eight-inch gun where I was standing became so hot from the quick work it had been doing that we were obliged to "cease fire," and the men, released from their work, crowded up on the platform to be out of the water, which in the trench was half-way up to their knees. Fortunately, however, my other two guns continued in action, so that "something was doing" all the time.

When the eight-inch gun was out of action I had a telescope laid in my left hand along the gun, and my right elbow on the shoulder of Charles Green, First Class boy of H.M.S. *Queen*, who was sitting on the right rear truck of the gun, and while I was calling out the results of the targets made a man handed round the rum for the crew, and Green asked me to move my elbow so that he would not run the risk of shaking me while drinking.

At that moment we both stood up, and Green was in the act of holding the pannikin to his mouth when a shot from the Redan, coming obliquely from our left, took off his head as cleanly as though it had been severed from his body by the guillotine. With metallic clang the pannikin fell to the gun platform, and Green's body lurched towards me and fell at my side.

At this moment Michael Hardy, one of the cheeriest Irishmen that ever breathed, and one of the most courageous men I have ever met—he was invariably cheerful in all circumstances, and in the most perilous moments he did not seem to know what fear was—having just fired his gun, was "serving the vent," which consists of stopping with the thumb all currents of air in the gun, which, if allowed to pass up the vent, would cause sparks remaining in the chamber to ignite the fresh cartridge.

Hardy had turned up his sleeves and trousers, and, his shirt being opened low on the neck and chest, his face and body were covered with the contents of poor Green's head. Indeed, for a moment Hardy was practically blinded. Now, if he had lifted his thumb from the vent the result might easily have been fatal to No. 3 and No. 4, who were then ramming home the next charge.

But with the coolness of a man on parade Hardy never flinched. With his left hand, without moving his right, he quietly wiped away his late comrade's brains from his face. In print, no doubt, this incident sounds particularly gruesome, but in the heat of action the gruesomeness of the incident did not strike us—did not strike me, at any rate, as strongly as it does to-day.

Several men sitting at my feet were, however, speechless, being startled, as indeed I was, for as that Russian shot which had sent poor Green on the journey from which he would never return had passed within an inch of my face I had felt the breath of wind which carried it on its way, and knew full well that it was only the chance of War which had not ordained that Green and I should go together. When you miss death by an inch, or perhaps less, you realize that, in times of war, you may be here one moment and far away the next.

For perhaps thirty seconds we stood there motionless. By my side lay poor Green's body. All around was blood, and in the distance sounded the dull boom, boom, boom, from the Russian guns. Green had gone, and maybe it was a sense of reverence for the passing of his soul which rendered us temporarily inert. Maybe it was a feeling

of awe at the relentless advance of the messenger of Death. Whatever it was, we were "off duty" for thirty seconds or so, and to be off duty when a battle is raging is to be severely neglecting one's duty. When one's country's honour is at stake, it is not well to brood over what is past; all that matters is the present and the future. But, as I have said, we forgot such time-worn theories, for poor Green's death had temporarily stunned us—or perhaps I should say temporarily stunned me, for of my companions' feelings I cannot write. Stunned as I was in brain, I have no real notion of how they were taking what had happened.

"HE REMARKED IN CONTEMPTUOUS TONES, 'YOU FOOLS! WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU LOOKING AT?'"

Suddenly, speaking as though he were reproving schoolboys, Hardy brought us back to a sense of duty by remarking in contemptuous tones, "You fools! What the blazes are you looking at? Is the man dead? If so, take his carcass away. If he isn't dead, take him to the doctor."

All the time Hardy was "serving the vent"—the whole incident probably took place in less than half a minute—and having brought us to our senses he turned round and said sharply to No. 3, "Jim, are you home?" as the loader, who was in the act of giving a final tap, had rammed home the charge. Jim nodded, and without bestowing another look on us, or possibly even thinking of me, Hardy gave the order, "Run out. Ready!"

One of the softest-hearted men that ever lived, Hardy had undoubtedly felt Green's death as keenly as any of us. His amazing pluck, therefore, blinded as he was, in keeping his thumb on the vent, and thus saving the lives of No. 3 and No. 4, was truly the most remarkable act of bravery I have ever seen.

(*This Series will be continued in the next number.*)

The Alabaster Jar

BY
MARTIN SWAYNE

Illustrated by . . .
GRAHAM SIMMONS

ON a day of brilliant sunshine Dr. Howe was seated on his veranda overlooking the still waters of the harbour below. A private steam yacht had just come to anchor, and he watched it idly through his glasses. It was close enough for him to see a little cluster of men clad in white flannels lounging on chairs on the shining deck, and the smoke of their cigars made a faint blue cloud against the spotless white paint of the funnels behind them. They were seated in a circle, and a table with tea-things stood in their centre.

The yacht was a fine vessel, painted in white and gold, and a small crowd of people on the quay-side were watching it with curiosity, because a private steam yacht rarely put in at that port. Dr. Howe sucked his pipe meditatively as his eye travelled over the luxurious fittings of this ship. Then, laying down his glasses, he settled himself with a sigh in his chair and went to sleep.

He was awakened at length by a step on the path, and, looking up, saw a man in ship's uniform, with a smart gold-braided white cap, coming towards him.

"Dr. Howe, sir?"

"I am Dr. Howe."

The man saluted.

"I am the steward of the *Vespertillo*, sir. My master, Mr. Hartway, wishes me to ask you if you are likely to be free to-night between nine and ten."

Dr. Howe sat up in his chair.

"Between nine and ten? Yes, I think so. Does he want me to come on board?"

"I don't know, sir. But he wishes you to be in readiness between nine and ten. That is all he said, sir. And I was to hand you this."

The steward held out an envelope. Dr. Howe took it. Inside was a cheque for five guineas and a note asking him to accept the money as a retaining fee for his services between the hours of nine and ten that night, as Mr. Hartway was not sure whether he would require him or not. The letter was from Mr. Hartway's secretary.

Dr. Howe pocketed the cheque, and informed the steward that he would make a point of staying at home between the hours mentioned. After the steward had gone, Dr. Howe looked at the cheque again, and then turned his glasses once more on the steamship *Vespertillo*, that lay gleaming in the harbour, with a flood of white and gold flashes in the waters under her smart bows.

The group of men round the tea-table were still visible, but one of them was standing. He was holding something in one hand and pointing to it with the other. It was a white object, and now and then the sunlight flashed on it. The men around were leaning forward in attitudes of close attention.

Dr. Howe focused his glasses carefully, trying to make out the object. But he could not see what it was. The individual who was holding it at length made an interrogative gesture to one of the sitters, who shook his head. Then he shrugged his shoulders, clasped the white thing in both hands, and went below with it. Howe could see his companions talking, and from their movements a violent argument seemed to be in progress.

A call from the house interrupted his

examination of the yacht, and Howe went indoors. He was busy until dinner, when the discovery of the cheque in his pocket brought his thoughts back to the yacht. He spoke of it to his wife, and passed her across the letter he had received.

"Hartway!" she exclaimed. "Why, that must be the great financier."

Dr. Howe's knowledge of things financial was small, and he had not heard the name.

"Surely you've seen the name in the papers!" said his wife. "He's at the head of the New Beet Sugar Company that your brother wanted you to invest in. You remember how the shares went up ever so many points when it was announced that Mr. Hartway was behind it."

"Is he a millionaire, then?"

"Of course he is. So that is his beautiful yacht!"

She went to the window and looked over the bay. Evening was falling, and the lighthouse was flashing its fan-light across the darkening sky. The *Vespertillo* was brilliantly illuminated. Light streamed from every porthole over the water of the harbour. Mrs. Howe gazed at it a moment, and then, recollecting something, picked up a newspaper from the corner.

"Here it is!" she exclaimed, after searching the columns. "I thought I had noticed it yesterday morning. Listen to this: 'Mr. Hartway, the well-known financier, is going for a short sea voyage in the company of Professor Madison, the Egyptologist, and Mr. Julian Vornheim, Sir Mark Sherman, and Mr. Lucas Spyer, who are all well known in the financial world. It is said that Mr. Stonewall William, the American millionaire, may accompany him. Naturally this gathering together of some of the kings of finance has aroused great interest, and it is rumoured that an important development may be expected. Some astonishment has been expressed that some of these gentlemen should meet together, as it is well known that Mr. Hartway and Mr. Stonewall William have been irreconcilable rivals in certain big speculative movements for many years.' How interesting that you should go on board the yacht, George, and see them all!"

Mrs. Howe put down the newspaper. Her husband felt a little mystified, for he was reflecting that in all probability it was Hartway himself who anticipated being ill, and that, if a man of such wealth knew beforehand at what time sickness would overtake him, it was strange that he did not carry a medical man about with him. On the other hand, if Hartway expected someone else to be ill between nine and ten, it introduced an additional element of mystery into the case that was scarcely pleasant.

However, he did not worry himself, for the cheque had put him in a good humour and it came at an opportune moment. His practice was not very large and it took him all his time to make both ends meet. Moreover, there was an enjoyable sense of expectation that he might possibly earn more money before the night was out.

While he was smoking in his study his wife came in and suggested that he ought to put on evening dress. He opposed the idea strenuously.

"But remember everything will be very luxurious on the yacht, George," she urged. "And they may ask you to stay and have a smoke or a drink or something. I'm sure you would feel more comfortable if you dressed."

So at length Dr. Howe consented, and went up to dress.

Shortly after nine o'clock the bell rang, and Dr. Howe sprang to his feet with an exclamation of satisfaction. The steward was waiting for him in the hall.

"Mr. Hartway would like you to come aboard the yacht at once, sir. The launch is waiting at the steps of the jetty."

Dr. Howe slipped on a light coat, picked up his bag, and followed the man down the hillside to the quay below.

"Is anyone ill?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir."

The answer was given in tones of polite indifference, as if the steward saw nothing unusual in his master's summons for the doctor.

"Where are you bound for?" asked Howe, as they reached the quay.

"I scarcely know, sir. The coast of France, I believe. We weigh anchor at six to-morrow morning."

A gasolene launch was waiting at the bottom of the steps, and in a few moments they were gliding swiftly across the dark water to the accompaniment of the sharp staccato panting of the exhaust. The launch swept round in a wide circle and came alongside the yacht. Dr. Howe, grasping his bag, clambered up the gangway and stood on the deck of the *Vespertillo*. Save for the distant hum of a dynamo the ship was silent. Looking back, he saw the lights of his house up on the hillside. The steward took his coat and bag and showed him down the companion-way.

The saloon of the *Vespertillo*, though not very big, was exquisitely fitted. Inlaid

satin-wood panels lined the walls and the painted ceiling was lit by softly-shaded electric lights.

When Dr. Howe entered he saw half-a-dozen men seated round the table. Dinner was at an end and they were lounging in their chairs, and the air was heavy with cigar-smoke.

"The doctor, sir," announced the steward, who at once withdrew.

Hartway, a tall, elderly man, with a grey moustache and a heavy, massive face, rose and came forward, and Dr. Howe recognized him as the man he had seen through his glasses holding the white object in his hand.

"How d'ye do, Dr. Howe," he said, in a deep voice. "It is exceedingly kind of you to come."

"I received——"

Before he could proceed, the other cut him short.

"Will you take a glass of port? Try one of these cigars. They are quite mild. Gentlemen, this is Dr. Howe."

The other men at the table nodded curtly.

"Perhaps I had better get my work done first," said Howe, "I'll take a cigar later."

"Very well," said Hartway. "Sit down, won't you? The reason why we sent for you at this late hour will take a few minutes' explanation."

He swung his chair round to face Howe.

"We have a sort of bet on," he began, smiling slightly. "My friend here, Professor Madison, is the famous Egyptologist. You may have heard his name before." Hartway paused and poured himself out a glass of wine. "Well, the Professor has been excavating recently in the Nile Valley somewhere near the village of——"

He looked inquiringly at Professor Madison, who sat opposite him.

"El Amarna," was the reply.

Dr. Howe looked across the table. The Professor was a grey-bearded man with a narrow face and dreamy eyes.

"Ah, yes," continued Hartway. "Perhaps you will tell Dr. Howe what you found there."

"To be as brief as possible, I found, in one of the tombs of the Pharaohs, a perfectly ordinary alabaster canopic jar, of the type that is conspicuous in Egyptian burials," said Madison. "It was sealed, of course. Only there was an inscription on it that was very odd."

The Professor leaned forward and picked up a white jar from the table, which Howe, who had not noticed it before, recognized as the object he had observed through his glasses.

"You will see that the stopper is carved elaborately to represent the head of the Pharaoh, wearing the usual male wig of the period and having the royal cobra upon the forehead. But here, on the sides, you will see the inscription. Now that inscription, which is difficult to render literally into English, says that if anyone opens this jar, let him beware, for instant death will come upon him. Now, an inscription of that sort on an alabaster canopic jar is very strange—so unusual that one is almost inclined to think there may be something in it. Personally, long association with the East has made me superstitious, and I would not open that jar willingly."

"We have been discussing the subject during dinner," said Hartway. "And most of us—in fact, all of us—being superstitious, we are naturally very much interested in the jar. It has been suggested that one of us should open it, to see what happens. But since we are all superstitious, we do not wish to run any unnecessary risks."

"Quite so," said Dr. Howe, thoroughly mystified. "I should leave it alone if I were you."

"No, no," exclaimed Julian Vornheim, who sat next to him. "We are determined to open it."

"Certainly," came an American voice from behind a cloud of smoke. "We're just *going* to have that stopper out."

"My friend Mr. Stonewall William is very anxious to put the inscription to the test," said Hartway. "In fact, we are all anxious, except Professor Madison, who refuses to have anything to do with it."

"Which of you is going to open it?" asked Dr. Howe, looking round.

They all leaned forward and looked at him attentively.

"That is for you to decide," said Stonewall William, a small, dried-up little man with brilliant eyes. His voice was high and thin.

"Yes," echoed Hartway, in his deep bass voice. "That is for you to decide."

"For me to decide? Do you want me to open it?"

There was a chorus of dissent.

"Certainly not," said the American millionaire. "We ain't going to let anybody run such a risk. No, it's to be one of us—that is, excepting Professor Madison. Now, doctor, if you were going to select out of a few men to run a risk, whom would you naturally select?"

"Well, the oldest, I suppose."

"'WHICH OF YOU IS GOING TO OPEN IT?' ASKED DR. HOWE, LOOKING ROUND."

"You mean the one with least life before him?"

"Yes."

"That isn't always the oldest by any means," said Julian Vornheim. "Sir Mark Sherman and Mr. Lucas Spyer, who were born on the same day, are the oldest here, but Sherman looks as if he was thirty and Spyer looks as if he were a hundred."

Vornheim laughed unmusically, and Lucas Spyer, a wizened Jew, with large round spectacles, glanced at him with a glint of anger. Sherman, an enormously stout, red-faced individual, chuckled pleasantly.

"It's not a question of age, Dr. Howe," said Hartway, blandly. "It's a question of who has got most chances of living. We are so keen about this alabaster jar that we want you to tell us as far as you are able which of us here has the best chance of life, and we are agreed that the one you select as having the worst chance will open the jar."

Dr. Howe made an uneasy movement.

"Aren't you taking this rather too seriously?"

"We've been talking about that jar until we're near crazy about it," said Stonewall William. "I tell you, Dr. Howe, we're determined to see into it before the night's out, and we're all kind of worked up over it. There's Professor Madison, who won't touch the thing, and he *knows*."

"Those old priests possessed a knowledge that's been lost to the world," said Sir Mark Sherman, earnestly. "It's a risk to open it, yet I'm willing to go into the lottery."

"Now, doctor, don't disappoint us," exclaimed Hartway.

Dr. Howe fancied he caught an imperative look in his eye.

"All right," he said. "I'm perfectly willing to do my part of the affair, but you must remember my forecast will not be very reliable. One can only make a statement that as far as one can tell a man will live so many years. It would be absurd to claim accuracy."

"That's all right," said Vornheim. "We simply want your opinion, and we're willing to adhere to it."

"Very well, I'm ready."

Dr. Howe stood up. Hartway rose and opened a door at the end of the saloon.

"You can examine each of us in turn in here," he said. "Perhaps Mr. Stonewall William will consent to going first."

The American millionaire nodded, and followed the doctor out of the saloon. He was away about five minutes, and was followed by Julian Vornheim. Slowly each guest was examined turn by turn, save Professor Madison, and finally Hartway himself entered the doctor's presence. He closed the door at once.

"Just undo your shirt-front," said Dr. Howe, who, with his stethoscope in his ears, was jotting down notes on the back of an envelope.

Hartway submitted to his examination with a good-humoured smile. Dr. Howe took some time before he had finished.

"Now," said Hartway, "I simply let you examine me as a matter of form. I know I'm as sound as a bell." He came close to Howe. "Look here," he said, in a low voice, "this affair is all a put-up game. I want these men—Stonewall William in particular—to carry away the idea that I can't last another year. If they get that into their heads, the price of the New Beet Sugar Trust shares will drop at once. Now I want that to happen because I want to buy up as many shares as I can. I own a big block as it is. But I want them *all*. Do you see?"

"Well?"

"Well, if you go back to the saloon and say in a grave voice that I'm in a bad way, with only a year before me at the outside, then I'll start up excitedly, and there will be a bit of a scene, and then William and Vornheim and the rest of them will carry away that idea and act accordingly. They'll calculate on the shares dropping, and will get an option of them for a certain figure above that to which they'll drop, for no one thinks anything will happen to New Beets. They'll hang on, waiting for my death, and I'll do them all by not dying—see? After they've got the option they'll spread the rumour. The shares will drop, and I'll buy at a reasonably low figure. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," said Howe, slowly. "I think so."

Hartway put a cheque on the table. It was for a hundred guineas.

"There," he said, "that's for you."

Dr. Howe looked at it a moment.

"You're giving me this, I understand, on condition that I tell them you haven't got a year to live at the outside?"

"Yes."

Dr. Howe picked up the cheque and put it in his pocket-book.

"Very well," he remarked. He looked at the floor thoughtfully. "By the way," he said, "you'll have to open that jar."

"Oh, I don't mind that!" exclaimed

"HARTWAY PUT A CHEQUE ON THE TABLE. IT WAS FOR A HUNDRED GUINEAS."

Hartway, with a laugh. "I'm really not a bit superstitious. Madison is a crank in these things. He believes in the devil, you know. Funny idea." Hartway adjusted his tie in the mirror and turned to the door. "I'm much obliged to you," he said. "I thought you'd be no trouble. A cheque gets over most scruples, eh? Now, mind you are very impressive and serious in the way you tell them. Lay it on thick."

Hartway led the way back to the saloon. The other men were talking at the table. Professor Madison was looking through one of the open port-holes at the lights of the town. He turned as Dr. Howe entered and touched his arm.

"I'd rather they did not try to open the jar," he said, in an aside. "Can't you persuade them not to?"

Howe shrugged his shoulders.

"That is hardly my business," he said. "Do you really think there is any danger?"

"Well, it's impossible to say. But I hate meddling with these supernatural things. I've seen one or two examples in Egypt that have left an indelible impression on my mind."

Hartway interrupted them.

"Now, doctor, will you be so kind as to give the result of your examination? We are all anxious to hear."

Dr. Howe walked across the saloon to the table. The men round it looked at him expectantly. He fixed his eyes on the ancient alabaster jar that stood amongst the confusion of coffee-cups and wineglasses and fruit-dishes before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, gravely, "I have no hesitation in giving you the result of my examination."

"Bully for you!" said Stonewall William.

Dr. Howe raised his eyes and looked round at the men before him.

They were watching him with a certain fascination, for the judgment he was about to pass, although probably of no special value, was of compelling interest. They expected a long rigmarole in which he would hint that one or other of them showed signs of breaking up at a fairly early date. None of them would attach much importance to it, beyond that it settled who was now to open the jar. But when Dr. Howe pronounced his verdict there was a moment's silence.

"There is one of you," he said, in a low voice, "who has not more than a year to live at the very *outside*." He straightened his back and looked across the table and spoke clearly. "And that is Mr. Hartway."

He met the financier's look steadily. The others turned in their chairs, staring. Stonewall William made a curious noise with his tongue and glanced at Vornheim.

"HE BROUGHT THE HAMMER DOWN SMARTLY ON THE CHISEL,

"What's that?" exclaimed Hartway, jumping up. He simulated an expression of amazement. "Only a year to live! Nonsense! I'm as sound as a bell!"

"I have given you my opinion," said Howe, quietly.

Hartway began to bluster.

"Absurd!" he said. "Ridiculous! Look at me! I've never had a day's illness in my life. It's preposterous to make such a prognosis! Do you really mean that seriously?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean that you are *certain?*" persisted Hartway, keeping up the pose of incredulous surprise.

"Absolutely."

Inwardly Hartway felt he owed the doctor another cheque for the admirable way in which he was acting his part.

"Pah!" he exclaimed. "It's nonsense. I never heard such arrant nonsense before." He sat down again, frowning.

"Don't blame the doctor," said William. "He's only done his duty."

"Oh, well, I suppose he has. Thank

AND THE SEAL CRUMBLED UNDER THE BLOW."

Heaven, doctors are often wrong!" exclaimed Hartway, in calmer tones. "After all, the main purpose of our summoning Dr. Howe was to find out who should open the Egyptian jar. It's up to me, I suppose."

The attitude of his guests, which had been rather tense, relaxed somewhat. They looked significantly at one another.

Hartway left the saloon to find an instrument with which to prise open the stopper of the jar, and Vornheim leaned across towards Howe. "You really mean that?" he asked.

Howe nodded.

Stonewall William and Sir Mark Sherman began whispering together. It was clear that the news had given them something else to think about than the alabaster jar. The wizened Spyer sat huddled up on his chair gazing intently at a dish of nuts. A slight frown now showed he was thinking hard.

Dr. Howe still stood, looking down on them. Professor Madison was pacing slowly up and down the saloon. In a few moments Hartway returned with a hammer and a narrow chisel, and the whispering at the table stopped instantly on his entry.

"Well, I must make the best of a bad job," he exclaimed, with well-simulated cheerfulness. "But I must have a talk with you, doctor, before you go. I think you have made a mistake. Come, now, haven't you?"

Dr. Howe shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hartway, but you demanded a veracious report, and I have given it."

"But it's only *your* opinion," said Hartway.

"Naturally. It is only my opinion."

Hartway laid the hammer and chisel on the table. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that the other financiers were watching him closely. He could have hugged himself to see his plans working out so successfully. He knew what to expect later that night—casual inquiries about telegraph offices being open, or the sight of all his party in the smoking saloon writing instructions to their various agents, based on the fact of his early decease. Truly, Dr. Howe had played his part well.

He picked up the jar.

"The unpleasant little bit of news we have received need not deter us from opening this," he said, looking at the American millionaire. "After I have opened it I shall do my best—and I hope we all shall—to forget Dr. Howe's words."

"Quite so," said Vornheim, gruffly.

"I guess the doctor's exaggerating," observed the American, although his expression of grim satisfaction did not bear out his remark.

"Will you assist, Professor Madison?" asked Hartway. "Do I strike here with the chisel? Ah, yes, thanks, I see—just at the edge of the seal. It's a pity to destroy that fine impression of the royal cobra."

He brought the hammer down smartly on the chisel, and the seal crumbled under the blow. Vornheim and Sherman leaned forward eagerly, but Spyer was too wrapped up in his calculations to take any interest in the opening of the jar.

A moment later the chisel broke up the stopping in the mouth of the jar and Hartway laid down his tools.

"There!" he exclaimed. "The jar is opened and nothing has happened."

He picked it up and inverted it. A little dust came out of the mouth, and fell in a heap on the tablecloth.

"Nothing inside it," said Hartway.

The others clustered round the jar, and poked at the dust with dessert knives. Hartway took the opportunity of going round to Dr. Howe.

"Thanks," he said, in a whisper. "You've done it magnificently. They are all sure I'm going to die. If you'll allow me, I'd like to add to that cheque before you go."

"It is already more than enough for my services," said Howe. "I could not think of taking more."

Hartway nodded and winked and turned away.

"Now, Professor Madison, you see what your superstitions are worth!" he cried. "The jar is open and I'm still alive. How do you account for that?"

The old Egyptologist shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

"Only a little dust inside it," said Vornheim, disappointedly. "I thought there would be a snake at least, or an evil genius that would come out in a cloud of smoke."

Hartway laughed shortly and patted him on the back.

"Poor Vornheim! He thought I was going to drop down dead."

He returned to the table and picked up the jar again.

"Professor Madison must have read the inscription incorrectly," he said, "or else those old priests worked out the incantation in the wrong way. Now, doctor, you must have a little port before you go. And try a cigar."

Hartway reached across for the decanter.

"I must take some too," he added. "That news of the doctor's about my prospects of life makes it pardonable for a man to fly to a little stimulant. What do you think, Sherman?"

"You must not believe him," he said, comfortably. "You should never believe bad news till you have to."

"Not until I have to! That will be a long time——"

Hartway stopped suddenly, and caught at the edge of the table. His body was swaying slightly. They all started forward, but before they reached him he fell at full length on the carpet. They ran confusedly to him, and Dr. Howe tore off his collar and passed his hand under his shirt-front. The others stood in an anxious circle round him.

A minute of silence passed.

"He's dead!" said Howe, at last.

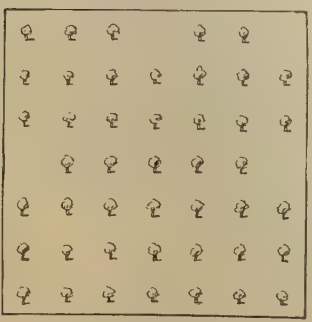
"*Dead?*"

"Yes." There was a long silence. The doctor rose and looked at the alabaster jar. "Curious," he said, quietly, "but it's one of those things that we cannot *definitely* connect with the supernatural. You see, he was suffering from aneurism, and didn't know it."

PERPLEXITIES.

With Some Easy Puzzles for Beginners. By Henry E. Dudeney.

150.—A PLANTATION PUZZLE.



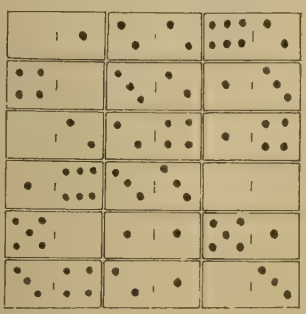
A MAN had a square plantation of 49 trees, but, as will be seen by the omissions in the illustration, four trees were blown down and removed. He now wants to cut down all the remainder except ten trees, which are to be so left that they shall form five straight rows with four trees in every row. Which are the ten trees that he must leave?

151.—A FAMILY PARTY.

A CERTAIN family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 2 mothers, 4 children, 3 grandchildren, 1 brother, 2 sisters, 2 sons, 2 daughters, 1 father-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, and 1 daughter-in-law. Twenty-three people, you will say. No; there were only seven persons present. Can you show how this might be?

152.—THE EIGHTEEN DOMINOES.

THE illustration shows eighteen dominoes arranged in the form of a square so that the pips in every one of the six columns, six rows, and two long diagonals add up 13. This is the smallest summation possible with any selection of dominoes from an ordinary box of twenty-eight. The greatest possible summation is 23, and a solution for this number may be easily obtained by substituting for every number its complement to 6. Thus for every blank substitute a 6, for every 1 a 5, for every 2 a 4, for 3 a 3, for 4 a 2, for 5 a 1, and for 6 a blank. But the puzzle is to make a selection of eighteen dominoes and arrange them (in exactly the form shown) so that the summations shall be 18 in all the fourteen directions mentioned.



153.—A CHARITABLE BEQUEST.

A MAN left instructions to his executors to distribute once a year exactly fifty-five shillings among the poor of his parish, but they were only to continue the gift so long as they could make it in different ways, always giving eighteenpence each to a number of women and half a crown each to men. During how many years could the charity be administered? Of course, by "different ways" is meant a different number of men and women every time.

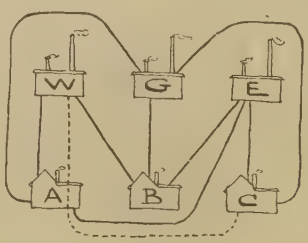
154.—A WORD SQUARE.

He sat upon the *first*. The month was hot;
But hoping to be *fourth* he'd sought the spot.
A maid passed by—he needs must *third* her face,
For he would *second* her with every grace.
Yet now he neither *fifths* nor feels his pain,
And Hymen, in his bonds, hath bound the twain.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

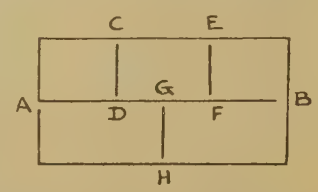
146.—WATER, GAS, AND ELECTRICITY.

ACCORDING to the conditions, in the strict sense in which one at first understands them, there is no possible solution to this puzzle. In such a dilemma one always has to look for some verbal quibble or trick. If the owner of house A will allow the water company to run their pipe for house C through his property (and we are not bound to assume that he would object), then the difficulty is got over, as shown in our illustration. It will be seen that the dotted line from W to C passes through house A, but no pipe ever crosses another pipe.



147.—AN OLD THREE-LINE PUZZLE.

HERE again we are driven back, in each case, on a trick or quibble. (1) If you fold a piece of paper and insert the point of your pencil in the fold, you can draw the two lines C D and E F in one stroke. Then you can draw the line A to B in the second stroke, and G H in the third stroke. (2) With a single finger rub out A to B in one stroke, G H in the second rub, and C D and E F, with two fingers at once, in the third rub. Without tricks of the kind shown, four strokes or rubs are absolutely necessary.



148.—CURTAILMENT.

H—EARS—E

149.—FIND ADA'S SURNAME.

EVERY purchase must represent a square number of farthings. We have therefore to find those five pairs of squares that have a common difference of 405 (the number of farthings in 8s. 5½d.), and these pairs will each give the expenditure of a mother and daughter. The other facts stated enable us to adjust these sums to fit the individuals, so that when we find Annie must be the daughter of Mrs. Brown, we learn Annie's surname, and so with the others. The girls' names were Ada Smith, Annie Brown, Emily Jones, Mary Robinson, and Bessie Evans.

Lawn Tennis Tournaments and the Humours of them

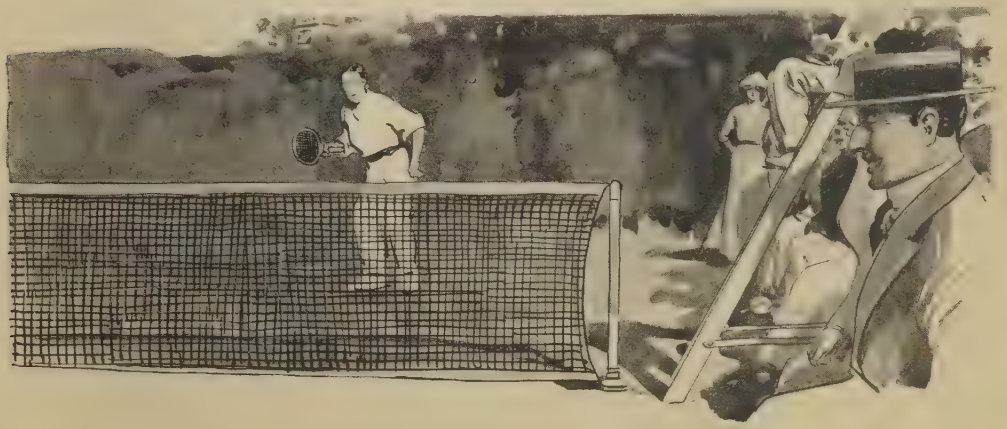
By F. R. BURROW
(The Well-known Referee and Handicapper).

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

THIRTY years' fairly intimate acquaintance with the game of lawn-tennis—ten as a tournament player, ten as an interested onlooker, and ten as a referee and handicapper—have provided me with a store of humorous recollections.

Now, if you were to judge from the set faces and serious expressions of the spectators crowding round, and the people playing in, the centre court at Wimbledon during an important match in the "championship fortnight," you might be excused for thinking that a tennis tournament was the last place in the world in which to look for humour. Yet even at Wimbledon you may always see something new, whether it be a novel variety of service by some member of the "contortionist" school, or a pleasing variant of the usual costume, such as was worn by an Italian competitor a year of two ago, who appeared in the sensible but unorthodox garb of a sleeveless vest, frilled and embroidered. Unluckily this was on a side court, and so most people missed it. Still, Wimbledon is mainly a very serious business, and the most prolific source of humour there is of the kind which consists in watching the expressions of players who have lost matches they expected to win. This, of course, is not so much for the multitude as for the victims' own dearest friends.

It is at the innumerable "holiday" tournaments which succeed Wimbledon that the fun of the fair really begins. The great events of the year are over and done with; the game becomes less serious and more jolly; only the champions have reputations to keep up, and they do not play much in holiday tournaments. Everybody is out to enjoy himself, and in fine weather there are, even for poor players, few pleasanter ways of spending a holiday than going round to two or three of the seaside tournaments. There the new-comers will meet players with whose names they are familiar, and learn new shots to practise in their own clubs. Some of them will no doubt also learn what is expected of them by those in charge of the management of these meetings; others will not, but continue gaily irresponsible all their



tournament career. I remember a pair of players once who turned up on the Tuesday of a tournament, and, not being put on to play immediately, never appeared again till the Saturday afternoon, and were then extraordinarily bitter with me because they had been scratched some time on Thursday. I did not at first gather the import of their inquiries as to how the mixed doubles handicap was getting on, till it dawned upon me, when they said, "And when do *we* play?" that this was the couple over whom I had gone hoarse through the megaphone all Thursday afternoon.

But if some players are ignorant of what they are expected to do, others are full of guile. There is the man who, to gain time when he is getting rather blown, spends minutes wiping his glasses; and his counterpart in the girl who, in similar straits, opportunely breaks some mysterious string and has to retire to the dressing-room, leaving her opponent to get chilly on the court. I saw one of the former class neatly dealt with once by his opponent, who, when the glass-wiper at length announced he was ready, said, "But I'm not. I want to sit down!" And sit down he did, the umpire gravely refusing to make him get up, until he thought the lesson had been driven well home. Even at Wimbledon a year or two back a certain Continental visitor succeeded in serving in two successive games, the last of one set and the first of the next, without either his opponent or the umpire detecting his ingenious breach of the rules.

Some very amusing incidents happen at little tournaments which are run by local committees without much knowledge of the rules or of players outside their own borders. Many years ago I remember a player telling me that at one of these meetings he had been asked by the committee if he would mind serving underhand, as his overhead service did such damage to the net! At another of these little meetings a leading light of the Chancery Bar went in, being on his holiday, at the not prohibitive entry fee of half a crown. Despite the presence of numerous curates amongst the competitors, he overcame all comers, and went home, having enjoyed his game, and oblivious of prizes. Think of his mingled horror and amusement when next morning a messenger brought him a package containing eleven half-crowns, eight shillings, four sixpences, and twenty-eight threepenny-bits (these being, doubtless, the curates' contributions), with a note from the secretary to say that this was what he had won. He went at once to a silversmith's and purchased a suitable memento to the value of the prize money, except for one shilling, with which he purchased a copy of the "Lawn-Tennis Annual," and forwarded it to the secretary, drawing his attention to Regulation four.

One of the hardest things the management of a tournament has to contend with is to get a good supply of umpires. Players hate playing a match without an umpire, and yet they are usually very averse to umpiring themselves, although, to do them justice, many players do take on this thankless job far more often than they ought to be asked to do. Almost innumerable are the excuses made to avoid mounting the umpire's steps. Players who, in their own matches, can see with hawk-like keenness the exact piece of chalk that the ball they have returned hits on their opponent's base-line will allege short-sightedness when called on to umpire. Perhaps the record excuse ever given by an unwilling umpire was that he'd do it with pleasure, only he *couldn't hear the net-cord*

strokes, and so was afraid he'd be no good. As against that, I have heard of one who, observing the secretary bearing down upon him with a score-book, made a virtue of necessity, and mendaciously remarked, "Oh, yes; I was just coming to ask if I might!" Once up on the chair the wretched man may be kept there for hours, especially if the match happens to be a ladies' double. One who had sat it out for a long time, at length resolved to grasp his first opportunity. So as soon as one man at last got within a point of the match, and his opponent served a fault, as he served again the umpire called out,

"ONCE UP ON THE CHAIR THE WRETCHED MAN MAY BE KEPT THERE FOR HOURS."

"Fault!—foot-fault! Game, set, and match to Jones!" hopped off the chair, and was away in the referees' tent with the score before Smith, open-mouthed in dismay, had recovered from his astonishment at this summary ending to what had been, to him, a most interesting encounter. Sometimes, however, an umpire stays up a very short time only. Once at a match between E. R. Allen and A. E. Beamish, a man asked to be allowed to umpire. The referee, thinking that one so eager might also be competent, entrusted him with the duty. But when he called the first point "Fifteen in," and the second "Fifteen out," and then shouted "Out" to a ball that pitched almost on the junction of the service and half-court lines, the agonized screams of "E. R." brought the referee forth with a fresh umpire in record time.

I could tell enough stories about the celebrated Allen brothers, those popular and rotund twins, to fill a whole issue of THE STRAND, but one or two must suffice. Bad umpiring is anathema to them, and once, when they had been suffering from many horrible decisions, they implored the referee to put a linesman on for them. Scenting some fun, the referee asked an incorrigible practical joker who happened to be at hand to take the base-line. The Allens beamed on one another and on the linesman, and E. R. served. "Foot-fault!" immediately cried the linesman, and incontinently subsided backwards off his chair, while the whole gallery yelled with laughter, the Allens meanwhile tearing their hair and calling Heaven to witness that they had never served a foot-fault in their lives. Which, indeed, was perfectly true.

Although they have now been playing for more than twenty-five years in tournaments, there is still no more gate-drawing attraction at any meeting than the Allens provide, and lucky is the tournament that receives their entry. Innumerable are the prizes they have won. E. R. Allen, in an unfortunate season a few years ago, described himself as "going about exuding challenge cups at every pore," so unsuccessful was he in retaining the numerous trophies which another year's winning would have made his own. The brothers, absolutely devoted to each other, vilify one another in the most alarming manner when on court in a double, and it is to enjoy these brotherly words of criticism and advice that the crowds flock to the court when they are performing. Increasing years have added plumpness to both of the

twins, and especially to C. G. Lately, in excuse for missing a shot which kicked badly, he turned to his brother and pleaded pathetically, "It broke right round me." "What! *round you?*" was the biting retort, and the spectators were again dissolved in mirth.

A good share of the humours of a tournament comes in the way of the referee. He it is upon whom an indignant father bursts, with righteous indignation, to impart his illogical conviction that "if my daughter had been properly handicapped she would have won *easily!*" It is to him that a husband has been known to bring the apparently startling request, "I want you to scratch my wife"! His duties, in the management and careful fitting-in of the matches of a tournament, are apt to be disturbed by telegrams such as the following series, which once came at intervals of about half an hour from an absent competitor whose presence was urgently desired. No. 1 ran, "Car broken down; hiring another." No. 2, "Hired car broken down, coming by train." No. 3, "Train broken down, hiring special." And No. 4, "Special broken down; *walking*." Quite outside one's ordinary duties is the receipt of such a postcard as the following: "I see you have a crochet tournament at —— next week. Please let me know by return what size cotton and pins are allowed." This baffled me completely, until I learned that in the week following the tennis tournament a *croquet* tournament was to be held on the same ground, and either through a printer's error or supreme mental blindness some confiding spinster had jumped to the conclusion that the opportunity had at last arrived for exhibiting her talents as a crochet-worker.

"I WANT YOU TO SCRATCH MY WIFE!"

The information supplied by competitors on their entry-forms as to their capabilities, for handicapping purposes, is also sometimes of a very astounding nature. I wish I had made notes of all the curious efforts to give me information in this respect that I have received. But here are a few of them: "Please remember that I am over fifty, and weigh eighteen stone." "Beaten by Ritchie in the open singles at Cannes 6—0, 6—0, 6—0; did not play in the handicaps." "Have been out of England for some years, but last year won the ping-pong championship of the Eastern Pacific." "My style is good, but I am very erotic" (this was from a lady whose spelling was even worse than her tennis). A week or two ago the only information on the entry form of a lady competitor was: "Service very unsafe." I concluded, on the whole, that she more probably meant that she was in the habit of serving double faults than that she was the possessor of a very fast and dangerous service, and treated her accordingly. I was correct in my estimate. I remember once a couple of men, very indifferent players, entering for the level events only at a tournament. As they very soon got batted out of these, I asked them why they hadn't gone in for the handicaps. It appeared that they were golfers, and "not having a handicap at tennis" had imagined that the rabbit's joys were not for them. You know, of course, why the inferior players are called "rabbits"? I don't; but I heard one young lady say to

another one day, "I suppose they call us rabbits because we jump about so." This seems a very reasonable explanation, and is quite probably the correct one.

In my capacity as a referee I have ample opportunities of observing—and I should like to bear testimony to—the really wonderful work done by the secretaries of tournaments. These purely honorary officials work for months before their tournament, and I should think they never sleep during the week it is in progress. At everybody's beck and call, they preserve an unruffled mien, and have a cheerful smile for everyone, even for the grumblers who are to be found everywhere. I have only once seen a tournament secretary really angry. It had rained for about two days on end, and was still raining, when to our joint tent there entered an enterprising person who was desirous of selling to the secretary a new and improved machine for *sprinkling lawns!* It has always been a marvel to me how that man got out of the ground alive.

The spectators also supply on their own behalf a considerable amount of humour, mainly arising from their abysmal ignorance of the game. At a very good and exciting men's double a year or two back, a lady, being asked by a new arrival what the score was, replied in a clear and resonant voice, "Well, this side's 'four all'; I don't know what the other side is." The players, overhearing this remark, became temporarily so disorganized that for the next few games they all played, as one of them said afterwards, "like a hutch full of rabbits."

But though intelligent appreciation of the points of the game seems to be denied to many of the lookers-on, there is no doubt that some of them enjoy it much and worship their favourite players to an inordinate extent. A man once came into the secretary's tent and inquired if he might be allowed to buy, at the conclusion of the match, the balls with which Miss Boothby was then playing on court two; and there is a legend, for which I will not vouch, that one of the Dohertys, having hung his white duck trousers out to dry at a country tournament, discovered, when he wanted to wear them again, that every button had been removed, presumably by enthusiastic admirers in search of a memento. Drying arrangements, by the way, are often inadequate, and at an hotel tournament where they were particularly bad I once heard a competitor remark that if they would only dry the clothes in the same place they kept the soda-water all would be well!

To close an article on tournaments without any mention of Eastbourne, that most gigantic winding-up tournament of the season, would be absurd. Hither flock players of all sorts and conditions, from the very best to the very worst, all anxious to have one more knock before the grass season closes. Twenty years ago this tournament comprised about a couple of hundred matches, and was run on eight courts. Last year there were over eleven hundred matches to be got through and twenty-four courts to be kept filled—a striking testimony to the growth of the game's popularity. With everybody in the highest spirits, there is always fun to be had at Eastbourne, whether in watching the play on the courts or the reproduction of it cinematographically in the Devonshire Park Theatre in the evening. As Mecca is to the Mohammedan and St. Andrews to the golfer, so is Eastbourne to the lawn-tennis enthusiast, and when the last match is out of court, even in these days of winter play on hard courts, the vast majority of players put away their racquets till the sun shines once more on the courts at Surbiton in the following year. And I think from the point of view of enjoyment they do wisely.

"A NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINE FOR SPRINKLING LAWNS."

WET MAGIC.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEACEMAKER.

WHEN the Keeper had thus kindly gratified the curiosity of the prisoners the Princess said, suddenly:—

"Couldn't *we* learn Conchology?"

And the Keeper said, kindly: "Why not? It's the Professor's day to-morrow."

"Couldn't we go there to-day?" asked the Princess. "Just to arrange about times and terms, and all that?"

"If my uncle says I may take you there," said Ulfin, "I will; for I have never known any pleasure so great as doing anything that you wish will give me. But yonder is the Professor."

And Ulfin indexed a stately figure in long robes approaching them.

The advancing figure was now quite near. It saluted them with Royal courtesy.

"We wanted to know," said Mavis,

"please your Majesty, if we might have lessons from you."

The King answered, but the Princess did not hear. She was speaking with Ulfin apart.

"Ulfin," she said, "this captive King is my father."

"Yes, Princess," said Ulfin.

"And he does not know me."

"He will," said Ulfin, strongly.

"Did you know?"

"Yes."

"But the people of your land will punish you for bringing us here if they find out that he is my father, and that you have brought us together. They will kill you. Why did you do it, Ulfin?"

"Because you wished it, Princess," he said, "and because I would rather die for you than live without you."

The children thought they had never seen a kinder face or more noble bearing than that of the Professor of Conchology, but the Mer-Princess could not bear to look at him. She now felt what Mavis had felt when Cathy failed to recognize her—the misery of being looked at without recognition by the eyes that we know and love. She turned away, and pretended to be looking at the leaves of the seaweed hedge while Mavis and Francis were arranging to take lessons in Conchology three days a week from two to four.

"Yes," said the Professor; "I am only an exiled individual, teaching Conchology to youthful aliens, but I retain some remnants of the wisdom of my many years. I know that I am not what I seem, and that you're not either, and that your desire to learn my special subject is not sincere and whole-hearted, but is merely, or mainly, the cloak to some other design. Is it not so, my child?"

No one answered. His question was so plainly addressed to the Princess, and she must have felt the question, for she turned and said:—

"Yes, O most wise King."

"I am no King," said the Professor. "Rather I am a weak child picking up pebbles by the shore of an infinite sea of knowledge."

"You *are*," the Princess was beginning, impulsively, when Ulfin interrupted her.

"Lady, lady!" he said, "all will be lost. Can you not play your part better than this? If you continue these indiscretions, my head will undoubtedly pay the forfeit. Not that I should for a moment grudge that trifling service, but if my head is cut off you will be left without a friend in this strange country, and I shall die with the annoying consciousness that I shall no longer be able to serve you."

He whispered this into the Princess's ear, while the Professor of Conchology looked on with mild surprise.

"Your attendant," he observed, "is eloquent, but inaudible."

"I mean to be," said Ulfin, with a sudden change of manner. "Look here, sir; I don't suppose you care what becomes of you."

"Not in the least," said the Professor.

"But I suppose you would be sorry if anything uncomfortable happened to your new pupils?"

"Yes," said the Professor, and his eye dwelt on Freia.

"Then please concentrate your powerful mind on being a professor. Think of nothing else. More depends on this than you can easily believe."

"Believing is easy," said the Professor. "To-morrow at two, I think you said."

And with a grave salutation he turned his back on the company and walked away through his garden.

They reached the many-windowed prison, gave up their tickets-of-leave, and re-entered it. It was not till they were in the salon and the evening was over that Bernard spoke of what was in every heart.

"Look here," he said. "I think Ulfin means to help us to escape."

"Do you?" said Mavis. "What I want is to get the Mer-King restored to his sorrowing relations."

The Mer-Princess pressed her hand affectionately.

"So do I," said Francis. "But I want something more than that even. I want to stop this war. For always."

"But how can you?" said the Mer-Princess, leaning her elbows on the table. "There always has been war, I tell you. People would get slack and silly and cowardly if there were no wars."

"If I were King," said Francis, who was now thoroughly roused, "there should never be any more wars. There are plenty of things to be brave about without hurting other brave people."

"Yes," said Mavis; "and, oh, Francis, I think you're right. But what can we *do?*"

"I shall ask to see the Queen of the Underfolk, and try to make her see sense. She didn't look an absolute duffer."

They all gasped at the glorious and simple daring of the idea. But the Mer-Princess said:—

"I know you'd do everything you could; but it's very difficult to talk to kings unless you've been accustomed to it."

"Then why won't you try talking to the Queen?"

"I shouldn't dare," said Freia. "I'm only a girl-princess. Oh, if only my dear father could talk to her! If he believed it possible that war could cease, *he* could persuade anybody of anything. And of course they would start on the same footing—both monarchs, you know."

"I see—like belonging to the same club," said Francis, vaguely.

"If my father's memory were restored," said the Princess, "his wisdom would find us a way out of all our difficulties. To find Cathy's coat—that is what we have to do."

"Yes," said Francis, "that's all."

"Let's call Ulfin," said the Princess, and they all scratched on the door of polished bird's-eye maple which separated their apartments from the rest of the prison.

Ulfin came with all speed.

"We're holding a council," said Freia, "and we want you to help."

"I know it," said Ulfin. "Tell me your needs."

And without more ado they told him all.

"I kiss your hand," said Ulfin, "because you give me back my honour, which I was willing to lay down, with all else, for the Princess to walk on to safety and escape. I would have helped you to find the hidden coat for her sake alone, and that would have been a sin against my honour and my country, but now that I know it is to lead to peace, which, warriors as we are, our whole nature passionately desires, then I am acting as a true and honourable patriot."

"Do you know where the coats are?" Mavis asked.

"They are in the Foreign Curiosities Museum," said Ulfin, "strongly guarded. But the guards to-morrow are the Horse Marines, whose officer is my friend, and when I tell him what is toward he will help me. I only ask of you one promise in return: that you will not seek to escape, or to return to your own country except by the free leave and licence of our gracious Sovereign."

The children easily promised.

"Then to-morrow," said Ulfin, "shall begin the splendid peace-plot which shall bring our names down, haloed with glory, to remotest ages."

And next day the children, carrying their tickets-of-leave, were led to the great pearl and turquoise building which was the Museum of Foreign Curiosities. The Curator of the Museum showed them his treasures with pride, and explained them all in the most interesting way.

They were just coming to a large case containing something whitish, and labelled "Very valuable indeed," when a messenger came to tell the Curator that a soldier was waiting with valuable curiosities taken as loot from the enemy.

"Excuse me one moment," said the Curator, and left them.

"*I* arranged that," said Ulfin. "Quick, before he returns; take your coats if you know any spell to remove the case."

The Princess laughed, and laid her hand on the glassy dome, which broke and disappeared as a bubble does when you touch it.

The children were already busy pulling the coats off the ruby slab where they lay.

"Here's Cathy's," whispered Mavis.

The Princess snatched it, and her own pearly coat, which in one quick movement she put on, and buttoned over Cathy's little folded coat, which she held against her.

"Quick!" she said. "Put yours on, all of you. Take your wet tails in your arms."

They did. The soldiers at the end of the long hall had noticed the movements and came charging up towards them.

"Quick, quick!" said the Princess. "Now, all together. One, two, three. Press your third buttons."

And then an odd thing happened. Out of nowhere, as it seemed, a little pearly coat appeared, hanging alone in air—water, of course, it was really. It seemed to grow and to twine itself round Ulfin.

"Put it on," said a voice from invisibility; "put it on."

And Ulfin did put it on.

The soldiers were close upon him.

"Press the third button," cried the Princess, and Ulfin did so. But as his right hand sought the button the foremost soldier caught his left arm, with the bitter cry:—

"Traitor, I arrest you in the King's name!" and though he could not see that he was holding anything, he could feel that he was, and he held on.

"The last button, Ulfin!" cried the voice of the unseen Princess. "Press the last button." And next moment the soldier, breathless with amazement and terror, was looking stupidly at his empty hand. Ulfin, as well as the three children and the Princess, was not only invisible, but intangible. The soldiers could not see or feel anything.

As the five were invisible and intangible,

and as the soldiers were neither, it was easy to avoid these and to get to the arched doorway. The Princess got there first.

Ulfin was the next to arrive.

"Are you there?" said the Princess. And he said:—

"I am here, Princess."

"We must have connecting links," she said. "Bits of seaweed would do. If you hold a piece of seaweed in your hand, I will take hold of the other end of it. We cannot feel the touch of each other's hands, but we shall feel the seaweed, and you will know, by its being drawn tight, that I have hold of the other end. Get some pieces for the children, too, good stout seaweed, such as you made the nets of with which you captured us."

"Ah, Princess," he said, "how can I regret that enough? And yet how can I regret it at all, since it has brought you to me?"

"Peace, foolish child," said the Princess, and Ulfin's heart leaped for joy, because when a princess calls a grown-up man "child," it means that she likes him more than a little, or else, of course, she would not take such a liberty. "But the seaweed," she added. "There is no time to lose."

"I have some in my pocket," said Ulfin, blushing, only she could not see that. "They keep me busy making nets in my spare time. I always have some seaweed in my pocket."

The bits of seaweed went drifting to the barracks, and no one noticed that they floated on to the stables and that invisible hands loosed the halters of five sea-horses.

Because it was Tuesday, and nearly two o'clock, the Professor of Conchology was making ready to receive pupils. He was alone in the garden, and as they neared him the Princess, the three children, and Ulfin touched the necessary buttons and became once more visible and tangible.

"Ha!" said the Professor, but without surprise. "Magic. A very neat trick, my dears, and excellently done. You need not remove your jacket," he added to Ulfin, who was pulling off his pearly coat. "The mental exercises in which we propose to engage do not require gymnasium costume."

But Ulfin went on taking off the coat, and when it was off he handed it to the Princess, who at once felt in its inner pocket, pulled out a little golden case, and held it towards the Professor. He opened it, and without hesitation, as without haste, swallowed the charm.

Next moment the Princess was clasped in his arms, and the moment after that, still clasped there, was beginning a hurried explanation. But he stopped her.

"I know, my child, I know," he said. "You have brought me the charm which gives back to me my memory and makes a King of Merland out of a Professor of Conchology. But why, oh, why, did you not bring me my coat? My pearly coat," he explained; "it was in the case with the others."

No one had thought of it, and everyone felt and looked exceedingly silly, and no one spoke till Ulfin said, holding out the coat which the Princess had given back to him:—

"You will have this coat, Majesty. I have no right to the magic garments of your country."

"But," said Francis, "you need the coat more than anybody. The King shall have mine. I sha'n't want it if you'll let me go and ask for an interview with the King of the Underfolk."

But the King raised his hand, and there was silence, and they saw that he no longer looked like a noble and learned gentleman, but that he looked every inch a king.

"Silence!" he said. "If anyone speaks with the King and Queen of this land, it is fitting that I should do so. See, we will go out by the back door, so as to avoid the other pupils."

So they made great haste to go out by the back way so as not to meet the Conchology students, and cautiously crept up to their horses, and, of course, the biggest and best horse was given to the King to ride. But when he saw how awkwardly their false tails adapted themselves to the saddle, he said:—

"My daughter, you can remove those fetters."

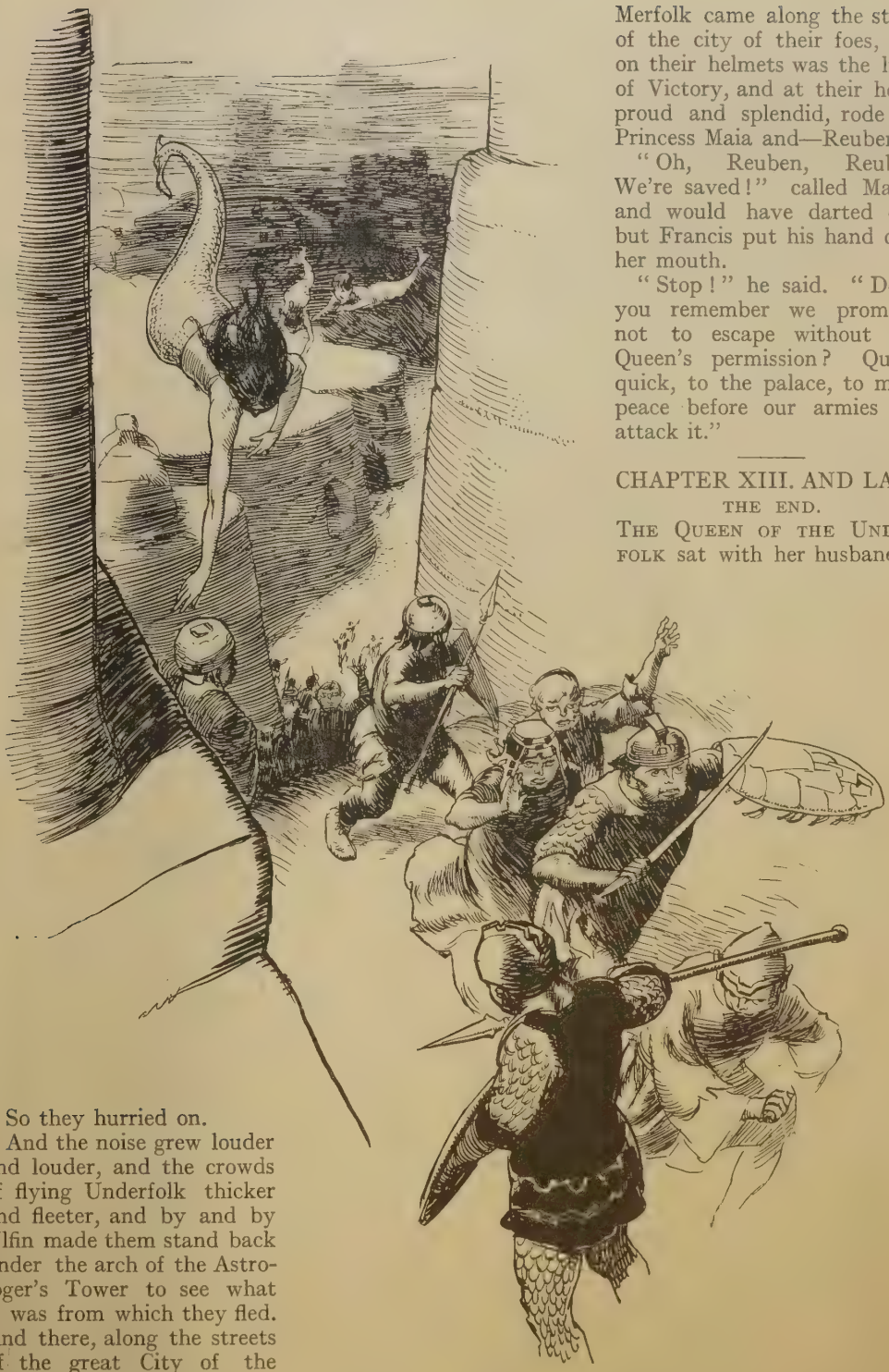
"How?" said she.

"Bite through the strings of them with your little sharp teeth," said the King. "Nothing but princess-teeth is sharp enough to cut through them. No, my son, it is not degrading. A true princess cannot be degraded by anything that is for the good of her subjects and her friends."

So the Princess willingly bit through the strings of the false tails, and everybody put on its proper tail again, with great comfort and enjoyment. And they all swam towards the town.

And as they went they heard a great noise of shouting, and saw parties of Underfolk flying as if in fear.

"I must make haste," said the King, "and see to it that our Peace Conference be not too late."



So they hurried on.

And the noise grew louder and louder, and the crowds of flying Underfolk thicker and fleeter, and by and by Ulfin made them stand back under the arch of the Astrologer's Tower to see what it was from which they fled. And there, along the streets of the great City of the Underfolk, came the flash of swords and the swirl of banners, and the army of the Merfolk came along the street of the city of their foes, and on their helmets was the light of Victory, and at their head, proud and splendid, rode the Princess Maia and—Reuben.

"Oh, Reuben, Reuben. We're saved!" called Mavis, and would have darted out, but Francis put his hand over her mouth.

"Stop!" he said. "Don't you remember we promised not to escape without the Queen's permission? Quick, quick, to the palace, to make peace before our armies can attack it."

"THEY HEARD A GREAT NOISE OF SHOUTING, AND SAW PARTIES OF UNDERFOLK FLYING AS IF IN FEAR."

CHAPTER XIII. AND LAST.

THE END.

THE QUEEN OF THE UNDERFOLK sat with her husband on

the throne. Their sad faces were lighted up with pleasure as they watched the gambols of their new pet, Fido, a dear little earth-child who was playing with a ball of soft pink seaweed.

"I have curious dreams sometimes," said the Queen to the King, "dreams so vivid that they are more like memories."

"Has it ever occurred to you," said the King, "that we have no memories of our childhood or our youth?"

"I believe," said the Queen, slowly, "that *we* have tasted in our time of the oblivion-cup. There is no one like us in this land. If we were born here why can we not remember our parents, who must have been like us? And, dearest, the dream that comes to me most often is that we once had a child and lost it, and that it was a child like us."

"Fido," said the King, in a low voice, "is like us." And he stroked the head of Cathy, who had forgotten everything except that she was Fido, and bore the Queen's name on her collar. "But if you remember that we had a child, it cannot be true—if we drank of the oblivion-cup, that is—because, of course, that would make you forget everything."

"It couldn't make a mother forget her child," said the Queen, and she caught up Fido-which-was-Cathy and kissed her.

Even as she spoke the hangings of cloth of gold rustled at the touch of someone outside, and a tall figure entered.

"Bless my soul," said the King of the Underfolk, "it's the Professor of Conchology!"

"No," said the figure, advancing, "it is the King of the Mer-people. My brother King, my sister Queen, I greet you."

"This is most irregular," said the King.

"Never mind, dear," said the Queen. "Let us hear what he has to say."

"I say, let there be peace between our people," said the Mer-King. "In countless ages these wars have been waged, for countless ages your people and mine have suffered. Even the origin of the war is lost in the mists of antiquity. Now I come to you—I, your prisoner. I was given to drink of the cup of oblivion, and forget who I was and whence I came. Now a counter-charm has given me back mind and memory. I come in the name of my people. If we have wronged you we ask your forgiveness. If you have wronged us, we freely forgive you. Say, shall it be peace, and shall all the sons of the sea live as brothers in love and kindliness for evermore?"

"Really," said the King of the Underfolk, "I think it is not at all a bad idea, but in confidence, and between monarchs, my mind is so imperfect that I dare not consult it. But my heart——"

"Your heart says 'yes,'" said his Queen. "So does mine. But our troops are besieging your city," she said. "They will say that in asking for peace you were paying the tribute of the vanquished."

"My people will not think this of me," said the King of Merland, "nor will your people think it of you. Let us join hands in peace and the love of Royal brethren."

"What a dreadful noise they are making outside!" said the King, and indeed the noise of shouting and singing was now to be heard on every side of the palace.

"If there was a balcony, now, where we could show ourselves," suggested the King of Merland.

"The very thing," said the Queen, catching up her pet Fido-which-was-Cathy in her arms, and leading the way to the great curtained arch at the end of the hall. She drew back the swinging, sweeping hangings of woven seaweed and stepped forth on the balcony, the two kings close behind her. But she stopped short and staggered back a little, so that her husband had to put an arm about her to support her, when her first glance showed her that the people who were shouting outside the palace were not, as she had supposed, Underfolk in some unexpected though welcome transport of loyal enthusiasm, but ranks on ranks of the enemy, the hated Mer-folk, all splendid and menacing in the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

"It's the enemy!" gasped the Queen.

"It is my people," said the Mer-King. "It is a beautiful thing in you, dear Queen, that you agreed to peace without terms, while you thought you were victorious, and not because the legions of the Mer-folk were thundering at your gates. May I speak for us?"

They signed assent. And the Mer-King stepped forward full into view of the crowd in the street below.

"My people!" he said, in a voice loud yet soft and very, very beautiful. And at the word the Mer-folk below looked up and recognized their long-lost King, and a shout went up that you could have heard a mile away.

The King raised his hand for silence.

"My people," he said, "brave men of Merland, let there be peace, now and for ever, between us and our brave foes. The King and Queen of this land agreed to make peace,

unconditional peace, while they believed themselves to be victorious. If victory has for to-day been with us, let us at least be the equals of our foes in generosity as in valour."

Another shout rang out. And the King of the Underfolk stepped forward.

"My people," he said, and the Underfolk came quickly towards him at the sound of his voice. "There shall be peace. Let these who were your foes be your guests this night and your friends and brothers for evermore. Now," he went on, "cheer, Mer-folk and Underfolk, for the splendid compact of peace."

And they cheered.

In the palace was a banquet of the Kings and the Queen and the Princesses, and the three children. Also Reuben was called from the command of his Sea-urchins to be a guest at the Royal table. Princess Maia asked that an invitation might be sent to Ulfin, but it was discovered that no Ulfin was to be found.

It was a glorious banquet. Reuben sat at the Queen's right hand, and the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the Underfolk sat at the left hand of his King. The King of the Mer-folk sat between his happy daughters, and the children sat together between the Chief Astrologer and the Curator of the Museum of Foreign Curiosities.

It was at about the middle of the feast that a serving fish whispered behind his fin to the Underfolk Queen.

"Certainly," she said. "Show him in."

And the person who was shown in was Ulfin, and he carried on his arm a pearly coat and a scaly tail. He sank on one knee and held them up to the Mer-King.

The King took them and, feeling in the pocket of the coat, drew out three golden cases.

"It is the Royal prerogative to have three," he said, smilingly, to the Queen, "in case of accidents. May I ask your Majesty's permission to administer one of them to your Majesty's little pet? I am sure you are longing to restore her to her brothers and her sister."

The Queen administered the charm herself, and the moment she had swallowed it the Royal arms were loosened, and the Queen expected her pet to fly from her to her brothers and sister. But to Cathy it was as though only an instant had passed since she came into that hall, a prisoner. So that when suddenly she saw her brothers and sister honoured guests at what was unmistakably a very grand and happy festival, and found herself in the place of honour on the very lap of the Queen, she only snuggled closer to that Royal lady, and called out very loud and clear, "Halloa, Mavis! Here's a jolly transformation scene! That was a magic drink she gave us, and it's made everybody jolly and friends. I *am* glad. You dear Queen," she added. "It *is* nice of you to nurse me."

So everybody was pleased. Only Princess Freia looked sad and puzzled, and her eyes followed Ulfin as he bowed and made to retire from the Royal presence. He had almost reached the door, when she spoke quickly in the Royal ear.

"Oh, father," she said, "don't let him go like that. He ought to be at the banquet. We couldn't have done anything without him."

"True," said the King. "But I thought he had been invited, and refused."

"Refused?" said the Princess. "Oh, call him back."

"I'll run, if I may," said Mavis, slipping out of her place and running down the great hall.

"If you'll sit a little nearer to me, father," said Maia, obligingly, "the young man can sit between you and my sister."

So that is where Ulfin found himself, and that was where he had never dared to hope to be.

The banquet was a strange as well as a magnificent scene, because, of course, the Mer-people were beautiful as the day. The five children were quite as beautiful as any five children have any need to be, and the King and Queen of the Underfolk were as handsome as handsome. So that all this handsomeness was a very curious contrast to the strange, heavy features of the Underfolk who now sat at table so pleasant and friendly, toasting their late enemies. The contrast between the Princess Freia and Ulfin was particularly marked, as their heads bent near together as they talked.

"Princess," he was saying, "I shall be glad all my life to have known and loved so dear and beautiful a princess."

And the Princess could think of nothing to say.

"Princess," he said, "tell me one thing. Do you know what I should say to you if I were a prince?"

"Yes," said Freia, "and I know what I should answer, dear Ulfin, if you were only a commoner of—I mean, you know, if your face were like ours. But since you are of the

"'DID YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAID JUST NOW?' THE PRINCESS WHISPERED."

Underfolk, and I am a mermaid, I can only say that I will never forget you, and that I will never marry anyone else."

"Is it only my face, then, that prevents your marrying me?" he asked, with abrupt eagerness, and she answered gently, "Of course."

Then Ulfin sprang to his feet.

"Your Majesties," he cried, "and Lord High Astrologer, has not the moment come when, since we are at a banquet with friends, we may unmask?"

The Sovereigns and the Astrologer consented, and then with a rustling and a rattling helmets were unlaced and corselets unbuckled. The Underfolk seemed to the Mer-people as though they were taking off their very skins. But really what they took off was but their thick scaly armour, and under it they were as softly and richly clad and as personable people as the Mer-folk themselves.

"But," said Maia, "how splendid! We thought you were always in armour—that—that it grew on you, you know."

The Underfolk laughed jollily.

"Of course it was always on us, since when you saw us we were always at war."

"And you're just like us," said Freia to Ulfin.

"There is no one like you," he whispered.

Ulfin was now a handsome, dark-haired young man.

"Did you mean what you said just now?" the Princess whispered. And for answer Ulfin dared to touch her hand with soft, firm fingers.

"Papa," said Freia, "please may I marry Ulfin?"

"By all means," said the King, and immediately announced the engagement, joining their hands and giving them his blessing.

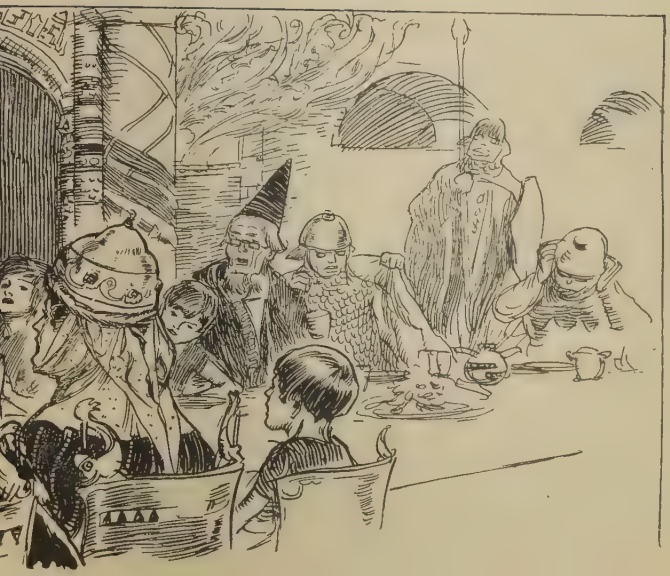
Then said the Queen of the Underfolk:—

"Why should not these two reign over the Underfolk, and let us two be allowed to remember the things we have forgotten, and go back to that other life which I know we had somewhere—where we had a child?"

"I have only one charm left, unfortunately," said the King, "but if your people will agree to your abdicating, I will divide it between you with pleasure, and I have reason to believe that the half which you will each have will be just enough to restore to you all the memories of your other life."

The Astrologer-Royal, who had been whispering to Reuben, here interposed.

"It would be well, your Majesties," he said, "if a small allowance of the cup of oblivion were served out to these land-children, so that they may not remember their adventures here.



t is not well for the earth-people to know too nuch of the dwellers in the sea. There is a acred vessel which has long been preserved mong the civic plate. I propose that this essel should be conferred on our guests as mark of our esteem ; that they should bear with them, and drink the contents as soon s they set foot on their own shores."

He was at once sent to fetch the sacred essel. It was a stone ginger-beer bottle.

There were farewells to be said, a very oving farewell to the Princesses, a very riendly one to the fortunate Ulfin, and then little party left the palace quietly, and for he last time made the journey to the quiet pot where the King of Merland had so ong professed Conchology.

Arrived at this spot, the King spoke to the King and Queen of the Underfolk.

"Swallow this charm," he said, "in equal hares, then rise to the surface of the lake nd say the charm which I perceive the earth-hildren have taught you as we came along. The rest will be easy and beautiful. We shall ever forget you. Farewell."

The King and Queen rose through the vaters and disappeared.

Next moment a strong attraction like that vhich needles feel for magnets drew the hildren from the side of the Mer-King. They shut their eyes, and when they pened them they were on dry land, in a vood by a lake, and Francis had a ginger-eer bottle in his hand.

"It works more slowly on land, the strologer said," Reuben remarked. "Before we drink and forget everything I want to tell you that I think you've all been real bricks to me. And if you don't mind, I'll take off these girl's things."

He did, appearing in shirt and trousers.

"Good-bye," he said, shaking hands with everyone.

"But aren't you coming home with us ?"

"No," he said. "The Astrologer told me the first man and woman I should see on land would be my long-lost father and mother. And I was to go straight to them with my little shirt and my little shoe that I've kept all this time, and they'd know me, and I should belong to them. But I hope we'll meet again some day. Good-bye."

With that they drank each a draught from the ginger-beer bottle, and then, making haste to act before the oblivion-cup should blot out, with other things, the Astrologer's advice, Reuben went out of the wood into the sunshine and across a green turf. They saw him speak to a man and woman in blue bathing-dresses, who seemed to have been swimming in the lake, and were now resting on the marble steps that led down to it. He held out the little shirt and the little shoe, and they held their hands out to him. And as they turned the children saw that their faces were the faces of the King and Queen of the Underfolk, only now not sad any more, but radiant with happiness.

And then the oblivion-cup took effect, and they forgot, and forgot for ever, the wonderful world that they had known under-seas.

But Reuben, curiously enough, they did not forget ; they went home to tea with a pleasant story for their father and mother of a spangled boy at the circus who had run away and found his father and mother.

And two days after a motor stopped at their gate and Reuben got out.

"I say," he said, "I've found my father and mother, and we've come to thank you for the plum-pie and things. Come and see my father and mother," he ended, proudly.

The children went, and looked once more in the faces of the King and Queen, but now they did not know those faces, which seemed to them only the faces of some very nice strangers.

"Sherlock Holmes" in Egypt.

THE METHODS OF THE BEDOUIN TRACKERS.

By GREVILLE H. PALMER.

Illustrations by J. Cameron, and from Photographs.

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY PROCEEDING TO THE SCENE OF THE ATTEMPTED ROBBERY.
From a Photograph.

DETECTIVE stories are so much to the taste of the reading public at present that a short account of some detective methods in Egypt may be interesting.

The officers of justice in Egypt employ an agency to further their ends the methods of which are foreign to our ideas, and display an intelligence which is new to most of us, and recalls the methods of Sherlock Holmes or of the Red Indians in the novels of Fenimore Cooper.

This agency is known as Bedouin Trackers, and a very remarkable and interesting case, illustrating their methods, has recently come under my personal observation.

I am paying a visit to the director of a large Government institution, situated not very far from Cairo on the borders of the desert, and outside the confines of European civilization. It is surrounded by a wire fence, and within its area of six hundred acres is contained a settlement which forms the residence of a large staff. The members of this staff are almost entirely natives, and in such a population there are constant changes, and among those who have been discharged for misconduct or incompetence there are doubtless many who cherish a feeling of resentment against the authorities of the place.

An incident recently occurred pointing to some such feeling on the part of some persons who were evidently conversant with the routine of the institution.

It is the practice at the beginning of each month to bring down from the Ministry of Finance the money required for the pay of the employés. This money, amounting to some hundreds of pounds, is kept for a few days in a safe in the office, and disbursed on a fixed day. This was common knowledge among the staff, who also knew that the premises were guarded, not only by a night watchman, who sleeps there and has charge of the keys of the offices, but also by a night porter, who patrols the building, marking a time clock every two hours.

One morning lately we were informed that the safe, which is built into the wall of the office, had been attempted during the night by some persons who had evidently intended to carry it off, in the interval between two of the porter's rounds.

It so happens that this safe, which is a small one, had for some time stood upon a pedestal, but a few days previously had been built into the wall for greater security. This fact was apparently unknown to the would-be

"WE WATCHED THEM EXAMINING THE GROUND."

hieves, for they brought with them no tools ufficient for the formidable task of removing he masonry, and the attempt consequently ailed.

The excitement following upon this discovery was, of course, considerable. The police at the neighbouring town, some six miles off, were communicated with, and they speedily arrived on the scene, accompanied by two of the principal "trackers." These men are Bedouins, who are educated to the practice of observation from their earliest infancy, and consequently display an amount of intelligence in this respect little short of marvellous. The hole in the fence by which the robbers made their entry had been found, and the ground on both sides of the fence had been kept carefully clear until the trackers arrived.

We watched them examining the ground, but were unable to form any idea of their impressions. They wandered backwards and forwards in an apparently aimless manner, and at last went off slowly to a considerable distance. They spent some time in their investigations, but when they returned to make their report it was somewhat startling.

"THE SUSPECTS WERE RANGED BEFORE AN OPEN SPACE OF SAND AND ORDERED TO WALK ACROSS IT."
From a Photograph.

It was to the effect that the gang consisted of ten men—seven in boots, two in socks, and one with bare feet, all armed, who had come through the fence to the back door of the office. They were provided with heavy clothing or wrappers, which they had left outside the fence and carried away on their return, presumably for the purpose of wrapping up the safe for removal. The trackers were quite prepared to identify any of the footprints, but they observed that, on approaching the fence, the thieves had endeavoured to queer the pitch, so to speak, by twisting on the ball of the foot at each step. Seeing, however, that they were tracked for a considerable distance in the direction of a neighbouring village, this expedient was not of much avail.

The next step was to ask the authorities of the institution for the names of any discharged employés who might be suspected of complicity. The presumption was that the inside staff were innocent, for the gang, who knew the night routine, were evidently unprepared for the safe having been recently secured.

A number of names were accordingly given, and the police, who had brought a native magistrate with them, at once got him to sign warrants, and the men were sent for.

"THE TRACKERS WERE ABLE TO DETECT THE FACT THAT ONE OF THE BODIES CARRIED OFF WAS A WOUNDED MAN, WHILE THE OTHER WAS DEAD."

The procedure on their arrival was sufficiently amazing. The suspects were ranged in a row before an open space of sand. One of the police, with a bar of wood, smoothed out all old footmarks, and the men were ordered to walk across it. The trackers then examined the footmarks, and at once declared that one of them was the barefooted man. He was accordingly removed to jail, and may be the means of tracing the whole gang.

The episode was particularly interesting to me, for I had often heard of these trackers and their performances, but this was the first occasion on which I had been able to see them at work.

Their powers, however, are only slightly shadowed forth by the performance I have described. Some years ago I met at dinner the Chief of the Frontier Police, Colonel Dumreicher, and his account of the performances of these trackers on coast-guard duty was absolutely amazing. He told us of the tracking, for days together,

of a gang of murderers who had carried off the bodies of two of their victims. The trackers were able to detect the fact that one of the bodies carried off was a wounded man, while the other was dead, and where the murderers buried him his grave was duly found. The fact of one man being dead and the other living they were able to deduce from the blood-marks at the various halting-places. Thus they are not only able to tell human blood from that of an animal, which I understand they do by the smell, but actually to decide whether it comes from a living or a dead body.

"A GANG OF MURDERERS HAD CARRIED OFF THE BODIES OF TWO OF THEIR VICTIMS."

In the case I am alluding to the wounded man, who eventually became troublesome, was also murdered and buried, and, to make a long story short, the police were eventually able to bring all the gang to justice. That, however, they never could have done but for the help of the trackers in the first instance.

Colonel Dumreicher has very kindly placed at my disposal some notes on the subject, from which I have taken a few excerpts. They put the matter more clearly than I can do, being based upon long personal experience.

He points out that tracking is a science. To observe and remember marks accurately, and to draw from them the proper inferences, is an important part of a Bedouin's education. He begins it as a baby when he goes with his mother to mind the flock, and before he can count his fingers he knows the individual track of every animal in that flock, to say nothing of others.

As soon as he can walk he is sent to bring in the laggards and the strayed; and as animals in the desert are constantly disappearing he puts his knowledge to a practical test from the very first. When he grows older he is sent farther afield, to carry food, perhaps, or a message, to an uncle or brother, who is feeding his flock in a distant wady; or it may be in search of a strayed camel, which he may have to follow for days before he even gets a glimpse of it. When he acquires a gun the tracks of a gazelle or ibex interest him, and he learns to follow them even over granite. Above all, he learns to notice the tracks of men. From earliest childhood he is taught to recognize the footprints of the family, and as time goes on and experience grows his store of knowledge increases. It becomes second nature to him not to pass unnoticed the track of a man or woman; and so, when he comes upon one which he has seen before, he knows whether it belongs to a friend or an enemy, a relative or acquaintance. In short, a knowledge of tracks is not the secret of an initiated few but rather the general lore of the desert and the common heritage of all who dwell there. Without it they could neither keep their property safe nor recover it if strayed or stolen; their friendship would be without value, their enmity contemptible, for they would be able neither to ward nor strike. To possess it is the essential condition of their mode of existence.

The science of tracking, however, involves far more than the mere recognizing of known footprints. The expert will tell you from the examination of a track the time of day when the impression was made. The tracks of men and camels walking in the dark are different from those made during the day; they are less straight, lead over hard ground, and stumble over stones and bushes.

In the early morning, when dew is falling, more sand is thrown out of a track than when the desert is dry, and such sand remains clotted, and the whole track has for the first two days a reddish appearance.

In the morning and late afternoon, when the sand is cool and pleasant, Bedouins generally walk without sandals, but they put them on when the sand gets warm. Then at midday caravans generally take a few hours' rest, and the traces of this are easily noticeable.

A track has an individuality of its own, which distinguishes it from all other marks whatsoever; no two men or animals leave the same record in the sand, and no man or animal can leave any record but that which is personal and peculiar to himself. For the Bedouin, or other desert man, each combination is a thing as truly individual and as little to be confounded with anything else as a face or picture, and when he has examined and fixed it in his memory he is able to recognize it again under all its changes of appearance. He will identify the tracks of a full-grown camel as those of an animal of whose prints he had taken notice when it was two years old, and this with as little difficulty as an ordinary person experiences in recognizing a man he has known as a boy.

For example: A Maaza guide in the employ of the Frontier Police asked for a fortnight's leave. He said that his sister had requested him to look for a four-year-old camel which was grazing in the Arabian Desert, and had not been heard of for over five months. He had known the tracks of this camel when it was a two-year-old, but had not seen it since. He got the leave and found the camel

One of their best trackers, one Hussein Fares, was remarkable for his powers of distinguishing camel tracks. He could even imitate them with his hands. The other trackers used to amuse themselves by covering up with sand half the footprint of a camel, obliterating all the other footprints, but he was generally able to name the camel to which the track belonged.

THE CHIEF TRACKER — IN THE BACKGROUND ARE MEMBERS OF THE FRONTIER POLICE (SOUDANESE).
From a Photograph.

A final illustration is that of a smart piece of tracking by a Maaza woman, told by Mr. S. Royle. "There were five flocks of sheep and goats, averaging perhaps ninety to a hundred and fifty head each, watering at a well where we were at the same time. They started off in different directions, and shortly afterwards this woman turned up. On asking what she wanted, she said that three of her goats had gone off with some other flocks, and she cut the tracks of all of them and found to which flock her goats had attached themselves and went and got them, although the flocks by that time were out of sight. She passed us on her return quite unaware that she had done anything remarkable."

Seeing how valuable the services of these men are to the Frontier Police, it is unfortunate that the legal mind, as found in the "Parquet," or Court for Criminal Cases, refuses to believe in the value of their evidence, and the consequence is that numbers of criminals who are traced by these men are let off for want of legal proof. The lawyer cannot understand that a lifelong training renders these men perspicacious to an incredible degree in this particular line, and they cannot, moreover, understand the frame of mind of the Bedouin as he reads tracks. To him the evidence of the tracks is quite clear, and it is as difficult for him to believe that the untrained eye cannot check the details of his evidence, when the footprint itself stares you in the face, as it is for the mere lawyer to appreciate the significance of what is so plain to the desert man.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

HOUSE-BUILDING EXTRAORDINARY IN OPORTO.

FROM time to time one comes across extraordinary houses of every description—rock houses, houses built in trees, or houses designed in the form of a vessel, or some equally unusual design. Perhaps Portugal takes the palm for a curious method of constructing the ordinary every-day house. In that country, notably in Oporto, the tourist will observe that the three outside walls, the interior walls, the floors, and the roof of a house are built first, leaving the front of the house

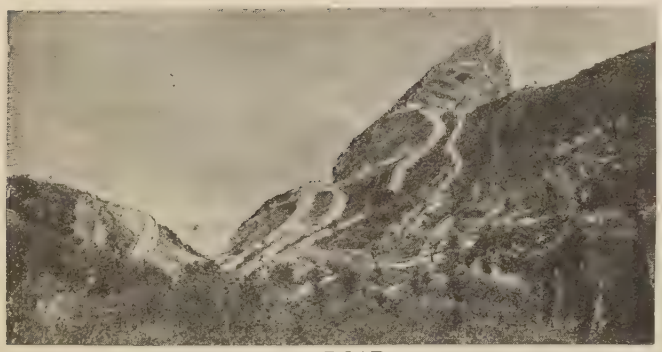
open. This is due to a peculiar custom, under which it is necessary to secure the special permission of the city authorities before the front of a house can be put in. Pending this, operations are carried on as far as possible, and so it is a very common sight to see buildings in the condition shown in the above photograph. Permission has just been granted, in this instance, to put in the front, a section of which is already in position.—Mr. A. W. Cutler, Rose Hill House, Worcester.

A UNIQUE CLOCK.

TRULY remarkable is the unique clock constructed in his spare moments by Mr. C. W. Egan, general claim agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and a leader in the "Safety First" movement recently started by that railroad. Replacing the numerals on the clock, which is six feet high, are the letters contained in the words "Safety First." Across the face of the clock are the words "Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," the letter "B" of the first word replacing the numeral "9," thus completing the twelve letters. Over the dial is a semaphore. Twice daily the clock performs three essentials to safe railroading. Promptly at 10 a.m. and at 4 p.m. the semaphore drops to green, this being the signal to the engineer to go ahead with caution. Then a whistle blows twice, which is the engineer's signal that he sees the warning of the man in the tower. When the whistle subsides a bell rings, this being a reminder that no locomotive must be started before a bell is rung. After the bell stops a curtain falls from the rear of the clock on which are printed ten "Safety First Don'ts."—Mr. C. Lat. Wilhelm, The *Star*, Baltimore, U.S.A.

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

THE photograph below is one I took from the top of a new iron chimney-stack, seventy-two feet high, the summit being attained by means of an iron ladder attached inside the chimney. The seeming pallor on the face of the "jack" below me, who accompanied me up, may have been caused through his expectation that at any moment he might have had to break my fall on my downward journey.—Mr. T. A. Cantle, 55, Devonshire Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.



A REMARKABLE ROAD.

THIS photograph gives some idea of the extraordinary windings of a Sicilian road. It is all one road, and leads from St. Alessio to the mountain village of Forza D'Agro—a distance, perhaps, of a mile and a half as the crow flies; but if you follow this road it will take two hours to get there. The picture was secured by walking to the edge of a precipice near Forza D'Agro and pointing the camera downwards. Castello St. Alessio is seen on the right.—Mr. A. W. Cutler, Rose Hill House, Worcester.

"JOHNNY IN THE CELLAR."

IN the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Holland a cup called "Johnny in the Cellar" was to be found in nearly every household. It was of silver, and was used in the following circumstances. When a young wife was about to become a mother, her husband arranged a festive dinner, inviting all their relatives to assist. Towards the end of the dinner the cup, filled with wine, was presented to the guests, when Johnny, floating on a little piece of cork, came out of his cellar, and in this way the guests were informed of the happy news. If Johnny came out quietly and without difficulty it was considered that the child would be prosperous and healthy.—Mr. D. Couvée, 80, Zeestraat, The Hague, Holland.

CENSORSHIP EXTRAORDINARY.

HERE is a cutting from an American paper illustrating an extraordinary method of getting round the poster censor. In the Texas town where the bill was posted there is a prohibition against the illustration of revolvers, so the weapons in the hands of the outlaws in the accompanying picture have been painted over and bouquets of flowers substituted. The effect is ludicrous in the extreme. — Mr. W. A. Williamson, 119, Castellain Mansions, Maida Vale, London, W.

A RABBIT WITH WINGS.

I AM sending you a photograph of a rabbit with wings, the property of Mr. George Levitt, of Eastbourne. When this photograph was taken the animal was four months old. Its wings, which measure twenty-six inches across, are, of course, no use for flying purposes, but are no hindrance when it walks. It has eight feet, but the extra four are not developed.—Mr. A. R. Pestel, 49, Terminus Road, Eastbourne.

CAPTAIN SCOTT.

THIS IS PERHAPS THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN SCOTT, SHOWING HIM AS HE ACTUALLY APPEARED ON HIS LAST JOURNEY.

TO THE SOUTH POLE

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S OWN STORY

TOLD FROM HIS JOURNALS

Photographs by HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., Camera Artist to the Expedition, except where otherwise indicated.

These articles are related from the journals of Captain Scott, and give the first connected story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913. The story has been told from the journals by Mr. Leonard Huxley, well known as the biographer of his celebrated father, and carefully read and revised by Commander Evans, R.N. With few exceptions, all the photographs, which have been selected from many hundreds, are here published for the first time.

PART III.

Heading Straight for the Pole.

THUS early the ponies had to receive their full loads from these motor-sledges. But "with their full loads the ponies did splendidly; even Jehu and Chinaman, with loads over four hundred and fifty pounds, stepped out well, and have finished as fit as when they started.

"The better ponies made nothing of their loads, and my own Snippets had over seven hundred pounds, sledge included. Of course, the surface is greatly improved; it is that over which we came well last year. We are all much cheered by this performance. It shows a hardening up of the ponies, which have been well trained; even Oates is pleased!"

Now also befell the first of the bad weather. "As we came to camp a blizzard threatened and we built snow walls. The ponies seem very comfortable. Their new rugs cover them well and the sheltering walls are as high as the animals, so that the wind is practically unfelt behind them. This protection is a direct result of our experience of last year, and it is good to feel that we reaped some reward for that disastrous journey. I am writing late in the day and the wind is still strong. I fear we shall not be able to go on to-night.

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THIS IS HOW THE DOG-
A COUPLE OF TEAMS READY TO START

"The temperature, $-5°$, is lower than I like in a blizzard." But the blizzard lasted two days; as it continued, it seemed to have a withering effect on the poor beasts, the driving particles of snow bombarding tender spots like nostrils and eyes, and preventing rest. Yet "to my surprise, when the rugs were stripped from the 'crocks' they appeared quite fresh and fit. Both Jehu and Chinaman had a skittish little run when their heads were loose. Chinaman indulged in a playful buck. All three started with their loads at a brisk pace. It was a great relief to find that they had not suffered at all from the blizzard. They went out six geographical miles, and our section going at a good round pace found them encamped as usual. After they had gone we waited for the rearguard to come up and joined with them. For the next five miles the bunch of seven kept together in fine style, and with wind dropping, sun gaining in power, and ponies going well, the march was a real pleasure. One gained confidence every moment in the animals; they brought along their heavy loads without a hint of tiredness. All take the patches of soft snow with an easy stride, not bothering themselves at all. The majority halt now and again to get a mouthful of snow, but little Christopher goes through with a non-stop run."

The blizzard once over, all was full of promise. "We are picking up last year's cairns with great ease and all show up very distinctly. This is extremely satisfactory for the homeward march. . . . Everyone is as fit as can be. . . . Men and ponies revel in such weather. One devoutly hopes for a good spell of it as we recede from the windy Northern region."

Fickle gleam of hope! This was November 9th, and even then "There is an annoying little southerly wind blowing now, and this serves to show the beauty of our snow walls. The ponies are standing under their lee in the bright sun as comfortable as can possibly be."

"Very Horrid Marches."

But November 10th is the first of four

TEAMS WORKED.
OFF ON THE DAY'S MARCH.

" very horrid marches," with a strong head wind at first ; then a snowstorm. Next day the new snow lay soft—while they entered on an area of soft crust between a few hard wind-ridges (*sastrugi*), in pits between which here and there the snow lay in sandy heaps. The ponies gave great anxiety—despite the care they had received conditions had been sadly against them since leaving New Zealand ; " if they pull through well all the thanks will be due to Oates."

Even on November 14th, when the sun reappeared, it was painful struggling on through this snow, and even " Christopher has now been harnessed three times without difficulty." In the long-continued mist, so different from former experiences, " had we been dependent on landmarks we should have fared ill." Happily the cairns that marked the way were distinguishable, and One Ton Camp, one hundred and twenty - nine geographical miles from the start, was found without any difficulty on November 15th.

Here was a note from Evans saying that he had gone on with his party " man-hauling " their sledge to the rendezvous at 80° 30′. " He has done something over thirty miles (geographical) in two and a half days—exceedingly good going. I only hope he has built lots of cairns," *i.e.*, to ease the task of guiding the main party. Here, too, was the minimum thermometer left the previous year, recording − 73°.

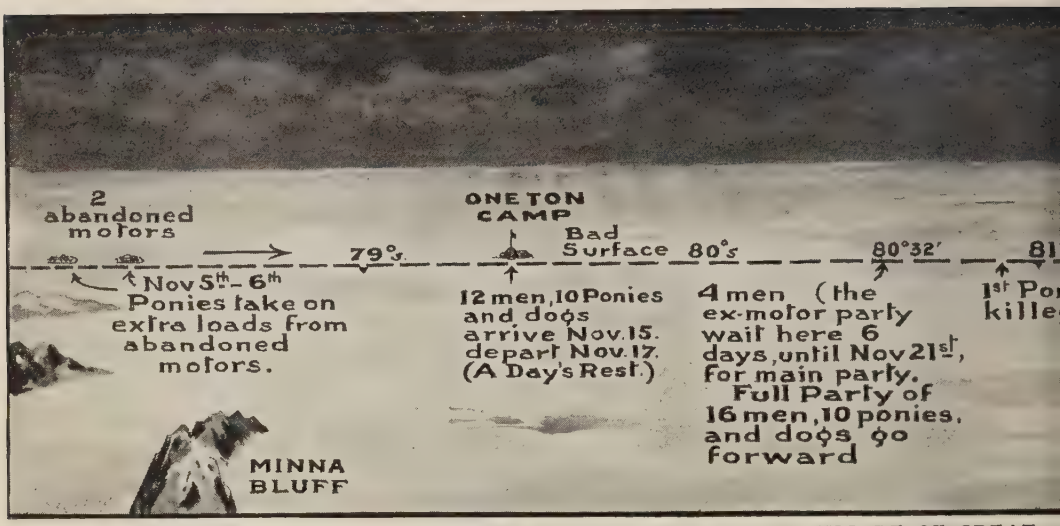
The ponies got a day's rest ; the loads were readjusted ; five hundred and eighty pounds on the sledges of the stronger beasts, four hundred pounds odd with the others. Already " the weakness of breeding and age is showing itself " —and the surface grew worse the following days.

On November 21st they came up with the ex-motor party, who continued with them for three days. It was not till the 24th, with some one hundred and forty miles still to the Glacier, that the first of the " crocks " was killed, providing four feeds for the dogs.

From the 25th onwards the start was made successively later at night, so as to lead up to the day routine of the final party when the Glacier should be reached. A spell of fair weather was followed by three days of " summer blizzard " (26th, 27th, 28th) through which necessity impelled the travellers. " A tired animal makes a tired man " ; and even with better weather on the 29th and 30th the surface was bad. By December 1st it was a question of days with most of the ponies, and the weakest were killed. Their duty was to draw supplies across the Barrier as long as forage lasted and supply food for the dog-teams at the end.

December 2nd. " Wild, in his diary of Shackleton's journey, remarks on December 15th that it is the first day for a month that he could not record splendid weather. With us a fine day has been the exception so far " ; and next day : " Our luck in weather is preposterous." It blew a full gale from the south from 4.30 a.m. to 12.30. " It is really time the luck turned in our favour."

On December 4th, after a morning blizzard, he writes : " Looking from the last camp towards the S.S.E., where the farthest land can be seen, it seemed more than probable that a very high latitude could be reached on


2 abandoned motors
79°
ONE TON CAMP
Bad Surface
80°s
80°32'
Nov 5th-6th Ponies take on extra loads from abandoned motors.
12 men, 10 Ponies and dogs arrive Nov. 15. depart Nov. 17. (A Day's Rest.)
4 men (the ex-motor party wait here 6 days, until Nov 21st, for main party. Full Party of 16 men, 10 ponies, and dogs go forward
MINNA BLUFF

THE ABOVE MAP, WHICH IS CONTINUED ON PAGES 262-263, WILL BE OF GREAT

the Barrier, and if Amundsen journeying that way has a stroke of luck, he may well find his summit journey reduced to one hundred miles or so. In any case it is a fascinating direction for next year's work if only fresh transport arrives."

Here he showed true geographical insight, no less than splendid confidence for the future. Indeed they had done well; on these "two wretched days" they had only lost five or six miles on their scheduled time-table. Nevertheless the skies augured ill: "One has a horrid feeling that this is a real bad season." A prophetic sense indeed. From the "gateway" of the Glacier came ominous puffs of wind; December 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, a "raging, howling" blizzard continued, with the typical fine powdery snow, and the temperature so high that the snow clung where it touched, and melted on anything but the snow. Tents, clothes, sleeping-bags were soaked, with prospect of infinite discomfort if a cold snap came before things could be dried. Worse still, the delay. Still twelve miles from the Glacier, they had to begin on the rations calculated to carry them forward from an advanced depot. The check was outside calculation: "the margin for bad weather was ample according to all experience, and this stormy December—our finest month—is a thing that the most cautious organizer might not have been prepared to encounter."

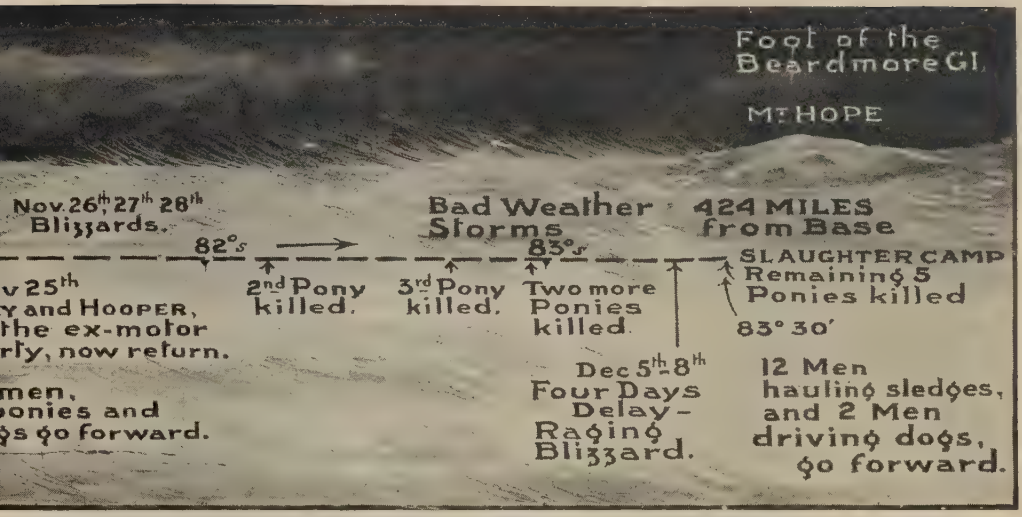
December 9th they managed to get away; "a most painful day." After an almost hopeless struggle the situation was saved by Petty Officer Evans, who put the last pair of snow-shoes on Snatcher, so that he was able to lead, making a track for the other ponies. It was the last effort; the forage was already spent; and at this camp—"Shambles Camp"—a mile below the gateway—the beasts were shot. "It is hard to have to kill them so early."

The Ascent of the Glacier.

December 10th. The first stage of the journey, four hundred and twenty-four miles over the Barrier ice, was ended. On the fortieth day out—a week behind schedule—began the second stage, the ascent of the Glacier, which took twelve days of the most strenuous exertion. The surface was "appalling"; that they got forward with their loads was "mainly due to the ski."

Loads were readjusted; for the first day and a half the dog-team pulled six hundred pounds, besides two hundred pounds to be left in the depot when they returned, and their loads were distributed among the man-hauled sledges.

The start bettered expectation: "the day was gloriously fine, and we were soon perspiring. After the first mile we began to rise, and for some way a steep slope; we held to our ski and kept going. Then the slope got steeper and the surface much worse, and we had to take off our ski. The pulling after this was extraordinarily fatiguing. We sank below our finnesko everywhere, and in places nearly to our knees. The runners of the sledges got coated with a thin film of ice from which we could not free them, and the sledges themselves sank to the cross-bars in soft spots. All the time they were literally ploughing the snow. We reached the top of



ASSISTANCE TO THE READER IN FOLLOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE PARTY.

the slope at five and started on after tea on the down grade. On this we had to pull almost as hard as on the upward slope, but could just manage to get along on ski. We camped at 9.15, when a heavy wind coming down the Glacier suddenly fell on us, but I had decided to camp before, as Evans's party could not keep up." Those who had hauled a sledge since the motors broke down four hundred miles away were naturally not so fresh as the others. "As for myself I never felt fitter, and my party can easily hold its own. Evans (P.O.), of course, is a tower of strength, but Oates and Wilson are doing splendidly also.

"All this soft snow is an aftermath of our prolonged storm. Hereabouts Shackleton found hard blue ice. It seems an extraordinary difference in fortune, and at every step S.'s luck becomes more evident."

A Graphic Picture of Sledge-Troubles.

December 11th. The lower Glacier depot made, the dog-team came up a four hours' march before finally turning homewards. The loads were transhipped. An anxious moment ensued, followed by difficulties first with one team, then with another.

"Could we pull our full loads or not? My own party got away first, and, to my joy, I found we could make fairly good headway. Every now and again the sledge sank in a soft patch which brought us up, but we learned to treat such occasions with patience. We got sideways to the sledge and hauled it out, Evans getting out of his ski to get better purchase. The great thing is to keep the sledge moving, and for an hour or more there were dozens of critical moments when it all but stopped, and not a few when it brought up altogether. The latter were very trying and tiring. But suddenly the surface grew more uniform and we more accustomed to the game, for after a long stop to let the other parties come up I started at six and ran on till seven, pulling easily without a halt at the rate of about two miles an hour. I was very jubilant; all difficulties seemed to be vanishing; but unfortunately our history was not repeated. One team had a man hampered by a touch of snow-blindness, the other had not quite mastered the trick of getting under way again after checking in the soft snow."

But next morning, the 12th, it was the turn of Scott's own team to "make the heaviest weather of the work. We got bogged again and again, and, do what we would, the sledge dragged like lead. The others were working hard, but nothing to be compared with us. At 2.30 I halted for lunch pretty well cooked, and there was disclosed the secret of our trouble in a thin film with some hard knots of ice on the runners. Evans's team had been sent off in advance, and we didn't —couldn't!—catch them, but they saw us camp and break camp, and followed suit. I really dreaded starting after lunch, but after some trouble to break the sledge out we went ahead without a hitch, and in a mile or two recovered our leading place with obvious ability to keep it.

"It is evident that what I expected has occurred. The whole of the lower valley is filled with snow from the recent storm, and if we had not ski we should be hopelessly

bogged. On foot one sinks to the knees, and, if pulling on a sledge, to half-way between knee and thigh. It would, therefore, be absolutely impossible to advance on foot with our loads. Considering all things, we are getting better on ski.

their shoes into our tent this morning, and P.O. Evans put them into shape again."

December 13th. They only made four miles. There was a new crust in patches; when the pullers got on these they slipped back. The sledges plunged into the soft

THE DEEP TRACK OF A SLEDGE CROSSING THAT OF A PENGUIN.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS A GOOD INSTANCE OF THE WAY IN WHICH APPARENTLY UNPROMISING MATERIAL MAY YIELD THE MOST STRIKING RESULTS.

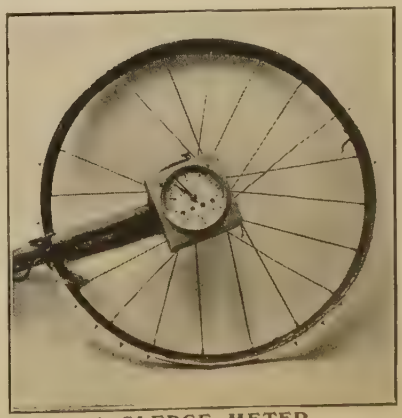
"We are about five or five and a half days behind Shackleton as a result of the storm, but on this surface our sledges could not be more heavily laden than they are. Evans's party kept up much better to-day: we had places and stopped dead. One party helped another at such stops till the double work proved altogether too much. Scott's party, the most efficient of the three that day, spent three hours fitting the ten-foot runners

THE RETURN OF ATKINSON'S PARTY.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS OF ONE OF CAPTAIN SCOTT'S SUPPORTING PARTIES. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT THE SAIL COULD ONLY BE USED WHEN COMING FROM THE SOUTH, OWING TO THE WIND ALMOST ALWAYS BLOWING FROM THE POLE.

under the cross-bars—but without delaying the others—so slow was the general progress. The sun was hot, the snow without "glide," the men soaked in perspiration. They overtook the others, who were reduced to relay work; but "the toil was simply awful."

Indigestion, wet clothes, and cramp after such labour produced a bad night; but on the 14th, two thousand feet up, things began to improve. "After the first two hundred yards my own party came on with a swing that told me at once that all would be well. We soon caught the others and offered to take on more weight, but Evans's pride wouldn't allow such help. Later in the morning we exchanged sledges with Bowers; pulled theirs easily, whilst they made heavy work with ours.



A SLEDGE METER.

ONE OF THE METERS USED FOR RECORDING THE DISTANCE COVERED BY THE SLEDGES. IN THE TOP PICTURE ONE IS SHOWN IN ACTUAL USE.

"We got fearfully hot on the march, sweated through everything and stripped off jerseys. The result is we are pretty cold and clammy now, but escape from the soft snow and a good march compensate every discomfort. At lunch the blue ice was about two feet beneath us, now it is barely a foot, so that I suppose we shall soon find it uncovered."

They seemed to be getting out of the huge basin for the lodgment of snow which extended as far as the Cloudmaker Mountain. Optimism, never far away, reasserts itself. "I think the soft snow trouble is at an end, and I could wish nothing better than a continuance of the present surface. Towards the end of the march we were pulling our loads with the greatest ease. It is splendid to be getting along and to find some adequate return for the work we are putting into the business."

December 15th the improvement continued; the covering of snow thinned out steadily. "It was an enormous relief yesterday to get steady going without involuntary stops, but yesterday and this morning, once the sledge was stopped, it was very difficult to start again—the runners got temporarily stuck. This afternoon for the first time we could start by giving one good heave together, and so for the first time we are able to stop to readjust foot-gear or do any other desirable task. This is a second relief for which we are most grateful."

But the good march was cut short by a thick snowstorm. "Pray Heaven we are not going to have this wretched snow in the worst part of the Glacier to come."

"The Worst Part to Come."

That "worst part" included steep slopes and ice-falls, pressure ridges, and crevassed areas, which drove them away from the direct line, as Shackleton had been driven, towards the Cloudmaker, though later they returned successfully to the centre of the Glacier. On the 16th a gloomy morning gave way to a gloriously fine evening. In the afternoon a peculiarly difficult surface—old hard *sastrugi* underneath, with pits and high, soft *sastrugi*, due to very recent snowfalls—often bringing the sledges up short, compelled the men to discard skis, thus making better progress, but for the time with very excessive labour, as the brittle crust held for a pace or two, and then "let one down with a bump some eight or ten inches," or sent the leg slipping down a crack in the hard ice beneath.

"We must push on all we can, for we are now six days behind Shackleton, all due to that wretched storm. So far, since we got amongst the disturbances we have not seen such alarming crevasses as I had expected—certainly dogs could have come up as far as this. At present one gets terribly hot and perspiring on the march, and quickly cold when halted, but the sun makes up for all evils. It is very difficult to know what to do about the ski; their weight is considerable, and yet, under certain circumstances, they are extraordinarily useful. Everyone is very satisfied with our summit ration. The party which has been man-hauling for so long say they are far less hungry than they used to be. It is good to think that the majority will keep up this good feeding all through.

"Sunday, December 17th. Soon after starting found ourselves in rather a mess; bad pressure ahead and long waves between us and the land. Blue ice showed on the crests of the waves; very soft snow lay in the hollows. We had to cross the waves in places thirty feet from crest to hollow, and we did it by sitting on the sledge and letting her go. Thus we went down with a rush, and our impetus carried us some way up the other side; then followed a fearfully tough drag to rise the next crest. After two hours of this I saw a larger wave, the crest of which continued hard ice up the Glacier; we reached this, and got excellent travelling for two miles on it, then rose on a steep gradient, and so topped the pressure ridge.

"If we can keep up the pace, we gain on Shackleton, and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't, except that more pressure is showing up ahead. For once one can say, 'Sufficient for the day is the good thereof.' Our luck may be on the turn—I think we deserve it. In spite of the hard work everyone is very fit and very cheerful, feeling well fed and eager for more toil. Eyes are much better, except poor Wilson's; he has caught a very bad attack.

"We get fearfully thirsty and chip up ice on the march, as well as drinking a great deal of water on halting. Our fuel only just does it, but that is all we want, and we have a bit in hand for the summit. . . . We have worn our crampons all day and are delighted with them. P.O. Evans, the inventor of both crampons and ski shoes, is greatly pleased, and certainly we owe him much."

On the 18th it was again overcast and snowing. Better followed on the 19th and 20th. "Things are looking up. Started on good surface, soon came to very annoying criss-cross cracks. Fell into two and have bad bruises on knee and thigh, but we got along all the time until we reached an admirable smooth ice surface excellent for travelling. The last mile, *névé* predominating, and, therefore, the pulling a trifle harder, we have risen into the upper basin of the Glacier. Seemingly close about us are the various land masses which adjoin the summit; it looks as

THE EFFECT OF A THREE DAYS' BLIZZARD.

THIS STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF A TENT AFTER THREE DAYS' BLIZZARD GIVES A VIVID IDEA OF THE CAUSE OF THE FINAL DISASTER.

From a Photograph by Lieutenant Gran.

"THE CLOUDMAKER."

THE CAMP OF THE EXPLORERS UNDER THE SHADOW OF "THE CLOUDMAKER." WHEN APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN CAPTAIN SCOTT SPEAKS IN HIS JOURNAL OF "THE WORST PART OF THE GLACIER TO COME," THIS "WORST PART" INCLUDING STEEP SLOPES AND ICE-FALLS, PRESSURE RIDGES AND CREVASSED AREAS.

From a Photograph] [by Captain Scott.

PROTECTING THE PONIES IN CAMP.

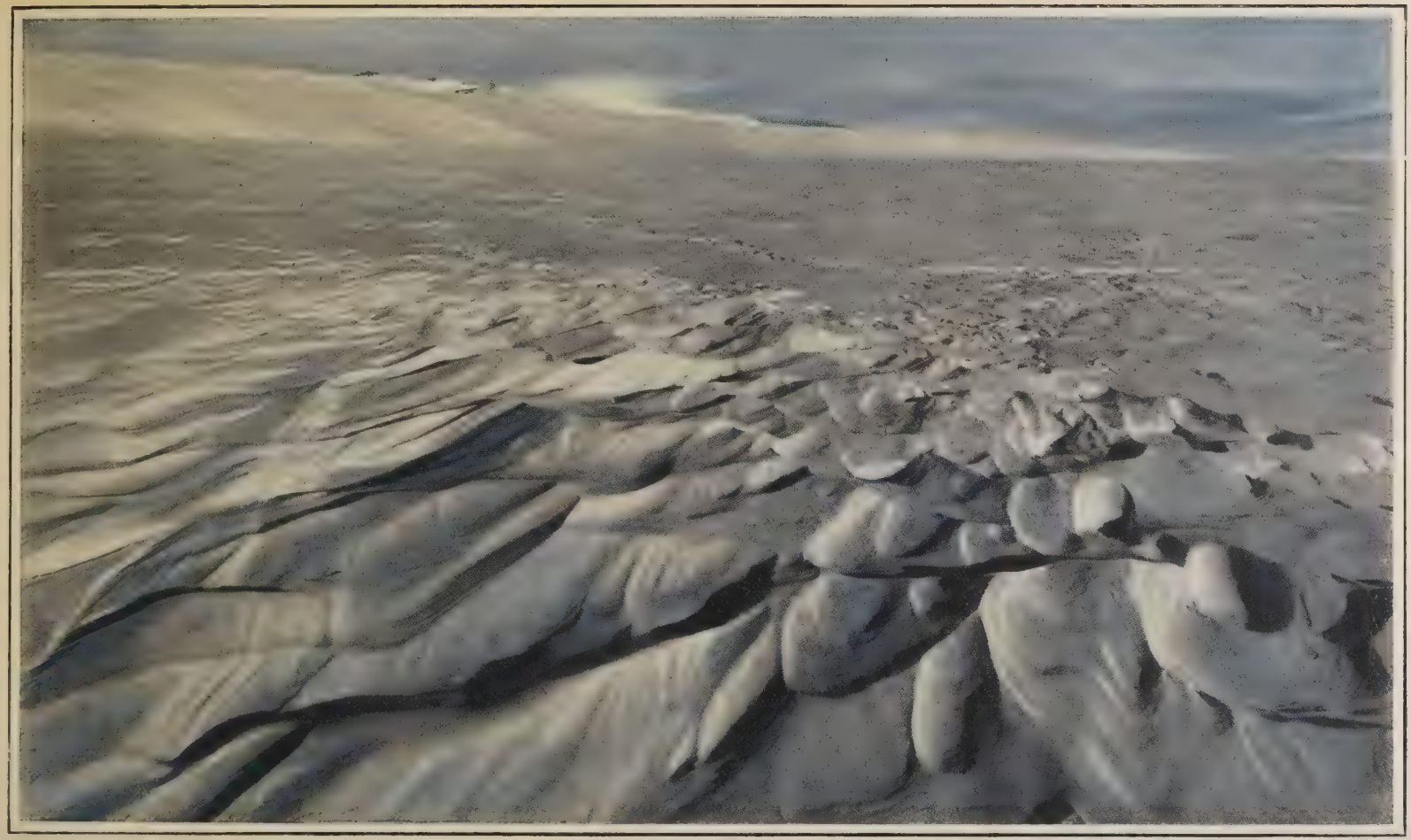
THIS INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE SNOW-WALLS THAT WERE BUILT EACH NIGHT TO PROTECT THE PONIES FROM THE WIND.

From a Photograph] *[by Captain Scott.*

THE CAMP ON THE BEARDMORE GLACIER.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE SCENERY IN THE REGION OF THE BEARDMORE GLACIER IS WELL SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE. THE TWO FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND ARE WILSON AND CHERRY-GARRARD, BOTH OF WHOM ARE BUSY SKETCHING.

From a Photograph] *[by Captain Scott.*



"SASTRUGI"

THIS WORD, OFTEN USED IN THE JOURNALS, IS APPLIED TO THE WAVES PRODUCED BY THE WIND ON THE SURFACE OF THE SNOW. SUCH A SURFACE WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST SOURCES OF TROUBLE TO THE EXPLORERS.

though we might have difficulties in the last narrows. Having a long lunch hour for angles, photographs, and sketches."

The afternoon brought up the day's run to seventeen geographical miles. "It has not been a strain, except, perhaps, for me with my wounds received early in the day. The wind has kept us cool on the march, which has, in consequence, been very much pleasanter; we are not wet in our clothes to-night, and have not suffered from the same overpowering thirst as on previous days. Evans and Bowers are busy taking angles; as they have been all day, we shall have material for an excellent chart. Days like this put heart in one."

The record of the 19th was beaten by that of the 20th, twenty-three geographical miles, rising eight hundred feet. And at camp "we must be ahead of Shackleton's position on the 17th.

Hopes and Fears.

"I have just told off the people to return to-morrow night: Atkinson, Wright, Cherry-Garrard, and Keohane. All are disappointed. I dreaded this necessity of choosing—nothing could be more heartrending*. I calculated our programme to start from 85° 10′ with twelve units of food and eight men. We ought to be in this position to-morrow night, less one day's food. After all our harassing trouble one cannot but be satisfied with such a prospect."

The last day of this stage, December 21st, was severe, owing to crevasses and falls, while at midday "the wind came from the north, bringing the inevitable [fog] up the valley and covering us just as we were in the worst of places," delaying them two and a half hours. But the stiffest of climbs has an end, and camp was pitched at 7.30. "We have done a good march, risen to a satisfactory altitude, and reached a good place for our depot. To-morrow we start with our fullest summit load, and the first march should show us the possibilities of our achievement. For me it is an immense relief to have the indefatigable little Bowers to see to all detail arrangements.

"We have risen a great height to-day and I hope it will not be necessary to go down again, but it looks as though we must dip a bit even to go to the south-west."

The last outward stage, the summit journey, lasted from December 22nd to January 17th, twenty-seven days for three hundred and fifty-three miles. On December 23rd the true summit seemed to be reached, where the Glacier merges in the ice-cap, undulating but uncrevassed. But, unhappily, on Christmas Day and the 27th they found themselves in the midst of crevasses again. After that, however often the undulating plateau offered a ridged or rugged surface, the danger of crevasses ceased. The general level continued to rise. On January 2nd, at the height of nearly ten thousand feet, the plain seemed to be flattening out, but the highest levels, over ten thousand five hundred feet, were only reached on January 6th and 7th.

But the difficulties of the Glacier were surmounted only to be succeeded by a new, long-drawn struggle in these mountain altitudes. The surface of the ice-cap was broken and rugged; the snow in powdery crystals, whether loose and soft in the windless belt, or drifted into ridges, fantastically combed like an Alpine "cornice," was as dull and clogging for ski or sledge-runner as the loose sand of a sea beach. There was rarely any "glide," but heavy, jerking collar-work. The weather remained unkind, the strain of guiding ceaseless; the anxiety of pitting effort against time, of measuring hard-wrung endurance against known and unknown tasks, almost as wearing as physical fatigue. As we read this Journal hope alternates with fear, but resolution stays constant through unremitting ill-fortune.

"This, the third stage of our journey, is opening with good promise. We made our depot this morning, then said an affecting farewell to the returning party, who have taken things very well, dear, good fellows as they are."

Then they started with their heavy loads about 9.20. Any trepidation as to the weight vanished as they went off and up a slope at a smart pace—the second sledge close behind, its team well chosen to form the supporting party, which proceeded till January 4th.

The dip across which their course ran south-west dropped some eleven hundred and fifty feet, but then they climbed again two hundred and fifty feet and camped at seven thousand one hundred feet. Huge pressure ridges barred the way to the south, and they passed one or two very broad (thirty feet) bridged crevasses with the usual gaping sides—the whole incline in front a confusion of elevations and depressions. Next day "we had to haul out to the north, then west. . . . It is rather trying having to

* The points at which this and the remaining parties turned back are shown on the maps in the present instalment.

CAPTAIN L. E. G. OATES,

WHOSE HEROIC ACTION IN WALKING OUT TO MEET HIS DEATH—"THE ACT OF A BRAVE MAN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN"—HAS APPEALED SO STRONGLY TO THE SYMPATHY OF THE PUBLIC.

march so far to the west, but if we keep rising we must come to the end of the obstacles some time."

Later, as they climbed yet another slope to the west: "On top of this we got on the most extraordinary surface—narrow crevasses ran in all directions. They were quite invisible, being covered with a thin crust of hardened *névé* without a sign of a crack in it. We all fell in, one after another, and sometimes two together. We have had many unexpected falls before, but usually through being unable to mark the run of the surface appearances of cracks or where such cracks are covered with soft snow. How a hardened crust can form over a crack is a real puzzle—it seems to argue extremely slow movement.

"But suddenly at 5 p.m. everything changed. The hard surface gave place to regular *sastrugi* and our horizon levelled in

every direction. I hung on to the south-west till 6 p.m., and then camped with a delightful feeling of security that we had at length reached the summit proper. I am feeling very cheerful about everything to-night. To me, for the first time, our goal seems really in sight. We can pull our loads, and pull them much faster and farther than I expected in my most hopeful moments. I only pray for a fair share of good weather.

"December 24th. We have not struck a crevasse all day, which is a good sign. The sun continues to shine in a cloudless sky, the wind rises and falls, and about us is a scene of the wildest desolation, but we are a very cheerful party, and to-morrow is Christmas Day, with something extra in the hoosh.

Lashley Falls Into a Crevasse on Christmas Day.

"Christmas Day. To our annoyance found ourselves amongst crevasses once more — very hard, smooth *névé* between high ridges at the edge of crevasses, and therefore very difficult to get foothold to pull the sledges. We had to tack a good deal, and several of us went half down. After half an hour of this I looked round and found the second sledge halted some way in rear—evidently someone had gone into a crevasse. We saw the rescue work going on, but had to wait half an hour for the party to come up, and got mighty cold. It appears that Lashley went down very suddenly, nearly dragging crew with him.

LIEUT. H. R. BOWERS,

"THE INDEFATIGABLE LITTLE BOWERS" WHOM CAPTAIN SCOTT SO OFTEN REFERS TO IN TERMS OF ADMIRATION IN HIS JOURNAL.

The sledge ran on and jammed the span, so that the Alpine rope had to be got out and used to pull Lashley to the surface again. Lashley says the crevasse was eighty feet deep and eight feet across in form U, showing that the word 'unfathomable' can rarely be applied. Lashley is forty-four to-day, and as hard as nails. His fall has not even disturbed his equanimity.

"In the afternoon, after sundry luxuries such as chocolate and raisins at lunch, we started off well, but soon got amongst crevasses, huge snowfield roadways running almost in our direction, and across hidden cracks into which we frequently fell; passing for ten miles or so along between two roadways, we came on a huge pit with raised sides. Is this a submerged mountain peak or a swirl in the stream? Getting clear of crevasses and on a slightly down grade, we came along at a swinging pace—splendid. I marched on till nearly 7.30, when we had covered fifteen miles (geographical), seventeen and a quarter (statute). I knew that supper was to be a 'tightener,' and indeed it has been—so much that I must leave description till the morning."

DR. E. A. WILSON,

TO WHOSE "SOUND JUDGMENT ONE AND ALL APPEALED ON MATTERS LITTLE OR GREAT."

The outlook confirmed previous inferences as to a more favourable approach to the Pole.

"In the middle of the afternoon we got another fine view of the land. The Dominion range ends abruptly as observed; then come two straits and two other masses of land.

Similarly north of the wild mountains is another strait and another mass of land. The various straits are undoubtedly overflows, and the masses of land mark the inner fringe of the exposed coastal mountains, the general direction of which seems about S.S.E., from which it appears that one could be much closer to the Pole on the Barrier by continuing on it to the S.S.E. We ought to know more of this when Evans's observations are plotted."

Christmas Dinner — "after which it was difficult to move."

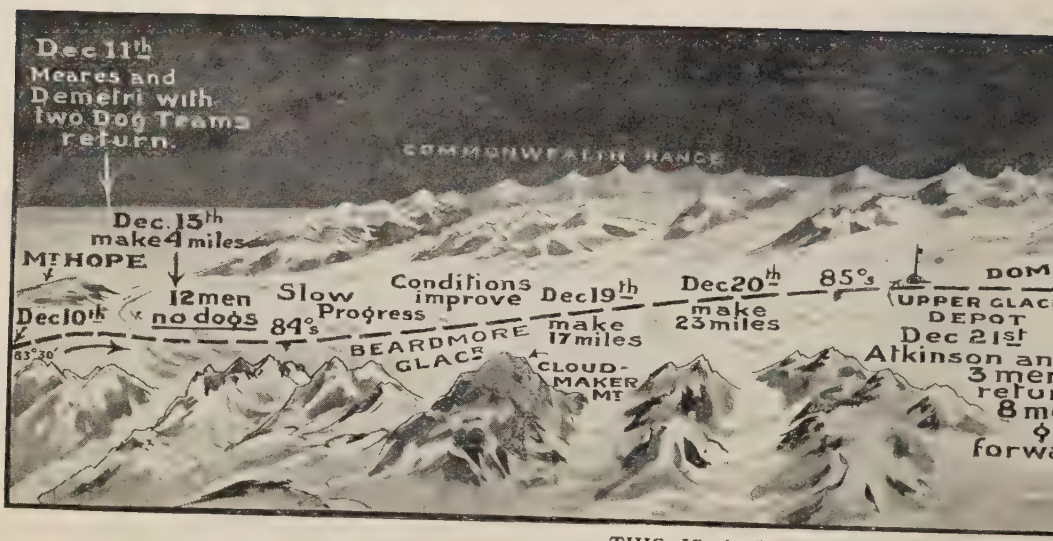
What would Christmas be without its Christmas dinner—above all in the ice?

"I must write a word of our supper last night. We had four courses. The first, pemmican, full whack, with slices of horse-meat flavoured with onion and curry powder and thickened with biscuit; then an arrow-root, cocoa, and biscuit hoosh sweetened; then a plum-pudding; then cocoa with raisins, and finally a dessert of caramels and ginger. After the feast it was difficult to move. Wilson and I couldn't finish our share of plum-pudding. We have all slept splendidly and feel thoroughly warm — such is the effect of full feeding."

Next day "perhaps a little slow after plum-pudding"; yet "it seems astonishing to be disappointed with a march of fifteen (statute) miles when I had contemplated doing little more than ten with full loads."

On the 27th "the pulling was heavy. Everyone sweated. We have been going up and down, the up grades very tiring, especially when we get among *sastrugi*, which jerk the sledge about." In the afternoon "we were once more in the midst of crevasses and disturbances. At the summit of the ridge we came into another

PETTY-OFFICER EVANS,
WHO, IN CAPTAIN SCOTT'S WORDS, WAS "A TOWER OF STRENGTH" TO THE EXPEDITION.



THIS IS A CONTINUATION OF THE

'pit' or 'whirl,' which seemed the centre of the trouble. Is it a submerged mountain peak?

"Steering the party is no light task. One cannot allow one's thoughts to wander as others do, and when, as this afternoon, one gets among disturbances, I find it is very worrying and tiring."

December 28th. The first team travelled easily, while the second "made heavy weather." Scott himself changed over, then made an additional change, but without success. "What was the difficulty? One theory was that some members of the second party were stale. Another that all was due to the bad stepping and want of swing; another that the sledge pulled heavy. In the afternoon we exchanged sledges, and at first went off well, but getting into soft snow we found a terrible drag, the second party coming quite easily with our sledge. So the sledge is the cause of the trouble." Investigation showed that the framework had been wrenched out of the true by the hard knocks received on the rugged ice. A less rigid strapping of the load enabled the necessary adjustment to be made; whereupon the second party, pacing well together, held their own again.

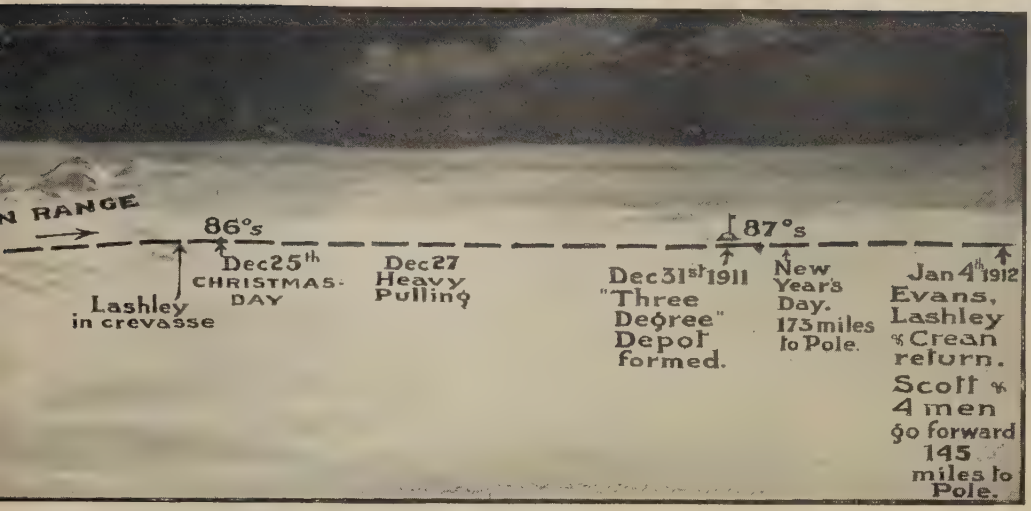
"The marches are terribly monotonous. One's thoughts wander occasionally to pleasanter scenes and places, but the necessity to keep the course, or some hitch in the surface, quickly brings them back. There have been some hours of very steady plodding to-day; these are the best part of the business, mean forgetfulness and advance."

On the last day of the year the "Three Degree" depot was formed, with a week's provisions for both units; so called because by Lieutenant Evans's observations they were nearly on the eighty-seventh parallel aimed at for that night. Here camp was pitched at 1.30, and the second party left their ski and some heavy things in depot.

"We had a good full brew of tea and then set to work stripping the sledges. That didn't take long, but the process of building up the ten-feet sledges [instead of twelve feet] now in operation in the other tent is a long job. Evans (P.O.) and Crean are tackling it, and it is a very remarkable piece of work. Certainly P.O. Evans is the most invaluable asset to our party. To build a sledge under these conditions is a fact for special record."

January 1st, 1912. Twice on this day, as on the next, starting after the foot-haulers, Scott's team caught them up without difficulty. "It was surprising how easily the sledge pulled; we have scarcely exerted ourselves all day. We are *very* comfortable in our double tent. Stick of chocolate to celebrate the New Year. Prospects seem to get brighter — only about one hundred and seventy miles to go and plenty of food left.

"January 3rd. Within one hundred and fifty miles of our goal. Last night I decided to reorganize, and this morning told off Teddy Evans, Lashley, and Crean to return. They are disappointed, but take it well. Bowers is to come into our tent, and we proceed as a five-man unit to-morrow. We have five and a half units of food—practically over a month's allowance for five people—it ought to see us through. We came along well on ski to-day, but the foot-haulers were


N RANGE
86°s
Lashley in crevasse
Dec 25th CHRISTMAS-DAY
Dec 27 Heavy Pulling
87°s
Dec 31st 1911 "Three Degree" Depot formed.
New Year's Day. 173 miles to Pole.
Jan 4th 1912 Evans, Lashley & Crean return.
Scott & 4 men go forward 145 miles to Pole.

MAP ON PAGES 248–249.

slow, and so we only got a trifle over twelve miles (geographical). Very anxious to see how we shall manage to-morrow; if we can march well with the full load we shall be practically safe, I take it.

"January 4th. It is wonderful to see how neatly everything stows on a little sledge, thanks to P.O. Evans. I was anxious to see how we could pull it, and glad to find we went easy enough. Bowers on foot pulls between, but behind Wilson and myself; he has to keep his own pace, and luckily does not throw us out at all.

The Fated Party of Five Go Forward to the Pole.

"The second party had followed us in case of accident, but as soon as I was certain we could get along we stopped and said farewell. Teddy Evans is terribly disappointed, but has taken it very well and behaved like a man."

Under average conditions the return party should have well fulfilled Scott's cheery anticipations. Three-man teams had done excellently on previous sledging expeditions, whether in *Discovery* days or as recently as the midwinter visit to the Emperor penguins' rookery; and the three in this party were seasoned travellers with a skilful leader.

Evans Nearly Dies of Scurvy—His Life Saved by Lashley and Crean.

But Fortune dealt her blows impartially on those who went back as well as on those who went forward. A blizzard held them up for three days before reaching the head of the Glacier; they had to press on at speed. By the time they reached the foot of the Glacier Lieutenant Evans developed symptoms of the dreaded and exhausting scurvy. With Lashley, he had been man-hauling a sledge ever since the breakdown of the motors, and before that had been out surveying, so that he had been a long time on sledging rations. These, no doubt, were predisposing causes.

Withal, he continued to pull, bearing the heavy strain of guiding the course. As the hauling power thus grew less, the leader had to make up for loss of speed by lengthening the working hours. As Columbus kept from his crew the disquieting knowledge of their true distance from home, so Evans sought to prevent discouragement in his hard-tasked men by putting on his watch an hour. With the "turning out" signal thus advanced, the actual marching period reached twelve hours. The situation was saved, and Evans flattered himself on his ingenuity. But the men knew it all the time, and no word said!

At One Ton Camp he was unable to stand without the support of his ski-sticks, but with the help of his companions struggled on another fifty-three miles in four days. Then he could go no farther. His brave companions, rejecting his suggestion that he be left in his sleeping-bag with a supply of provisions while they pressed on for help, "cached" everything that could be spared, and pulled him on the sledge with a devotion matching that of their captain years before, when he and Wilson brought their companion Shackleton, ill and helpless, safely home to the *Discovery*.

A TYPICAL CAMPING SCENE.

CAMPING ON PLATEAU ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES FROM THE POLE BEFORE THE LAST SUPPORTING PARTY, UNDER COMMANDER EVANS, RETURNED.

From a Photograph] *[by Lieut. Bowers.*

Four days of this pulling, with a southerly wind to help, brought them to Corner Camp; then came a heavy snowfall, the sledge could not travel. It was a critical moment. Next day Crean set out to tramp alone to Hut Point, thirty-four miles away. Lashley stayed to nurse Lieutenant Evans, and most certainly saved his life till help came. Crean reached Hut Point after an exhausting march of eighteen hours; at once Dr. Atkinson and Demetri set off with the dog-teams and brought the sick man back in a single march of five hours. At the *Discovery* Hut he was unremittingly tended by Dr. Atkinson, and finally sent by sledge to the *Terra Nova*. A visit to England brought health again, and Lieutenant Evans was able to return in command of the *Terra Nova* on her final journey to the South. It is good to know that both Lashley and Crean have been recommended for the Albert Medal.

NAVAL ENSIGN TAKEN TO THE POLE.

THIS ENSIGN WAS PRESENTED TO COMMANDER EVANS, AND CARRIED BY HIM TO WITHIN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES OF THE SOUTH POLE, AND THEN TAKEN ON TO THE POLE BY LIEUT. BOWERS, AND BROUGHT BACK BY HIM TO THE TENT WHERE THE PARTY PERISHED.

(To be concluded.)

"HE LED HIS PARTY OUT INTO THE CALM OF A STARLIT, WINDLESS NIGHT."

THE ROCKER.

A Tale of the Alps.

By FRANK SAVILE.

Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams.

"I LIKE him," said the Bishop, stoutly. "He's a rough diamond."

Carthew lifted his shoulders. "I hardly know him," he admitted, "but I put the accent on 'rough.' Perhaps you don't agree with me, Miss Frenton?"

The Bishop's daughter shook her head.

"No," she said. "To me he seems a thorough gentleman."

Carthew gave another performance of what he had once heard a youthful admirer describe as "his inimitable shrug."

"There, again, 'seems' is the word I should underline, but I don't want to question your taste. Now what about this expedition? Surely you're joking? You don't mean *the* Gemsenhorn?"

"I have arranged to climb it with Mr. O'Rorke to-morrow," answered Miss Frenton, placidly, and Carthew nearly jumped from his seat. Even the Bishop allowed his usual smile to be corrupted by something very like a frown.

"My dear Muriel!" he demurred. "Mr. O'Rorke is quite inexperienced, and the Gemsenhorn—is the Gemsenhorn."

She patted his arm.

"Dear old dad!" she purred. "It isn't the central peak we are going to attempt. It is the Needle."

Her father stared at her as if he was an entomologist and she a new form of beetle. Then he laughed—shortly.

"That, of course, is simply absurd," he retorted. "The Gemsenhorn Needle has *never* been climbed. Even Mr. O'Rorke is aware of that, for I myself told him all about

it, and showed him my photographs of the Rocker."

She smiled.

"That's what did it," she explained. "You made him crazy to bring off the first ascent."

This time the Bishop frowned in earnest.

"HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIS BOOT SEIZED FROM BELOW AND THRUST INTO A NEW AND DEEPER NICHE."

"My child, you're talking sheer nonsense," he said. "You may think yourself a fine climber—for a woman you *are*. But to imagine that, accompanied by *any* guide or guides in this valley, you can scale a pinnacle that has been attempted in vain by half the members of the Alpine Club, including——" he halted, considered, and then continued, with a sort of dogged inevitability—"including *me*, is plainly ridiculous. To add to your difficulties by having in your company a gentleman who has passed the greater portion of his life upon the American prairies and has never *seen* a mountain till this present summer, simply piles folly on folly!" The speaker ended on what was palpably a snort of indignation.

His daughter looked at him admiringly.

"It was nice of you, dad, not to show any mock modesty about yourself. *We* know that you were the best mountaineer that

Switzerland has ever seen, and *you* know it. I'm glad you are honest about it. But new men sometimes invent new methods. Mr. O'Rorke wants to conduct some experiments and I want to watch them. For guide we are taking Heinrich Lahn."

Carthew's laugh was sarcastic.

"Your friend aims high, doesn't he?" he asked. "It's rather ambitious to experiment with the most impossible peak in the Alps."

"I like ambition," said Muriel, blandly.

The Bishop pressed down the tobacco in his pipe.

"So do I," he allowed, "but I don't encourage foolhardiness. Lahn is good enough, but he will have all his work cut out for him in looking after your friend. Unless somebody else of proved experience accompanies you I must forbid your going."

Carthew preened himself.

"I am only too happy to offer to accompany —Miss Frenton," he said. "I must not be considered to be taking any responsibilities for Mr. O'Rorke."

The girl looked at him in silence for a moment. Then she laughed.

"Very well," she agreed. She laughed again. "Poor Mr. O'Rorke! Between the three of us we shall almost stifle him with our helpfulness, sha'n't we?"

Carthew did not smile.

"I should strongly advise your leaving Mr. O'Rorke at home," he recommended, and Muriel nodded sagely.

"Advice is your strong point, Mr. Carthew," she said, and wheeled towards the hotel. "You'll arrange everything with Lahn?" she added, over her shoulder, and Carthew, conquering a desire to use a monosyllable which no Bishop could possibly be brought to approve, agreed that he would. But his face was a study in irritation as he resumed his seat and accepted a light for his cigarette.

"It's odd how you manage to rub her the wrong way," meditated Muriel's father, looking at the son-in-law of his desire with a reflective air, and Carthew for the second time gulped down an impulse to be emphatic. But a new determination was beginning to bulk largely in his mind. His future wife, he assured himself, should avoid the company of picturesque and affable strangers. Those from the land of the Golden West would be absolutely barred. On this point his decision was adamant.

Meanwhile, at the terraced entrance of the hotel, Muriel was greeting with smiles the appearance of a gentleman whose frank countenance was beaded with perspiration, while the glowing colour of his cheeks indicated that he had taken recent and strenuous exercise. He bore a rope coiled across his shoulder—but not by any means the kind of rope to which the mountaineering community of Grindenzat was accustomed. It was made of skilfully-plaited rawhide.

He raised his hat. The girl looked at him inquiringly.

"You've been practising," she decided, and his laugh admitted her conclusion.

"On the moraine rocks," he said. "I managed full fifty feet."

"That means success!" she exulted. "My goodness! We shall thrill all the Alpine clubs of Europe!"

"It's not the Alpine clubs that I'm caring about," said her companion, in an accent which was not wholly Irish or wholly American, but a pleasant blend of both. "There's only the one person that I have a consuming desire to satisfy, and that's—you."

She looked at him with a demure little wrinkling of her yebrow.

"I—I wonder why," she meditated, daringly, and then wheeled quickly into the open doorway of the hotel. For Mr. O'Rorke was showing signs of being about to make an announcement which she was not at all unwilling to hear, but one which her feminine perception judged to be wholly unsuitable to surroundings which were within earshot of a dozen balconies.

Her cavalier followed with the aspect of one not entirely deprived of hope. He remembered, perhaps, that the hotel garden a few hours later, beneath the light of a crescent moon, would brim with opportunities to make an announcement which became more pressing with every hour. This consideration, too, it is just possible to conceive, may have been fleetingly present in the mind of Miss Frenton also. Fate, however, willed otherwise. During dinner it rained, and though Lahn, on being summoned, announced that it was no more than a shower which was even then ceasing, the three climbers had to retire early without having escaped the conventionalities of the veranda. On the Bishop's advice they were in bed by nine, the start being arranged for two punctually.

Five hours later Lahn's optimism was justified. He led his party out into the calm of a starlit, windless night.

"We are bound upon an errand of colossal foolishness, *gnädiges fräulein*," he remarked, "but at least we are to have fine weather to mitigate it."

Muriel laughed cheerfully.

"Conduct us to the foot of the Needle, Heinrich," she answered, "and leave the rest to us. Perhaps you will get a surprise."

"Nothing that American Herren do would surprise me," said the guide, resignedly. "Why does this one carry a rope? Does he mistrust mine?"

"American Herren have many fads, and this is his," replied the girl, with a chuckle. Lahn grunted.

"I am a plain man—I am not a riddle-solver," he announced. "It will be as well to reserve our breath for propelling our bodies. *Vorwarts!*" And so in silence he continued to lead upon the upward path.

Day was breaking as the four stepped off the edge of the famous Sudletch Glacier on to the bare ribs of rock which buttress the Gemsenhorn. Three thousand feet above their heads it soared into the air, clean cut against the opal of the dawn. The guide looked at it with searching attention.

"Better luck than I expected," he explained at last. "Last night's shower missed this. No fresh snow to make *verglas* in the big chimney."

O'Rorke stared about him curiously.

"A chimney?" he debated. "A chimney?"

Carthew smiled a trifle superciliously.

"Look at that patch of snow to the left. It is the groove which reaches from there to the slabs which disappear in the shadow of the overhanging crag two hundred feet higher," he explained.

O'Rorke nodded solemnly.

"So that's a chimney?" he soliloquized. "If you'd said the open fireplace, now—with a special reminder that the bars were all out of the grate—there's one chance in fifty I might have captured your meaning. I hope my waistcoat buttons are well sewed on. They're going to be my principal means of support."

"There's the rope," said Carthew, dryly. "Are you satisfied that it is reliable? Because in that case why not leave the one you are carrying? We shall drop our rucksacks here after we have breakfasted."

The American looked at the cord which attached him on one side to the guide and on the other to Muriel, who in her turn was linked to Carthew. Then he fingered the rawhide which was still coiled about his own shoulder.

"It's a sort of mascot with me—a lariat," he explained. "I think I'll stick to it." Something suspiciously like a wink, Carthew was annoyed to notice, accompanied this pronouncement. It was directed, too, to Muriel Frenton's address.

A quarter of an hour's halt was allowed while the party drank cold tea and disposed of bread and hard-boiled eggs. When Lahn rose he turned to the American with something of pessimism in his air.

"The Herr will not move while I am moving," he commanded. "Where I put my feet he will place his. Before he places any weight upon a hold he will try it. So only can we proceed in safety."

O'Rorke nodded.

"Sure!" he assented, and gripped the staff of his ice-axe. Lahn turned and heaved himself up on to a narrow, overhanging ledge.

For the next two hours he led unerringly from shelf to shelf. At first he paid a very special attention to the man immediately behind him, showing by word and gesture exactly how each difficulty had to be overcome. The American made no comment, but with an easy assurance did as he was told, winning at last the compliment of an inarticulate but satisfied grunt. Ten minutes later, as a thin foothold suddenly gave way, leaving the leader hanging by his hands alone, he was surprised to find his boot seized from below and thrust into a new and deeper niche. He stared over his shoulder almost suspiciously.

"The Herr was very quick—and skilful," he allowed.

O'Rorke made no answer, but Carthew wore something like a frown. He felt it as almost insufferable that the tenderfoot of the party should actually be showing presence of mind and resource. How could one look forward to the humiliation of a rival like that?

As the climbers emerged at last by way of the slabs on to the shoulder of the peak a new view came into prospect. Away to the left, springing from the main body of the rock and outlined against the sky, rose an irregular mass, in shape not unlike a closed fist from which the index finger alone was lifted. The whole hand, so to speak, jutted out from the crag, a ruined tower of granite representing the thumb, a rugged ridge-like lump the knuckles, while on the outmost edge a slender pinnacle tapered fifty feet into the air. It overhung a void which seemed illimitable.

Lahn halted and wiped his brow.

"So!" he grumbled. "The Herr has done excellently, and *that* is the Needle." He flung out his arm in indication. The gesture seemed, somehow, to imply a sort of fatalistic contempt.

O'Rorke nodded. He drew out a pair of binoculars and examined the rocks attentively.

"And the Rocker?" he inquired at last.

"The mass between the Thumb and the Needle," said the guide. "The Herr has seen enough?"

"The Herr has seen what he expected to see," said O'Rorke, placidly. "What about getting along?"

Lahn shrugged his shoulders.

"The Herr thinks it worth while continuing to the pinnacle foot?"

"No," said O'Rorke; "but to its summit—yes!"

The guide stared at him with a sort of dogged curiosity. Imperturbably the other stared back. Then Lahn humped his shoulders, emitted his customary grunt of acquiescence, and stepped forward. It was the Gemsenhorn face, which had to be traversed now—a feat demanding both skill and nerve. It is one, indeed, which would be impossible but for a certain geological fact. The mountain is not a homogeneous mass—certain stratum cleavages have taken place in its composition, and queer, rugged, shelf-like edges protrude from the parent rock. It is a cool and practised climber who finds his way without a slip from each to each. The guide sighed with relief as the party crowded together at last upon the broken, wind-worn summit of the Thumb.

"It is no child's play—this traverse!" he confessed. "To return as swiftly and as securely as we have come is a to-be-well-spoken-of feat."

O'Rorke smiled.

"To return you have to arrive," he reminded him. "Our goal is *that!*" He pointed to the Needle's arrogant tip.

Lahn rummaged in his breast-pocket, produced the butt of a half-smoked cigar, lit it, and began to send great puffs of smoke into the air. He stared stolidly into the American's face.

"The Herr desires to do—what?" he asked. "Beyond this point no one has attained. That"—he pointed again to the mass which filled the gap between his feet and the smoothed sides of the Needle—"that, as I have told you, is the Rocker."

"So I guess," agreed O'Rorke. "Are we going to make it rock?"

"No!" said Lahn, decisively. "If we did the ice and snow beneath it would probably shiver off and—probably—sweep us away. But others have done so. The first man to set foot on it was the famous English Professor Langdale. Because he was a cautious man and well roped, his party dragged him back the moment the tilting movement began. The second was the Frenchman, M. de Lau, the great traveller. He was unroped and obstinate. His travels ended — there!" He pointed directly downwards into the chaos of glacier-carved moraine three thousand feet below.

The American nodded.

"I've heard the tale—and a dozen others like it. No one has reached the Needle because no one can traverse over or under the Rocker to its foot. But then, as far as I can gather, no one has ever tried who can fling a lariat!"

Lahn knitted his brows.

"A la-ree-et?" he pondered. "I do not understand."

O'Rorke unwound the rawhide.

"This!" he said. "Look at it—and then look at that!" He pointed to an outthrust horn of stone upon the flank of the Needle—one of the queer, twisted outcroppings which seamed the whole face of the cliff. It was silhouetted against the sky some fifty feet from where the climbers stood.

The American loosed the knot from about his waist.

"I ain't going to move—yet," he explained, "but I want pretty well the whole of my body free." Then he turned to Carthew. "The Bishop, when he told me the story of the Needle and the Rocker, showed me his photographs of it," he continued. "When I saw that tusk I could not help noticing how like an unbusted steer's horn it stood. It just seemed *asking* to be roped. Now it's not going to ask in vain."

He gripped the coils of the rawhide and swung the loose, looped end around his head. With a whistling sound it leaped out across the gap, rapped the surface of the Needle, and for one precarious moment hung upon the horn of rock. Then its own weight dragged it back.

"First shot a miss!" commented O'Rorke, philosophically. "The next's going to be in the bull, or I'll know the reason why!"

But Carthew cried out with a suddenly vehement note of anger in his voice. To him the American's purpose needed no elaboration. He saw, quickly enough, that the lasso, once firmly fixed upon the Needle's flank, would provide a bridge by which an expert could swing himself across the gap without so much as setting foot upon the unstable stone beneath. He saw the pinnacle vanquished and O'Rorke

its victor. His whole being rose up in protest.

"It's not fair climbing!" he cried. "We have not even tried to find out if the Rocker—still rocks!"

O'Rorke looked inquiringly at Lahn. The guide smiled—almost disdainfully.

"The Rocker *always* rocks," he said. "That has been proved, alas! too often for mistake."

"No!" persisted Carthew, doggedly. "It may alter with weather conditions. Look at the new-formed ice below it, supporting it."

"Supporting it on *this* side," agreed the guide. "On the far side—the side which tilts—it has no support but empty air."

"I mean to try honest climbing before we descend to—to acrobatics!" retorted Carthew, savagely, and moved forward. With a shrug of the shoulder O'Rorke stood aside to let him pass.

"Try by all means!" he assented. "Meanwhile I'll try, too. He whirled the rawhide loop around his head again and launched it through the air. And this time with full success. The noose sank round the upthrust tusk of rock and settled into position. The link between the climbers and their goal was established.

O'Rorke turned, and as he did so heard Lahn's voice uplifted in anger. Carthew, still roped, was scrambling on to the Rocker's edge. The guide was holding the rope and protesting vehemently.

"It is dangerous—dangerous!" he cried. "If the Herr unseats the rock he unseats the ice beneath it. If that falls there will be disaster!" He plucked at the rope to emphasize his warning.

Carthew paid no attention. He pressed forward a pace at a time, testing, as it were, the strain he put upon his foothold. Then he turned, and over his shoulder laughed triumphantly.

"It's firm—firm as a dining-room table!" he declared.

In the same moment, opening with the sudden fierceness with which a wild beast opens its jaws, a huge mouth, as it were, gaped between the Rocker and its pedestal. The great stone tilted downwards towards the abyss and Carthew was flung upon his face. With a cry of rage, Lahn hauled him violently back.

Carthew, with no control over his motions, slid towards the others and the stone sank back upon its pedestal. But with a crash the huge lump of ice which had filled the shadowed crevice below it broke away. It fell upon Lahn, sweeping his feet from under him. He reeled down upon Muriel.

For a moment she swayed, fighting gallantly to keep her footing, but Carthew, dragged over by the guide's weight, was flung down upon her in his turn. The disaster was complete.

O'Rorke released his hold of the rawhide and sprang forward, but too late. The other three, snatched from his grasp before it could reach them, swept down the icy slope towards the abyss. His voice pealed out in agony, and then—ended upon a half-choked gasp of relief. For the guide had not disappeared—he lay stunned but securely caught by one of the projections upon the very last verge above the immeasurable drop. And the rope hung from his waist still taut! The others had flashed past out of sight, but surely there was yet a chance—a tiny, fleeting chance—that the tense cord spoke of one or both still swaying beneath that cruel brink.

It must be so—it must! A thousand times O'Rorke told himself so in a fierce whisper as he turned and whirled the lariat from its hold upon the Needle. He drew it to his feet, fixed it anew upon a projection at his side, and then, holding it and slipping recklessly from ledge to ledge, passed down the ice-worn slope. He laid his hand upon Lahn's shoulder.

The guide stirred, groaned, opened his eyes. He made as if he would rise. O'Rorke pressed him back.

"No!" he thundered. "No!" He made an emphatic gesture towards the abyss. "You are anchoring them!" he cried. Instantly Lahn's expression told that he understood. He wedged himself yet more firmly against the stone. His set lips became a grim line of determination.

"Till they pull me in two!" he growled, and doggedly drew up one of his knees to get a purchase against the cutting strain upon his waist. And then, with something like a prayer upon his lips, O'Rorke peered over the edge.

The ecstasy of his relief was expressed in a ringing cry. They were there, both of them!

Muriel hung ten feet below. A dozen feet farther down again Carthew swung. Between the two of them one of the jagged, shelf-like formations ran across the face of the cliff, and upon this the rope, pressed inwards by the man's weight, was badly frayed.

O'Rorke gathered all the strength of his great thews into one concentrated effort, and as he pulled the guide turned, making his waist a sort of human capstan upon which he

"THE DISASTER WAS COMPLETE."

"THE NEXT INSTANT THE RAWHIDE HAD WHISTLED UPON ANOTHER FLIGHT."

wound the slack. The rope and the two bodies travelled slowly upwards, hesitated, and then halted. O'Rorke redoubled his efforts. A cry came from below—a cry of pain.

Lahn pointed down.

"Something sticks!" he gasped. "I have them held. See to it!"

For the second time the American peered into the abyss. Muriel's eyes met his, bright with agony.

"It's crushing me—I can't breathe!" she panted, and made a feeble effort to clutch the rope above her head as if to ease the intolerable strain.

O'Rorke saw—and understood. The rope, dragged inwards from below, was wedged in a cleft.

And for a moment the reality of what he saw seemed to escape him. He felt as if it was from some nightmare dream that he stared and stared again at those ungiving strands, helpless, hopeless, crushed by the finger of a malignant Fate. And it was as if from some other immeasurably remote world that Carthew's voice reached him, faintly at first, but increasing in firmness and strength. He turned his eyes down to meet the Englishman's glance. He met none of that half-contemptuous, half-patronizing dislike which he had been accustomed to see in that face before. Nor did he hear in that voice any trace of the resentful tones he knew so well.

"My fault—my fault utterly!" cried Carthew. "Thank God I can put it right! Muriel—can you hear me? I want to say—good-bye!"

The girl swayed against the cliff as she tried to turn her glance down. Her hand made a gesture of dissent.

"No!" she cried, feebly. "No! Till help comes—I can—hold on!"

And then Carthew laughed—a queer, half-sarcastic, half-triumphant laugh.

"I couldn't have won you. Let me lose you decently!" he answered, and began to pick at the knotted rope around his waist.

Suddenly, flashingly, the meaning of what he saw came to O'Rorke. He hammered his fist upon the rock.

"No!" he yelled, his voice rising to odd, shrill notes of passion. "No! Wait two minutes—one! I can save you—both of you! I can do it—now—now!"

Carthew hesitated and looked up, his hand still at his waist. But O'Rorke had vanished for the moment—he was standing upon his feet on the uncertain verge, sending swift, rippling motions up the lariat, which hung upon the projection above. It leaped from its place and dropped like a falling serpent upon his head. Coiling it to him, he sank back into his prone position along the verge.

The next instant the rawhide had whistled upon another flight. It dropped upon the Englishman's shoulders, slipped past them, and was drawn tight beneath his arms.

"Now!" cried O'Rorke, exultantly. "Now unknot your waist!"

The next moment Muriel Frenton gave a gasp of relief. For the rope below her no longer dragged her down—it was loose, swinging out upon the breeze. And Carthew? He seemed to be travelling upwards by leaps and bounds, so little a thing did the great strength of the man above make of the weight of the man below. They met upon the verge, those two, and met silently. Till their task was done they wasted no words. Carefully, gently, and together, they laid hands upon the other rope and drew Muriel into safety. But it was in O'Rorke's arms that she lay at last—in his alone.

The young moon was setting as the Bishop tapped out his pipe and turned to Carthew, who sat beside him. The glances of both were upon the pair who disappeared slowly into the velvet shadows of the hotel garden. Muriel's father gave a little sigh.

"Of course, I've given my consent—there was no reason that I shouldn't and every reason that I should," he admitted. "But you were *my* original choice, my dear fellow. I—I hope it'll all be for the best."

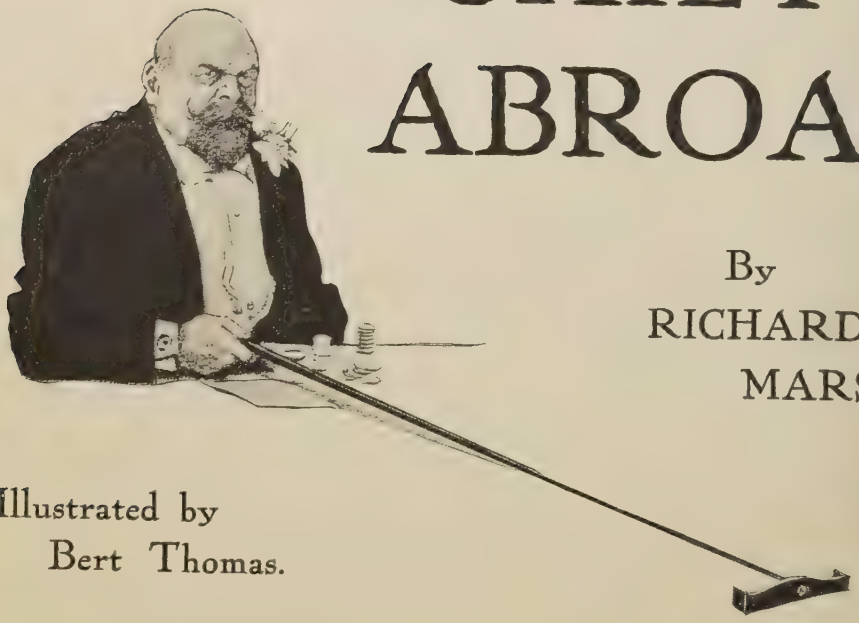
Carthew nodded. His fingers may have trembled as he lit his cigarette, but the lips which received it smiled—an unflinching smile.

"He is the best—to-day he proved it," he answered; and then his smile deepened and grew whimsical. "But on their wedding-day—they have made me promise to be best man *then*."

THE MYSTERY OF THE "MARIE CELESTE."

With regard to this article a most unexpected development has occurred, of which we shall give full particulars next month

"GAIETY" ABROAD.



By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Bert Thomas.

A LEADING journal the other day contained a statement to the effect that it was still a reproach against the English holiday resort that it lacked the gaiety offered by its Continental rival; that in our seaside towns little or nothing is done to attract and amuse possible patrons, compared to what is found abroad. The same authority went on to state that, with us, prices are higher than on the other side of the Channel. This sort of thing has been printed so often in newspapers which profess to inform the public, that one wonders if any of the gentlemen who write in them have ever been abroad.

France is practically the only country in Europe, except England, in which a seaside town is found in the sense in which we use the phrase. Beginning with Calais, and going right down to Spain, the present writer ventures to assert that there is not one town on the whole coast-line in which anything at all is done to attract the ordinary seaside visitor. The municipality—or what stands with them as a municipality—does nothing. This is a startling state of things when one considers that in practically every seaside town in England the municipality does something in the first place to attract visitors, and, having attracted them, to amuse them.

Begin with Holland, in which the seaside holiday resort, in the English sense, is found for the first time, and let us follow the genus all round the coast-line.

Nowadays Russians get as near to the sea, in the summer, as they can, but there is no seaside resort in Russia. Stockholm in June, July, and August can be delicious; people there seem to make holiday all day and all night long. But one would hardly call it a seaside resort. Heligoland is the nearest thing to a seaside resort provided by the German Empire, which is one reason why Germans are found in such numbers outside their own country during the summer months. The first town by the sea, the end and aim of whose being is to attract holiday-seekers, is —let it be repeated—to be found in Holland—and the name of it is Scheveningen.

Scheveningen is by way of being a curiosity. Some people might call it picturesque; no one could call it pretty. It is really nothing but a sandy waste. When I first knew Scheveningen it was a village, all sand; now it has nearly thirty thousand people, and just as much sand. It is the first place in which the "gaiety" of the Continental seaside town is encountered. It takes the form, as it always does, of the Casino; here it is called the Kursaal.

We are always being told in England, by

presumably well-informed people in our daily papers, that what we lack is the Casino. There is not an English seaside town in which a Casino is to be found.

The Kursaal at Scheveningen is a very large one; it need be, because in the season there are a very large number of visitors, and at night they are practically all crammed into it. There is accommodation for people to eat and drink, and there is no place in England—not excluding the smart London restaurants—where they charge you more, and very few where they charge you as much. The dinner which you will get in London, say for half-a-guinea, will cost you in the Kursaal at Scheveningen at least twice that sum, and the

"AN UNEXCITING HOLIDAY."

food, and the cooking, will not be so good, while the service will be very much worse. There is a band in the Kursaal—in a large room, in which the people are packed like sardines, and in which there is no ventilation. There are other things which represent "gaiety"; some of the things which are to be found in an old-fashioned English fair are offered to patrons at prices which suggest that they are worth much more in Holland than they are at home.

Scheveningen is a suburb of The Hague. If you stay at an hotel in The Hague during the summer months, the head waiter will probably ask you, as you are going out in the morning, at what hour you propose to dine. If you observe that you propose to dine at Scheveningen you will be informed that that will make no difference to the hotel, since dinner will figure in the bill whether you have it or not. If you do not like that amusing arrangement you can take yourself elsewhere.

There is no place in England where it costs more money to spend your holiday, and where you get less for your money, than at Scheveningen, or its near neighbour, The Hague.

Ostend is the next seaside holiday resort along the European coast-line, with its adjuncts Blankenberghe and Westende, and Nieuport a little farther on.

I once saw more than forty thousand pounds won by a player in one sitting at *Trente et Quarante* in the Ostend Casino; which was lost the same night—or rather in the small hours of the following morning—in a club, conveniently close at hand, where people played after the Casino was closed. In the conduct of that club the administration of the Casino also had a hand. Before the sitting was through, the administration came out on top.

Those were the "palmy" days of Ostend; when *cocottes* from all over Europe flocked to Ostend to pick up what they could. Ladies of that kind are at Ostend still—in the season; but they are not exactly of the same class, because the sort of people who used to fill the pockets of the Ostenders are there no longer.

There remain to Ostend the long row of hotels which, almost without exception, charge exorbitant prices for indifferent accommodation, and the *Digue*—that is, the Front—and the *plage*—that is, the shore.

The sandy shore at Ostend is, in its way, fine. If you like to spend the day on the sands you will be suited at Ostend. If you are a family man you can hire a *cabine* at a pretty stiff price; under its shelter, with your wife and family, you can spend an unexciting holiday; but it is not gay. Not though there is a Kursaal as well as a Casino in which to spend your nights.

A certain sort of print is fond of suggesting that there is a gloriously wicked fascination about the Ostend *plage*. Ladies are supposed to wear startling bathing costumes, and to display their usually hidden proportions when indulging in the amusement which is ironically called bathing. Watching that sort of thing is supposed to be exciting. If that is the case, then one had much better take a trip, say, to Atlantic City, where men and women pass the better part of the day in bathing suits, lolling about anyhow and anywhere. As regards the display of the feminine figure, Ostend pales beside Atlantic City.

There is no country for miles worth speaking of—it is flat, monotonous, treeless, ugly. It is expensive—that, nowadays, is the chief feature of Ostend. People who do not wish to be fleeced quite so much go to Blankenberghe, Nieuport, Westende, three of Ostend's uninteresting, ugly neighbours. There golf is to be had—of a sort; there are no links quite so bad to be found anywhere in England, but when you are abroad you play golf on anything. There is a race-course, where the racing is a bad and expensive imitation of what takes place in Brussels every afternoon in the Bois de la Cambre. At Blankenberghe there is a Casino and a theatre; there is a *Digue*; of its kind the bathing is not bad; and the prices are going up every year.

One passes, in search of the "gaiety" of which the newspaper gentleman spoke, to France. We begin with Calais-Plage, a curious summer resort, which is frequented chiefly by the people of Saint Pierre de Calais; pass on to Le Touquet and Paris-Plage—which are practically the same place. The first is a golfing resort, where people live on the links; the second is where one bathes. There are fine sands, some decent tennis, but though there are two Casinos neither can be called a haunt of "gaiety." Indeed, from their patrons' point of view they would be spoilt if they were. Boulogne is the first real seaside town on the other side of the Channel—at least, from the point of view of the man in the street.

Englishmen go to Boulogne on excursion steamers from Folkestone, from Ramsgate, from Margate, from Brighton, and goodness knows where besides. Their knowledge of Boulogne extends only to the Casino. A look-out is kept for the English excursion steamer, and as soon as one nears the harbour, no matter at what hour, the officials at the Casino get out the tables on which one used to play the "little horses," and on which one now plays instead a stupid game, which is known as *La Boule*. The boat stops at the quay, the passengers land, at least ninety per cent. of them make straight for the Casino, where most of them remain until they return to their native shores—having seen France and left most of their money behind. After all, there is some excuse for them, because, if it were not for what they call "a gamble" at the Casino, one wonders what the ordinary English tripper would find to see or do in Boulogne.

Next Dieppe—which, to-day, is probably the gayest of all the French seaside towns. We have passed Tréport, which is probably the most distinctly French; not at all a bad place if you like that sort of thing. There is a quaint, not unpicturesque town, a harbour—of a kind, formed by the mouth of the Bresle river—quite a respectable stretch of

"THE REAL ATTRACTION OF THE FRENCH SEASIDE TOWN IS GAMBLING."

sand, covered with *cabines* of various sorts and shapes and sizes, in which most of the visitors pass a great deal of their time. The females work, the males read, and the smaller children frisk about on the sands. The family bathe, as a whole, with other families; they gambling throughout the land of France; so a law was passed to put it down. The "little horses" were taken away, and, instead, they installed *La Boule*—though why one is gambling and the other is not no man knows. They are practically the same thing,

go in well above their knees, with shrieks coming from the shore if they go in much deeper. They join hands, form a huge ring, dance round and round, splashing themselves sometimes all over. For other forms of "gaiety" they go to the Casino, where they play *La Boule* for a franc limit. Tréport is not at all a bad place—but, compared to Dieppe!

Dieppe is M. Bloch, and M. Bloch is the Casino, and the Casino is Dieppe. There is golf on the hill, and sometimes the links, which are arranged on an ingenious principle, are so crowded that it is a wonder the players do not hit each other.

Some of the country round Dieppe is charming. Puy is a not unpicturesque near neighbour; on the other side, over the hill, is Pourville, a "family resort," with its *plage* and its Casino, and its *chalet* built right on the sands. Away from the sea is the forest, and the castle of Arques, whose history has great interest for English folk, and some really pleasant country for walks and drives.

But people go to Dieppe for none of these things—they go to gamble. And there you have the real attraction of the French seaside town—gambling. At Dieppe you can play *La Boule*—that stupid game. There used to be *Petits Chevaux*, which, at least, was amusing to watch—for five minutes or so. The French Government, though non-religious, is moral. It was decided to put down but instead of the little horses which galloped round the top of the table, they have cut a round hole in the centre of the table, where the "little horses" used to be, and into this cavity they have fitted a sort of round wooden bowl, on which the numbers one to nine are painted, each in a little compartment of its own, arranged not in sequence, but anyhow, and each number recurs twice. An official stands in front of this round pond; he takes a solid rubber ball, the sort which we call a dog-ball; with his fingers he rolls it round the outside of the pond, into which presently it falls, and bobs from number to number, until at last it rests in one—and the people who have staked a franc upon that one get their franc back and seven more besides. You can also stake what is called an even chance on the columns; there are four numbers in a column on one side of the table, and four numbers on the other. If a number which is contained in the column on which you have staked a franc wins, you win a franc; but between the two columns, in the centre of the table, by itself, is the number five; and if the number five wins, all bets on the columns go to the bank—which is good for the bank.

It will thus be seen by the intelligent reader that *La Boule* is a game at which there can only be one winner—and that is the bank. A most cursory examination of the odds will show that to be certain.

"YOU PRESENT YOUR VISITING-CARD."

La Boule must bring in quite a respectable revenue to the Dieppe Casino. Still, it is not from that that the major part of the profits is derived, but from "*Le Cercle.*" *Cercle* means club. The dictionary nearest to hand defines a club as "an organization of persons who meet for social intercourse or other common object, the members of which are usually limited in number and chosen by ballot." That certainly does not define a club as it is found in a Continental Casino.

There a club is simply a gambling-hell. It is not a pretty phrase, but that is what it is. Everyone is admitted. You present your visiting-card; they give you, on the instant, a card of membership—for which sometimes you pay something, and sometimes nothing. In the club at the Continental Casino they play baccarat, with occasional excursions into *chemin de fer.* They play for all sorts of stakes—it depends. Sometimes a bank is opened for fifty francs, sometimes for fifty thousand. A figure somewhere between those two may be regarded as the average. The Casino takes ten per cent. on whatever sum the bank is opened for. As there are gentlemen whose only ostensible profession is to act as banker, and who are to be found acting in that capacity in Casinos all over Europe at different seasons of the year, it is to be presumed that the profession is a lucrative one.

You do not find much gambling at Fécamp, though you can get it if you are there at the right moment; nor at Etretat, which place is a curiosity. It is a sort of gingerbread village, its normal population is under two thousand, but into it, in the summer, they cram goodness knows how many. It is situated in a sort of hole in the cliff; a bridge might be slung from cliff to cliff, and you might run over it without knowing that Etretat was there. The same people go year after year. There is the kind of golf which one does get abroad, and sports are got up by the visitors, in which nearly everyone takes a part. The country round is not pretty or interesting. Etretat may be unique, but it is scarcely "gay."

Some twenty-five kilometres off is Sainte

Adresse. There used to be a Casino at Marie Christine, and a second at Havre; but an arrangement was arrived at by which both these Casinos were done away with, and a new Casino was built half-way between the two on the confines of Sainte Adresse. It contains a bare and comfortless theatre, the usual *salle des jeux*, and very little else, but such as it is it represents all the "gaiety" of the neighbourhood.

One can hardly call Havre a holiday resort, though two or three days spent there would hardly be wasted, especially in the company of a motor-car, for it is not at all a bad centre for excursions. There is a town—if it can be called a town—that can be reached from Havre, which, from the Parisian point of view, is to all intents and purposes the one seaside town in France—and that is Trouville.

Trouville is, in the season, one of the most expensive spots in Europe, which is one reason why the English do not flock there. It contains what is assuredly one of the most expensive hotels in Europe. The individual who takes his wife and family to the Hôtel des Roches Noires for, say, a month in the high season, and does them really well—that is, gives them the best which the house has to offer—when he comes away—if he has paid his bill—has left a small fortune behind him.

The idea that an Englishman, because he is being charged a high price, is being cheated is absurd. Nowadays—whatever it used to be once upon a time—an Englishman in a really smart hotel in France is looked at askance. French people on pleasure bent are much more extravagant than we are; they do not seem to care what they spend. I remember dining once at Trouville, when a basket of nectarines was offered by the head waiter. They were quite nice nectarines, but that head waiter wanted twenty-five francs apiece. A pound for two or three mouthfuls seemed to me too much—

"THEY WERE QUITE NICE NECTARINES, BUT THE HEAD WAITER WANTED TWENTY-FIVE FRANCS APIECE."

but those nectarines all went! There was scarcely a Frenchman in the room who did not treat himself to one. At the next table to mine was a man, with his wife and his daughter

—they had three apiece; nine pounds for dessert as a wind-up to an extremely expensive dinner!

Trouville is an odd little place—with its neighbour Deauville, where the races are held; it contains fewer than nine thousand inhabitants. It has no front; hotels, villas, restaurants come right down to the shore. They have imitated a great watering-place in America, and constructed a board-walk. Boards are laid upon the sands themselves, so as to form a sort of floor, and that is the only promenade there is. In race week the show on this board-walk is worth seeing—once. I know men who hold that the finest women in Europe are to be seen at Trouville—that is a question of taste; one certainly sees the most remarkable costumes. There is a sort of fair on the sands. Bathing boxes and such-like things are placed right down by the water's edge. The scene on the *plage* on a fine morning in August is certainly a gay one. We have "gaiety" in a Continental seaside resort at last; but it must be distinctly understood that it is gaiety of a peculiar kind.

The fact is that the Casino is the beginning and end of Trouville—and that the Casino stands for gambling. There is probably more play in the Casino during the short Trouville season than in all the other French watering-places put together.

You can get play, and quite good play, on all that coast—at Deauville, Dives, Villers, Cabourg, and Houlgate—but in that respect they all of them pale their ineffectual fires as compared with Trouville.

Perhaps that is what our friends in the newspapers mean when they write of the gaiety which is to be found abroad; they regard "gaiety" as a synonym for "gambling." Because, as will be seen, there is little "gaiety" of any other kind to be found.

One takes a jump when one leaves Cabourg, across the peninsula, which is crowned by Cherbourg, until one reaches Granville. There you have a typical French holiday resort of another kind, and one can hardly find one less inviting. Passing Mont Saint Michel, where—though it is one of the sights of Europe—only very few people stay even a night, the next seaside resort is Paramé. At Paramé there is an immense expanse of sand, and nothing else. For people with children in the spade-and-bucket stage it may have attractions. It is bounded by Saint Malo, a quaint, old, walled town, rich in smells. On the other side of the mouth of the Rance is Brittany, and the first Breton seaside resort which, although in that remote spot, is almost more English than French—Dinan.

There is no doubt that in the summer Dinan can be cheerful. Those of its patrons who are not English are, for the most part, American; the amusements provided are suited to their palates. There is a social club—quite a nice club, to whose membership both sexes are eligible. You have tennis and tea, and all sorts of delights, just as you have, to quote an instance, in the club, say, at Shanklin. There is one very expensive hotel, and others quite expensive enough. There is a Casino with—as a French advertising syndicate puts it—"the usual attractions of thermal resorts."

After Dinan, on the French coast, what is there? There are practically no seaside resorts in Brittany; I know France pretty well, and it happens to be one of the parts of it which I love best. But, in the popular sense, Brittany is not gay. Roscoff, in Finistère, is, perhaps, the seaside resort which comes next to Dinan, though that entails a longish jump. In the popular sense, Roscoff is not gay, it does not want to be gay; its present patrons would probably not go there if it were. There are visitors to be found along the Breton coast, in queer, out-of-the-way nooks and corners, but the nearest approach to a popular resort is Pont Aven—which is not upon the sea, though pretty near it.

With a certain set of people Pont Aven has become quite the vogue of recent years. It is in the south of Finistère. It is still, at present, but a village, which is going to grow; possibly one of its chief attractions is its inaccessibility. It is a long way from everywhere. Pont Aven has qualities which appeal to some folk; their number is increasing every year. But, in the newspaper sense, Pont Aven is not gay.

One passes, after leaving Brittany, all along the coast of France without finding what is understood in England as a seaside town until one reaches Arcachon, in Gironde. The English go there in the winter; some of them live there; in summer it is crowded with French—when it is almost gay. There is no organized attempt made to amuse visitors, as is done with us, and, for the most part, they are not the sort of visitors who would care for that kind of amusement. French people, of the better sort, like to amuse themselves in their own way—though I have a theory that that is because they never have a chance of being amused in any other way.

Luna Park, in Paris, has been a great success. If some enterprising individual were to plant a Luna Park in one of the coast towns, transform it into a sort of Blackpool, it would be found that people from all over France would flock there to be amused. The French are, if anything, fonder of amusement than the English.

As yet there is nothing of the kind in France—certainly not at Biarritz, which is the last seaside resort in France, saving Saint Jean de Luz, which is really Spanish. I am not suggesting that France would be any better off with a Blackpool—that is a matter of opinion. I do not think that it would be any worse off. I should like to see the people flocking there; the railway companies would have to revise their methods of transport if they wished to deal adequately with the resulting crowd. I do think that some French coast town might offer something besides the eternal Casino to amuse its patrons. The Casino, as it exists at present, is an incubus; one has to go there morning, noon, and night if one wants to do something; in some places one has even to go there if one wants to bathe. And the Casino means gambling—let there be no nonsense about that. If people want to gamble, so far as I am concerned, let them, but that, in the summer-time, there should be nothing to do but gamble—no one surely suggests that that is as it should be.

If a visitor attends a theatrical performance, a concert, or a dance, there are frequent long intervals, which are made as long as possible so that he may be driven into the gaming-room, and leave at least a few francs behind him. An enormous number of persons, both English and French, come away from the Casino-haunted French coast town wishing they had never been there—they have not benefited by their holiday. Probably the immense majority of persons who visit the English seaside town in summer are all the better for going there.

Let it not be supposed that there is any intention to disparage the Continental holiday resort, or to hint that the English one is perfection. Not a bit of it. It is merely suggested that to write of Continental "gaiety" is to write of something which, in the writer's sense, hardly exists. What is found abroad is change—of atmosphere, surroundings, life. Some very charming French people of my acquaintance are of opinion that the two most delightful places in which to spend a holiday are in England—Folkestone and Brighton. There is nothing in the whole of France, they maintain, to compare with them in the way of gaiety—and I say that is true. Comparisons are odious. Brighton is near to London, we are all of us familiar with it, we know its drawbacks. But what a town it is! How it tries to offer amusement —"gaiety"—to suit the palate of every sort of visitor; and what you do not find at Brighton you find at Folkestone—verdure-clad cliffs and no King's Road. There are more than a dozen coast towns in England which are not to be matched in France, or even approached anywhere abroad. There are intimate subjects, such as sanitation, of which in the French coast town one had better not think. There are still numberless hotels without a bathroom; where there is one they charge you half a crown or three shillings for a bath!

Yet there is always this to be said—when one crosses the Channel one lands in another world. I have spent a large portion of my life abroad, and I feel that still. There is something to be got in France which is not to be had in England. It is not easy to define what it is, but all travellers know the thing is true. My own taste inclines towards the Roscoffs and the Pont Avens, because there one can live a sort of life which is not to be lived in England. The same remark applies to your Dieppes and your Trouvilles—there is nothing like them on this side. But, oh! gentlemen of the Press, do not counsel your readers, in search of gaiety and economy, to go abroad!

A Madonna of the Cells

by MORLEY ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W·R·S·STOTT

MARK NUGENT was not a little surprised to be called on in his chambers in the Middle Temple by Mr. Smith, of the firm of Smith, Taylor, and Broadwood. He knew quite well that this firm of solicitors had a practice which did not wholly commend itself to the ambitions, to say nothing of the ethics, of most lawyers. It was an exceedingly odd thing for a solicitor of this reputation to call on a rising junior, who for some years had not seen the inside of a police-court save as a matter of curiosity. He turned to his clerk with an air of surprise.

"Smith, of Taylor, Smith, and Broadwood," he said; "what can he want with me?"

"He didn't say, sir," replied the clerk, "but he is very anxious to see you, and offers to wait."

"Send him in," said Mark Nugent; "I'll see him."

In another minute Mr. Smith entered. The two men were a strange contrast. Nugent was but thirty-five, and had an extraordinarily acute and sympathetic legal face. On the other hand, Mr. Smith of the subfusc firm was a mean-looking, elderly man with a twittering manner and an anxious eye. He seemed nervous.

"Mr. Nugent?" he asked, as he came in.

"Yes," said Nugent; "pray take a seat, Mr. Smith. May I ask what you want to see me for?"

"Well, sir," said the solicitor, sitting on the edge of his chair as if he were a person of no importance and little confidence, "the fact is, I'm a bit nervous about opening it to you. I want you to do something which I'm afraid you will not be inclined to do."

"And pray, what is it?" asked Nugent.

"The fact is," said Mr. Smith, "I have been asked to get you to defend a lady in the police-court to-morrow."

Nugent shook his head. "My dear sir, I have not done that kind of thing for many years."

"Well, of course, that's what I understood, and indeed it's what I said to the lady," replied the little solicitor, "but she was exceedingly anxious for you to defend her. In fact, she simply won't have anybody else."

"Well, what is the case?" asked Nugent. "What is it all about? What's she in for?"

Mr. Smith explained to him that this particular lady had been arrested at Tilbury's that very morning for stealing a purse. He owned that the case seemed strong against her.

"Well," said Nugent, "it is not my line. There are scores of men you can get who are far better acquainted with the magistrates and their ways and the whole matter of police-court procedure than I am now."

"That's what I told her," said Mr. Smith. "But it's no good talking to her—and indeed I wish you would do it. And I wish you'd see her."

"See her?" said Mark Nugent. "Why should I see her?"

Smith hesitated before replying, and then he burst out suddenly, "Well, sir, the fact

THE SISTINE MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL.
From a Photograph by Mansell.

of the matter is I'm very anxious to oblige her. She's a most remarkable-looking young lady."

"Oh, she's young, is she?" said Nugent.

"Very young, Mr. Nugent, hardly more than a child to look at, though I'm sure she's twenty-five or six, really. Inspector Harrison rang me up and asked me to go round and see her, and of course I thought it was the usual scoundrel from Lisson Grove, or perhaps a burglar. But instead of that kind of ruffian, to whom I am thoroughly accustomed, it was a young lady."

"Ah, is she really that?" asked Nugent.

"Undoubtedly," replied Smith. "Do you know what I said when I saw her—I mean what I said to myself?"

"No," said Nugent.

"Well, begging your pardon, Mr. Nugent, I said, 'By heavens, the young Sistine Madonna!'"

Mr. Smith looked perhaps the last man in London to know anything about the Sistine Madonna, and Nugent stared at him.

"Ah," said Nugent, "the Sistine Madonna? Then you know the picture?"

"I have never seen the original," said the solicitor, sorrowfully, "but I've got three reproductions of it in my house. I'm very fond of engravings, sir, especially of Madonnas. I don't know why, but I am. Oh, I should very much like you, Mr. Nugent, to strain a point and defend her."

"What's the defence?" asked Nugent.

The solicitor shook his head.

"The girl's looks," he said. "Nothing else, upon my oath and affidavit."

"And will these appeal to the magistrate?"

According to Smith they would possibly not appeal to Mr. Chisholm. He shook his head dolorously.

"Two assistants swear to it and her," he said, "and the firm has been getting rather vicious lately. But there, she's quite wonderful. I don't know what it is—there was something about her which quite upset me."

"She's wonderful, is she?" asked Nugent.

"Quite wonderful," said Mr. Smith. "You'll see what I mean in one minute. I give you my word that when I saw her it was just as if I saw the young Madonna. As I said, I'm very fond of pictures—I've got an etching of Rembrandt's at home."

"Oh, have you?" said Nugent.

"Yes, I picked it up for one-and-sixpence," said Smith, in the delicious tremble of a happy connoisseur.

"I am half-inclined to do it for you," said Nugent.

"Thank you," said the solicitor. "I'm most obliged to you. And could you do something else for her?" continued the solicitor. "She—she wants to see you."

It is not at all usual for a barrister to go to the cells to see an ordinary prisoner in a police-court case. He takes his instructions from the solicitor, and does his work in open court, where he sees his client for the first time.

"You haven't told me her name," said the barrister.

"Miss Nina Stewart."

"Nina Stewart?" said Nugent, thoughtfully. "I don't remember knowing anybody of the name. I did know some Stewarts many years ago, but then the father was pretty well off."

"Then it couldn't be the same," said the solicitor. "Of course, she may have seen you, or heard of you in some way. But I do wish you'd see her."

"I think I might," said Nugent.

Somehow what Mr. Smith had said strangely interested him. He was obviously sincere, and it was very curious to see such a man understanding the beauty of the Madonna di San Sisto, and actually possessing an etching which he supposed to be a Rembrandt.

"Yes," said Nugent; "I'll come now, if you like."

"I should be very glad if you would," said Mr. Smith. "And as soon as I've taken you there and got through with it I've got to go down to Brixton to see her mother. I promised I would."

"Then she has a mother?" said Nugent.

"Yes, an invalid," said the solicitor. "She is very anxious that she should not know. I'm going down to say that her daughter is staying in my house with my wife because she has sprained her ankle."

At the police-station Harrison, the house inspector, met them and saluted Mark Nugent respectfully, and they were taken directly to the girl's cell.

Outside the door the solicitor stopped, and said again, almost with agitation, "Mr. Nugent, I give you my word—the Sistine Madonna when she was young."

As soon as the door swung open Mark Nugent felt that the little man had spoken the truth. But even more than that, though it perhaps came out of her likeness to the young Madonna of whom Smith spoke, he had a dim sense of far-off acquaintanceship with the girl whose eyes, pellucid and melancholy, rested on his own with a strange and nervous appeal. She was like something dimly remembered, like a dream recalled—some confused vision that repeats itself, that a

"HER EYES, PELLUCID AND MELANCHOLY, RESTED ON HIS OWN WITH A STRANGE AND NERVOUS APPEAL."

man half believes to be a memory. That she was beautiful he saw, but there was so much more than beauty in her that he half forgot it, even as he felt that the loveliness he found in her was not the kind that every eye would see.

Her strange dignity swayed Nugent. She was painful, interesting, disturbing yet peaceful. His heart was full of shame for her.

"My dear young lady, this is Mr. Nugent," said the solicitor.

She was already standing, and Nugent offered her his hand. "I am grieved," he said, simply.

Both of those who knew the world were abashed before her, while a tear ran down her cheek.

"I thank you," she said, in a low voice with tears in it.

"Come, sit down and tell me all about it," said Nugent, kindly.

He was still young, and she seemed infinitely young; she was youth itself. And yet when he saw her eyes, dark blue-grey, like a misty pool overhung by reeds and shaded by foliage, she seemed infinitely old, and like an immortal. And as she spoke he wondered the more. "Where have I seen her?" he asked.

It seemed that she was very poor, and lived with her mother in rooms in Brixton. They had no friends. Yet everything in her voice and her appearance told the barrister that she had once known what the unhappy poor call better days. From what she told him it seemed that two assistants at Tilbury's were prepared to swear they saw her take a purse which one of the women customers had laid upon the counter. As it was a sale they were unable, it seemed, to get hold of her at once—the crowd was very large. They said they saw her go rapidly into another department, and when they reached her the purse was discovered lying almost at her feet, as if she had dropped it to cover up the fact when she saw people coming straight to her.

Nugent listened, and watched her as she spoke. And all the time his mind kept saying, "I think she did it—I think she did it." And yet when he looked at her he felt it could not be true. Before they went, Nugent turned to Smith and said, "I should like to speak to this young lady just for one minute."

When they were alone he turned to her and asked, "My dear young lady, have we never met before?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then shook her head.

"Yet you asked for me to defend you," said Nugent. "Why?"

"I had heard of you," she said, with downcast eyes.

"Tell me how?" he asked.

"I would rather not," said the girl. "I felt that I must ask you. I hope you will forgive me, and if——"

"If what?" asked Nugent.

"If—if nothing happens," she said, "perhaps some day I might tell you why I asked Mr. Smith to get you to appear for me."

And then he went away. He drove with Smith as far as Westminster Bridge, and there left him. The solicitor was going on to Brixton.

The day was beautiful, and Mark Nugent, who loved the river, walked along the Embankment as he went back to the Temple. Once he stood and looked at the stream. Yet he was not thinking of what he saw, but of this young Madonna. Why had she sent for him? Deep in his mind he felt that he knew her, and she appealed to him very strangely.

It was nearly four o'clock before Mr. Smith returned from Brixton. He was taken straight in to Mark Nugent.

"Well, you went down there and saw the mother?" said Nugent, and Smith nodded.

"Yes, Mr. Nugent, and she's a very wonderful lady, but shockingly poor, I should think, although they still have two rooms. She told me that they were behind with their rent and were under notice to quit."

"Is that so?" said Mark. "But how did you explain this about her daughter?"

"I think I did it all right," said Smith. "Mrs. Stewart seems to believe that I and my wife have been her daughter's friends for a long time. I said that the girl had sprained her ankle and could not walk, and now if we get her out and back home there will be nothing the matter with her."

"Well, that won't matter much," said Nugent. "But what defence can you suggest?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," said the solicitor, looking chapfallen. "Have you any idea, sir?"

For a moment Mark Nugent did not answer. He seemed in a brown study. But presently he looked up.

"You said she was like the Sistine Madonna, Mr. Smith, and you are right; but haven't you ever met other young women much like her, perhaps of a grosser type, but still the same? Oh, I'm sure you have."

At this Smith jumped from his seat with a loud exclamation.

"By Jove! Mr. Nugent, you do give me an idea," he said, almost in agitation.

"Well, what is it?" asked the barrister.

"Why, it's most remarkable," said Smith. "I wonder it didn't occur to me before. Of course, you never saw the woman known as Emily Hopkins?"

"I never heard of her," said Nugent.

"She's a notorious shoplifter," said Smith, "and as clever as they're made. And what's more, she's very like this Miss Stewart. I acted for her twice. Once I got her off, and once she went up for three months. I wonder if I could find her."

"What would you do if you did?" asked Nugent.

"Well, my idea was," said Smith, "to get her to come into court, and you could ask the witnesses whether they were prepared to swear the prisoner was the girl who took the purse when they saw this other woman."

But Nugent shook his head.

"I daresay I surprise you," said Smith, with an odd shake of his head. "But there, I own this young lady has moved me very much. I'll just think about this other girl. She has quite a remarkable history. Raydon, the detective, was her sweetheart before she took to thieving. He'll know all about her. I dare say he could tell me something—he might get her to show up for us if we thought it would work with Mr. Chisholm."

"I very much doubt if she'd put her head in the lion's den," said Nugent. "You'd have to bribe her heavily."

But Smith stood thinking, and presently snapped his fingers.

"Ah, but I've got another notion if she won't," he said at last, in triumph. "I won't tell you, Mr. Nugent, because it's as well you shouldn't know. But I'm not going to let Miss Stewart go up if I can help it. I'll go down to Scotland Yard at once and see if I can find Raydon. If I have to pay her can I count on your help?"

"Of course," said Nugent, "and let me know over the telephone anything that happens."

By good luck Smith found Raydon at the Yard, and very soon was told everything about Emily Hopkins. She had not been in trouble for a long time, although it was quite obvious that she had been working very hard. According to Raydon, she was anxious to leave the country and go to a lover who was abroad somewhere. He had a farm, which she was apparently doing something to finance out of her plunder. At the moment, however, she was living in comfortable rooms in Trinity Square, in the Borough.

When Smith left Raydon he took a cab and went straight down to the Borough. Good luck still pursued him. He found Miss Hopkins at home. He sent up his card with a communication on it which reminded her that he had been of legal assistance to her in the past, and was anxious to see her on a point which might be to her great personal advantage. She consented to receive him.

He went upstairs with great anxiety. He wondered if he had been right in thinking that she really did resemble Miss Stewart. He was astonishingly relieved when he entered the room and saw her. She was certainly of the same type. She even had something of the same air of innocence, which had no doubt stood her in good stead on many occasions. In fact, she and Nina Stewart might have been two sisters, one brought up in decent surroundings, the other pitchforked into the whirlpool and maelstrom of criminal London.

"Well, what d'you want with me, Mr. Smith?" she said, doubtfully. "No trouble, I hope? 'Personal advantage to me'—oh, yes! I say, what d'you want?"

"Come, now, didn't I get you out of trouble once?" asked Mr. Smith, cheerfully. "You know I did. And I suppose if I put twenty pounds in your way now you'd consider that a bit of an obligation, wouldn't you?"

"Well, what d'you want with me, and what about this twenty pounds?" asked the shoplifter.

"I hear you're thinking of emigrating to Canada soon," said Smith.

"Who said I was goin' to Canada?" asked Miss Hopkins. "Nobody knows where I'm goin'."

"I don't care where you're going," said Smith. "What I want you to do is to go to-night."

"To-night!" said Miss Hopkins. "It couldn't be done."

"Come, now," said Smith, "I want you to take twenty pounds just for writing me a letter and saying you are going to Australia, or Africa, or anywhere you like."

"I'm not goin' to tell you where I'm goin'," said Miss Hopkins, shaking her head. "Far from it. But what's this game you're after? Out with it! Don't beat about the bush. If you've got twenty pounds to give away, 'and it over. Now, what's the game?"

Mr. Smith began to tell her something of the game. "There was a young lady arrested yesterday in Tilbury's——"

"I WANT YOU TO TAKE TWENTY POUNDS JUST FOR WRITING ME A LETTER AND SAYING YOU ARE GOING TO AUSTRALIA."

"Oh!" said Emily Hopkins. "Tilbury's—ah, Tilbury's isn't such an easy place as it used to be. They've got some blighted smart 'uns there now. Oh, you do have to be nippy there. But what about this young lady?"

"She was arrested," said Smith, "for stealing a purse, so they say, and two of Tilbury's people swear she took it. The evidence is strong, although it's all a mistake, and, curiously enough, it happens she's very like you, Miss Hopkins—a jolly handsome girl."

"Now that's very remarkable," said Miss Hopkins, much pleased with the implied compliment.

"What's remarkable?" asked Smith.

"Her bein' like me," said Miss Hopkins, "and me bein' at Tilbury's yesterday."

"Get anything there?" asked Smith, with an air of pleased expectation.

"Oh, somethin'. Just enough for the trouble," said Miss Hopkins. "My last racket, it was. I said, 'I'll just go and do Tilbury's in the eye once more, and then I'll never touch another thing so long as I live that I don't pay for, or my young man don't pay for, or ain't given to me straight.'"

"What did you do at Tilbury's yesterday?" asked the solicitor.

"Just a bit of lace," said Miss Hopkins. "Good stuff, too. Oh, I know lace when I see it—I don't believe there's anybody in London knows it better than I do. But about this young lady—what d'you want me to do?"

"Why," said Smith, "I want you to write a letter to Mr. Chisholm and say that you were in Tilbury's yesterday."

"Oh, Chisholm?—rum old boy," said Miss Hopkins. "Not a bad old sort, although he did send me up."

"I want you to write and say you were at Tilbury's——"

"Well, so I was," said Miss Hopkins.

"And you must say that you took a purse."

"Oh, no, I never took a purse," said Miss Hopkins. "Didn't I tell you it was lace?"

"That doesn't matter," said Mr. Smith. "I want you to say you took a purse, and that you understand that this young lady is very like you, and that it was quite easy for her to have been mistaken for you. And you can

say anything you like—that you've given up the profession and are going to Australia—if you're not—or anywhere you please. And my notion is that you should start to-night, and we'll pay your fare to where you're going and give you a bit over."

She considered the matter, and looked up with a smile and said, "Well, you *are* a clever bloke. No, I don't believe I could go for a week."

"It would be a jolly sight better for you if we arranged for you to go away to-night and start from Liverpool in the morning, and be well out to sea and away long before the case comes on."

"Ah," said Miss Hopkins. "I say, Mr. Smith, this other young lady must be very tasty like. Like me, too! How much did you say? Twenty pounds? No, I wouldn't do it for twenty pounds."

"Didn't I say twenty-five?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No, you didn't," said Miss Hopkins. "I was reading a book the other day where one chap said to the other chap, 'Done with you for double the money.' I'll do it for fifty."

"You shall have it," said Mr. Smith.

"Crumbs! I'm sorry I didn't ask a hundred," said Miss Hopkins. "Well, I'll do it. I'm ready to go, and my Tom is ready to marry me the moment he sets eyes on me. You tell me what to write, and let's have the money. And it isn't to be cheques, you know."

"Don't you trouble about the money," said Mr. Smith. "I've got it in cash, and you shall have it when the letter's written, or rather when you give it to me. And after that I want you to come with me up to Jacobson's in Covent Garden, and I'm going to get you to dress up exactly like this other young lady and have a photograph taken of you by electric light by a pal of mine. D'you twig?" said Mr. Smith, adopting the language which was most familiar to her.

At Mr. Smith's dictation she composed the following letter:—

"My dear old Chap, I understand that there is a young lady charged with stealing a purse at Tilbury's yesterday, and I am told she's very like me, the dead spit of me, in fact. I don't believe she stole the purse, because I was there and took it myself, and I wouldn't like the young woman to get into trouble for what I done."

"Now put this into an envelope," said Mr. Smith, "and direct it, and put it into your pocket, and we'll go in a cab and get the photograph taken. And when that's done we'll return home and get your things packed, and you shall go to Liverpool by the five-fifty-five."

"I'm goin' first-class?" said Miss Hopkins.

"Certainly," said Smith. "Of course, you will go first-class."

And with that they went to Jacobson's, where Miss Hopkins was converted into a modest modern Sistine Madonna inside of fifteen minutes. After her complexion had been touched up and toned down she looked, as she owned, frightfully genteel, and was obviously pleased with herself. Mr. Smith conveyed her to his friend's house and had her photograph taken by magnesium light, developed, and printed, all inside of half an hour. It was mounted on an old mount and faked a little to make it look less new. On the back of it she wrote: "To dear old Chisholm, from his pal Emily Hopkins."

He got her off with her ticket to New York by the five-fifty-five express from Euston to Liverpool. As she leant out of the first-class carriage in which he had placed her she said, "Well, good-bye, Mr. Smith; I don't suppose I'll ever see you again, but I do think you're a very clever bloke, and I'll send you a bit of my wedding-cake."

Mr. Hugo Chisholm was notable among the magistrates of London, for though he was witty he did not hunger after publicity. He was reputed human, and, indeed, humane. Among those who came unwillingly to his court it was commonly held that if they did not get justice they got something more like justice with Mr. Chisholm than with any other "beak" in London. In private he was equally genial and kindly, and Mark Nugent was glad to feel that Mr. Chisholm would certainly remember him. Much, perhaps, depended on the solicitor who was prosecuting. Yet, if any doubt could be thrown on the identity of the prisoner, Mr. Fortescue, who was reputed as a severe man, was not likely to be so hard as usual, for such severity would not do his clients any good.

Nevertheless, Mark felt anxious, although Mr. Smith had dropped some hints as to what he had been doing the evening before. Out of a very proper respect for the Bar, the little solicitor had not openly included Nugent in his conspiracy.

Although the morning had been dark, it happened that the weather brightened when Nina Stewart was brought in. Seeing that the prisoner was obviously beautiful, this was a good thing; and the court, which had had its obscure corners when the clouds were in the sky, was not now quite so sordid

"WHEN THE GIRL WAS PLACED IN THE DOCK SHE RAISED HER VEIL ACCORDING TO THE TRATE LOOKED AT HER

and dismal a den as most London police-courts.

When the girl was placed in the dock she raised her veil according to the instructions which Mr. Smith had given her. It was obvious that the magistrate looked at her with some interest. He proved it by taking off his spectacles and wiping them carefully before he replaced them. Indeed, he seemed to have something more than a common interest in the girl when he heard her name was Stewart. He looked at her more than once, and rubbed his chin. Mark Nugent lost no motion of the magistrate's, and wondered what it meant—if indeed it meant anything more than the fact that Mr. Chisholm, too, was known to be something of a connoisseur in art, and might also have recognized the almost pathetic likeness of this young girl to the Sistine Madonna.

Her name was Nina Stewart. She lived at 119, Waratah Road, Brixton. She was charged with stealing a purse at Messrs. Tilbury's, in Oxford Street. Mr. Nugent

INSTRUCTIONS WHICH MR. SMITH HAD GIVEN HER. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE MAGISWITH SOME INTEREST."

appeared for her, being instructed by Mr. Smith, and Mr. Fortescue, who came in at the last moment in a bustle, prosecuted for the firm. After the lady who had lost the purse had given her evidence, Nugent, in cross-examination, succeeded in making her a little less positive as to the identity of the prisoner. This was done, perhaps, not so much by the acuteness of his questions as by the charm of his manner, which was never greater.

He addressed her as if he were a humble admirer of her particular style of beauty, which was, indeed, flamboyant, not to say robust. A tyro in the psychology of the passions would have affirmed heartily that here at last the rising barrister of the Common Law Bar had discovered his ideal. His voice was soft and caressing. He pointed out to the lady how important it was that she should be quite sure in a matter which meant so much to the young lady before her. He showed, indeed, that it was a matter of so much importance to himself, that the lady, who was

obviously flattered by the attentions he paid her, began to feel that she would rather swear to anything than annoy so pleasant a gentleman. She admitted at last that she was not absolutely sure that this was the girl who took the purse; she might have been mistaken. She retired with a glance overflowing with admiration at her interlocutor, and for ever afterwards maintained that Mr. Mark Nugent, some time later a K.C., was the most charming man she had ever known.

The two assistants, whose evidence was of most importance, maintained that they never lost sight of the prisoner, although she was arrested in the next department. They were not so easy to handle as the lady who owned the purse. Nevertheless, Mark Nugent managed to get one of them to admit that he might have lost sight of her.

But though he was forced at last to admit that he must have done so, he still maintained that he saw her take the purse, and had recognized her in the next room just as she was laid hold of by the other man. The following witness was more deadly. There did seem some possibility, from his position in the first room, that he had not lost sight of the girl until he laid his hand on her. Upon the whole things looked bad.

Just as this witness was done with a letter was brought in and handed to the magistrate, who lifted his hand, saying, "One moment, Mr. Nugent, if you please."

He looked at the letter, which was marked "Urgent," and was in the very large envelope which Miss Hopkins had addressed under the direction of Mr. Smith. It was obvious to everybody in court that this envelope contained two enclosures. The magistrate read the letter and seemed amused. Whatever view he was going to take of it, it was obvious that the contents of the epistle appealed to his sense of humour. Nevertheless he restrained it even when he read the inscription on the back of the photograph.

In the meantime Nugent still stood up, as if he were waiting courteously for the magistrate's permission to say something for the prisoner. He was not, however, surprised that for the moment he got no chance to speak, because Mr. Chisholm, acting as Smith had expected, said, gravely:—

"I have received a letter bearing on this case, Mr. Fortescue, and, though it is not evidence, I think you and Mr. Nugent ought to see it. I will hand it down to you."

It was given by one of the attendants to Mr. Fortescue, who read it, and did not seem quite happy, in spite of the fact that according to the English law such a confession was not evidence. After reading it he handed it to Nugent, who went through it with the greatest interest. Nugent could not suppress a smile when he finished it and handed it to Mr. Smith, who read it with portentous gravity. On the whole the solicitor was much pleased with the result of his dictation and the characteristic inscription on the photograph. He and Nugent and Mr. Fortescue put their heads together.

"Well, what about it?" asked Fortescue, shrugging his shoulders.

"We shall see," said Nugent.

"Besides," said Mr. Smith, who had been listening, "do you think it would be a good advertisement for your clients to appear vindictive in a case like this?"

"Maybe not," said Fortescue, "but I propose to go on."

"Very well," said Nugent. And, rising, he said to the magistrate, "I will ask you to allow the witnesses to be recalled, as I have further questions which I think ought to be put to them, and which I was not in a position to put to them before." He held the photograph in his hand, and the magistrate thoroughly understood what he meant.

"Certainly, Mr. Nugent," he replied.

The lady who had lost the purse again entered the witness-box. She smiled pleasantly at Mark Nugent, as if glad to have a little more conversation with him, and Nugent smiled once more as if he were glad to take another look at his beautiful ideal. Then, handing her the photograph, he asked: "Would you please to look at this photograph?"

She did so.

"Now tell me whose it is."

"It is a photograph of the prisoner," said the lady.

"That will do," said Nugent.

Mr. Jones, the first assistant, was also recalled. He, too, affirmed that the photograph was that of the person in custody. The other assistant was at first a little uncertain, but finally decided that it was a photograph of the prisoner.

As Fortescue did not attempt to re-examine any of his witnesses, this was the end of his case, and the magistrate then gave the prisoner the usual caution. Nugent rose to open his defence. The first witness he called was Inspector Harrison. He handed him the photograph and asked, "Is that a portrait of the prisoner?"

"No, sir, it is not," replied the inspector.

"Do you know whose photograph it is?" asked Nugent.

"I do," said the inspector.

"Can you tell me anything about her?" continued Nugent.

"She is a well-known shoplifter," replied the inspector.

"That will do," said Nugent, with a smile.

In the meantime, as soon as the letter had been read, Mr. Smith had left the court and had telephoned to Scotland Yard, as he had arranged, for Raydon, the detective. Raydon came up to the court in a taxi-cab, and entered just as Inspector Harrison left the box.

Raydon was handed the photograph, which he promptly declared to be the photograph of a notoriously successful shoplifter, who had had a long career for so young a woman, although she had only been twice convicted. He also swore that the handwriting on the back of the photograph was that of the same young person.

Here Mr. Chisholm intervened. "I should like to hear how the detective knows this particular handwriting?" he asked.

"I knew the young person in question before she took to this line of business, sir," said Raydon.

Mr. Fortescue said he had no questions to ask. Then Nugent turned to the magistrate and said: "I submit, sir, that the evidence as to identity is utterly unreliable, and I ask you to discharge the prisoner."

Whatever Mr. Chisholm thought of his not putting Nina Stewart in the box, he said nothing. Certainly there was little to be gained by it, and the girl looked hardly fit for such an ordeal. After a moment's thought he said: "I have carefully considered the evidence in this case, and have come to the conclusion, Mr. Fortescue, that you have not succeeded in proving identity. I think that in these circumstances no jury would convict. The prisoner is discharged."

As Nina Stewart left the box Nugent said hurriedly to Smith, "Go to her and look after her. I want to speak to Mr. Chisholm."

It was quite obvious that the magistrate desired to speak to him. Indeed, he leant over his desk and beckoned to him. When Nugent went up to him he said, "By the way, Mr. Nugent, do you know anything of the girl you have been defending?"

"Nothing," said Nugent, "except that she is obviously a lady. But everything I have heard about her and her mother seems quite right."

"Do you know, she reminds me very much of a Mrs. Stewart I used to know years ago when I was living down in your old neighbourhood, Mr. Nugent? Why, surely you knew the Stewarts yourself?"

"I don't think I remember," said Nugent; "and yet somehow I rather fancy I did know somebody called Stewart."

"Well, I don't suppose it could be the same," said Mr. Chisholm. "I don't see how it could be. After all, they were not very poor, although they certainly were not rich so far as I remember. If you hear anything more about her, or find out anything, I wish you'd let me know."

"I will, with great pleasure," said Nugent.

When he got outside the court he found Mr. Smith standing by the side of a taxi-cab into which he had put the girl. Nugent went up to the cab. Nina Stewart, though tearless, seemed unable to speak, but she shook hands with him.

It had been his intention to ask the solicitor to see her home, but when he saw her close at hand her appeal to him was so strong that he changed his mind. And yet it was not wholly his admiration for her—though that was strong, seeing that she was really beautiful—it was greatly curiosity, after what Mr. Chisholm had said to him. Her insistence on having him as her counsel seemed capable of only one explanation—the explanation that Chisholm offered, without knowing that he was doing so.

After he had congratulated her he turned to Smith. "I was going to ask you to accompany Miss Stewart to Brixton," he said, "but I find I have the time to spare, so if she will permit me I will take her myself. I have something to say to her."

So Smith again shook hands with his little client and she thanked him once more; and then Nugent got into the cab and told the man to drive to Brixton.

"I wish I could thank you," said the girl, after a little pause; "but I don't know what to say."

"Above everything, don't cry," said Nugent, with a smile. He felt that if she did he would be obliged to console her, and such consolation might be dangerous.

"I—I won't," said Nina. Nevertheless, she wiped her eyes. "You have been very good to me."

"Nonsense," said Nugent; "the man that did all the work was your friend Smith. But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about—I want to know how it was you asked him to get me to defend you."

"I—I knew your name," she said.

Although Nugent could be very subtle in examination or cross-examination he was

curiously direct in ordinary life. Instead of sitting by her he now changed his seat and sat right opposite her, and said, "Miss Stewart, do you mind looking at me straight?"

With some surprise she did so.

"You don't know why I asked that," said Nugent, "but I think, somehow, that you know more than my name. Have we ever met before, many, many years ago?"

She could not speak, but nodded.

"Ah," said Nugent, "I thought so."

Nevertheless, his memory was much at fault. There was a deep impression in him somewhere; if he could only get the clue he might draw it out.

"Did you and your mother ever live near Gloucester?" he asked.

And again she nodded, and this time she smiled.

"Ah," said Nugent, "I spoke to Mr. Chisholm after you had left the court, and he said as much as that himself. You know, he, too, comes from the same neighbourhood."

"I didn't know that," said Nina.

"I think he knew your mother," said Nugent. And still he struggled to remember the mother of this strange child.

"I will tell you," said Nina.

But he lifted his hand.

"Stop one minute," he said. "I should like to remember without help. I believe it's coming back to me."

There was some scene in his mind like an undeveloped photograph; but now it was like a photographic plate in the developing medium. He began to see shadows and lights. And suddenly he spoke.

"There was a cottage not far from my father's house," he said. "I don't remember its name, but some people lived there—I wonder if they were called Stewart? And they had a little girl. She was something like you, Miss Stewart, though then she could not have been twelve. Indeed, she may have been much younger than that. But she came one day to our house—oh, yes, I remember—and I was a boy, a young man, if you will, of twenty, or, perhaps, nineteen, very hard and full of himself. But the little girl liked him. I wonder if I am right?"

"Yes," said Nina.

"She thought him a nice boy," said Nugent, smiling. "I remember she told my mother he was a nice boy."

"I remember, too," said Nina.

"Was there nothing else?" he asked. "Did you say nothing else to her?"

"I don't remember," said the girl.

"Ah, I remember," said Nugent, smiling. "I remember now very well. It's strange how these things come back to one. She sat with me a long time in the library, and talked to me about her pets, and the garden. I remember everything. Yes—her name was Nina Stewart. She followed me about the whole afternoon, and made me show her the horses, and the dogs, and the fowls. Well, I suppose I behaved all right, because she told my mother I was a nice boy, and said——"

"What did I say?" asked Nina.

"I wonder whether I can tell you?" said Nugent.

"Please do," said the girl.

"She said, 'Oh, Mrs. Nugent, I think your son Mark is a very nice boy, and if I ever marry I think I'll marry him.'"

He knew he was playing with fire, but he had never seen anyone who affected him so much, in spite of everything. His own restraint with regard to women had been largely founded on a certain reaction within him against the dominant and predominant type of the young woman of the day. He found them mostly hard and self-sufficient. Whatever her weaknesses this was a sweet and dear child, kindly, affectionate, and most divinely and strangely beautiful. Again he looked at her, and saw the tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Nugent," she said, "you see, I was a very little girl then, and did not understand."

"And now you understand very much," said Nugent. "You know, at any rate, that it is a very hard world. Tell me how you came to be so poor."

And she told him how it was. Her father, it seemed, had never been rich, though he had sufficient. He was not a man of the world, and had got into the hands of a gambler and speculator, who had led him into gambling. When things came to a final crash her father died, and left her and her mother with so little that it was not sufficient to live on. They had no relatives, or none who could help. They came to London and lived in ever-increasing poverty, because her mother needed what she could not get without sacrifice of the very little capital that remained to them.

"And my mother is ill," said Nina, now without tears; "very ill. I don't think she will live long—and I can't give her what she should have."

"Perhaps you will let me help you if it is possible," said Mark Nugent.

She looked at him trustfully and smiled gravely.

"I always was a very nice boy," said Mark. "Don't forget that. May I come and see you and your mother to-morrow?"

"If you don't mind seeing us as we are, I should be glad if you would come, Mr. Nugent," said the girl. "You've been very, very kind to me."

And then she did break down, and Mark, with more self-restraint than even he thought he possessed, only took her by the hands and said, "Don't, little girl, don't. It's all right—it's all right. You've got some friends now."

And then they came to her road and her house, and he got out with her and took her to the door. And on the step he said, "I'll come and see you to-morrow afternoon. Don't forget—at four o'clock."

She looked at him through her tears and nodded, but could not speak. He turned round sharply and, entering the cab, drove back to the Temple.

Deep in his heart he knew he must do something for her, and for her mother. He might call her a child and see her as a child, but she was none now. She called to him and clung to him. And still the man of clear-cut ambitions resented her appeal. A man of strong individuality, he had always resented the notion of necessity, of fate, of destiny; yet here he saw necessity and fate at work.

Before it grew dark he took a cab and went up to Oxford Street, and there bought a carbon reproduction of the Mother and Child, the part of the Madonna di San Sisto which is usually reproduced. He took it back to his chambers and examined it closely, with care. There was something very strange about it. Most certainly the woman was wonderfully like Nina, though there was both more and less in the girl's face than in the Madonna's.

He laid the picture on the table and presently covered the child in the Virgin's arms. It seemed to him that there was instantly a strange alteration in the Madonna's face. She no longer looked a woman, but a child. With the infant in her arms she might be twenty, or even older. Without it, she seemed but sixteen—young and very innocent. He removed his hand, and again saw the child there. The Virgin was the mother, and not so youthful, though perhaps more beautiful. Some day—some day, such a change might come to Nina Stewart.

That night when he slept he dreamed of her, not as she was, but as she had been in the old days; and yet in this passing dream she was not a child, or rather she was the same childlike creature as the Madonna, a virgin in her garden before love came to her. He woke up in the morning tired and unrefreshed, and with a sense of painful solitude about him.

He worked that morning in the courts and did his work well, and yet all the time he was in a dream. In the afternoon he had to go to Brixton, and he waited anxiously for the time to pass. And still he felt that it was folly for him to go—and yet it was sweet folly and natural, for he knew he loved her.

With these thoughts in his mind he went down to Brixton, knowing what had happened, and yet fearing—as every lover will—that in spite of the way she looked at him, in spite of the long years she had remembered him, there might be someone else in her heart.

She had been waiting for him, trembling. Though she looked a child, she was no child, but had the heart of a woman, and perhaps she understood. He came up to her with strange abruptness and held out his hands.

"Nina—I want to marry you."

She looked at him as if she did not understand the words he spoke, and then she went as pale as death.

"Oh, you can't mean it," she said.

"I do mean it," he cried. "Child, I want you to come to me—I want to marry you."

But she trembled, and cried out, "I couldn't—I couldn't! Don't you understand?"

"Understand what?" asked Mark. "I know what I know—that I love you."

But still she said she could not do it, and was greatly and strangely agitated.

"Of course, you don't love me," said Nugent. "How can you?"

"You have been so good to me," she said. "That's not the reason. If you knew—you wouldn't ask me."

"If I knew what?" he cried.

"If you knew the truth," she said.

"What truth?"

But for a moment she could not speak, and then she turned to him with a strange, pathetic dignity.

"Do you not know?"

"Do I not know what?" he asked, obstinately.

"Know that I—I stole that purse for my mother's sake," said Nina.

And Mark Nugent laughed strangely, and put out his hands and took her by the shoulders and said, "Why, of course I know—of course I know!"

"THEN THE BAND PLAYED."

A Symposium of Amusing Musical Incidents, Contributed by Bandmasters and Others.

Lieutenant J. MACKENZIE ROGAN,
Bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards and Senior Bandmaster Brigade of Guards.

AT the moment of writing this my attention is partly centred upon the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, so I may be forgiven if I commence by recalling an incident connected with a Tournament of some years ago, when it was held at the Agricultural Hall. Military tattoos have always been a very popular feature ("We are sure of a packed house," Colonel Ricardo once said to me, "when you have one of your tattoos with the massed bands"), and on the occasion in question I had trained and rehearsed about four hundred soldiers from the various regiments in the Brigade of Guards to act as torch-bearers and to make the necessary complicated evolutions in the darkened arena. As luck would have it, two guards of honour were required that night, one for the King and the other for a distinguished foreign visitor who was arriving in London. All my trained men were ordered for duty at short notice, and I was obliged to ask the Naval commander for two hundred men of the Royal Naval contingent to take their places. There was no time to rehearse them. All I could do was to call their petty officers into the arena just before the show, explain what they had to do as best I could, and warn them that if they got into any difficulty they were to stand fast, wait for a change of tune, and look to me for some signal.

Those who have witnessed a tattoo in the comparatively small space available on these occasions can hardly fail to have been impressed by the orderly way the men manœuvre in the arena. The late King Edward sent for me to the Royal box after a tattoo on one occasion. "Mr. Rogan," said His Majesty, "I see how you get your men in, but what I wonder at is how you ever get them all out again!" And indeed it is a complicated matter for such a closely-packed mass of men to unwind themselves, and even a slight mistake on the part of the leaders may put everything out.

All went well till the time came for the sailors to leave the arena. This was the critical moment, and to my horror everything went wrong. The outside files took a wrong turn, and immediately everybody was at sixes and sevens. I changed the tune and made frantic motions—which in the semi-darkness only made confusion doubly confounded—and I was at my wits' end what to do when one of their petty officers who was standing by me said: "Let 'em be, sir; they'll get out somehow, you'll see."

They did. I do not know to this day how they did it. Evidently Jack is not called the handy-man for nothing. Some got out at one exit and some at another, it is true, but at any rate they got out, and I do not think the audience ever guessed what a fiasco had been so narrowly avoided, for the applause was quite as warm as usual and no remarks were ever made so far as I know.

A still more amusing tattoo experience occurred at a *fête* a few years ago. This was held in a natural arena surrounded by hills. The tattoo took place after dark, of course, and it was arranged that the torch-bearers should wait behind the hills, out of sight, and, at a given signal, enter the valley in single files from four different directions—like four serpents of fire, which were to wend in and out of each other until they were massed in the centre.

There were present eight pipers. These played their bagpipes, and their tuning-up was the signal for the torch-bearers to march. Well, the pipers commenced to blow lustily, and almost at once the heads of the four columns appeared over the hills. But instead of wending across the valley and then back to the centre as directed, each column marched straight ahead and vanished behind the opposite hill.

Minute after minute went by. The three or four tunes which the pipers had rehearsed were played out and played again, and soon the pipers were "played out" themselves! First one dropped out and then another. At the end of twenty minutes they were taking it in turns, one or two blowing while the others rested, but ten minutes later they were all so utterly winded that only one poor fellow could keep going at all, and I was obliged to call upon the bands to relieve them, soon after which the torch-bearers appeared again and the necessary evolutions were completed.

Needless to say, I was very much annoyed at what had occurred, and I asked the official in command of the torch-bearers what on earth had happened. He explained that at the last moment it had struck him that to merely do as he had been directed would have taken too short a time, so he had told the men to march across the valley and right round the hills. Thus they had gone for a route march on their own account, blissfully oblivious of the fact that they were quite out of sight! I need hardly add that, being annoyed at the time, I said a few strong words about obeying instructions, etc.

One last story of a more personal nature. At Olympia one day I was accosted by a gentleman who had engaged the band to play

for him on some special occasion a year or two earlier, but who had had another band for the same purpose subsequently. I had not since seen him to speak to, and was a little surprised when he came rushing up to me and shook me effusively by the hand.

"Ah!" said he, "very glad to see you. No mistake, your band is magnificent! I shall certainly engage you again next year for my affair if you are free. By the way, have you seen Mackenzie Rogan lately?"

I stared at him in surprise. I knew quite well what the other band was which he had had. The bandmaster was not the least like me, but I saw at once that he was somehow confusing us.

"Rogan?" I repeated. "Oh, yes, I've seen him. In fact, I often see him. Every day. I know him quite well."

"Oh, do you?" said he. "Now, look here; I don't want you to say anything to him, as I have a personal regard for him, but you know the band isn't as popular as yours. I sha'n't have him again; I mean to have *you* next time. Still, my kind regards to Rogan when you see him. Good-bye!"

I could not resist the temptation! Next morning I sent him a postcard. "I saw Rogan early this morning," I wrote; "he was shaving! He thanks you for your kind regards, which he heartily reciprocates!"

Whether he discovered his mistake I do not know. I have not seen him since, and the band is still waiting for that engagement.

Mr. J. HENRY ILES,

Founder, Organizer, and Conductor of the Great Annual Band Contest at the Crystal Palace.

I shall not readily forget many of the experiences which we encountered when I took the Besses o' th' Barn on its tour of the world a few years back. It is very curious how literally the title of a band is sometimes taken by members of the public. In France, where anything to do with the ladies may be expected to tickle the fancy of Frenchmen, it was really good fun to see the pleasant grin on the faces of those present, and to hear them shout "*Vive l'Angleterre! Vive les Bessees!*" When one saw the change on so many countenances upon the appearance of the band on the platform, one realized that many of those present had come expecting to see and hear an organization of women!

Even in England, the idea that the "Besses" were girls was once quite prevalent. On one occasion a man, in a state of indecision, was standing outside the hall where they were giving a concert, when the band suddenly struck up. Some of the chords which reached him were so inspiriting that he at once put his hand in his pocket and made for the entrance.

"By gum," says he, "if a bunch of girls can play like that, they must be worth looking at. Here goes for a bob's worth!"

It is told, also, of a certain American that, on being invited to go to a concert given by the "Black Dike" Band, he said:—

"Wall, I guess that's going some! Hafe a dollar to hear a crowd o' niggers!"

He went, however, after explanation, and didn't he shout when "Dike" struck up "Dixie"!

This story reminds me of an American impression, which may be interesting. Their fondness for bands, both good and bad, is well known. The quality isn't taken into account when either the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," or "Dixie" is played. I have never seen in any country such frenzy and enthusiasm so universally shown on the playing of national airs as in the United States.

When they went to Windsor Castle, in connection with the celebrations of the present Prince of Wales's tenth birthday, the "Besses" tell, with much gusto, how, during the interval, the Prince slipped in amongst their instruments and gave the big drum a good smack, and then took to his heels. Although I was near by, I did not actually see the incident, but, nevertheless, I believe it actually occurred, and, by the way, isn't it just what a real English boy would do if he got the chance?

Mr. CHARLES HASSELL,

Bandmaster of the Irish Guards.

Two or three years ago we were engaged to play on the occasion of some athletic sports at a public school near London, the grounds of which overlooked a high road close to a cemetery.

It was a glorious day, a hot Saturday afternoon. The sun shone, and everyone was in the highest spirits, but there was one thorn in what was otherwise a bed of roses.

That afternoon seemed to have been selected for an extraordinary number of funerals!

To suit the occasion we naturally played a light class of music, the programme including, for instance, a selection of the popular airs of the day, and I had the greatest difficulty in timing our performance so as not to clash with the mournful processions that kept passing. Again and again, just as we were

about to launch out into the "Merry Widow," or something as embarrassingly appropriate, I would spy another hearse turning the corner, and would have to hurriedly change the tune or wait until the mourners were safely out of earshot.

It was a little disconcerting and distinctly trying, but I managed things all right, I thought, and congratulated myself upon having come through a difficult situation with flying colours.

But, alas, my self-satisfaction was short-lived! Three days later I received a letter from an indignant widow complaining that, of all tunes, the band had played "Put me among the Girls" while her dear husband's funeral was passing the grounds!

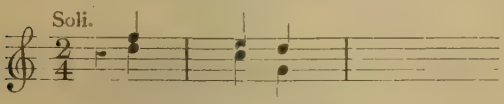
Mr. MANUEL BILTON,

Bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards.

That a person could sit in an orchestra for two days without blowing a note may seem incredible, but it really happened.

"THE RESULT WAS DISASTROUS."

A youth was induced to deputize with the French horn (which was not his regular instrument) at the old Imperial Theatre, which used to adjoin the now defunct Aquarium. He was so nervous that he did not blow a note until the third day, when he tried his prowess on the following passage:—



He attempted the lower notes, but, unfortunately, had the wrong crook on! The result was disastrous.

The conductor said so many unkind things that when the curtain descended the unlucky offender dropped his instrument, rushed into the band-room, seized his hat, and bolted for Charing Cross.

The youth was myself!

Examples of mistaken criticism are not rare, and I could mention many. Once our band was criticized in the Press for its playing of some of Dvorák's dances, when they had been cut and something else played instead. I made inquiries and found the critic was a lady—so I said no more about it!

On another occasion when on tour with the band we gave a Sunday concert, and the Council insisted upon the programme being of a sacred character. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was one of the items, but before the concert I was asked to substitute the "Dance of the Imps" from the Peer Gynt Suite, which I did, in place of the chorus. Afterwards a member of the committee, commenting to me on the concert, said he thought the "Hallelujah Chorus" was grand!

All these incidents are true. I will end with one for the truth of which I cannot vouch, although I think it quite likely.

An opera company had augmented their orchestra while on tour, and among the additions were two trombone players. Looking over their parts before rehearsal, one said to the other: "I say, Bill, look here! This is in six sharps! How are we to do this?"

"That's all right," replied Bill; "you can take three and I'll take t'others."

Lieutenant B. S. GREEN,

Bandmaster of the Royal Marine Artillery, Eastney.

The Colonel of a certain regiment sent for the bandmaster one day and complained very bitterly of the band, which he described hotly as a "disgrace to the regiment, sir."

Naturally the bandmaster, who was very proud of his band, was most indignant, and demanded to know what was the complaint about it.

"Why, sir," said the irascible Colonel, "the men who march in the front rank and play those instruments they push in and out"—meaning the trombones—"cannot keep time, sir! They never by any chance push in and out together. I'll have it changed, let me tell you."

It was no good the bandmaster explaining that each man played a different note and that each note was formed with the slide in a different position. The Colonel still persisted that the effect was not uniform, and vowed that he would order the men to be drilled

until such time as they could push in and out together!

I remember an occasion when the Colonel of a cavalry regiment, while on the line of march, complained to the bandmaster that the kettledrums sounded like "old cracked pots," and told him to find out what was the matter with them.

Unable to deny the truth of this, and anxious to discover what was amiss, the bandmaster summoned the drummer when they arrived in camp, and told him to remove the drumheads. The drums were full of all sorts of odds and ends! Anxious to carry their kit as conveniently as possible, the men had literally "packed" the drums!

Mr. DAN GODFREY,

The well-known and popular Conductor of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.

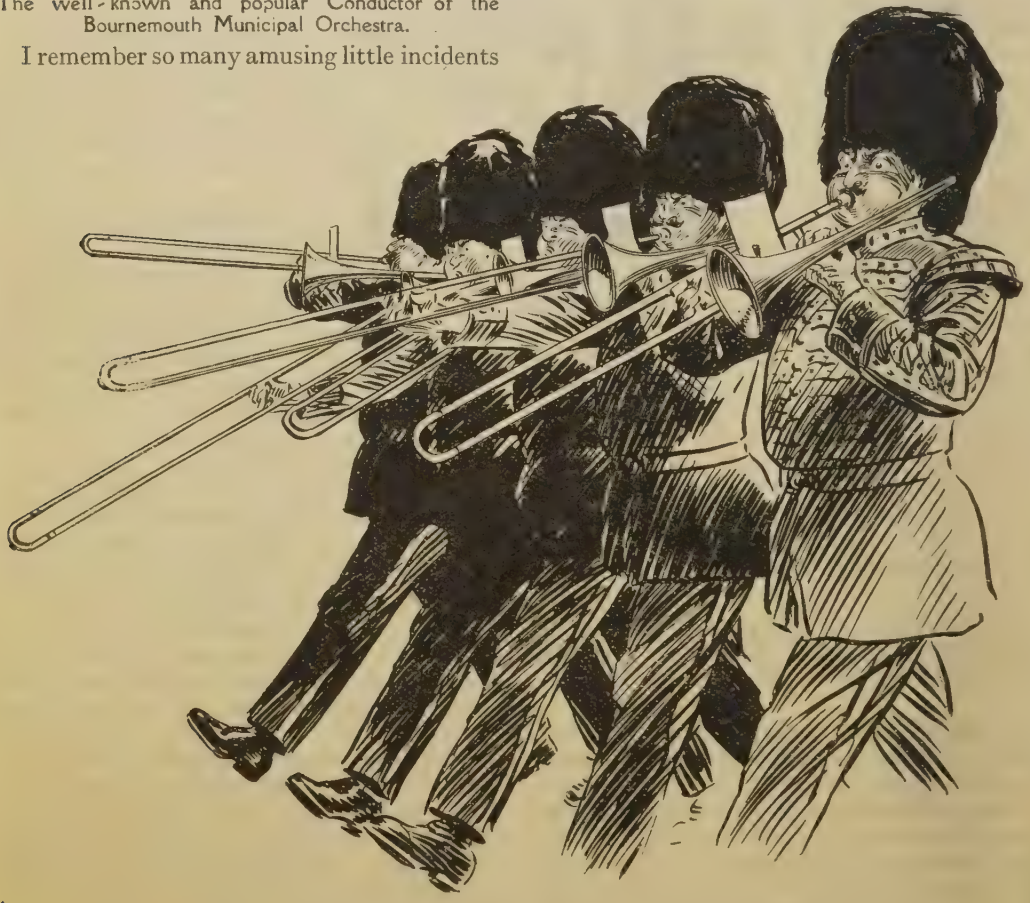
I remember so many amusing little incidents that have occurred at Bournemouth, that I find it somewhat difficult to recall, on the spur of the moment, just those which would be most likely to interest readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Typical of the popular taste in music, I may mention an occasion when our orchestra was playing on the pier. A movement from Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was down on the programme, but, owing to the popular nature of the audience, I left this out and substituted "The Gondoliers" of Sullivan.

The experiment was evidently satisfactory. Four people came up to me afterwards and said how much they had enjoyed the concert —"especially the piece by Beethoven!"

So much for some of the public and music. Now for the musicians! Only a short time ago Dr. Markham Lee, M.A., lectured at the Winter Gardens on the subject of the great composer, "Dvorák," and in the course of his remarks mentioned that Dvorák's father had kept a public-house.

There was at once a great shuffling of feet among the members of the orchestra, which Dr. Markham Lee smilingly remarked upon.



"THEY NEVER BY ANY CHANCE PUSH IN AND OUT TOGETHER."

A little later he told us that when Dvorák left school his father took him into the business, thinking there was a better living to be made out of beer than out of music.

At this point the applause from the musicians was most pronounced, showing conclusively that they agreed with Dvorák, senior, as to the sort of "bars" out of which most money was to be made!

Perhaps the most curious and at the same time amusing incident that I can recall at the moment is of an occasion when, during a concert, I wielded my baton with so much gusto that it slipped

"THE DRUMS WERE FULL OF ALL SORTS OF ODDS AND ENDS."

"THE BATON SLIPPED OUT OF MY HAND."

out of my hand and went flying through the air over the heads of the audience.

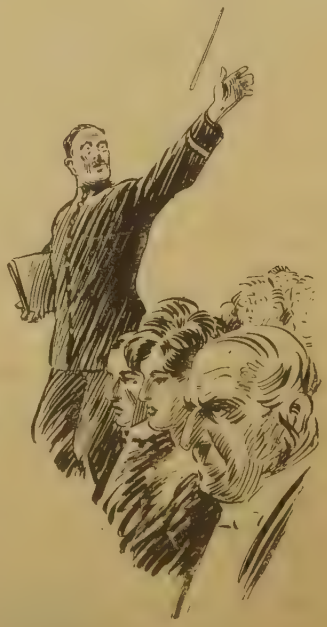
I expected and dreaded that it would hit some unsuspecting person in the eye, and foresaw, without doubt, at least a termination to the selection upon which we were engaged. Not a bit of it! An attendant who was stationed in the centre aisle saw it coming. As though it were the most natural thing in the world to see batons flying through the air, he caught it gracefully, without so much as turning a hair, and, coming up to the platform, quietly handed it back to me in the most matter-of-fact manner, and without the slightest interruption of the performance.

Two other incidents may be amusing. The first relates to a conversation overheard in the Bournemouth Winter Gardens twenty years ago.

"Oh, what a pity you are late," said a lady to a friend who had just arrived. "You have just missed those delightful German Dances by that naughty Henry the Eighth!"—meaning, of course, the evergreen composition of our popular British composer, Edward German.

The other is as follows:—

At one of our symphony con-



"THE ATTENDANT CAUGHT IT GRACEFULLY."

certs at which a symphony by Brahms was being played, a lady—not one of our regular supporters—went up to one of the attendants and said:—

"Is not Mr. Brahms conducting this afternoon?"

"No, madam," replied the attendant; "he is not here this afternoon."

"Oh," she said, "how *very* disappointing! I came specially to see him!"

"I am sorry, madam," further replied the attendant, quite gravely. "I am afraid Mr. Brahms is a *very* long way off."

Brahms, of course, died in 1897.

Mr. WALTER NUTTALL,

Bandmaster of Irwell Springs Band, which won the 1 000 - Guinea Trophy at the Crystal Palace in 1905, 1908, and 1910.

One of the most remarkable incidents I remember occurred some years ago in the local theatre of a Lancashire town where we were giving two sacred concerts one afternoon and evening.

During the evening performance, just as we were in the middle of a selection from Balfe's works, the electric light throughout the theatre suddenly failed, plunging platform and auditorium into complete darkness.

In many cases such an occurrence would prove disastrous to a musical performance, and for the moment I was utterly nonplussed, for conducting was, of course, quite out of the question. Fortunately the band knew the music by heart. The selection went on, therefore, without any pause, and, expecting each instant to see the lights reappear, I let them play on. But when, after a few minutes, the lights did not come on again, I began to think discretion would be the better part of valour, so, to avoid any fear of a breakdown, I allowed the band to finish the movement, and then shouted out directions to stop it and play a hymn instead.

We at once struck up "Lead, Kindly Light," and, the whole of the vast audience joining in, I cannot describe the strange grandeur of the beautiful hymn as verse after verse went pealing through the darkened building, the effect being heightened, perhaps, when one of the attendants, having secured and lighted a solitary candle, stepped on to the platform and held it aloft until the hymn was almost concluded, when the lights came on again as suddenly as they had gone off.

I can assure you that while it lasted the effect was weird and funereal in the extreme, and I have never forgotten the good-natured tolerance of the large audience.

Many were the good-humoured comments afterwards levelled at us about the appearance of the candle at so appropriate a moment!

Mr. TOM KAY,

Secretary of Wingate's Temperance Band, Lancs, holders of the World's Amateur Brass Band Championships, 1906 and 1907.

If I begin with a story you have heard or read before you must forgive me. My excuse is a good one: it is true.

Some years ago, about 1902, I think, we were playing at a garden-party given by a very well-known personage. During the performance of one of the items the soprano soloist played a top note which sounded very much out of place, and at the end of the piece the man next him asked what note he got—adding that whatever it was it was a wrong one.

"Well," said the soloist, who was somewhat annoyed, "if you want to know, it was a top B and it was in my copy, and if you don't believe me look for yourself. There it is!"

And with that he went to lay his finger upon the note, which promptly flew away.

It was a fly!

About ten years ago we had an engagement to play at a music-hall. The night before the engagement one of our two BB bass players fell ill suddenly and could not go. The next morning the other player missed his train, and we accordingly arrived at our destination minus any bass player at all! Of course, we could not go on like that, and being unable to find a substitute we borrowed a bass instrument from the local band and told our librarian that he must come on the stage and act as a dummy, putting the instrument to his lips and moving his fingers as though he were playing.

The instrument having been carefully stopped up so as to avoid all danger of accidents—or accidentals!—he duly appeared, and all went well until a piece was reached in the course of which the bass players' music showed several bars of shakes, every fourth bar being a silent one for the whole band.

This proved our dummy's downfall. To the amusement of the band—whose eyes were upon him, as you may depend—and of those members of the audience who were in a position to see what happened, it was observed that in the silent bars this man was blowing and shaking his fingers until he was red in the face, without making a sound!

One little story to conclude.

Many years ago we attended a contest in

the Lancashire district in which only five bands took part, all told.

After we had all five played, the judge stepped on to the platform and, having stated that he had already decided upon the first and second prize winners, requested bands Nos. 1, 3, and 4 to play again, to enable him to place them.

We were No. 5, and while the three bands were playing off we spent the time shaking hands with band No. 2 and wondering which of us was first and which second.

Imagine our astonishment when the judge again mounted the platform and announced that he awarded the first, second, and third prizes to the bands that had just played again, giving us fourth place and No. 2 band fifth!

"BLOWING AND SHAKING HIS FINGERS UNTIL HE WAS RED IN THE FACE, WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND!"

These stories are quite true. The soloist in No. 1 and the dummy in No. 2 both lost their lives in the deplorable colliery disaster here in West Houghton in 1910.

Mr. E. R. FODEN,

Secretary of Foden's Motor Works Band, which has won prizes at every contest attended since 1908, including the Belle Vue Championship three times out of four, in 1909-10-11, and the Crystal Palace Championship and 1,000-Guinea Trophy.

There are a number of amusing incidents connected with our band, but in the first place it is difficult to recall them all just when you want to make a selection of the best, and in the second, although an incident may be very amusing at the time, it is difficult to put down in black and white just what the actions conveyed to the mind.

Though we are a Cheshire band, our workshops are recruited, of course, from all parts of the country, and our bandsmen, accordingly, are men from many different counties.

Among them are two Birmingham men, who are great friends, and who, when the band is away on engagements, almost invariably occupy the same room and sleep together.

The men of the band are a good-natured, light-hearted lot, and these "away" engagements are thoroughly enjoyed, a good deal of fun being generally got out of them. Now, when the band was going to the Isle of Man not long ago the men were chaffing on the boat and saying that sometimes a man's hair turned white the first night on the island. They stayed at the Central Hotel, and the two Birmingham men, as usual, had arranged to sleep together, so the other bandsmen, thinking they would have a joke with them, sneaked upstairs before they retired for the night and dusted the pillows of their bed thickly with flour, which they had got the cook to let them have.

Our two friends from Birmingham did not retire very early, and, having been laughing and talking with the rest downstairs till a late hour, they were very tired when they got to their room, and, pulling off their clothes, tumbled quickly into bed without noticing anything.

About three o'clock in the morning one of them had a bad dream, and woke up with that curious sensation of foreboding and disquietude which often follows a nightmare. It was pitch-dark in the room, but, anxious to see the time, he got out of bed and, striking a match, went to the dressing-table to look at his watch.

Imagine his horror when, upon catching sight of his reflection in the mirror, he perceived that his hair was quite white.

Dropping the match, which burnt his fingers, he gave a loud cry that awoke his mate and made him sit up in bed.

"Whart's the marter, whart's the marter?" says he, in his broad Birmingham twang.

"Oh, Johr, Johr!" says the other, wringing his hands, "I've gorn grey in a night! I've gorn grey in a night!"

"Nornsense!" says Joe, climbing out of bed. "Ye're drunk! I dorn't believe yer."

"Then look at my hair!" says Harry, striking another match. And there they were, the match held like a torch between them, each in his nightshirt, standing staring, with eyes wide with horror and surprise, at the other's whitened head!

Meanwhile the boys in the next rooms had been aroused by their voices, and burst into the room just in time to see the picture presented.

I will leave you to guess the chaffing those two men afterwards came in for.

How it Happened

by

A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo

SHE was a writing medium. This is what she wrote:—

I can remember some things upon that evening most distinctly, and others are like some vague, broken dreams. That is what makes it so difficult to tell a connected story. I have no idea now what it was that had taken me to London and brought me back so late. It just merges into all my other visits to London. But from the time that I got out at the little country station everything is extraordinarily clear. I can live it again—every instant of it.

I remember so well walking down the platform and looking at the illuminated clock at the end which told me that it was half-past eleven. I remember also my wondering whether I could get home before midnight. Then I remember the big motor, with its glaring headlights and glitter of polished brass, waiting for me outside. It was my new thirty-horse-power Robur, which had only been delivered that day. I remember also asking Perkins, my chauffeur, how she had gone, and his saying that he thought she was excellent.

"I'll try her myself," said I, and I climbed into the driver's seat.

"The gears are not the same," said he. "Perhaps, sir, I had better drive."

"No; I should like to try her," said I.

And so we started on the five-mile drive for home.

My old car had the gears as they used always to be in notches on a bar. In this car you passed the gear-lever through a gate to get on the higher ones. It was not difficult to master, and soon I thought that I understood it. It was foolish no doubt, to begin to learn a new system in the dark, but one often does foolish things, and one has not always to pay the full price for them. I got along very well until I came to Claystall Hill. It is one of the worst hills in England, a mile and a half long and one in six in places, with three fairly sharp curves. My park gates stand at the very foot of it upon the main London road.

We were just over the brow of this hill, where the grade is steepest, when the trouble began. I had been on the top speed, and wanted to get her on the free; but she stuck between gears, and I had to get her back on the top again. By this time she was going at a great rate, so I clapped on both brakes, and one after the other they gave way. I didn't mind so much when I felt my foot-brake snap, but when I put all my weight on my side-brake, and [illegible] to its full limit without a catch, it brought a cold sweat out of me. By this time we were fairly tearing down the slope. The lights were brilliant, and I brought her round the first curve all right. Then we did the second one,

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"BY THIS TIME WE WERE FAIRLY TEARING DOWN THE SLOPE.

though it was a close shave for the ditch. There was a mile of straight then with the third curve beneath it, and after that the gate of the park. If I could shoot into that harbour all would be well, for the slope up to the house would bring her to a stand.

Perkins behaved splendidly. I should like that to be known. He was perfectly cool and alert. I had thought at the very beginning of taking the bank, and he read my intention.

"I wouldn't do it, sir," said he. "At this pace it must go over and we should have it on the top of us."

Of course he was right. He got to the electric switch and had it off, so we were in the free; but we were still running at a fearful pace. He laid his hands on the wheel.

"I'll keep her steady," said he, "if you care to jump and chance it. We can never get round that curve. Better jump, sir."

"No," said I; "I'll stick it out. You can jump if you like."

"I'll stick it with you, sir," said he.

If it had been the old car I should have jammed the gear-lever into the reverse, and seen what would happen. I expect she would have stripped her gears or smashed up somehow, but it would have been a chance. As it was, I was helpless. Perkins tried to climb across, but you couldn't do it going at that pace. The wheels were whirring like a high wind and the big body creaking and groaning with the strain. But the lights were brilliant, and one could steer to an inch. I remember thinking what an awful and yet majestic sight we should appear to anyone who met us. It was a narrow road, and we were just a great, roaring, golden death to anyone who came in our path.

We got round the corner with one wheel three feet high upon the bank. I thought we were surely over, but after staggering for a moment she righted and darted onwards. That was the third corner and the last one. There was only the park gate now. It was facing us, but, as luck would have it, not facing us directly. It was about twenty yards to the left up the main road into which we ran. Perhaps I could have done it, but I expect that the steering-gear had been jarred when we ran on the bank. The wheel did not turn easily. We shot out of the lane. I saw the open gate on the left. I whirled round my wheel with all the strength of my wrists. Perkins and I threw our bodies across, and then the next instant, going at fifty miles an hour, my right front wheel struck full on the right-hand pillar of my own gate. I heard the crash. I was conscious of flying through the air, and then—and then——!

When I became aware of my own existence once more I was among some brushwood in the shadow of the oaks upon the lodge side of the drive. A man was standing beside me. I imagined at first that it was Perkins, but when I looked again I saw that it was Stanley, a man whom I had known at college some years before, and for whom I had a really genuine affection. There was always something peculiarly sympathetic to me in Stanley's personality, and I was proud to think that I had some similar influence upon him. At the present moment I was surprised to see him, but I was like a man in a dream, giddy and shaken and quite prepared to take things as I found them without questioning them.

"What a smash!" I said. "Good Lord, what an awful smash!"

He nodded his head, and even in the gloom I could see that he was smiling the gentle, wistful smile which I connected with him.

I was quite unable to move. Indeed, I had not any desire to try to move. But my senses were exceedingly alert. I saw the wreck of the motor lit up by the moving lanterns. I saw the little group of people and heard the hushed voices. There were the lodge-keeper and his wife, and one or two more. They were taking no notice of me, but were very busy round the car. Then suddenly I heard a cry of pain.

"The weight is on him. Lift it easy," cried a voice.

"It's only my leg," said another one, which I recognized as Perkins's. "Where's master?" he cried.

"Here I am," I answered, but they did not seem to hear me. They were all bending over something which lay in front of the car.

Stanley laid his hand upon my shoulder, and his touch was inexpressibly soothing. I felt light and happy, in spite of all.

"No pain, of course?" said he.

"None," said I.

"There never is," said he.

And then suddenly a wave of amazement passed over me. Stanley! Stanley! Why, Stanley had surely died of enteric at Bloemfontein in the Boer War!

"Stanley!" I cried, and the words seemed to choke my throat—"Stanley, you are dead."

He looked at me with the same old gentle, wistful smile.

"So are you," he answered.

"MY RIGHT FRONT WHEEL STRUCK FULL ON THE RIGHT-HAND PILLAR OF MY OWN GATE."

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW.

IV.—Lady Randolph Churchill.
V.—Lord Cheylesmore.
VI.—General Sir Neville Lyttelton.

In this striking series of articles, which began in our last issue, a number of eminent men and women have consented to describe "the most impressive sight" they have ever seen. Their stories, as will be realized by the following examples, will be of the most varied and, in many cases thrilling kind.

IV.

The Ceremony of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in Westminster Abbey.

By LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Illustrated from the Painting by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A.

I NEVER have seen, and probably never shall see, a more imposing sight than the ceremony in Westminster Abbey at the celebration of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which has justly been described as a unique State ceremony in the annals of modern England.

Fortunately, this most memorable of memorable days was blessed with the proverbial "Queen's weather." Rarely have I seen London look so festive—blue sky and bright sunshine, flags everywhere, and an excited, yet patient, crowd filling the thoroughfares and the route of the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey. In the procession were the greater number of Her Majesty's foreign guests, including four kings and several Crown princes, who, in closed carriages, went on in advance before Her Majesty's procession of open carriages set out.

Never, I believe, can Westminster Abbey have held such a notable collection of distinguished representatives of diverse foreign states and nations. I well remember as I entered the grand old Abbey remarking how altered in appearance it was. Right up into the ceiling, covering some of the windows and reaching to the lower edge of even the higher ones, ran the galleries with their benches covered and their fronts decorated in festoons with cloth of a deep, rich red, the colour of the Order of the Bath.

By ten o'clock in the morning the Abbey was completely filled, every seat in its vast galleries having its occupant.

As the wife of an ex-Cabinet Minister, I was given a good place in the Abbey, and as I gazed round on the gorgeous uniforms of the men and the beautiful dresses of the women present the thought crossed my mind that a more brilliant spectacle can seldom have been seen in the whole history of England.

Slowly the minutes passed, when, of a sudden, there came a breathless hush of expectation, and an occult force thrilled through the great assembly when it became known that the Queen was near at hand. The Prince of Wales rose from his seat and walked out of the nave into the porch; the Royal trumpeters, in coats of gold embroidery and rich red velvet, raised their silver trumpets to their lips; a musical fanfare burst forth, and, a few seconds later, when the trumpets were silent, the inspiring strains of Handel's march pealed through the old Abbey and, amidst this stately blare, the whole congregation rose at the entry of the Queen and her Royal Family, the total number of the members of which, including her sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and her grandsons and grand-daughters by marriage, amounted to forty-three.

Slowly up the red-carpeted aisle the Royal procession advanced, three by three, in the same order in which they had ridden in the street procession, the Duke of Connaught being last, while the central places of the other threes in front of the Prince of Wales were

FROM THE PAINTING BY] THE CEREMONY OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. [W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A.

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occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince George of Wales, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.

Pausing before seating herself in the Coronation Chair, Queen Victoria bowed low, first to the Royal guests, and afterwards to the rest of the assembly. Her Majesty's dress, I recall, showed a happy compromise between full State dress and plain morning dress, and, for the first time for a quarter of a century, she wore a white bonnet, which, if I may say so, struck me as becoming her particularly well.

The religious service consisted of thanksgiving and prayer, with appropriate choral music, and was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, and the Bishop of London. Never, I think, has religious service been more impressive, every member of the brilliant assembly present being obviously moved by the solemnity of the occasion.

At the conclusion of the initial thanksgiving, the Queen rose from the Coronation Chair and affectionately embraced the members of her family, beginning, of course, with the Prince of Wales. And, amidst the splendid publicity of that superb assembly at once the central spectacle became that of an affectionate family party, which is surely far better than all the glory of all kingdoms on earth.

After a solemn prayer, uttered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the strains of the *Te Deum* burst forth, filling every corner of the Abbey with their rich volume of sound. That moment, I think, impressed me more than any other I have lived through in my life.

Surrounded by that vast assembly, whose gaze was riveted upon her, the Queen, representing the glory and continuity of England's history, sat alone in the middle of the great nave. And a wave of emotion passed over the gorgeously-dressed crowd as silent tears were seen to be dropping one by one upon the folded hands of this small, pathetic figure, for the *Te Deum* which was being played had been composed by the Prince Consort, and I, who knew this, saw at that moment, not the Empress-Queen of the most powerful nation in the world, but a sad, lonely woman sorrowing for her dead husband.

V.

The Signing of Peace Between Russia and Turkey at San Stefano.

By LORD CHEYLESMORE.

Illustrated by John Cameron.

I AM inclined to think that I witnessed the most impressive sight of my life on Sunday, March 3rd, 1878—the day on which the signatures were attached to the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Turkey at San Stefano.

In order to arrange terms of peace an armistice had been declared on January 31st, and slowly the rumour spread that when on Sunday, March 3rd, a review was to take place in honour of the Czar's acceptance of the Throne, there was more than a possibility that peace might also be concluded that day. In consequence, a large number of excursionists from Constantinople arrived at San Stefano by steamboat shortly after dawn, and when, as early as six in the morning, the whole of the Imperial Guard—a magnificent body of some twenty-five thousand men—paraded before the quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, even at that early hour a crowd of over twenty thousand spectators had assembled.

Slowly the hours passed, and two o'clock in the afternoon came and went without any movement from the house, so that at last the dread fear began to pervade the expectant watchers that even now some difficulty might have arisen which would prevent the signing of the Articles of Peace.

Happily, however, this fear proved unfounded. War, after all, was not to break out. The review was delayed owing to the fact that the Grand Duke was waiting for the signatures to be attached to the Treaty, which could not be done until the Russian and Turkish copies of that document were complete.

Whether the delay was caused by the well-known dilatory tactics of the Turk I know not. The fact remains, however, that it was not till close on five in the afternoon that the Grand Duke rode up to the Diplomatic Chancery and asked at the door if the Treaty was ready. As he waited for a reply the agitation of the crowd grew so intense as to

"ALL THE OFFICERS THEN DISMOUNTED, THE SOLDIERS KNELT, AND, OF A SUDDEN, A GREAT HUSH SPREAD OVER THE CROWD WHICH HAD ONLY A FEW SECONDS BEFORE BEEN NOISILY ELATED WITH EXCITEMENT."

almost reach breaking-point. Groups of anxious watchers whispered nervously: "Is it to be peace or war? Was the prostrate and gasping Turk to be called upon to once more put up the best defence he could to the relentless and ever-advancing Russian forces?"

The Grand Duke, wheeling sharply round, galloped off to the hill on which the army was drawn up, and a few minutes afterwards a carriage was seen rapidly driving towards the spot.

As he approached the Commander-in-Chief, General Ignatieff, rose, and speaking very slowly and distinctly, said: "I have the honour to congratulate your Highness on the signature of peace."

A roar of satisfaction rose from the soldiers in the ranks. The Grand Duke rode between the lines and, halting on a small hill, exclaimed: "I have the honour to inform the army that, with the help of God, we have concluded a Treaty of Peace." Again the cheering rose and swelled, for there was not a man present who did not experience a feeling of intense relief that all possibility of a renewal of war was now at an end

Before the march-past of the army, which was about twenty thousand strong, the Grand Duke telegraphed to the Emperor at St. Petersburg a brief message of congratulation on the great event of the day.

"God has vouchsafed us," he said, "the happiness of accomplishing the holy work begun by your Majesty; and on the anniversary of the enfranchisement of the serfs your Majesty has delivered the Christians from the Mussulman yoke."

Shortly afterwards the Sultan sent a message to his enemy, in which, referring to the circumstance of that being the anniversary of the Czar's acceptance of the Throne, he, too, offered his congratulations, "with the desire of renewing friendly relations."

The Emperor replied: "I thank your Majesty for your congratulations, which I received simultaneously with the news of the signature of peace. I perceive in this coincidence a presage of good and lasting relations between us."

These formalities ended, on the conclusion of the review the Grand Duke observed to the officers by whom he was surrounded: "To an army which has accomplished what you have, my friends, nothing is impossible."

"THE DERVISHES NEVER PAUSED TO FIRE, THEIR ONLY OBJECT WAS TO GET TO CLOSE

All the officers then dismounted, the soldiers knelt, and, of a sudden, a great hush spread over the crowd which had only a few seconds before been noisily elated with excitement.

The sight was one I shall never forget.

Twenty-five thousand men, drawn up facing towards Constantinople on a plateau on the edge of the cliffs, with bowed heads, knelt on the ground. For a few seconds there was an intense silence. The High Priest, in his gorgeous vestments, and the attendant clergy knelt in silent prayer. Suddenly the great hush passed, and in the declining radiance of an evening from which the storm-clouds were heavily drifting off, the solemn tone of a *Te Deum* mingled with the roar of winds and wave. And then, for a moment, all was peace again.

VI.

The Charge of the Dervishes at Khartoum.

By GENERAL SIR NEVILLE LYTTELTON.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

On the assumption that I am undertaking to write on what I have seen in my military capacity, I have no hesitation in saying that the great charge of the Dervishes in the Battle of Khartoum was by far the most impressive sight I have ever witnessed.

I saw some forty thousand of the bravest men in the world streaming across the open, disdaining all cover, and with nothing of the nature of a surprise in their attack, suffering hideous losses and inflicting scarcely any, and not giving in until the absolute impossibility of the attempt was proved beyond a doubt.

It is doubtful whether such an onslaught as

QUARTERS, AND THEY PRESSED ON WITH UNDIMINISHED ARDOUR."

that of the Dervishes will ever be seen again, so hopeless, and so utterly opposed to all tactical considerations.

The Battle of Khartoum, as it is officially styled, took place on September 2nd, 1898. The march had been so arranged by Lord Kitchener that on the night before the intended battle we had the advantage of a glorious full moon. This was a very prudent precaution in view of the probability of a night attack. Nevertheless, it was rather an anxious time, as I think the Dervishes could have got within two hundred yards of us before being detected, and, with a very inadequate zareba for protection, a determined rush by vastly superior numbers would have been a serious thing. However, we were not put to any such test, and the battle took place in the brightest sunshine, and under conditions simply ideal from our point of view.

The British troops, twenty-two thousand in number, were disposed in a sort of crescent formation, each flank of which rested on the Nile, on which lay a gunboat flotilla armed with quick-firing guns, a most valuable auxiliary armament. On the left were our artillery, then the infantry brigades as follows: From left to right — Lyttelton's, Wauchope's (British), Maxwell's, Macdonald's, and Lewis's (Sudanese and Egyptian) in first line; Collinson's in reserve. The cavalry and camel-corps were, of course, reconnoitring in front. The original intention was to attack the Dervishes, who were encamped some five miles off, and we were preparing to advance at about four o'clock in the morning when the cavalry sent in word that the enemy were anticipating us, and were moving out to attack us. Accordingly we remained where we were, and were rewarded with one of the finest sights a soldier could wish to see.

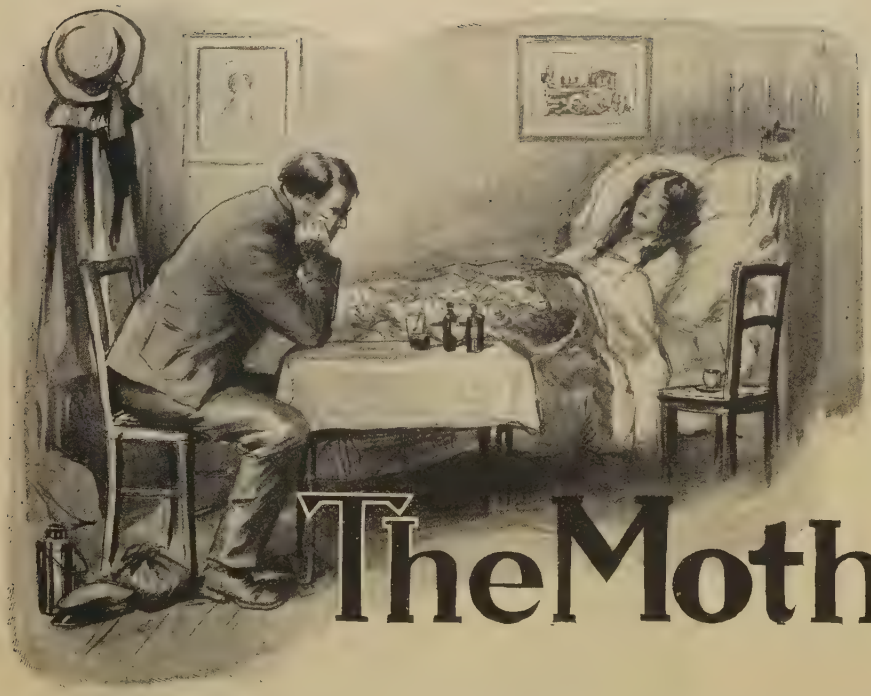
The Gebel Surgham hill, from which the charge was expected, was rather more than a mile and a half off, a perfect artillery range, and not out of reach of our rifles.

Everything was ready, ranges taken, guns unlimbered, magazines charged, and ammunition supply handy. We waited in absolute silence and in complete reliance on the fire discipline and steadiness of our young soldiers.

Over the north-west shoulder of the hill suddenly a white banner appeared, quickly followed by many others, rising out of dense hordes of Dervishes, whose drums and war-cry, "*Allah! Allah!*" could be clearly heard even at that distance. These masses continued extending across our right front until we were enveloped by them. I should think the ranks were fifty deep, mostly swordsmen and spearmen, with comparatively few riflemen, clad for the most part in white patchwork *jibbehs*. A forest of multi-coloured banners waved over their heads. Each Emir had his own particular standard, and these flags were regarded with the same feelings of loyalty and reverence by those who fought under them as are the colours of British regiments. Our artillery fully availed themselves of their opportunities. It was impossible to miss such a huge target: shell after shell dropped into the yelling crowd, the gaps made by them being easily discernible.

Then our rifle-fire opened. The enemy fell in swathes, banner after banner sank to the ground, but rose again as fresh bearers replaced those who had fallen, only to fall in their turn. But for a time "nothing could stop that astonishing infantry." They never paused to fire, their only object was to get to close quarters, and they pressed on with undiminished ardour. There was no gleam of success to encourage them. With a growing consciousness that they could hardly touch their enemy, they came on for nearly a mile under the pitiless hail of bullets and shrapnel. Then flesh and blood could do no more; they faltered, broke up into fragments, and fell back, leaving an appalling proportion of dead and wounded on the ground. An attempt was made to collect mounted men for a charge, but it was futile. About two hundred started, but none reached our line. They fell like corn before the sickle. Only a handful of riflemen got within a few hundred yards of Wauchope's Brigade, and from a fold in the ground caused most of our casualties, but an enfilading fire from my Brigade Maxims accounted for nearly all of them. In this attack they lost some sixteen thousand men in killed and wounded, against our casualties of about a hundred.

What civilized army would have faced such an ordeal for half the time that these gallant barbarians did? There have been in comparatively recent times several desperate charges in battle, but none in which the conditions were so unequal and the chances of success so hopeless as in this. In the great American Civil War the Federals at Cold Harbour and at Fredericksburg, and Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg, had similar tasks, but not nearly so impossible. In fact, the Virginians did actually reach the Northern lines, though only to reel back half annihilated. At Khartoum the British lines were not reached at all, and for sheer gallantry the honours of the day rested with the defeated.



The Moth

By H. C. HAWTREY and DOROTHEA CONYERS.

Illustrated by Norman Morrow.

[NOTE BY THE AUTHORS: "The strange occurrence here related actually took place. The railway was the Milwaukee and Waltham Road, between Pembina and Granite Bluff. The bridge was the trestle bridge across the Menominee River. The driver's real name was William Vanass, and his wife was taken ill and died, as here described."]

WHEN I was stationed in Sierra Leone I met and became friends with a man called Bill Summers, a muscular, flaxen-headed Englishman, imbued with the roving spirit and quick mastery of detail which makes it so hard for a man to succeed. If a beginner takes a month or more to learn a trade thoroughly, he thinks before he leaves it to embark upon something fresh, and, consequently, the plodder rises slowly, while the man of brilliant brain learns one thing and another, and drags his days out in spasmodic bursts of prosperity and long spurts of want.

Bill Summers had been everything: farmer, sailor, engineer, gold-miner, cook; his lean, nervous hands were as good at tossing an omelette as they were light upon the most intricate machinery. Now he was taking a rest, having found a fair seam in the gold-mines, and was trying his hand at exploiting the vegetable wealth of Africa.

He did well, too, but he got tired of it in two years, and flitted off as engineer again. He was a born wanderer. He had made a pleasant little place of his bungalow, cleared rigorously all round, so that what air there was came freshly; and he had furnished the house quite luxuriously.

Bill had asked me up for a week, and as I looked round his room I saw a large moth beautifully mounted in a sandal-wood case, hanging over his writing-table.

It was fine, but white, a common species, and, strolling over to look at it, I wondered why he kept it.

"Wondering at that?" he said, as he puffed at his pipe. "I never go about without it, Grey. It's got a waterproof case when I'm aboard ship—it's to be buried with me when I die." His voice sounded strangely sad.

"Yes?" I said, full of curiosity. "Yes?" But he made no answer. "Ever hear," I went on, looking at the moth, whose wings were singed in places, "of what the natives

say here—when men die their souls go into moths ? "

"No." He started suddenly. "No—I—never heard that, Grey." Looking at him I saw he had gone white under the coppery tan, and his hands were clenched.

I guessed I had trenched on forbidden ground, so, leaving the moth alone, went on talking of Africa's strange customs and superstitions.

"Why, up country," I said, "far up the yellow rivers with their eternal smell of mangoes, I suppose there are tribes which are as cruel and savage as ever."

"Oh, it's a queer country," he said, looking beyond his cleared garden to the ring of dense bush, broken by the towering cotton trees, and beyond it the dim outline of mountains, blue in the shimmering haze. "But there are strange things in all lands," he went on, dreamily, his eyes on the big moth. "One cannot say whence they come or whither they go. Yet——" The man's face changed to an expression of intense sadness ; one caught a glimpse of the hidden sorrow which would never let him rest.

"I'll tell you about it," he said, suddenly, nodding towards the moth, "though it's a thing I have never spoken of."

He sat lost in thought for a moment, and then began :—

I was, as I've told you, one of the many who have to do for themselves. My boyhood was a happy one, and I was trained, in accordance with my own wish, as an engineer, when my father died suddenly, taking almost all his income with him. There was the usual family break-up, and I was shipped to Canada with a pittance in my pocket-book and the customary directions behind me to become a millionaire at once. Oh ! one can do so much in a great strange land with inexperience and fifty pounds ! I was as full of high hopes as those I had left behind me. Of course, I was cheated of half my little store ; the dream of becoming a millionaire or even a moderate success faded for ever, but I was quick to learn, and got regular employment on the Canadian Pacific. It meant enough to eat and the right to live, which was a great deal to me, and I rose to engine-driver in quite a short time.

I met Jenny there — he spoke her name with difficulty. She was a lady ; but, poor as I was, when I asked her she faced the idea of life in a cottage as an engine-driver's wife quite happily. How we planned out our lives ! There was nothing to wait for, and we were married at once. We had enough to live on, a comfortable little home, and if—if she had lived on I should be out there still instead of being the wanderer I have turned into. But that does not matter.

We were married in October, and in April my girl fell ill. It was fever—what, I hardly know, for she never saw a doctor, but she was very bad. It took all my extra money to buy her soup and jellies, and I could not even afford to hire a nurse, so that I spent many anxious hours with her when I was at home.

I was running the regular night express from Koolnay to Bloville then, and the early morning squatters' train back from Bloville to Koolnay, so I was always pretty tired when I got in about seven. When Jenny was well she had breakfast ready, and I used to turn in and sleep like a log for a few hours so as to be fresh for the night run.

Now my poor little girl lay panting in illness. She was well-born herself, but I never heard her grumble at our life. As I say, she was in some kind of fever, with fits of shivering and lassitude. When I came in she was worn out from a long, lonely night, and instead of resting, I had to tidy up the cottage, get her some hot tea, and some breakfast for myself. My rest was only snatched ; I could not bear to leave her for a minute during the day, and it was impossible to ask for leave off at night, for they were short-handed on the line, and a man who goes off his job is very likely to be told he can stay—for good. So I nursed my girl and ran my trains until, practically without sleep for three days and nights, my head began to feel as if there was an iron band round it, my mouth was dry and my eyes aching, as I brewed myself some coffee and started out on the third night of her illness.

Jenny was weak but fairly easy, promising me pitifully that she would sleep and be quite well in the morning.

Dear girl. How she must have dreaded those long, lonely nights. I left milk and water beside her, and some cooling medicine I had got from town, kissed her little, shrunken face, and swung away.

"I watch for you, Bill, on the runs," she said, in a wandering voice, just as I went out. "I watch for you, dear."

The thaws of spring were with us ; the ground was a great slush, and every river a roaring, icy torrent, swollen with bitter snow-water. The night was drizzly and misty, and I stumbled through it, rubbing my aching eyes. My head felt as if the inside had been

taken out and nothing but a cavity left. Want of sleep with a job in front of you when every sense must be alert is a very hard thing to bear. My heart was like lead as I got to the engine and found Jack, my fireman, stoking up.

Outside, the drizzle had turned to a white, thick fog—clinging clammily to the world.

"How's the missus, Bill?" Old Jack put up his red, coal-streaked face.

"Bad, Jack," I said, quietly. "Bad."

"We haven't got too much time, either, and you look worn out yourself," he said. "Cheer up, Bill, them fevers wears out by themselves mostly on the third day—they burns that high they can't go on."

"No?" I said, and I shuddered. What if it burnt away the little flickering life?

"Can't you insist on a relief?" he asked.

I laughed drearily. "To insist would mean the shove out, Jack," I said, "and I can't be out of work, now, of all times—the little wife wants so much."

I forgot how tired I was as I ran round my big engine, oiling, wiping, testing; seeing that she was ready for her long run. Then I jumped into the cab, pulled open the throttle, and backed the engine, snorting furiously, down to the waiting line of carriages. She was a powerful engine, able to do her sixty if I asked her, and sweet-tempered as my Jenny. Our engines are live things to us drivers, you know. Sometimes I think there are brains under their great hoods.

At the faint jar of the snorting buffers and the leap of the porters to couple up, I saw I was barely up to time. It was a long, tough run at night; everything was in order for it, but my head swam emptily and my eyes blinked once or twice, despite myself; the fog, too, had made the night heavy. It clung clammily, blurring the station lights. There was a small crowd upon the platform, and I saw the superintendent fussing and bowing as he ushered some men to a reserved carriage. Then he left them and came quickly across to me.

I opened my eyes resolutely. He was an ill-tempered fellow, and we were all afraid of him.

"Those are the M.P.'s and Lord Dalgrace from England," he said, "going to Bloville to connect with the express to Ottawa. It's a raw, thick night, Summers, but you must run her through it. Bring her in up to time. Missus better, I hope?"

"No," I said, dully. "And she wants me there. If you could give me a couple of days off, sir."

"Impossible just now," he said, carelessly. "Bates is down with pleurisy and Jack Denver has broken his leg. We want every hand we have—or—" he looked at me ominously—"we could get fresh ones up from Montreal."

That hint was enough. I turned away sick at heart, pulled the throttle open, and, with a scream of joy, the train swooped out into the bitter, white mist. Running an express at night is no light work. It's not only keeping to the steel rails, as people seem to think, but watching, looking out for every signal, dreading lest a stray cow upon the line may wreck the human freight in our care. And my whole thoughts were back in the little cottage. I had to force myself to the look-out—the fog blurred the glass, and Jack and I had to strain our eyes as we roared past small stations, to see the flashing whiteness of line clear and no blur of angry red to stop our way.

The engine was running, as she always did, like a dream, hauling the cars up the inclines with superb ease, floating down the gradients. Sleepless as I was, I felt my heart throb for pride in her as we came past Black Springs and ran the long flat before the steep pull of Shole Hill.

Jack took the left, I the right, our eyes fixed upon the blur of wet radiance which our head-lights slashed from the gloom, and then I cried out in amazement. Against the fog in front I saw the gigantic shape of a woman waving her arms at us—waving them methodically, straight out to her shoulders, drop down, and straight out again—drop. It is the Canadian human signal to stop, known as "waving a train down."

Instinctively my fingers turned to shut off steam, then I stared again and drew a long breath—the figure was too large to be human, nor could anyone stand so long before our tearing onrush. With a glance at Jack, who was staring out steadily and quietly, I brushed my tired eyes and groaned.

I must knock off engine-driving, if my sleepless brain was to bring me these visions of the night.

But I ran her a little too easily across the stretch of flat, and Jack turned to look at me. Shole Hill was a long, steep gradient, and after we topped that there was a steep descent and a wide curve over the Slaveboy Bridge, with the river roaring in high flood against it.

"See anything?" Jack asked. "Better get up a bit for the hill, eh?"

"I—it was a shadow," I said, uneasily,

and let my beauty go again. Lord, how she flung herself at the black night, her headlights nosing into the gloom as she tore along.

But we had only run two miles more of the flat, when out of the fog the form loomed out again. Arms up—dropped. Up—dropped. A monster woman waving us down.

Jack was stoking up then, the glow of the red-hot coal upon his face.

"For God's sake!" I cried, "Jack. Here! What's ahead?"

He dropped his shovel and sprang to his side of the cab.

"Nothing—dead clear," he called out. "What's up, Bill?"

"Someone—waving us down," I said. "Out ahead in the fog. I've seen her twice, Jack. A woman—stopping us."

"There's no one," he said, and pulled a flask from his pocket. "Take a nip, old chap. You're dead worn out from anxiety and a want o' rest, and you're thinking o' your missus. Sit down and let me run her for a stretch, old man."

I took a mouthful of the fiery spirit, but I shook my head and kept my fingers on the lever. The engine must have her own master.

"It's not that," I said, huskily. "It's Jenny, Jack. She said she'd watch. She's died since I came out. Oh, she's died since I came out, and that's her ahead." I think I sobbed a little in my sheer misery.

"Another nip," he said. Poor old greaser Jack, it was all he could think of to help me. "That's imagination," he said, sharply, "just from want of sleep. Let her out now for the hill, Bill."

He ran back to his glowing furnace, slipping easily along the rocking cab. How little the sleepy, grumbling passengers think of the two men crouching in the cab as we tear through the night.

I put the engine at the climb, and she went for it with her great heart working, but halfway up the figure was there again. Looming gigantic—arms out—dropped—out—dropped again—waving us down, excitedly, insistently, as if angry at my lack of notice. It was too much then—I shut off steam and crammed on brakes half-way up the steep climb. The engine chafed as a horse hard held, the wheels gritting on the rails—but I did not whistle for back brakes, as yet.

"Bill—are you crazy?" Jack sprang to my side. "On the hill, too, man!"

"No; it was the figure," I said. "She's there, Jack, waving us down. It means something."

His hard red face grew suddenly thoughtful, but he pushed my hand from the brakes.

"Don't stop her, Bill," he implored, peering out into the white swirl at the left side. "There's nothing on the line. The inspector will only come along and say you're drunk—that stuff I gave you smells still." He leant out and peered back. "I see his lamp out already; he's on the footboard. Get on, or it will mean losing your job—there's *nothing* ahead, man."

I put up the brakes slowly, and my poor engine, loosed once more, took the hill at the exhaust—every puff from her overwrought self a bitter remonstrance to me.

"Look out—sharp, Jack!" I cried, as we slowly gathered way. "It must be a warning. Look ahead, man!"

He had caught a little of my anxiety as we toiled and grunted up the hill, and, having topped it, there was the long, steep gradient with us to the Slaveboy Valley, then the flat bit, and double right and left curve before the Slaveboy Bridge.

The engine could take her breath now after her toil—the slope was practically with her through the tunnel at the other side of the bridge and into Edmonton, where we stopped.

We went dizzily down, swooping into the white dimness until the cars rocked.

Jack looked at the clock. "Let her go, Bill," he said. "We're off time, four minutes at least, and we were never that before. Let me drive her for a spell, Bill, an' you rest."

I think he was afraid my hand would be unsteady during that plunge downhill, for I was white as death, he told me afterwards, and looked utterly fagged out.

My heart was dead within me. "Jenny! Jenny! Jenny is dead!" sang the wheels as they turned.

"No, I'll keep her," I said. "I've got to mind them all, Jack."

We tore down, steam off, racing, if anything, too fast, for the curve before the bridge was a nasty one. But we had to make up our time, and your passenger is only pleased when he feels his carriage sway to the breathless speed.

"What a flood there'll be to-night!" said Jack. "It's been too quick a thaw; the snow's down in masses."

The drizzle and the fog swept past us in a luminous cloud.

"They do say they didn't build that bridge too well," he added. "Not tough enough for the weight of the spring floods, sir. They

"'BILL—ARE YOU CRAZY?' JACK SPRANG TO MY SIDE. 'ON THE HILL TOO, MAN.'"

come booming down the Slaveboy in waves like the Bay of Biscay, so they do."

We came for the curve—the engine, like a greyhound in leash, doing her forty now when she thirsted for her sixty, but I had to hold her for the sharp turn.

"Jack!" I screamed. He was stoking.

Ahead again—the huge figure—its arms up and down and up and down again waving wildly for me to stop. Faster and faster, as if it could not insist enough. Madly now.

"Jack!" I cried. "Here!" He sprang to my side of the cab.

"Lord! I see her, Bill," he cried. "She's waving us down. What is it, man? What is it? It's waving us down!"

I did not know, but I meant to stop this time. Off went the steam, down went the

"'LORD! I SEE HER, BILL,' HE CRIED

Westinghouse brake; the engine whistled twice to the brakesman to put on all brakes. I reversed the gear and we slid round the curve to the right, slackening steadily, round again to the left—the worst bit on the line—then we stopped altogether, with the river howling and surging not sixty yards in front.

"What was it, Bill?" Jack muttered. "It warn't nothin' human, it was too big, but it waved us down—right enough."

The engine stopped with a slight jerk. I could hear raised voices, then feet pattering on the line. They were coming with sharp, angry questions, and there was nothing ahead to account for my mad action; nothing anywhere but the white swirl of the fog and the luminous glow of our head-lights.

"What's up there with you, Bill Summers? You almost stopped before. Is anything wrong with the engine, or what's ahead of us?" The inspector dashed up, covered with moisture, and stood on the line in a blazing temper.

"What's up?" he roared.

"Nothing with the engine. Someone waved us down, sir," I said, quietly.

He would only call me drunk if I told him the exact truth.

"Someone — what!" He swung into the cab, snarling. "Waved you down out here, with no one within fifty miles — impossible! You're mad, Summers," he sniffed, aggressively.

"I seen it, too, sir," said greaser Jack. "Waved us down hard, just back here."

'SHE'S WAVING US DOWN.'"

"There's no one on the line. No one to do it." Inspector Jones treated us to a flow of brisk abuse as he ordered us to start ahead.

"Ten minutes late," he roared, "with the South-bound waiting for us and these Englishmen on the train! I'll report this. Who could wave us down out here?"

I dared not say what I had really seen. It would have meant instant dismissal for drunkenness, but I repeated doggedly that we had been waved down and there must be something ahead. Until I saw what, I declined to start the engine on her road.

"This will be a nice report to hand in," he growled. And then, more softly, to a man outside—"I expect his head's gone—wife dy—— ill, y'know. Jack, here, can run her," he said. "Give her over to him."

"I'd like to squint ahead, sir," said Jack, doubtfully. "We were waved down, right enough."

"Someone out here?—it's sheer, downright nonsense. But come and see for yourself." Protesting and furious, the inspector dropped out, and we hurried down the line.

Mist-shrouded desolation on either side; no house within miles. The chill folly of my story made me shiver. Who, indeed, could have stood out there to stop us? No one would ever believe me. The sullen, roaring boom of the river surged higher and higher as we neared the bridge.

Our lamps held out, we scanned the empty

"NOT TWENTY YARDS FROM WHERE WE STOOD THE SLAVEBOY BRIDGE HAD BEEN COMPLETELY SWEPT AWAY."

line, looking this way and that. The mist had clung about us clammily, but a sudden cool breath parted it; it lifted, rolling up in huge, white billows, a faint coppery gleam came from the ragged edges of the clouds, and in the faint light we could see the black mass of water as it slid and foamed in mighty majesty, and the long parapets of the bridge stretching out across the flood.

"There, you see," the inspector wheeled upon me—the others were some way behind, and in dumb despair I knew that I should lose my place, and my girl, ill as she was, know want. "You see, you, Bill Summers, you must take some easier job. You dreamt the whole thing, you two."

He stepped upon the bridge. The wood was tumbling strangely as the solid mass of waters struck it. "You——"

He stopped. His fingers gripped my arm, a fresh eddy of fog dimmed our sight, but in the uncertain light the parapets seemed to

melt into blackness where they should have run grey across the river.

"You—oh, look there—or am I mad?" he yelped. "Look there, Bill Summers!"

There was no talk of dreaming now.

"God in Heaven above us, the bridge has gone! It's gone!" He screamed and leapt from the rocking timbers to the solid line. Then crept out again, lamp in hand, until the feeble rays fell on emptiness. Not twenty yards from where we stood the Slaveboy Bridge had been completely swept away.

The flood was fretting, with yellow, foaming, dripping jaws at jagged ends of broken timber, tearing fresh mouthfuls with each onrush. Huge baulks swayed and went down, even as we looked. Here and there a few jagged ends dangled pitifully, a piece of broken trestle swung in the middle, one length of rail ran on to an unbroken baulk, then as the river mouthed and leapt, it fell, and there was nothing but the ever-widening gap; the turgid, unchecked flood.

The inspector's fingers were tight upon my arm. I bore the marks for days. We stood silent on the remnant of the groaning bridge, looking first at the flood, then at each other. Voices shouted to us from the line, but we took no heed.

"Who—waved us down?" whispered Inspector Jones, hoarsely. "Who could have done it—out here? For if they had not——" He pointed to the maddened torrent.

If they had not, the engine would have leaped at top speed into that awful void, dragging her helpless human freight to a swift but hideous death, trapped like rats in that mighty flood; no time to stop her or to jump out, when that yawning chasm opened suddenly in front.

"Who waved us down?" he repeated. "Who?"

I could only shake my head.

He ran back then. "The bridge has gone," he roared out, running up the line and waving his lamp frantically. "The bridge has been swept away. But for the driver's stop we should have been all drowned like rats. Oh, it's too awful." He was wildly excited.

Passengers poured from the carriages, listening and shuddering; they scurried along to look for themselves, they came back and wrung my hands and promised me a subscription. I stood dully quiet—*I* had not stopped the train.

"Search the line back there. Look underneath. We may have killed the man who saved us!"

Lamps flashed under the carriages, were waved about to either side, but there was no one there.

"Sharp there! Back her to Dennistown and get the news to Edmonton," cried the inspector, as he finished his search; "the freight will be due here in an hour."

"Who did it, Jack?" I whispered, as they were all searching. "What was it?"

"What was it?" I gasped out, watching Summers. Africa seemed to have faded away, and I could see the desolate line, hear the hoarse roar of the flooded river.

"Ah, who?"—his eyes were very sad. "I got into the cab. I had forgotten my sleeplessness by now. Jack was out upon the line, looking about him, aimlessly. I peered out into the front, wondering if I should still see the figure, and then I saw what it had been.

"That moth was inside the big head-light, and its fluttering, tortured wings had thrown at intervals, as it moved, a gigantic, distorted shadow on the luminous fog outside. Those were the arms which had waved us down so persistently and saved the train!

"Something prevented me from telling the crowd outside. I opened the light, took it out, and put it carefully away—the mystery was explained.

"But my heart was heavy as I backed the engine up the hill and down to Dennistown, where we 'phoned to save the freight, then back to Koolnay with our tale of disaster and escape. The station was filled all night, wires flashing here and there, but I left them and ran home—and"—Summers's voice grew very quiet—"my Jenny was gone—peacefully—in her sleep. There was no trace of pain in her tired face, and she smiled as she had often done to welcome me home.

"Driver Summers got his subscription and testimonial for prompt action. I could have taken my pick of trains then. But I never drove the old engine, or any other, again. My heart was too sore with the duty which had taken me away that night.

"I became a wanderer on the face of the earth, with only that scorched thing to keep me company. The moth was in the lamp, Grey, but—she promised to watch the run——" His voice trailed away; he got up, walking to the window. I said nothing.

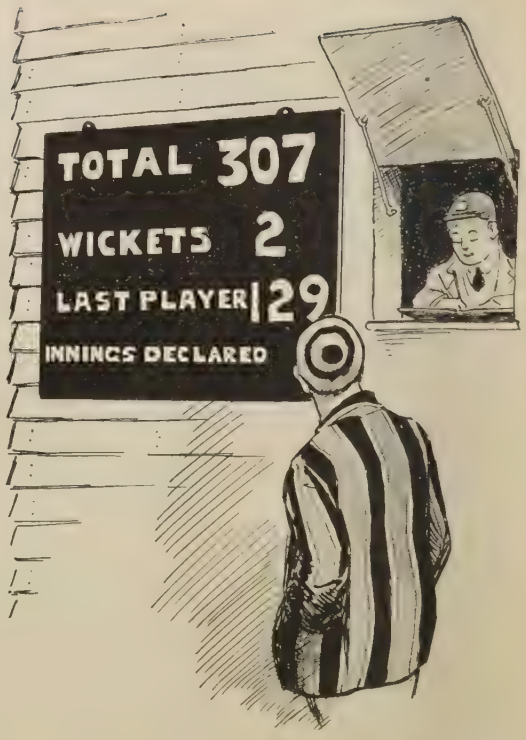
Then, after an interval of quite five minutes, he turned to me with a quiet smile:—

"You don't wonder at my keeping that moth now, do you?" he said, gently.

Strokes Bowlers Do Not Like.

By
J. B. HOBBS.

Illustrated by Chas. Grave.



BOWLER: "WHAT IS MY ANALYSIS?"
SCORER: "ONE HUNDRED AND SIX FOR ONE."
BOWLER: "THANKS!"

THE one thing a bowler dislikes more than anything else is to be treated with scant ceremony. It does not please him to behold his best balls met with bold assurance and played well, and he is apt to become almost visibly annoyed if a ball which he considers worth a wicket results in a boundary instead. This may sound like unduly insisting on the obvious, but it is so important that I have given it place of honour in my article. When a bowler finds himself treated with respect he will bowl his best all the time until beaten by sheer fatigue, and batsmen who do not wish to study a bowler's feelings would do well to ponder on this fact. The batsman who simply will not be denied in his energetic quest for runs uses up his bowlers far more quickly than the man who is content to play over after over "for keeps," and allow runs to come on their own initiative. Scoring strokes off good balls are the pet aversion of our friend the bowler, who, contrary to the popular idea, is by no means averse to that slow batting of the safe type which does not make rapid runs of his average, and keeps him buoyed up with the constant hope of getting a wicket cheaply—even if he has to wait a long time for it.

"BEATEN BY SHEER FATIGUE."

Having mentioned the general principle underlying all batsmanship which fails to commend itself to bowlers, I will proceed to treat of particular strokes, after explaining how modern methods have made a great increase in the number of strokes bowlers do not like. Batsmen cast in the severely classical mould of a by-no-means-distant past could always be relied upon to do certain "correct"

"THE BATSMAN WHOSE RIGHT FOOT IS PRACTICALLY A FIXTURE."

things—to push forward at almost any ball with left elbow and left shoulder pointing straight at the bowler, while movement of the right foot was usually limited to raising the heel as the batsman half pushed, half swung himself forward. These very correct batsmen only moved the whole of the right foot when cutting a ball, and then, possibly, only for one kind of cut. Of course, they had to get a move on their right foot if they dashed out to hit a ball, but I fancy that such enterprise was rather discouraged by the best judges of style. This type of batsman might make a century without seriously annoying a bowler, simply because all his strokes were framed on a standard model—once supposed to comprise the whole of batsmanship, but now recognized as nothing more than a section of the art of batting.

An important section, I admit, for on good fast wickets, and against most bowling, punishing strokes in front of the wicket offer the easiest and best method of collecting runs off the majority of balls which deserve to be hit. And on normal wickets against bowling too fast to break to any appreciable extent forward play pure and simple is the best method of defence, especially if, as should always be the case, it is aggressive enough to "play" a ball for one or two runs if the fieldsman misses it. With batsmen whose right foot is practically a fixture, the bowler has a sort of implied understanding, so to speak. A ball of a certain length must be played—one more or less over-pitched may be driven, and a convenient ball on the off is likely to be cut. On the other hand, balls which pitch an awkward length and "do a bit" are worth a wicket. This is quite understood by both parties, and until comparatively recently was so universal in every class of cricket that a bowler felt really hurt if a batsman dared to make effective departures from long-standardized strokes.

This feeling is not quite dead yet, and some of my readers will doubtless be surprised to learn that in order to bring it to perfection within the breast of a bowler, the first thing a batsman must do is to move his feet. One reads a lot about batsmen opening their shoulders with tremendous effect, or using their wrists in marvellous style; but many writers on the game seem to forget that a man's feet carry his shoulders, wrists, and all the rest of him, and that unless his feet are placed in the proper position no batsman will bother a bowler. The point I want to make very clear is that foot movement must accompany and precede every other action incidental to making a stroke, except the preliminary lift of the bat. Ordinary observers miss this vital point because their eyes are fixed on the bat. This gives them a perfect view of wrist, arm, and shoulder action, but foot movement impresses them no more than the foundations of St. Paul's would interest a spectator who was admiring the dome.

Yet the correct movement of the feet is so all-important that I will make a special effort to explain it by means of a simple illustration. Stand sideways against a wall with the left foot and the left shoulder touching the wall. Then try to lift the right foot. It cannot be done, simply because the weight of the body is thrust on that foot. It follows, therefore, that the first thing a batsman must do who intends to use his feet properly is to get his weight off the foot he wishes to move. The merest turn of the upper part of the body will do this, but the practical point is that when it is

"FELT REALLY HURT."

desired to bring the right foot across the wicket the first thing to do is to put the weight of the body on the left foot. This frees the right foot, which can then be placed in any desired position like a flash, the movement being accelerated by a thrust with the muscles of the left leg. Needless to say, the action is reversed when the left foot is moved; and I must explain that in actual cricket the movements are so quick as to be next to simultaneous. I have gone into the underlying principle of footwork in detail because it is no use writing about "stepping across the wicket" to make any particular stroke unless the reader knows just what is meant by taking such a step, or, for that matter, a step in any other direction.

Now comes the application of footwork with the commendable intention of increasing the discomfiture of the bowler to the point of frenzy, if we can manage it. Our first consideration under this heading must be directed to the fact that by freeing the right foot in accordance with modern ideas on batting we gain nearly as much latitude behind the batting-crease as forward play gives us in front of it. We are thus doubly armed. By an adroit step backwards we can make a ball very short, which is really only a trifle under-pitched, or can transform a good-length ball into one decidedly on the short side. In addition, we are able to watch the ball right up to the bat. If a batsman steps backwards in an oblique direction he can make a ball anything except what the bowler intended it to be. For instance, a capable bat can transform in this manner a shortish straight ball into a ball to leg which can be hooked with impunity, and a very good batsman indeed, even as first-class batsmen go, can step back and to the right to a perfect-length ball and clip it away to leg for four. A beautiful stroke, and one which annoys a bowler tremendously, but it is given to few men to possess that almost supernatural quickness and judgment which alone can render the stroke advisable. But straight shortish balls, provided they are not too fast, can be hooked round to leg by stepping back and across the wicket, and it is far better to punish them like this than to simply play them. Such strokes make a bowler feel nervous about his length, and tend to create that feeling of dismay akin to panic which is invaluable—to the batsman.

"MANIPULATES THE BAT WRONGLY."

"THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE BOWLER TO THE POINT OF FRENZY."

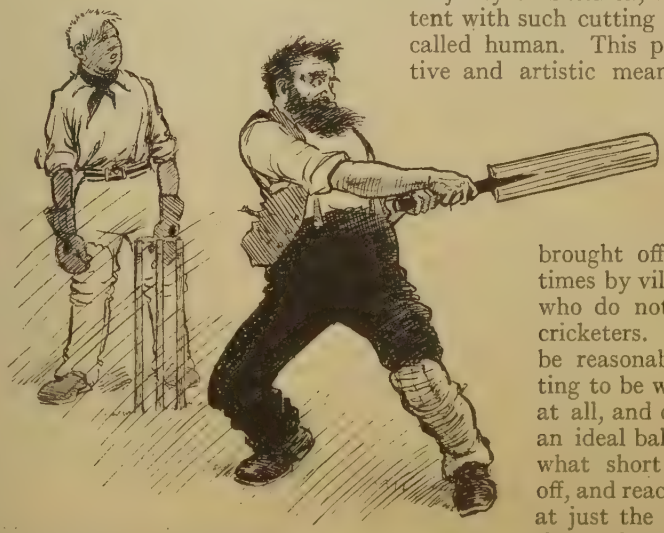
But, after all, the stroke is played bat in hand, and it will not disconcert the bowler in the least if a man gets his feet into ideal position, and manipulates the bat wrongly. But the hook stroke can scarcely go amiss if it is attempted at the right sort of ball and the batsman is posed correctly in good time for the stroke. Then a quick turn of the

"BATSMEN COMPARATIVELY NEW TO THE STROKE WILL TRY TO HOOK ALMOST ANYTHING."

body to the on, and a stroke made almost entirely with the right arm and wrist will hook a ball most effectively. But the batsman's right arm and shoulder should be outside the line of the ball's direction to enable this to be done, and here it is very necessary to note that it is the angle the ball makes off the pitch which counts, not by any means the original line of the ball. A ball which keeps fairly straight can be hooked, but the ideal ball for the stroke is one a little short which is breaking in from the off. Balls which come in from the leg side are best dealt with by another stroke. The left hand and arm must not be swung across the body, or the whole stroke will be ruined. It is, as its name denotes, a "hook" with the right arm and wrist, more with the latter than anything else, and quickness and freedom of action make the stroke.

The main points connected with the hook stroke have now been dealt with, and practice at the nets will soon give facility to those who are not petrified into the old-fashioned stance and style. But in match play, be careful, as there is hardly a stroke more easy to overdo than the hook. It is so pretty and effortless when it does come off, that batsmen comparatively new to the stroke will try to hook almost anything, which is just about as clever as attempting to cut every other ball or so. Fast bowling cannot be hooked on hard wickets—the ball is on the batsman before he has time to make his oblique step and get outside the flight of the sphere. On slow wickets, however, and also on sticky wickets which help the bowler intent on "big breaks," the hook stroke is invaluable against slow to medium bowling, as in these circumstances an accomplished "hooker" can score a boundary off a good-length ball, and even those who are not by any means masters of the art can collect runs off balls just short of a good length. The more the ball breaks from the off the better the batsman likes it for "hooking" purposes on a suitable wicket; and I need scarcely remark that the bowler is deeply chagrined to see his pet off-break not only rendered harmless but actually transmogrified into a means of run-getting.

I now propose to turn to the cut, without, however, dilating unduly on "the unkindest cut of all"—that master stroke which cuts a ball clean off the bails. Such a stroke is simply heart-breaking to a bowler, but the batsmen who can make it are so marvellously adept at cutting that their performances amount to cricket miracles. Fortunately for the bowlers, this gift is very rare indeed, so rare that it is only to be worshipped with reverential awe by the vast majority of batsmen, who must be content with such cutting as may fairly be called human. This provides an effective and artistic means of scoring off balls otherwise unassailable, except, possibly, by an agricultural pull to the on brought off successfully at times by village blacksmiths who do not happen to be cricketers. A wicket must be reasonably fast for cutting to be worth attempting at all, and on such a wicket an ideal ball to cut is somewhat short-pitched to the off, and reaches the batsman at just the right height for the stroke. Throw the right foot across the wicket, and



"AN AGRICULTURAL PULL TO THE ON BROUGHT OFF SUCCESSFULLY AT TIMES BY VILLAGE BLACKSMITHS."

—I feel half inclined to say—throw the bat after it, and such a ball can be cut with ease. The point to bear in mind about a cut is that it is not a hit at all in the generally-understood sense of the word—it is just an indescribable flick which deflects a rapidly-moving ball downwards, always downwards, and also in an entirely fresh direction, which may be anything from the rousing square cut past point to the delicate effort designed to cut a ball late and fine through well-placed slip fieldsmen.

There is something of the shimmer of sword-play in an ideal cut. The right foot goes across with the quick, light step of a fencer, and as soon as the weight is fairly on the foot the bat sings through the air and the stroke is made. But how? This is a fair question, I admit, but it almost has me stumped, if only because cutting is so largely a matter of natural aptitude. Some men seem to cut a ball by instinct, and may play the stroke well enough for county cricket, while the rest of their batting is by no means above the average. On the other hand, many a good-class bat in every other respect only learns to cut a ball well after years of effort and practice, and even then is not in the same class for cutting as the comparative novice who has an inbred talent for this delightful and elusive phase of batting. This is all very true, but tells nothing of how to make the stroke, so here goes to do my best. The bat should be lifted easily in a graceful backward curve which scarcely changes the position of the left hand, and bends the right arm with the elbow near the side like a spring in compression ready to fly out the instant the stroke is made. Then the bat is not dropped on the ball, or brought down on it like a chopper, but rather flung quickly with the right forearm and wrist, especially the latter, at the rapidly-moving ball, with an action which gives a skimming effect to the flashing bat as it comes into almost imperceptible contact with the leather. Anything in the nature of a jar or jolt spoils every possibility of making a cut—the whole action of foot, arm, and wrist must be the sheer poetry of motion in ease and smoothness, or, even if the ball is struck at all, no cut can result. The left hand has nothing much to do with the cutting, except act as a passive turning-point around which the stroke is made. Last, but by no means least, the eye enters into the question. Before it is permissible to even decide to cut a ball, the eye must select the proper delivery for such treatment, and then sight undoubtedly means all the difference between success and failure at that critical fraction of time when bat meets ball. There is no permissible margin of error in a cut—the stroke must be just right or it is all wrong—and sight is doubtless the determining factor. Sight tells in two ways when a batsman essays to cut—it gauges the speed of the ball as it flashes past and also the lateral distance the ball is away from the batsman as the bat is on the move. When a batsman has the keen vision which makes the cut his stroke, and has acquired the physical dexterity which enables him to make proper use of his sight, then he soon has command of plenty of strokes bowlers could get along very nicely without.

Before quitting the subject of cutting, I must mention the cut with the left foot, a stroke played at balls undeniably short by advancing the left foot, and then making the stroke exactly as already described, except that there may be more swing and less "flick" about it.

A mere turn of the wrist in forward play will often make a bowler quite angry. He does not mind having the ball played straight back to him, or even so distinctly in front of the wicket that mid-on or mid-off can field the ball. But when a turn of the wrists at the instant the bat comes into contact with the leather twists the ball round to leg—the stroke up to this point being played forward as correctly as any old-style school coach could desire, then the bowler feels that he has a legitimate grievance. This stroke is not very difficult when once the knack is acquired of twisting the bat just at the moment when the ball is on it. This is entirely a matter of judgment, as it is obviously impossible for a batsman to hope to twist his wrists after the impact of the ball is felt. Really, the stroke constitutes a splendid test of the merit of the forward play of an individual batsman; but the stroke is very deceptive in appearance, because after the strong turn of the wrists which marks its departure from a forward stroke of the ordinary type it is finished by bringing the right shoulder round together with the upper part of the body; and thus conveys the impression that some extraordinary body action precedes contact between bat and ball when the leg-glance is utilized. Such is not the case, and the batsman who welds the truth of the matter into his game is well on the way towards mastering a stroke many bowlers would almost like to see "barred" by the M.C.C.

Last, but by no means least, I propose to mention the quick-footed drive—that dash out to meet the ball which makes a good

length into a half-volley, and makes the bowler wonder what he has done to deserve such treatment. This stroke is usually regarded as purely a punitive effort, as something intended to knock the cover half off the ball. So it is when it is a drive, but if I may be pardoned the apparent contradiction there is a variety of this quick-footed drive which is purposely not quite so vigorous, and may on occasion be nothing but an ordinary forward stroke played at the end of a journey instead of in the usual manner.

The stroke is most useful in dealing with that wicked ball which pitches just where one does not care about playing back to it, and where a forward stroke played in orthodox fashion means nothing but a blind lunge forward at where you hope and trust the ball will be when your bat happens to get in its way. The "half-cock" stroke is a useful compromise when a batsman is in this predicament, but I do not think he need be in such an undecided frame of mind as to allow the ball to hit the bat, if he steps out and simply plays as good a forward stroke as he can without indulging in the risk inseparable from a strong, hard drive.

"A SPECIES OF SELF-HYPNOTISM WHICH REDUCES THE WOULD-BE AGGRESSIVE BATSMAN TO RIDICULOUS IMPOTENCE."

But if, as is so frequently the case, the ball a batsman goes out to meet is the one he means to smite right lustily, then he must never overlook one golden rule, neglect of which has lost more wickets than anything else incidental to any one stroke. From the moment a batsman decides to depart from his crease to drive a ball, he must forget everything behind him. Any idea of missing the ball acts as a species of self-hypnotism, which reduces the would-be aggressive batsman to ridiculous impotence.

As regards the method of running out, there is scarcely a point in cricket on which individuals differ so greatly. Some batsmen seem to shuffle out towards the ball with a kind of gliding action, others make a distinct run of it, others keep the left foot forward all the time and advance by bringing the right foot up with a continuous and rapid "change step" action, others make one step and a big jump, which brings them down with both feet together ready for their prodigious smite, and some of the most powerful, quick-footed drivers the game has ever seen have seldom made more than one big jump of it before getting to work with the bat to good purpose.

The queer part of it is that either of the foregoing methods appears to answer equally well, so the individual batsman seems quite at liberty to choose which ever method of progression appeals to him personally. But I should like to suggest that the method which keeps the eyes as level as possible while the batsman is on the move is always preferable. No matter how the batsman may get to the pitch of the ball, he must arrive well balanced, and with his feet so nearly in line with the ball that he has the essential command over the stroke. Then the action of the arms and wrists does not differ from that employed in the ordinary firm-footed drive.

In each case the bat moves in a perfectly straight line. It is lifted straight and easily, and swung in the same manner, its course through the air, viewed sideways, looking just for all the world like a diagram of a high trajectory turned upside down, and flattened considerably soon after its commencement. In other words, the swing is a sharp curve downwards at first, then sweeps along at about the same height for some distance, and finally rises again into a sharp curve as the stroke is completed. The longer the bat can be kept in that straightened portion of its circular swing—to contradict myself in words but not in meaning—the greater the certainty of hitting the ball well and truly. And as body movement gives this peculiar action to the swiftly-moving bat, it is easy to see how important it is that at the end of his journey the man intent on accomplishing a quick-footed drive should be well poised. Then he is quite capable of hitting the right sort of ball for six—the one stroke above all others a bowler does not like.

The Battle on the Sands

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON,

Author of "The Happy Warrior" and "Once Aboard the Lugger."

Illustrated by A. Leete.

I.

THIS is the story of a fight. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder; and, similarly, a fight is either a dreadful fight or a magnificent fight according to the personal view of putting a quarrel to the arbitrament of seeing which of the parties can thump the other's nose the harder or the longer. This particular fight may have been dreadful or may have been magnificent. It certainly was tremendous. It was fought at Fair Maid's Cove, which is of red South Devon sand, and a mile along the shore from Merringlee; and it was fought on an August afternoon, which was the occasion of Miss Milly Tenfold's fourteenth birthday.

Milly gave a picnic to the spot; and announcing it to a cluster of her darling friends—describing the plans, the tea-making, the special cakes from Poirré's, the peaches, the plums, the games, and the rest of the delights—ended with this rare and most attractive quality: "*And no boys!*" The cluster of her darling friends greeted the announcement with rapture. They were of the ages at which boys are considered (and often are) detestable nuisances; and that darling Milly's picnic should be a girls' picnic, unspoilt by rude, rough boys, was acclaimed with much clapping of pretty young hands, hopping on shapely young legs, and delighted unanimity in the large condemnation—"Boys are beasts!"

Poor girls! This was a fortnight before the picnic. Within a week of the words, of the cries of approval, of the clappings and of the hoppings, Miss Milly was sharply informed that life is not roses, roses all the way—not, at least, for girls. Within a week the chiefest delight of her picnic was brutally shattered. Within a week one boy and within ten days two boys were plunged into her party—plumped by impious fate into the cluster of darling friends who alone were to have been her guests.

This Milly Tenfold, it is as well to understand, was orphaned—orphaned and had her home now for five years with General Tenfold,

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her father's brother, and his wife. Childless, they doted on her—indulged her whims, cherished her caprices, idolized her. Her frocks—her bangles—her shoes (made to measure in London, if you will believe me !) —the fittings of the apartment she called her own and named her boudoir—why, to dress her very hair a man (a man, mind !) came over twice a month from Exeter !

Imagine, then, the frown that came to the face of a Milly thus circumstanced when, a week before the picnic, Mrs. Tenfold announced that, by this and by that, cousin Hugh Falkener must unexpectedly make the first week of his holidays—as from Wednesday —beneath their roof.

" Wednesday ! " cried Miss Milly, sighting at once the monstrous convention to which she must be subjected. " Wednesday ! Why, Thursday is my picnic ! "

Her uncle and her aunt admitted rather apologetically that this was so. They had need to be more apologetic, more soothing, before the scene that followed was ended.

" Well, will *he* have to come ? " Miss Milly demanded. " Oh, dear ! He'll spoil it all ! "

It were only needlessly harrowing to dwell on this. Let it at once be said that he did come, and that he did spoil it all—with the agency of Valentine Saxon England, who also came.

For, " There ! " cried Milly, bursting home a few days later. " There ! If you'll believe it, there's *another* boy coming to my picnic ! It's very, very hard that I simply *can't* have a girls' picnic when I want one. I do think it hard ! First there's Hugh ; now Daffy England says *she* won't come if she can't bring her brother. Of course she must come—so there's *two* boys for you ! Oh, I *do* think it's very, very hard on me ! " And she added on a sadly-bitter note : " I'd better call it a boys' picnic at once. I believe there'll be a *million* boys before it's done ! "

The stress of her emotions must be permitted to excuse the pretty creature's exaggeration. Her uncle and her aunt strove to soothe her with tea, with delicious cakes (pink-sugared and fresh from Poirré's), with hot scones generous in butter—but the task was immense.

" It's *too, too* bad of Daffy England ! "—" No, I've *got* cream ! "

They gave her those hot scones.

" She simply *lugs* her brother *everywhere !* "

They gave her those exquisite cakes fresh from Poirré's.

" He's *fat ;* you *know* how fat he is ! "

There was a box of *marrons glacés,* and they gave her those.

" When he's playing any game he breathes on you like fire ! Oh, I shudder when I think how hot he breathed on me in oranges-and-lemons at the Andersons' ! "

And so on, and so on. Her adoring uncle and her doting aunt sat dumb before her. How solace a pretty creature whose complaint against a man is that he breathes ?

Mr. Bulder—who was making a call—in his bovine way and with his high-pitched chuckle expostulated : " A man must breathe, Miss Milly. It is too much to ask that if, exerting himself lustily, he breathes hotly, he shall hold his breath. Such a man would certainly burst." And he added, gathering the three remaining *marrons glacés* in his plump fingers, " I had rather a man breathe flame itself than burst in pieces before my eyes."

Miss Milly crinkled the tender skin of her pretty young nose at him ; and for Hugh Falkener and Valentine Saxon England she had no more cordial greeting than the same signal of contempt and disgust when—the day of her picnic arrived—these two young gentlemen stood glumly aloof on the Tenfold lawn and watched the assembly of the party. Mr. Bulder did not mind—his mouth being comfortably stuffed with the *marrons glacés ;* nor for their part, when their turn arrived, did they.

" Fools ! " grunted Hugh Falkener, watching the throng of pretty creatures clustering about Miss Milly ; and Valentine Saxon England grunted in response. Sullenish, stubborn of air, aloof from the crowd and despised by it (" Beasts " in the expression of Miss Yvonne de Ponthiere, who was Frenchish and loose for her years), the two stood naturally drawn together, though met now for the first occasion, what time the missies thronged and kissed in the emotional business of meeting. Hugh was thirteen, black-polled and swarthy of visage ; Valentine eleven, fair of hair and pink and white in the complexion. Fattish boys—dressed alike in flannel shirt and knickerbockers, jacket, sailor-knot tie that seemed tight to the point of choking, black stockings, shoes of brown canvas, straw hat. Ugly fellows beside the flummery of gay cottons, twills, nun's-veilings, silks, upon which they scowled—of sleeky pig-tails, tossing curls, fuzzy mops ; of plumpish legs of white and brown ; of sashes, of laces, of ribbons ; of gay young faces, of chattering mouths, of clicking bangles, of paper parcels (birthday presents for darling

"CLUSTERING AND CHATTERING THEY TRIPPED ALONG TO FAIR MAIDS' COVE."

Milly); of high young laughs; of giggles, of squeals, of hugs, of kisses—of everything in the nature of stir and flashing and squealing that may be imagined when some twenty darlings are met for a birthday picnic on an August afternoon.

II.

And now the picnickers were ready to start. The last present had been unpacked, the last guest had arrived, the stout pug pup—Yvonne de Ponthiere's gift—had to repletion gorged itself with milk, with chocolates, with sweet biscuits, and with fingers of sponge-cake.

"Through the cliff gate!" cried Miss Milly, packing the bulging pup—Bobo the silly things had named it—beneath her arm. "Through the cliff gate! You boys may carry that hamper; it has the kettle and the cups and plates. Oh, by the *handles*, for goodness' sake, not by the *rope*, and *do* be careful! Margi, you bring that little box, dear—that's fruit. And Effie and Dora—yes, that one; how nice of you! Gertie, darling, bring the little brown basket, will you? Oh, I *love* that pencil-box you gave me! Netty, you've got the chocolates—I'll just take one tiny one for sweet little Bobo. There! That's everything! Now!"

Now! It was the most exquisite sight. Through the cliff gate they streamed, and down, down the steep cliff path in a long, brilliantly-hued chain—slipping and tripping, and jumping and clutching, and chattering and squeaking; with "Oo-oo-oo's!" when they slipped, and with giggles when they clutched; and with trilling little "Ha-ha-ha's!" when others slipped, and with feminine little squeaks of "Oh, mercy!" when others clutched. Then the firm red sand was reached and, like gay glass beads poured higgledy-piggledy from a bottle, with squeals and laughs and flappings and flutterings, they streamed upon it; with dancing and twining and clustering and chattering tripped along to Fair Maid's Cove.

And behind them—dull, drab, morose, silent, weighted with an immense hamper—laboured the two beasts. The tossing cluster of missies was five hundred yards along the sand ere, stolid, a trifle warm, they emerged from the foot of the cliff.

"Change hands, shall we?" says Valentine Saxon England—the first words that had passed between them.

They set down the basket. As they crossed Valentine took up a stone, ran a step or two, and hurled it towards the sea.

Hugh marked it as it fell—short of the waves by half-a-dozen yards. A gruntish sound he gave that might have meant nothing or might

"AND BEHIND THEM—DULL, DRAB, MOROSE, SILENT, WEIGHTED WITH AN IMMENSE HAMPER—LABOURED THE TWO BEASTS."

have meant a great deal. It took on a clear meaning when, stooping for a stone, he hurled mightily—to be rewarded by a plop and a splash from the sea.

They had resumed their load and were a hundred yards towards the Cove when Valentine made his comment.

"I was carrying with my right hand," he said. "You can't chuck so far when your arm's fagged."

"Try again," says Hugh. "*My* right's fagged this time."

I protest you might have heard the very muscles, sinews, and tendons crack when Valentine, accepting the challenge, made his throw. The boy rushed a dozen yards, his hat flew off, his hair streamed—*flick!* out went his arm, his shoulder and his right side so convulsively following that he fell to his knees and hands. With straining eyes from this position he followed the stone hurtling down from a great arc. It splashed a yard out. Valentine rose to his feet. "Beat that!" he challenged.

A knavish way this Hugh had with him. Thrice he drew back his arm, thrice extended it, squinting along it with one eye screwed and head cocked sideways. "At decent sports," said he, "that would have been a No-throw—you fell. I'll let you have it, though," and he culminated his contortions in a mighty shy that sent his stone plump—indisputable—six feet beyond where Valentine's had splashed.

"I'm pretty good at chucking," said he, resuming his basket. "I shall be in our House second next summer, I expect. You're only at a dame school, aren't you?"

"I'm not."

"A day boarder at some place here, though, aren't you?"

"Yes—for a bit."

"It's the same thing," said Hugh.

Valentine had no answer to give. His lower lip fluttered a trifle as they laboured on. He tightened it and broke abruptly into a very loud whistling. Master Hugh listened awhile, then wetted his lips, screwed them up, and himself shrilled off in a tune that had a defiant note to it.

"That's our school footer song," he announced.

"What a rotten one!" Valentine said.

Master Hugh eyed him sideways across the basket. He was upon the point of a speech that began threateningly with "Look here——" when upon the breeze there came to them faint girlish screams.

"Bo-o-oys!" said the screams. "Bo-o-oys! Ma-ake haste! Do-oo make ha-aste!"

The couple shuffled along a little faster at the call, and, reaching the girls, were eased of their load by the contemptuous method of having it impatiently snatched from them. "Well, you *have* been slow!" was the form of Miss Milly's thanks. "The tablecloth and everything's in here, and we've simply been *waiting*."

"It's jolly heavy, I can tell you," says Hugh.

"Pooh!" says Yvonne de Ponthiere, in that scornful Frenchish way of hers. "Pooh! light as a feather!" and she gave a flick of her skirts and a squint from under her curls at Hugh. This girl eventually went on the stage—the best place for her; she was always fast.

"THE HIDEOUS APPARITION WHOSE FEARFUL CONVULSIONS SEEMINGLY COULD ONLY END IN SOME APPALLING EXPLOSION TOUCHED THEM WITH NOISY TERROR, AND IN UNISON THEY SCREAMED."

III.

And now the throng of pretty things launched themselves upon the delicious excitement of preparing tea. At the foot of the cliff on the Merringlee side of Fair Maid's Cove there is a huge round rock—Football Rock, as they call it—and on the shady side of this, like a cluster of many-coloured butterflies, this way and that they fluttered in the delightful preparations.

"You may do what you like, you two," said Miss Milly, addressing the boys. "Do what you like till tea is ready. We'll call you." With this she turns her back to fiddle with Bobo, or spread jam, or something; and the couple, clearly dismissed, drew gloomily away.

I tell you that for prettiness of picture this side of the rock where the missies busied and chattered might have been a corner of fairyland. It was a girls' paradise where you might sit cross-legged, one-legged (sitting on one with the other most indelicately stretched), or any way you pleased, with no one to make a word of reproof; where you might crawl all over the tablecloth, tossing your hair where it trickled over your eyes and into the dish you sought to place; where you might nip up a chocolate or lick your thumb when unfortunately it had crushed into a squashy cake, and no one to say "Oh, fie!" Miss Milly, cross-legged, napkin on lap, knees sticking east and west, splashed cream and jam on t the slices she hacked from a fine new loaf Miss Gertie, lying flat, halved buns an jammed them nobly with a spoon; Mis Yvonne piled the greengages; Miss Daff slashed the cake; Miss Effie alternately place an éclair and licked her pretty thumbs; Mis —well, when the kettle over the spirit-lam was beginning to hiss, anybody's mouth woul have watered at that exquisite array of cream and jams and cakes, of fruits and chocolate and pastries, that jostled one another a round the splendid pinnacle of pink icing tha had "Milly" in silver letters on its crown and that towered bravely on the centre of th cloth.

The thing had reached this point; th packet of missies were drawing back with littl "Ah's" of pleasure and little sniffs of antici pations when suddenly—

"Oh, dear! What ever's that?" Miss Milly inquired.

Poor things! Their pretty lips, that had s gaily chattered, now slightly parted in th faint tremble of apprehension; their sparklin eyes that had so brightly danced, now fixed i the clouded stare of doubt; their bangles tha had so musically jingled, now faintly trembled here and there where a pretty hand shook.

"FROM EVERY FRIGHTENED MISS A SCREAM, AND FROM EVERY JUMPING HEART A DIFFERENT SCREAM."

Poor things! You could almost see them shaking as, listening, the confused sounds that had given Miss Milly alarm separated into intelligible and dreadful notes. There was a monstrous shuffling sound. From the other side of the Football Rock there was a monstrous shuffling sound—a laboured breathing sound; a gasping sound; at intervals a dull and hideous thudding sound. Rooted in speechless terror the pretty creatures sat—and still the shuffling, still the laboured breathing, still the gasping, still the thuds. From where Miss Milly crouched she could see farthest round the rock. Suddenly with a cry she sprang to her feet. "It's those *boys!*" she cried. "It's those dreadful, dreadful boys!"

A dreadful human mass that came staggering, jolting, bumping into view, gave the picture to her words on the moment. Round the corner of the rock and into the open it came, tearing up the firm sand as it laboured forward, spurning up the firm sand in great holes and gashes as in one spot it writhed. Locked, as it seemed, in a mesh of arms, and yet with a whirling, banging arm crashing stupendous blows on itself; twined, as it seemed, in a mesh of legs, and yet with a whirling, banging leg flying savagely beneath it—Hugh Falkener and Valentine Saxon England, in the form of one two-headed, many-limbed monster, furiously convulsed, came plunging into the sunlight.

Those girls screamed. The hideous apparition whose fearful convulsions seemingly could only end in some appalling explosion touched them with noisy terror, and in unison they screamed. From every frightened miss a scream, and from every jumping heart a different scream. One screamed "Stop!" another screamed "Don't!" "Oh, boys! Oh, boys!" one screamed, and "He'll kill him!" another.

The mass writhed on.

Those girls jumped to their feet. In a panic of distress, in an ecstasy of fear, they streamed pell-mell from their pretty feast to rush, and group, and shudder together—some holding hands, some clasping hands in agony—a yard or so from the agitated monster.

The mass writhed on.

Those girls by now were clustered in a trembling group from which cries came, that shed tears from some of its eyes, that trampled back upon itself with alarmed squeals when the writhing mass plunged towards it, that trembled forward again when the writhing mass plunged back. "Oh, don't, don't, don't, boys!" Miss Milly cried. "Stop them, someone! Oh, do stop them! Oh, dear! Oh, I *knew* what it would be!"

That mass writhed on.

"Oh, boys! Oh, please, boys!" came from Miss Effie. And then in a scream: "Oh, oo—oo! Look at his *face!*"

From under an arm of the writhing mass a most dreadful face seemed to be slowly squeezed out. Through it came, convulsed in agony. It was the face of Valentine Saxon England, pressing away in acutest torture from the dragging claw that was buried in his hair.

"His face! His poor face!" the terrified cluster took up. And "Beast, Hugh! Beast, beast!" that Frenchishly loose De Ponthiere shrilled.

"I *must* stop them! I *must!*" Gertie Tollemache said. She took a step out from the trembling group, and laid a gentle hand on one of the tossing shoulders of the mass. "Boys——" she began. One of the creature's great tossing arms came whirling out and set such a thump upon her chest as might have been heard at Merringlee. "Umph!" gasped Miss Tollemache, and went reeling back to the sympathetic hands that stretched to catch her.

The mass writhed on.

It split suddenly as by some mighty upheaval, and the half of it that was Valentine Saxon England came whirling backwards into the screaming cluster. The tender forms against which he crashed prevented him falling. Taking impetus from their support, with a most horrible howl he bounded forward and plumped a great whirling fist wallop on Hugh Falkener's nose.

Ah, then those girls screamed! "Flat! Flat! He's knocked his nose flat!" cried the De Ponthiere, and, as a very cataract of blood came swirling out of the flatness, in a semi-swoon of Frenchish vapours, collapsed upon the sand.

The mass was locked again now—roaring horribly as to Hugh, whose flat nose gave new and dreadful pain and blood to the writhing monster. A new fury seemed to possess it. Where before it had kept almost stationary, now most alarmingly it surged this way and that, down the beach, up the beach—swiftly up the beach.

Miss Milly was the first to sight the impending calamity that lay in this direction. "Oh, mind! Oh, mind!" she cried, and in dreadful agitation hopped around the plunging mass, screaming: "The tea-things! Oh, mind the tea-things!"

At the word even those devoted creatures who clustered about the swooning De Ponthiere could not forbear to look up from her prostrate form to take up the cry. "The tea-things! The tea-things! Oh, boys, do mind the tea-things!"

It was the most impracticably womanish behest. That plunging mass would not have stayed if the very Pit itself had gaped where the fair cloth was spread. One swishing leg caught it first. Like a great thunder-bolt it plunged through the ordered array of pretty tea-cups. A jug of milk cataracted in a white billow that washed the éclairs adrift. Shreds of flying china, rolling lumps of sugar, scattered as far as where the swooning De Ponthiere lay. And now all the mass's legs in wild confusion churned up the cakes, the creams, the jams, the fruits into a whirling mixture, that flew, that squashed, that pulped knee-high upon its twisting stockings.

One foot, poised for a moment as the mass spun round in a yet wilder spasm, crashed firmly into the pink-sugared pinnacle that had "Milly" in silver icing on its crown. "My cake! Oh, my cake!" poor Milly cried, and "Oh, your cake!" the cluster echoed.

The suspended cake waggled violently in mid-air. It flashed round in a violent half-circle that whirled a great chunk of it high on Miss Milly's dress. Then it accomplished the collapse of the writhing mass. "Dash my foot!" a thick, tear-sodden voice sobbed from the middle of the plunging forms. "Dash my foot!" and the cake yet more furiously waggled. Then a companion foot flung up towards the cake, the mass spun, staggered, crashed to the cloth, wallowed in a very morass of cream and jam and pastries, then split in halves. Master Valentine Saxon England raised himself to his knees, plumped two tremendous wallops on the face that lay plastered in squashy food, said "There!" and "There!" with each blow, then, leaving a moaning form encrusted with food behind him, trod squarely out across the cloth towards the girls.

They broke and fled before his fearful aspect, his heaving chest, his sobbing breaths.

"I'm going home!" he bawled at them, and twisted on his heel towards Merringlee.

Those poor girls took courage then, and, able now to realize their share of the disaster, took fury.

"You'd better!" they screamed. "You'd better! You'll get thrashed, I hope! You wicked boy! You ought to go to prison!" And the De Ponthiere, raising herself on one slender arm, cried: "Beast! Beast!" after the retreating figure that went stumping doggedly over the sands.

"THE MASS SPUN, STAGGERED, CRASHED TO THE CLOTH, WALLOWED IN A VERY MORASS OF CREAM AND JAM AND PASTRIES."

IV.

THAT is the end of the fight; but in reading of great ring battles as good as any other part is to see how the combatants bore themselves afterwards in their dressing-rooms. Hugh Falkener, then, attracting now the womanish compassion of all save one of these poor picnic-defrauded girls, was by all save one tenderly ministered to as, wailing aloud, he lay in the clot of creams and cakes. With spoons, with forks, with shells, the forgiving creatures clustered about him picking off the jam, the pastries, the chocolates, and the peaches that festooned his person. With pretty sighs they gave their sympathy, with pretty moans bade him, in their impracticable, girlish way, tell where he was hurt—poor wretch, he was bruised and torn from his flat nose to where the snuffling De Ponthiere picked cake off his left foot.

One only stood aloof, and this was that Daffy England who, as Milly had said, always insisted upon lugging her brother everywhere with her, had lugged him to this, and now stood watching him as he stumped away in the distance, and presently fled swiftly after and overtook him.

"Oh, Val!" she cried. "Oh, Val!"

Valentine Saxon England caught up his laboured breathing with an immense sniff.

"Oh, don't go on about it, Daffy!"

"I'm not—I'm not! Oh, Val, you're frightfully hurt!"

"Oh, don't make a fuss about it, Daffy," he pleaded.

They plodded along.

"You oughtn't to have *clutched* like that, though, dear," Daffy said, presently. "At public schools—in 'Tom Brown,' behind the chapel, you remember — they only *slog*."

"Oh, I know that, Daffy. It's all very well to talk. I had to fight any way I could. He called me a private-school baby. I'm not. And I licked him, didn't I? I licked him in the end."

"You *did*. You did *splendidly*, darling!"

The splendid man conveyed to his mouth a piece of éclair that stuck to his coat, and they went proudly hand in hand.

The Jumping Spider on the Garden Wall

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

Author of "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," etc.

Illustrated with Original Photographs by the Author.

The photographs illustrating this short Nature study form a unique set of pictures, being the first that have ever been secured depicting the consecutive movements of this curious and interesting little spider when out hunting its prey.

A COMMON brick wall may not, on first consideration, seem a very profitable field for Natural History investigation, yet the reader whose choicest garden possession happens to be of that unfortunate order, need not, by any means, despair. Given a sunny aspect with a brick or stone wall, a wooden fence, a garden seat, or, less frequently, an ordinary window-frame, together with a fair amount of patience, the chances of witnessing a bold and fearless hunter stalking its prey with all the skill of the wild, at once become exceedingly favourable.

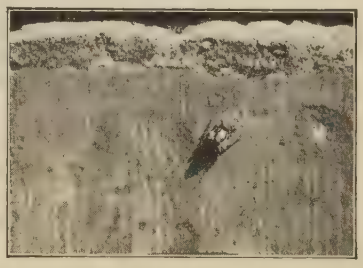


Fig. 1.—The Jumping Spider as it appears in the sunlight on a brick wall—natural size.

Our hunter is a pretty little spider with brown and white zebra-like markings, and, in consequence, it is commonly known as the Zebra Spider. It is familiar almost everywhere in the British Isles from April until October or November, when it hibernates for the winter, appearing again in the spring with the advent of the flies on which it preys.

Let us select a suitable wall facing full south and endeavour to observe the odd manœuvres of this clever little animal while out on a hunting expedition. At first the eye will require a little practice in detecting the spider, but after it has once been recognized, it becomes comparatively easy to observe, and numerous examples will be found by carefully scanning suitable sites for them.

Although a common brick wall is the most favoured situation, I would advise the amateur observer to give particular attention to dark-painted or tarred fences, for on these the little spider stands out conspicuously in the sunlight. On a brick wall it so much resembles its surroundings that it is far more difficult to observe; which feature may account for its particular favour for such situations, being there protected from the eyes of its natural enemies and also those of its prey.

In Fig. 1 the spider is shown at natural size travelling down the surface of a wall, for the comparatively large female there shown is only about one-quarter of an inch in length, the males being smaller. If, however, we view it by means of a reading-glass we can observe its movements much more readily, and it then appears as shown in Fig. 2.

Its quick, jerking movements are, in themselves, very amusing as it runs about the surface on which it is moving, its black shadow accompanying them. It is exceedingly bold, and allows one to examine it at quite close quarters without showing any alarm. If a finger, or a grass-blade, is placed on the brick near it, it instantly turns towards it and generally comes up to investigate

things. On a slight movement of the object in its direction, it may surprise the observer by running backwards or sideways with just the same facility that it travels forward. Should, however, a too sudden movement startle it, it may astonish the experimenter by instantly vanishing from sight, just as if the brick had absorbed it.

It has come from a hole between the mortar at the top of the wall, just beneath the coping-stone, where, if the time is during the early months of the year, it may have an egg cocoon. Quickly it runs over the wall, then suddenly halts—one might think that it had heard something and was listening. Then away it goes at the same rapid pace, again halting just for an instant, and the next moment it is travelling in quite another direction; its course being continually changed as if it had a doubt which way it should travel.

Fig. 2.—The Jumping Spider shown in Fig. 1 as it appears when viewed through a reading-glass—It is shown out on a hunting foray, just when it has detected a fly on the brick immediately below that on which it is moving.

There is no doubt in the mind of the little creature; its mission is of a very decided character; its object in being abroad in the bright sunlight is that of *dinner*. Its rapid turning movements are largely guided by every tiny fly which, in the course of its flight, nears the surface of the wall, and if one should alight to warm and sun itself on the bricks (which are so hot that they burn one's hand to touch), it is almost certain that that will be the last alighting-place of that luckless fly.

The little creature is provided on the front of its head with a set of four powerful eyes, the central pair of which, when seen under a magnifying lens, reminds one of huge motor-lamps, while still another set of four, two fairly large and two small, are placed on the summit of its head. When it suddenly changes its position it is to direct this battery of eyes to a new source, the slightest shadow or movement in almost any direction being instantly detected by them.

To see the spider make a capture generally needs much patience, and if encouragement in that direction is required, one need not go farther afield than the spider itself, for its patience is often astonishing. I have personally seen one wander over a hot wall in full sunlight for nearly two hours without effecting a capture. If our luck is favourable, of course, we may see a capture almost immediately. One word of warning, however, is needed to the over-enthusiastic observer, namely, that his presence too close to the spider may be the source of his own waiting and the spider not obtaining a meal, for space for the flies to approach must be allowed.

These points duly attended to, our spider is seen to give an extra sudden swing round, almost at the very instant a fly has alighted on the lower half of the brick immediately below; indeed, the spider had detected it even before it alighted. It is at least four inches away, and between it is a wide span of mortar bearing a small forest of moss growing amongst it, and separating the bricks. The spider has become deadly still, likewise the fly. Then the fly, quite unconscious of its danger, moves its head slightly to the right, a movement instantly followed by one to the left on the part of the spider, and both are still again. But only for a moment, for it immediately becomes obvious that the spider is moving, moving, too, by extraordinary and minute contortions of its body, while crouching low; nevertheless, it is slowly approaching the edge of the moss forest in the mortar, but there is still approximately three inches separating the prey from its hunter.

At the same instant that we realize that there is yet more space for the little spider to cover, we also realize that that space has been completely annihilated—has entirely ceased to be. The spider is grappling with the surprised fly, which is struggling with all its strength to escape (Fig. 3). Indeed, the stealthy hunter had accurately gauged the distance, and in the fraction of a second, with a tiger-like spring had hurled itself over the moss forest and some two inches of the brick on to the back of the fly. Its instantaneous movement was much too quick for our eyes to follow, but there was no doubt as to how it got there. It had accomplished a long jump of twelve times its own length, or what, if performed at the same proportion by a man of six feet in height, would represent

Fig. 3.—In a fraction of a second, with a tiger-like spring and certain aim, it has pounced on to its quarry, clearing in its jump a distance of a little over three inches.

Fig. 4.—The fly completely taken by surprise, violently struggles to escape, and, for a moment, the battle wages fierce. Its struggles are briefly terminated, for its limbs are promptly entangled in a silken line, and the spider's poison-fangs are then instantly applied.

Fig. 5.—The spider leaving the hapless fly, its appetite appeased.

a distance of twenty-four yards, and that on a perpendicular surface!

For a moment the struggle is a desperate one indeed (Fig. 4), and the spider has more than enough to do to get its victim under control; for, although its capture is but a diminutive insect of the house-fly group, yet it is quite a large venture for this little spider (which more often attacks small gnats and midges), and one which well illustrates its boldness and daring as a fearless hunter.

The struggle, however, is brief, for the limbs of the fly have become entangled with a silken cord rapidly and dexterously twisted about them by the spider during the attack. Also the fly almost immediately ceases to struggle when entangled, for the spider's deadly poison-fangs are then promptly applied.

Sometimes, when making an attack on such large prey, the hunter's tactics do not prove so successful. An untimely movement of the fly may cause the spider to alight upon it with an unsteady foothold. Then fly and spider may fall headlong down the wall—but only for a yard or thereabouts. Before making its spring the hunter carefully attaches a silken cable to the spot, and its weight, together with that of the fly, may draw more of this cable from the spider's silk-gland, but should the wall be touched during the fall, and the spider gain another hold, the capture may even then be successfully effected, although it may be a yard from the spot where the prey was pounced upon. The cable, too, also saves its owner from a fall should its aim entirely miss the prey. Furthermore, it is also an effective means by which it can suddenly vanish from the eyes of its foes—a point to which I have previously referred—for, if alarmed, it has but to perform one of its rapid leaps from its point of attachment and let out its cable, and an instant later it is several feet lower down the wall.

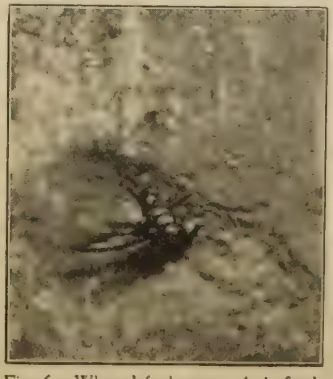


Fig. 6.—When left, however, it is firmly attached to the wall—probably for a return visit should fresh prey not be forthcoming.

In Fig. 5 the spider is seen leaving its victim, for the meal was more than enough. It is seen that it is now attached to the wall (Fig. 6), but whether it was so fixed for a further visit should fresh prey prove scarce, or whether the attaching lines were simply those used in the initial capture, is a difficult point to decide. It is even capable of performing the hunting manœuvres here described on the smooth glass of an ordinary window, as the writer himself has witnessed.

One Wife's Husband

BY

BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY

CYRUS CUNEO

I.

"NOBILITY of character!" echoed Paul Osmond, surprised into interrupting the smooth, mechanical flow of words which the phrenologist was rendering in return for Osmond's half-crown.

The elderly charlatan did not answer the ejaculation directly—instead, he repeated in his glib, effortless drone the words which seemed to have astonished his client.

"You possess courage, talent, and great nobility of character. You are often misunderstood, even by those whose opinion you value most, but sometimes you are able to make them admit that you were right. You are generous and will succeed in life. You are a clever organizer. You do not lack application, and are inclined to think more of others than of yourself. You are capable of great self-sacrifice when it is necessary. This is due to the nobility of your character. You have a great love of home life, and you are of an affectionate nature."

Osmond glowed as he listened attentively to the well-worn phrases of the adept who was thumbing his head. It was all so true—in his heart Osmond knew it was true! But for all that it had surprised him to come casually into this mysterious little becurtained den and have his most private beliefs and thoughts confirmed instantly by a man who had never seen him before, would never see him again, and, having received his fee in advance, could have no possible reason for telling him anything but the truth!

He was glad, tremendously glad, to know for certain now that he was such a decent sort of chap. It was fine to think that his wife had the right kind of husband after all, and splendid to know that four-year-old Doreen had the right sort of father. Somehow, too, he was conscious of a certain relief—just as he had felt when, some years before, he had completed the taking out of his three-hundred-pound life insurance policy. Then he had felt he had mounted another rung in the ladder of life—had achieved something definite and very useful. Queerly enough, the words of the phrenologist affected him with the same feeling. It gave him confidence—just as the policy had done.

He became aware that the man was asking him a question—was urging something upon him.

"Such a head as yours deserves a chart—that would be another half-crown. I should recommend a chart. Most of my clients to whom I am able to give good readings like to have a chart. It is very interesting to look back upon of an evening—to show your children. It makes a nice souvenir—it would be another half-crown. Shall I prepare a chart?"

Osmond paid the half-crown, waited while the adept retired and hastily scrawled a few abrupt flatteries upon a "chart," and then, unusually buoyant, went out, more than satisfied with his five shillingsworth.

He made his way into Oxford Street, where at seven o'clock he was to meet his wife, planning things, great things that would lead him on and on to that ultimate "success" of which the phrenologist had spoken with such easy assurance. He felt better than he had felt for months—it was wonderful, he thought, how a little encouragement refreshed a man and stiffened him up. It was fine—fine. He was a lucky man. The facts of his life corroborated everything the phrenologist had said.

He was earning three hundred a year as manager to a rapidly-growing firm of paper merchants in the City, with every prospect of a "rise"; he had a wife he loved, a child he adored, and a home that was the most comfortable his imagination could compass; he had a life policy for three hundred pounds, he had great nobility of character, and, finally, he was going to be a success.

Paul Osmond was neither stupid nor inexperienced—but, like most men, he was prone to believe anyone who told him a pleasant thing about himself. That was all. For the rest, he was a quiet, conscientious, hard-working, average sort of Londoner, who did not look outside the radius of his business for profit and rarely beyond the horizon of his own home for pleasure.

His wife was awaiting him outside one of the big women's shops near Oxford Circus. She carried two parcels, which she handed to him, smiling.

"Always punctual, Paul. Do let's have a taxi to the doctor's," she said. She was pretty and rather more modish than one would have expected Osmond's wife to be.

"Tired?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Yes. It took me ages to find what I wanted—and there was a crowd. I hate sales—and like them, too." She laughed a little.

He signalled to a taxi cab.

"Poor old lady. Have you got what you wanted, after all?"

"Yes. Only the hat was dearer than I expected. Sometimes these sales are not worth going to. I've spent every penny."

She glanced at him, half-furtively. Osmond looked out of the window. She had spent more than she promised—one-third of a week's salary more. It was a fault of hers—to spend rather more than they could afford.

But to-day he was feeling too buoyant to make even the most moderate protest. Once or twice her extravagance had worried him, but now, for this time, at any rate, he would say nothing. Of course, that two pounds would have been useful, but it was not ruin.

"Did you come straight from the office, Paul?" asked Isabel, leaning back restfully.

"No; I had an hour," he said, and told her of the phrenologist and the chart. She looked pleased and squeezed his arm.

"Dear old daddy. They are awfully clever, those phrenologists. We'll read the chart to-night."

The taxi-cab stopped outside the door of a house in a quiet turning off Baker Street. A brass plate on the door bore the name of Dr. Warr.

Osmond hesitated for a moment.

"It's a waste of money. I've a good mind not to go in at all. I never felt fitter in my life."

"Oh, but you've got the appointment. You ought to. You may feel queer again to-morrow." Her voice was tired. "You won't be long, Paul. I will go over to that teashop and have some tea, and you can call for me there."

"Very well, dear. I'll try not to be long," said Osmond, and stood watching her across the street. She knew he would. At the door of the teashop she turned and waved her hand. He was proud of her. She knew that, too. Then he rang the doctor's bell.

It was nothing much. Recently he had suffered intermittently from a pain in the region of the heart, a little dizziness, and slight insomnia. He did not attach any importance to it, but he was a methodical man, and was very keenly aware of the importance of his health. There were Isabel and Doreen to be provided for, and as yet only that three-hundred-pound policy between them and want in the event of "anything happening" to him. It was simple common sense that had brought him to the doctor to-day, not nervousness.

He was perfectly at ease while Warr—an enormously tall, stooping, haggard, jerky man of middle age—ran over him, almost in silence. It was not till he noticed a strange, unexpected tremor of the doctor's big, well-shaped hand that he suddenly felt nervous. But Osmond said nothing; he was of the quiet type. At last the doctor finished his examination—it had seemed very long—and signed to him to dress.

He dressed quickly, silently. The doctor walked to the window, looking out thoughtfully, without speaking. And then quite suddenly Paul Osmond felt himself blanch. It came with a sort of physical shock, as though some live, fierce beast had sprung on him from behind. He made a violent mental effort to steady himself; in a mirror over the mantel he saw that his face was dead white. He heard his heart beating. Why, it was pounding, racing.

"Doctor," said Osmond, with a queer note of appeal in his voice.

The doctor turned jerkily from the window. His hands still twitched with that odd tremor.

Then he spoke.

"Are you of independent means?" he asked.

"THEN THE DOCTOR TOLD HIM."

Osmond shook his head, rather weakly.

"Are you married?" The doctor's voice was very kind.

"Yes, and I have a little girl."

Then the doctor told him.

It seemed that he had a year or eighteen months—perhaps even two years, but certainly not more—to live.

Osmond listened, heard, understood. He was conscious of a curious feeling of sick dullness, a nauseating inertia of the mind. He stared at the doctor, feeling rather stupid. He did not know that his eyes were exactly those of a quiet, rather timid dog, begging. Then the fogs and shadows in his brain seemed to clear slowly, leaving him lucid and very much afraid.

He decided to say nothing for a few moments—nothing at all. He did not wish to make himself look ridiculous. He continued to stare at the doctor.

"I'm sorry. Drink this."

He drank that which the doctor gave him. He never knew what it was he drank; it seemed quite tasteless. There was a bite to it, he remembered afterwards—a sensation of heat in the throat. Probably it was brandy.

It helped him, whatever it was, and he spoke.

"This is a terrible thing for me, doctor," he said, slowly. "I have a wife and little girl dependent on me." He paused, wondering what they would say. "I shall have to do something. I live carefully, but I can live more carefully. That, and treatment, will help. Strict attention to doctor's orders—no deceiving myself, but obeying orders. Serious treatment—common sense——" He faltered a little. "Heaven help me, doctor. I mustn't die for years. Look!" He snatched out the miniature of his baby Doreen to show the doctor, hesitated, steadied himself, put back the miniature, and said no more.

"I could sell you drugs, my friend," said the doctor, tonelessly. "But you have a better use for your money. Keep it for them—drugs can't give you a new heart. Now, listen to me."

Osmond listened hungrily to the things the medical man told him. Some were useful things to know, some even consolatory, but there were none that were hopeful. Once it seemed to Osmond almost as though the medical man was rambling aimlessly, repeating himself.

At the end of it Osmond found himself with his whole mind pinned to one phrase.

"Everything in these cases depends on a man's character. No man can do more than his best. But his best is a question of character." The context no doubt was apt, but Osmond troubled only to remember that. He clung to it.

For he had "great nobility of character"—the phrenologist had said it, he knew it himself. Well—now he must draw deep upon that nobility.

He pondered, his face clearing. How that simplified things! He drew a deep breath.

He had to die—he knew it. Very good. He would die fighting—for Isabel and Doreen. Come what may they *must* be left provided for. That was to be his fight—two thousand pounds at three per cent.—sixty pounds a year—not enough. Three thousand was the minimum.

That was it—three thousand would do it—more if possible, but certainly not less.

He had to get that—three thousand pounds in eighteen months.

Well—he would do it, by hook or by crook. Somehow. He was thinking quickly, wonderfully, amazingly. He saw at once that to work out his brief destiny nobly he must do it alone, in silence. *They* must not know. They were happy now—to destroy their happiness at one blow by telling them his fate was too great a price to pay for their sympathy. They loved him now—they could love him no more even if they were told the ill news. Very well, then. Afterwards—afterwards—when all was well with them, save only that he would not be there—he would like them to know of the fight he had made—was going to make for them. That was natural, and if a man, whose body is lying still and tranquil in his grave, can know anything at all, it would be sweet to know that they loved him, cherished his memory, because of the way in which he had faced the inevitable, for them.

He stood up, bright-eyed—a new man.

"I've puzzled it out," he said, a ring in his voice, thanked the doctor, paid him, and went out.

The doctor stared at the door—slipping a little white tablet into his mouth as he stared.

Then slowly, heavily, he sat down with an extraordinary air of collapse.

There was still that odd tremor about his hands.

II.

Osmond took a turn up and down the street, thinking desperately, before he rejoined his wife. But it was hardly necessary—his colours were nailed to the mast before ever he left the doctor. He was even able to

vision them—streaming, for all the world to see, almost flamboyant, a flowing banner embroidered with the words "Nobility of Character." It was with a wonderful sense of exhilaration that he mentally surveyed his "flag." It would be hard, almost unendurably hard, to do his fighting in silence—for inevitably Isabel and all the others would misunderstand, until understanding would arrive too late to make it easy—but that was his destiny—to traverse the hard way.

(That would have been an amazed phrenologist had he known how the few curt, unconsidered stock flatteries he had marketed for small silver had inspired his latest customer.)

Paul Osmond stepped into the teashop with his head up, chin out, a faint flush on his cheeks, bright-eyed, and calm.

He had changed subtly already—he would always look an ordinary, average, unarresting person—but one with self-respect.

Isabel looked at him with tired eyes, smiling.

"I can see that *you* are all right," she said, confidently. "What did he say?"

"Right as rain—just got to be careful about drinks and smokes—simple diet," replied Osmond. "I knew that—it was money wasted."

Isabel nodded.

"All the same I'm glad you went," she declared, complacently. "Now I don't care if I did spend more than I wanted to, as long as you're all right. Will you have some tea? No—not that, it's cold. I'll order a fresh pot."

"Oh, this will do." He poured himself a cup from her teapot. As she had said, it was cold, but it was threepence saved. Threepence for Doreen and his wife. That was the start. Good.

Outside the door of the teashop a taxi-cab slid by. The driver looked at them—a human note of interrogation.

"Oh, Paul—let's have a taxi to the station!"

Something shook him suddenly. He felt like a ship which, leaving the smoothness of a harbour, encounters its first buffet from the open water. The threepence had been self-denial—easy. This taxi fare was denial to his wife. And she was tired.

He shook his head, flushing.

"Better walk to Oxford Circus, old lady. No use throwing money away, eh?"

The taxi rolled on out of hail. Isabel's face took on a slight, very slight, bleakness.

"Oh, all right," she said. She inflected a faint increase of weariness into her voice.

Osmond took her arm.

"The doctor said I ought to walk as much as possible for the sake of the extra exercise."

She nodded.

"All right, Paul. I was just a little tired, that's all."

So they went home to Doreen.

Osmond had not realized quite how hard it was going to be until the child greeted him, climbing on his knee for the ten minutes or so before the evening meal that was sacredly his.

As he commenced, so he continued. He did not smoke that evening, nor enjoy his customary glass or so of whisky, and he found a queer pleasure in totting the items together as he saved each—thus, tea threepence, taxi two shillings, evening paper halfpenny, two whiskies, say sixpence, tobacco, three or four pipes, say threehalfpence, total two and elevenpence. It was extraordinary how these things mounted up, small sums one usually spent without thinking.

Nevertheless, he was too much a business man not to realize that it was to the big items he must look for big saving—Isabel's clothes, rent, household expenses, and so on. It was significant that instinctively he put his wife's clothes first as being the heaviest item.

It was that which made it clear to him that he must enlist Isabel's co-operation in economy if he was going to effect anything important.

He had his plan. It had often occurred to him that a duty on paper or wood pulp or other imported materials for the manufacture of paper would deal a serious blow at his trade. So many periodicals there were which existed on the knife-edge between that profit and loss which, commercially, is synonymous with life and death, that even a slight rise in the price of paper would kill them at once. Since his firm, being young, did perforce a large share of its business among these papers, the death of any of them affected the firm's profits adversely. He had often explained this to Isabel, casually.

He looked across at her.

"I expect you thought I was mean about that taxi, old girl?" he said.

Isabel put down her book.

"And so I was. Because we've got to save. Mason told me to-day that he thinks a tax on paper is only a question of months. If it is, it means a bit of a struggle for some of us smaller firms."

He explained, with a wealth of rather shallow detail. His facts were right, but

they were built upon an insecure basis. The likelihood of such a tax was remote. But Isabel did not know this, and the urgency of his need gave him words to colour his facts.

In an hour she agreed with him that they must cut expenses. They planned it then and there. The last item they dealt with was Isabel's dress allowance. It was cut down heavily, far more heavily than she had anticipated. She agreed, but the bleakness came again to her face, and remained there.

He saw it, and the very soul of him quivered with pitiful protest that was reflected in his voice. Isabel, mentally occupied with her own ill-fortune, did not notice it. He took all she would yield, ruthlessly, greedily. Was it not for her sake—hers and Doreen's? Would they not think gratefully of him in the years to come for what he was doing now? But it hurt—it hurt.

"Nobility of Character" were the words on the banner. And bravely the banner flew that night—that first night of pain and misery, which yet was to be the least painful of all the nights and days to follow!

Almost immediately Paul Osmond realized that if he was to achieve his ambition before he died—to leave three thousand pounds clear for his wife and child—he must cease to be honest, morally honest, that is. He saw quite clearly that steadiness, reliability, care, industry, and the kindred virtues which can be hired by anyone for a few pieces of silver a week were not in the least likely to avail him in his race against time. He knew that London was seething with men who were prepared, even desperate, to render all these things and more for a lifetime in return for a subsistence—sometimes barely that.

So, working as he had never worked before, at the same time he became shifty, everlastingly prowling, outside of business, for loot that could be taken legally. He specialized in the small life policies which the big companies offer without medical examination. Fortunately he had passed his examination for the big three-hundred-pound policy as a "first-class life," and that helped him. He discovered a doctor to whom the fee for the general report which serves instead of a strict examination report meant much. This man was enormously useful, and he secured a number of high-premiumed policies. He gave up his position as manager and took one as traveller, which, working with a mad frenzy, he made worth far more than his managership. Gradually his fellow-travellers came to know him as a borrower of trifles—small change, which he forgot to repay. He kept a ten-pound note about him habitually to serve as an excuse. He did not despise a loan of coppers. It was characteristic of the man that he borrowed nothing that was likely to prove remotely serious for the lender, and he kept detailed notes of each loan so that he could repay if he were, by a miracle, ever in a position to do so. He grew a little shabby, and his face became sharp with a touch of the wolf about his expression, and a predatory gleam made itself manifest in his eyes. Nothing was too small for him to snap up, nothing too impossible to try for. He screwed orders from firms that his employers had written off as impossible. When they asked him how he did it, he said, "By sheer hard work—desperate work," and asked for a rise. He always got it, because he had estimated to a farthing the exact value of the new business he had introduced.

"He's good but greedy," said his principals, ruefully. "Leave him alone."

They did not know the lengths to which he went to get more business—the amazing perception, faculty of judgment, and intuition he developed, the sleights to which he resorted.

Gradually he lost friends. Men did not care for his company. He was money-mad, and occasionally showed it. Besides, he was depressing. Behind that wolf-gleam in his eyes was misery, and often it predominated. Men would not stand that long. Also, he had agencies—scores of them; out of business he was always worrying them to buy something, or do something which cost money.

In time he found himself isolated in business. His *confrères* nodded to him and avoided him.

He cared nothing—for his hoard was growing, growing. It went up surprisingly—leaping up. He was amazed at the way it increased. He would put away his bank-book with a sort of breathlessness, and wonder at the ease of it—providing one was willing to give up popularity and the comforts that were really little luxuries. He soon grew indifferent to the reserved attitude of his business associates.

It was at home, and through his home life, that he suffered the most exquisite agony.

They had moved to a cheap house at Earlsfield—so cheap that Isabel had never even attempted to make it "nice." There was never any lack of good food, or any other necessity. But the home life was stripped bare of everything but necessities. The larger furniture he sold—Isabel and

Doreen would only be able to afford a tiny house, and he could get a better price for the big furniture than they, selling it when he was dead, could do.

The bleakness on his wife's face had long become permanent, her voice weary and cold. Even Doreen, lacking the sufficiency of toys that had been hers of old, seemed gradually to be replacing her love for her father with a sort of reserve and mistrust.

Isabel protested regularly. But for a year he quieted her. Then she made a stand.

"Why have you altered everything?" she asked, bitterly, one day. "You behave like traveller at Mason's—more than twice as much as you used to. She says a tax on paper is impossible." (Mrs. Wayling was the wife of another traveller at Mason's.)

"Wayling is a fool," said Osmond. "He's no good in the business. He'll be the first to feel the pinch when it comes."

He went over to his wife and knelt down by her chair, taking her hands—roughened a little by household duties which in the old days had been done by a maid-servant, now long abolished.

"Stick to me, Isabel, for Heaven's sake," he asked her, almost in a moan. "I know

"'STICK TO ME, ISABEL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,' HE ASKED HER ALMOST IN A MOAN."

a miser—I never heard anything like it. I say nothing for myself—I don't care how *I* look—but you stint Doreen for clothes. The child has got nothing decent to wear. Oh, I know she's warm, and all that—but she hasn't got anything pretty — like other children!"

He had averted his eyes.

"It's the tax," he said, low and hurriedly. "It's coming on—everyone says so. I'm trying for a berth with a bigger firm. When I get it we shall be as we were before. But if I don't I shall be out of a berth before long, and we must have a reserve."

"But Mrs. Wayling says her husband says you are making twice as much as any other

what it is for you and the little one. I'd cut my hand off rather than stint you—but that wouldn't help. I must have a reserve—to fall back on. Stick it out, old girl. It hurts me—nobody knows how it hurts me—it's killing me!"

But a year of bitter brooding had left its mark on the woman. She drew her hand away.

"I don't see why we can't be like everybody else," she said, half-sullenly. "No one else stints and scrapes in case the husband loses his berth like we do. They do their best and chance it. Oh, I'm tired of it—sick of it. I can't stand it. I get nothing—nothing. I work like a slave—I'm in rags. If I'd been

born to it I suppose it would not have mattered. It's the awful change. I didn't marry you for this. I was better off when I was typing for a living——" She caught herself up just in time — on the edge of hysteria.

She rose quickly.

"I wasn't meant to marry a poor man—and Doreen hasn't been trained to be a poor man's child. I'm willing to chance your losing your berth if you are. Think it over," she said, her voice suddenly hard and cold. He blenched, but stuck to his guns.

"I can't—I——"

The door closed behind her and Osmond dropped his hands, palm upwards, on the chair, his face upon his palms.

Should he tell her? He was tempted almost beyond endurance. The past year had been well-nigh intolerable to her, as to him. He had not known an instant of happiness since he came down Dr. Warr's steps—not one instant. But he had done his duty—he was sure of that—already, counting insurance, there was a little over two thousand pounds saved. Should he let it stand at that—invest what he could—and then go back to the old standard of living—the old happiness? He shivered as he realized that the old happiness was impossible, that Isabel could only exchange the *rôle* of reluctant economist for that of nurse—of one who fought with feeble, futile hands against death. What was the use of telling her? She was unhappy enough now.

No, he would fight it out to the finish. They would know some day. That must be enough for him. His mind flashed back to the beginning of it all, and he laughed drearily as he recalled the phrase which had been so helpful to him then. What was it—"Nobility of Character." He winced as he thought of the things he had done to sustain the *rôle* that phrase had inspired him to take up—the petty sleights and shifts by which he had helped swell his hoard.

Then he set his teeth.

"I don't care," he muttered. "The end is noble, whatever the means. I shall die leaving them provided for. And I shall have paid for it—paid for it!"

He stood up, staring at himself in the glass.

He saw that he had altered—saw the wolf-look—but slowly another thought occurred to him. He looked reasonably *well*—not healthy, but by no means like a man who might die at any moment. For months past his mind had clung only to money, how to make it, how to keep it—he had not thought of himself. Now, suddenly, he concentrated his perceptions on himself, his physical appearance.

He turned up the gas, which economy had kept low, and faced again to the mirror over the mantelpiece, staring hard at himself.

And he could see no sign of physical deterioration from what he had been.

He thrust out his tongue. It was clean and red, unusually so for a man.

His heart jumped suddenly and his eyes flared. Was it possible that Warr had been mistaken?

He dared not think it—dared not. He sat down and was amazed to find that his hands were trembling like leaves. He gripped the wooden arms of the chair to steady himself, his brain aflame with hope. Hope! He could not master it, could not even check it. It swamped him, overwhelmed him, flooded him body and soul.

He sat perfectly still, staring, like a man listening intently to some small, far-off sound.

Presently he felt his pulse; it was beating fast, strongly.

It had never occurred to him to doubt what Warr had said. Warr was a very expensive, very good man, with a reputation.

But to-morrow he would visit him again, and after him, no matter what he said, another doctor. He began at last to think of what was in store for them all if only Warr had been mistaken—if only he, Paul Osmond, was sound, moderately sound, like other men.

He began a carousal of dreams, an orgy of hope. The naked gas-flame whined overhead expensively, unnoticed, unheeded.

Isabel did not come in again that night, and when in the small hours he crept, half-dazed, up to bed, and peeped into Doreen's room, he saw with a shock that Isabel was sleeping with the child. He realized then that he was to be quite alone.

He looked down at them—the fair, beautiful head of the child resting on her mother's arm, both fast asleep. Suddenly they became blurred as though someone had drawn a scalding, blinding veil across his eyes.

He stole quietly out.

The words of the phrenologist came back to him suddenly. He remembered it all with a precision that stabbed him with keen and exquisite pain. What was it? Standing desolately in the bedroom, he muttered the glib, practised phrases to himself.

"You possess courage, talent, and great nobility of character. You are often mis-

understood, even by those whose opinion you value most, but sometimes you are able to make them admit that you were right. You are generous and will succeed in life. You are a clever organizer. You do not lack application, and are inclined to think more of others than of yourself. You are capable of great self-sacrifice when it is necessary. This is due to the nobility of your character. You have a great love of home life, and you are of an affectionate nature."

But what did it all bring him, what had it done for him, what had he gained by it all but misery and loneliness?

Well, he had done, was doing, his duty.

Only he was doing it alone.

He crept into bed and wept unashamed. He could do that now, for now, indeed, he was alone.

III.

On the following morning Osmond went to the doctor's much as a condemned man may go to the last court of appeal to protest against his sentence. Possessed by a sort of light-headed excitement, he did not notice that the brass plate on the door bore another name. He looked for the number of the house, no more, was shown in, and waited his turn, still in that state of haziness that was akin to mental blindness.

Only when he entered to the doctor did he realize that he was not to deal with Warr. The man who received him was a very different person from the tall, stooping, jerky doctor who had pronounced his doom a year ago. This man was big and broad, and his face was keener, ivory white, decisive. One glance told him the state Osmond was in, and he dealt with him carefully.

"Dr. Warr gave up the practice a year ago," he explained, quietly, in reply to Osmond's rather confused inquiry.

"A year ago! I must have been one of his last patients, last and unluckiest," said Osmond.

The new man—his name was Wilton—looked at him keenly, a new interest on his face.

"Yes?" he said. "What was your trouble? You never came again."

"It was no good coming. Dr. Warr was candid. He said he wouldn't take money for drugs that wouldn't do me any good. It was my heart—gone to pieces. He said I couldn't live more than a year or two," Osmond gulped.

Wilton's face grew grave.

"I will examine you again," he said.

He did so. Osmond saw that there was no tremor in this man's hands; they were firm, skilful, gentle with the confident gentleness of strength under perfect control, like white steel. His face grew graver and graver, but, strangely, something in his eyes thrilled Osmond with a warm, unexpected sense of comfort.

He completed his examination, and signed to Osmond to sit down. Just as Warr had done, so this man refrained for a few moments from speaking.

Osmond could not endure it.

"Tell me the truth, doctor," he said. "Whatever it is, it can't hurt me like it did before. I've made my arrangements"—a note of triumph came into his voice now and his eyes blazed suddenly—"I've practically provided for my people, and nothing matters much now."

"You've had a struggle to do that?" asked the doctor.

"Struggle! I've lived a dog's life for a year! Struggle, doctor! It's been nothing but struggle. I've lost my friends, I've lost my home—as far as happiness goes—I've lost everything for the sake of what I've hoarded up and hoarded up. Struggle——" His voice broke.

The doctor spoke sharply.

"Compose yourself. Man, you're as sound as a bell! There's no reason why you shouldn't live to seventy!"

Osmond literally leaped from his chair, his eyes starting.

"What's that?"

"Quietly, my friend——" Those hands of steel caught and gripped the shaking hands of the reprieved man. "Quietly, I say. Listen—you are in excellent health—you have nothing to fear—you should live to the age of seventy."

He dropped the words, clearly, slowly, deliberately, smiling gravely at Osmond.

"But — but Dr. Warr!" stammered Osmond.

Wilton looked very serious.

"I must tell you that he was mistaken—gravely mistaken. I happen to know that at about the time you came to see him he himself was in serious ill-health. He was suffering from the results of excessive—overwork." ("Overwork" was kinder than "drugs.") "I doubt very much if he really understood what he was telling you. He meant well—kindly—I am sure of that. I knew him well, and I tell you these things because I know that if he were able he would be the first to explain to you himself. He died ten months ago. In his time he did

"ISABEL, DRESSED, WITH HER HAT ON, WAS LYING ON THE BED, WEEPING SILENTLY."

some wonderful things—made many people happy. He made you unhappy. But you are now prosperous. There is that, at least. Do you feel bitter?"

Osmond shook his head.

"I don't know yet. I hope not. He is dead. I don't want to be bitter. I——" He stood up suddenly. "I must go home at once. To tell them—they, too, have suffered, doctor. I will come again to thank you properly."

The doctor opened the door, smiling.

"Come back when you like," he said. "I understand."

Osmond found himself hatless in the street, his brain thundering. A taxi whirled by and he hailed it wildly.

"Waterloo," he shouted. "Quick."

The driver conceived him mad and made haste accordingly. But Osmond thought he crawled—crawled—though he gave the man a half-sovereign at the station. There was a train on the instant of departure, and that, too, crawled. To Osmond it was slower than the taxi-cab. But at long last it stopped at Earlsfield.

He was not five hundred yards from home, but he could not curb himself to walk it. He leaped into a battered cab outside, giving his number and street as he leaped.

Yet, for all his frenzied haste, he stopped long enough to raid the poor toyshop at the corner. He knew what Doreen wanted—innocently she had stabbed him throughout many months with little tales of her desires. He took things by the armful.

"This!" he said, and snatched a doll. "And this! And this! And the tea-set, yes! That skipping-rope and this—and this——" He only stopped for breath, paid for and piled the gaudy, glorious things into the cab, unwrapped, undisguised.

"Now, *home!*" he said to the staring cabman.

Feverishly he crumpled four five-pound notes into a ball. That was for Isabel to spend that day—to start with—a beginning—an introduction to the new happiness that was to outshine even that of the old days.

"Wait!" he said to the cabman, and his arms brimming with scarlet and gold and green of many toys, he fumbled the latch-key home and entered the shabby, poverty-stricken passage.

The house was very silent, and he saw lying on the rickety bamboo "hall" table an envelope.

Sudden fear knocked at his heart. He put down the toys and snatched the letter. It was addressed to "Paul" in his wife's hand.

He hesitated for an instant, half-sobbing as the reaction took him. Then he tore it open.

It was as short as it was agonizing:—

"DEAR PAUL,—I cannot endure it any more. I saw your bank-book in your drawer, which you left unlocked this morning. I don't know why you have treated Doreen and me in the way you have. You are rich and you have taken everything we liked away. Even Doreen, she has wanted a new Teddy for months, and you, with over a thousand pounds, couldn't buy her one. I suppose there is someone else, only I wish you had not been a hypocrite over it. I am going away and I am taking Doreen, so you won't have to invent excuses about the tax any more.—ISABEL."

"Oh, my God!" said Paul Osmond.

He stared at the letter like a thing of stone.

Then, suddenly, he heard a voice upstairs.

"Please, mamma—please, don't—oh, please, don't——"

It was Doreen. They were not yet gone.

And then Osmond was in the bedroom, white as death, gasping like a man who has run a long and desperate race.

Isabel, dressed, with her hat on, was lying on the bed, weeping silently. Never had he dreamed of seeing a woman in such an attitude of misery and despair. Kneeling on the bed by her side, with urgent little hands straining anxiously to turn her mother's face to her, was Doreen, dressed for going out, also.

"Isabel—Isabel!" said Osmond, dropping the note, trampling it underfoot as he went across.

He raised her as though she were no more than a child—as easily as he held Doreen with his other arm—and she hid her face on his shoulder, helplessly, like one utterly worn out.

He let her be so for a moment, as he fought to steady himself. Doreen clung to him, with wide, frightened eyes. Then he spoke.

"Listen to me, my wife——" he said, strangely, and his voice rang in that poor room with a note that was clear and triumphant and wonderful, so that the magic of it struck like a sword of deliverance through her shackles of grief and misery, and raised her, thrilling, all quivering and hot with tears, even as she was, to face him and to hear the tale of pain and joy and wonder that he had come to tell her.

PERPLEXITIES.

With Some Easy Puzzles for Beginners. By Henry E. Dudeney.

155.—THE SIX FROGS.

THE six educated frogs in the illustration are trained to reverse their order, so that their numbers shall read 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, with the blank square in its present position. They can jump to the next square (if vacant) or leap over one frog to the next square beyond (if vacant), just as we move in the game of draughts, and can go backwards or forwards at pleasure. Can you show how they perform their feat in the fewest possible moves? It is quite easy, so when you have done it add a seventh frog to the right and try again. Then add more frogs until you are able to give the shortest solution for any number. For it can always be done, with that single vacant square, no matter how many frogs there are.

156.—THE MOTOR-BICYCLE RACE.

AT a motor-bicycle race round a circular track one spectator said to another, as the cycles went whirling round and round the course :—

"There's Gogglesham—that man just going by!"

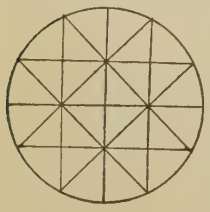
"Yes, I see," was the reply; "but how many cycles are running in the race?"

"Add one-third of the number of cycles running in front of Gogglesham to three-quarters of those behind him, and that will give you the answer!"

Now, how many cycles were actually running in that race?

157.—THE DISSECTED CIRCLE.

How many continuous strokes, without lifting your pencil from the paper, do you require to draw the design shown in our illustration? Directly you change the direction of your pencil it begins a new stroke. You may go over the same line more than once if you like. It requires just a little care, or you may find yourself beaten by one stroke.



158.—THE CYCLISTS' FEAST.

'Twas last Bank Holiday, so I've been told,
Some cyclists rode abroad in glorious weather.
Resting at noon within a tavern old,
They all agreed to have a feast together.
"Put it all in one bill, mine host," they said,
"For every man an equal share will pay."
The bill was promptly on the table laid,
And four pounds was the reckoning that day.
But, sad to state, when they prepared to square,
'Twas found that two had sneaked outside and fled.
So, for two shillings more than his due share
Each honest man who had remained was bled.
They settled later with those rogues, no doubt.
How many were they when they first set out?

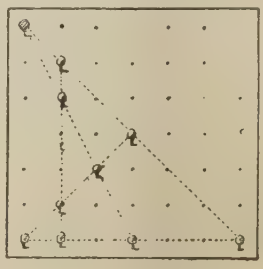
159.—THEIR AGES.

IF you add the square of Jack's age to the age of Jill, the sum is 62; but if you add the square of Jill's age to the age of Jack the result is 176. Can you say what are the ages of Jack and Jill?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

150.—A PLANTATION PUZZLE.

THE illustration shows the ten trees that must be left to form five rows with four trees in every row. The dots represent the positions of the trees that have been cut down.

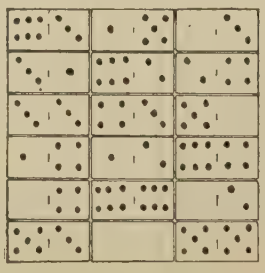


151.—A FAMILY PARTY.

THE party consisted of two little girls and a boy, their father and mother, and their father's father and mother.

152.—THE EIGHTEEN DOMINOES.

THE illustration explains itself. It will be found that the pips in every column, row, and long diagonal add up 18, as required.



153.—A CHARITABLE BEQUEST.

THERE are seven different ways in which the money may be distributed: 5 women and 19 men, 10 women and 16 men, 15 women and 13 men, 20 women and 10 men, 25 women and 7 men, 30 women and 4 men, and 35 women and 1 man. But the last case must not be counted, because the condition was that there should be "men," and a single man is not men. Therefore the answer is six years.

154.—A WORD SQUARE.

B E A C H
E N D U E
A D O R E
C U R E D
H E E D S

The Fairies' Prisoner

By

"A·C·ROSE"

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES ROBINSON

THIS is the strange story of a thoughtless boy who was kept a prisoner for a whole week in the fairy wood.

Robin lived with his parents in a white farm-house on the crest of a hill. The fields and gardens of the farm sloped gently to the bottom of the hill, and were there divided from the wood by a fence. Often had Robin been warned by his mother not to go into the wood. "For the trees grow very thickly there, and if you got lost," she said, "goodness knows what would happen to you!"

But one morning, as Robin stood looking over the fence into the dark wood, he thought he would put one foot over on the other side to see if it felt any different, for he had heard that it was an enchanted wood. Of course it didn't feel any different, so Robin sat on the fence and hung both feet over and waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened at all. He jumped down and stood holding on to the fence with one hand and feeling quite brave.

"If mother could see me now, I wonder what she would say?" said Robin to himself.

A moment later he saw the most beautiful flower—a wake-robin. Robin had often picked them in their own little woods on the other side of the hill, but none had ever been quite so large and lovely as this one.

Grasping the stem, Robin pulled it, and turned to go home, when he heard the joyous carolling of a bird quite near him. Looking up, he saw a redbreast perched upon a tree. Robin whistled, and the bird, twisting his little head, saucily returned the salute. Quick as thought Robin dropped his flower and, picking up a stone, aimed it at the bird. His aim was not true, and the redbreast flew away unharmed. But instantly there was an angry buzzing sound near him.

"Bees are swarming somewhere," said Robin.

The sound came nearer and nearer, but he saw no bees or other insects. At last he was surrounded on all sides by the noise, and, feeling something sting him sharply on the cheek, turned to run out of the wood.

"Mosquitoes," said Robin, aloud. "Bother them! They spoil all one's fun."

"Mosquitoes, indeed!" said an angry little voice quite close to his ear. "Nothing of the sort."

The voice was so tiny that it sounded no louder than the hum of a mosquito; but, though angry, it was still quite sweet. Only fairies can scold properly and yet keep their voices sweet. Bewildered, Robin gazed all about him.

"Fairies," said the same clear little voice, "let us become visible and punish this wicked mortal."

And all at once the air was full of little winged creatures, tiny, beautiful things, all

light and grace and swiftness. There must have been a hundred of them, and every one of them was angry.

Perching on Robin's shoulder, on his head, swaying on the slender branches of the trees, they gazed at him with indignation, unmixed with any pity. Robin must have realized at that moment that he was a prisoner and could not hope to escape from them.

"You have done an unspeakable thing," said one fairy, who was about a sixth of an inch taller and about one ounce heavier than any of her companions, and so was crowned with authority. "You threw a stone *at a bird*."

"At a bird!" cried all the other fairies, and every voice went up to high C, which is their top note. You will find it at the very end of the piano on the right side.

But Robin, though alarmed by their number, stood his ground sturdily and responded: "Well, lots of boys do that."

"Fairies," exclaimed the largest one (her name was Puffball), "this is worse than we thought! Boys must be very bad. What shall we do with this one?"

"We will take him to the Queen and ask her to consider his case," replied a fairy with a determined chin.

To this the others all agreed, and, summoning a small army of grasshoppers, Puffball directed them to the cutting of a wild vine to make a harness. This was soon accomplished, and the vines securely fastened over Robin's shoulders and under his arms. It was no use making a fuss; he knew he had to go with them.

Had anyone else been in the woods to see the strange procession, he surely would have thought it a pretty sight. Wreathed in his vine harness, Robin trudged on through the leafy glade, and every fairy who could get hold of an end of the vine, or even a tendril, flew behind and beside him, spurring him on if he lagged with the sharp end of a tiny wand. Once he cried out, "Oh, you're sticking pins into me," and a nice little fairy, called Goldheart, remonstrated gently. "Not so hard, dear Cobweb; perhaps boys have feelings, you know." Robin was grateful to Goldheart. By and by he learned the names of several fairies who were his near companions.

There was Fleetwing, very light in the air, and wearing pale pink. Thistledown was all in mauve, and looked ready to be blown away by the first puff of wind. Moonbeam wore silver and white, and seemed to shed a light of her own. Hyacinth was a very pretty creature in light blue. Daffodil wore yellow, and was very gay. Goldheart was in bright yellow, and, as her name indicates, was renowned for her good heart. Robin heard them speak frequently of a fairy called Silver Shoes, who seemed rather important; but she was not among them, nor did Robin ever see her entirely. He understood that Silver Shoes had charge of the wood, but during a short absence on a vacation she had made Puffball her manager.

After they had gone a long way, and Robin was hot and tired (though all the fairies were fresher than when they started, for that is their way), they came to the edge of a little creek and Robin begged for a drink.

"Fetch an acorn," said Puffball, and Thistledown flew to do her bidding.

When poor Robin saw the acorn he asked if he might not bend down and drink from the stream; but the fairies would not permit it, in case he swallowed a fish.

So Robin had twenty-seven acorn-cups of water. By the time he tossed off the tenth every fairy was raising her eyebrows at another fairy. At the fifteenth they began to whisper, and when he finished the twentieth they drew aside in a little buzzing group and had a debate on the subject—"Is he a boy or a fish?" And by the time they had settled the question (the decision being only that they would leave it to the Queen), Robin had somewhat slaked his thirst and was ready to go on. Their destination was the mouth of the creek, where there was a beautiful little waterfall. To Robin's astonishment, they passed in at the back of the waterfall, through an opening in the rocks. No human being would ever have imagined it to be a Fairy Queen's palace, and this is just the reason why such a place is always chosen for the fairies' Royal residence.

Robin now found himself in a dimly-lighted cave whose floors and walls were made of solid stone. The waterfall made a beautiful curtain for the entrance. At the extreme end of the cave two white agates were placed, one upon another, and seated upon this throne was the Fairy Queen.

Her first words, when she saw all the fairies enter with a prisoner, were, "Call the fire-flies," which was the same as saying at home, "Light the gas." A swarm of fire-flies came in and the cave was brilliantly lighted up. It was a beautiful scene. The lovely little Queen upon her white throne, surrounded by her fairies, the secrecy of the cave, and the bright though fitful light of the fire-flies—all this made Robin so interested that he forgot to be frightened.

"THE OLD BEAVER WAS HARD AT WORK BUILDING HIS HOUSE."

"LOOKING UP, HE SAW A REDBREAST PERCHED UPON A TREE."

CHARLES ROBINSON

"ROBIN TRUDGED ON THROUGH THE LEAFY GLADE, AND EVERY FAIRY WHO COULD GET HOLD OF AN END OF THE VINE, OR EVEN A TENDRIL, FLEW BEHIND AND BESIDE HIM, SPURRING HIM ON."

"GOLDHEART WOULD PERCH UPON A FLOWER AND TALK TO HIM WHILE HE WORKED."

His case was soon stated. Of course, the Queen was horrified at his deed, for she looked upon any wanton cruelty to birds or animals as a crime, and Robin soon saw it would go hard with him. It was no use giving her the flimsy excuse that other boys did it.

"Fairies," said the Queen, "I have considered this bad boy's case, and I have decided we shall keep him a prisoner here in our woods and make him work for us."

A little buzz of talk and certain looks among the fairies seemed to denote satisfaction with these words.

But Robin cried out: "For how long?"

"Silence!" said the Queen, and at once added: "Until you have finished the work I shall give you. For some time I have thought of giving you fairies a swimming-pool," continued the Queen. Upon hearing this two fairies clapped their hands. "As things are now, it is not safe for us to bathe either in the creek or in the lake. This boy shall build us a proper bath with his own hands. Come with me."

Descending from the throne, she flew out of the cave, and all the fairies flew after her, guiding Robin, who was still harnessed with the wild vine. The Queen stopped when she came to a place where the waters of the creek ran, swift and crystal-clear, over pure white sand. All around the side maidenhair fern and blue and yellow flags were growing.

"This is the spot I have chosen," said the Queen. "The prisoner will first have to build a dam. Of course, he won't do it nearly as well as our old friend, the Beaver, but I cannot disturb him just now, for he is very busy building his house."

The Queen showed Robin where to find clay and the prettiest pebbles for lining the swimming bath, and, after warning him that she was very particular about the work, flew back to the palace, accompanied by most of the fairies. Only half-a-dozen remained for a short time to look after the prisoner.

"Where is the old Beaver?" was the first question Robin asked after the Queen had gone.

"About five fairy miles down the creek," replied Fleetwing.

"And how much is a fairy mile?" said he.

"Ten of your largest steps make a fairy mile," said Goldheart.

"Oh, that is easy," declared Robin. "Then the Beaver is fifty paces down the creek."

And at once he started off to find him. Sure enough, the old Beaver was hard at work building his house with branches and twigs and mud. How vigorously he thumped the moist clay down with his big tail!

"Oh, if I only had a tail like that!" said Robin.

He spent a whole day taking lessons from the Beaver, and then went back to work on the swimming-pool.

After he had made the dam across the creek, diverting the water into another channel, he dug out his basin to the proper size and lined it thickly with clay. Then he began to collect his pebbles, but when he had enough to begin on the bottom of the pool he found the clay had already dried and the work would have to be done over again. This was a great disappointment, and meant another day in the wood.

That evening Robin worked long after the moon had risen, collecting his pebbles and placing them in little heaps, keeping all those of one colour together. Tired out at last, he lay down on the bank and slept soundly till shortly before sunrise, when all the birds, carolling joyously, seemed to him to be calling, "Wake, Robin! Wake, Robin!"

Up jumped Robin, and was soon hard at work again on the swimming-pool.

Every morning and evening one of the fairies brought him nuts and berries, and Goldheart made him a little cap from the broad leaves of the May-apple to protect him from the heat of the sun.

Often Goldheart would perch upon a twig or flower and talk to him while he worked. She was Robin's favourite fairy. When he found that she was quite willing to chat as long as he was busy with his hands, he had many questions to ask her.

"Please tell me something about fairies," he begged one day.

"What shall I tell you?" asked Goldheart. "If you know anything about fairies there is nothing to tell, and if you don't know anything there is so much that I don't know where to begin."

"I don't know anything," said Robin. "Begin at the beginning. What are your favourite flowers?"

"The fairies' favourites are the columbine, wake-robin, iris, honeysuckle, and brier-rose. The last two we like for the sweet smell. Fairies who are good swimmers love to float on water-lilies, but I am afraid to. The iris and columbine are liked particularly well, because they make such good cradles for the fairy babies."

"Do you like garden flowers, Goldheart?"

"Garden flowers? It is but seldom a fairy will venture beyond her own woods, but a hedge of sweet-peas in bloom will tempt us more than anything else. And sometimes we

visit them in flocks at midnight. Only you must never, never tell."

"Oh, never," said Robin. "I didn't know you came to gardens. Did you ever come to ours?"

"Many a time," replied Goldheart; "but you were always in bed and sound asleep. About half an hour after midnight is a good time to open your window and look for fairies on the sweet-peas; but you will hardly be able to see them, even by bright moonlight, because a fairy always lights on a flower the same colour as her dress."

Here they were suddenly interrupted by an elf in the Queen's livery. He came to tell Robin that Her Majesty was coming to inspect his work. So Goldheart flew off in a great hurry, and Robin bent to his task in earnest. He enjoyed the building of the swimming-bath, and was much entertained by Goldheart's conversation, but of course longed to get back to his own home and tell his mother and sister of his strange adventures.

The Queen came shortly after the noon hour, attended by sixty fairies. But as soon as she saw Robin's work she frowned and stamped her foot. Then the sixty fairies stamped their feet, and all the babies in a family of crickets near by woke up suddenly and began to chirp.

"What is this?" cried the Queen. "What careless work! Here is a green stone next to a blue one."

It was quite true. The sixteenth pebble in the twentieth row was green, when it ought to have been blue. Robin gazed in dismay at his mistake.

"I'm sorry, your Majesty, but I matched the stones by moonlight, and thought it was blue."

"No excuses," replied the Queen. "Hereafter you shall not do any night work, but you must rise earlier in the morning. Don't let me find such a mistake when I come again." And she flew away.

The next morning Robin was up even before the birds, and had the pleasure, for the first time in his life, of waking them.

"Lazy things," cried Robin, knocking at the door of a woodpecker's nest. It was in a knot-hole in a tree. "Lazy things, get up!"

The woodpecker came to his little door, gazing at Robin in astonishment, not understanding him in the least, for they had never heard that word before.

Goldheart did not come again to talk with him, and it must be admitted he did his work more quickly when alone.

At length the pool was finished. Fleetwing, who had brought Robin his noonday meal in six bur-baskets (she had to make six trips to do it), was sent to call the Queen and her attendants.

When they arrived Robin showed them the swimming-pool. They were speechless for a moment with admiration, and all that could be heard was the gentle rustling of their wings.

"Do you like it?" asked Robin, timidly.

"Like it?" said the Queen. "It is the most beautiful swimming-pool in the world." And surely it was.

At the bottom of the pool there was a circle of jet-black pebbles; next to these four rows of dark red, then blue, then white, and at the top three rows of bright green pebbles. And all around the sides maidenhair fern was growing thickly.

Robin now removed his dam very carefully, and the crystal water flowed into his pool and filled it to the brim.

The Queen thanked him warmly. All the other fairies came up and praised his work, and Puffball, standing on the tip of an iris, made a little speech.

"I am sure," said Puffball, "it gives me much pleasure to congratulate you on your beautiful work. I shall find the bath a great convenience, I know. I shall think of you whenever I bathe. I——"

And just then the iris, bending with her weight, threw the unlucky Puffball off her balance, and she fell plump into the pool.

"Too many 'I's,'" remarked the Queen, dryly, as Robin fished the poor fairy out. And when he was escorted to the edge of the woods by all the fairies Puffball had to remain at home and dry her wings in the sun.

Robin was the centre of a gay procession, for he was no longer a prisoner, but a friend.

The Queen's own band, composed of crickets, locusts, and katydids, and led by a dragon-fly, accompanied them, making music all the way.

At the spot where Robin had first entered the woods the fairies left him. He climbed the fence and went up the hill, and when he looked back to the woods a moment later all he could see was trees and flowers and one little speck of yellow. That was Goldheart, he knew, and he waved his hand to her in farewell.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

AN UP-TO-DATE ADVERTISEMENT.

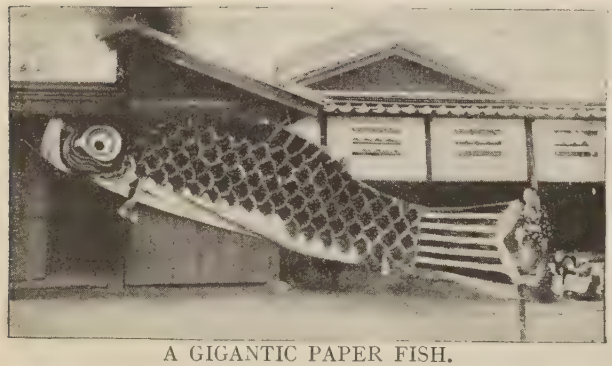
AN advertising device that attracted crowds in the streets of Los Angeles, California, was the aeroplane shown in this photograph. It carried a passenger whose contortions kept the crowd in a state of uneasiness, as he seemed to be having trouble with his air-craft as it flew above the housetops. The aviator was a dummy, almost life-size, and the machine was built in proportion, and, seen from the streets, presented a realistic appearance. The whole device was kept aloft by a number of kites, but they were so high as to be out of sight from the pavements. Cords operated the dummy, which seemed to be working with the levers. A banner trailing behind the air-craft carried the advertising sign.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

QUAINT JAPANESE PRAYING-STONES.

KYOTO, Japan, abounds in picturesque temples and quaint shrines, but perhaps no more interesting or beautiful spot will be found than a small shrine below the Kiyomidzudera. In the valley beneath this temple is the Otawa-no-Taki, a small stream springing out of the rocks, led through bamboo pipes and splashing on to the praying-stones in front of the shrine below. On these the devout kneel reverently, sometimes for thirty or forty minutes, with cold water playing on their backs, supplicating the deity of the shrine for the safety and welfare of some beloved friend or relative.—Mr. F. S. Dawson, 9, Tillington Street, Stafford.

CAMP LIFE ON THE ROOF.

WITH a tent city on its roof, a huge tourist hotel in San Diego, California, offers a feature of city life that is unique—camping one hundred and fifty feet above the streets. The advantages are readily seen; an abundance of sunshine and fresh air, a wonderful view of the Pacific Ocean and the mountain ranges of Mexico, and, at the same time, all the comforts of a metropolitan hotel. Twenty-two tents have been installed here, and during the summer the demand for them is great.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

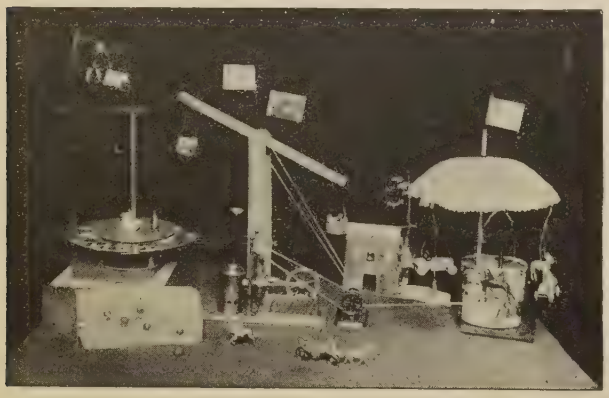


A GIGANTIC PAPER FISH.

ON May 5th every year in Japan a boys' holiday takes place, when foreign visitors will notice many gigantic paper or cotton carp floating in the air from poles erected by the side of the house. This photograph shows a specimen of the paper carp. The idea is that as the carp swims up the river against the current so will the sturdy boy, overcoming all obstacles, make his way in the world and rise to fame and fortune.—Mr. M. Yoshida, Ichinoki-cho, Yamada, Ise, Japan.

"ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR" ON A TABLE.

PERHAPS the chief merit of this model fair is that it works well and is an unfailing source of pleasure to the children.



The little hot-air engine is harnessed to the roundabouts, joy-wheel, and over-boats, all of which are made of odds and ends found about the house, such as treacle tins, long nails, and cotton-reels, which are especially useful as pulley-wheels. The cocoa-nut game cost fourpence-halfpenny, the shooting game a penny, and the rest, with the exception of the engine, about a shilling. My little boy calls it a "Table Fair," and, indeed, it may be looked on as an adaptation of Mr. H. G. Wells's "Floor Games," for the boy was responsible for the conception which has made the engine what it should be, a means to an end. Small porcelain dolls pay for rides with pennies, sixpences, or shillings, and the above-mentioned young gentleman of six is becoming proficient in giving change. The amazing variations of games with the fair, invented by two or three little friends and himself on rainy days, have been astonishing. The whole fair can be packed up and "taken to the next town," as they say.—Mr. Fred Hatfield, 18, Cumberland Road, Manor Park, E.

FOR WARMTH OR LIGHT?

OWING to some defect an ordinary street gas-lamp in Croydon, lit and extinguished night and morning, was removed, and on close examination was found to contain a tom-tit's nest with six eggs. The hole at the right side of the lamp was used by the bird as an entrance, and the left side, showing the nest, was

torn away in order to show the interesting work of the bird.—Mr. A. H. Hobbs, Gas Offices, Katharine Street, Croydon.

A TRAIN HELD UP BY A HOUSE.

I AM sending you a photograph of a rather interesting occurrence in Minto, South Manitoba, Canada. It shows a train held up by a general store, which is being taken from one side of the town to the other by means of rollers and a horse-worked capstan. Although this is a fairly common sight in Canada, I think some of the readers of the "Curiosities" pages might be interested in the photograph.—Mr. G. L. Ormiston, Holly Lodge, St. Margarets-on-Thames.

THE ICE-GRAVE OF THE HEROES.

"OVER THE BODIES THEY SPREAD THE FOLDS OF THE OUTER TENT, THEN BUILT OVER ALL A MIGHTY CAIRN, SURMOUNTED WITH A SIMPLE CROSS."

From a Photograph by a member of the Search Party.

TO THE SOUTH POLE

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S OWN STORY

TOLD FROM HIS JOURNALS

The Photographs of the doomed explorers in the following pages were taken by Lieut. Bowers and Dr. Wilson, and the others by members of the Search Party.

These articles are related from the journals of Captain Scott, and give the first connected story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913. The story has been told from the journals by Mr. Leonard Huxley, well known as the biographer of his celebrated father, and carefully read and revised by Commander Evans, R.N. With few exceptions, all the photographs, which have been selected from many hundreds, are here published for the first time.

PART IV.

Varied Fortunes.

"ON the afternoon march we came on a surface covered with loose, sandy snow, and the pulling became very heavy. We managed to get off twelve and a half miles (geographical) by 7 p.m., but it was very heavy work.

"In the afternoon the wind died away, and to-night it is flat calm. The sun so warm that, in spite of the temperature, we can stand about outside in the greatest comfort."

A happy difference, this, from the conditions depicted by Shackleton. All things seemed to be going smoothly. Would the surface give trouble later?

Great is the contrast next day. "A dreadfully trying day; the surface as bad as it could be after the first hour." For five hours in the morning "marched solidly; and again in the afternoon we plugged on . . . the hardest we have yet done on the plateau. We sigh for a breeze to sweep the hard snow. However, we are very close to the 88th parallel, little more than a hundred and twenty miles from the Pole, only a march from Shackleton's final camp, and in a general way 'getting on.'

"We go a little over a mile and a quarter an hour now—it is a big strain as the shadows creep slowly round from our right through ahead to our left."

With the exception of one fair and promising day, the 9th, following a blizzard, the next spell of ten days till the 15th is a continuous record of stubborn pushing on against

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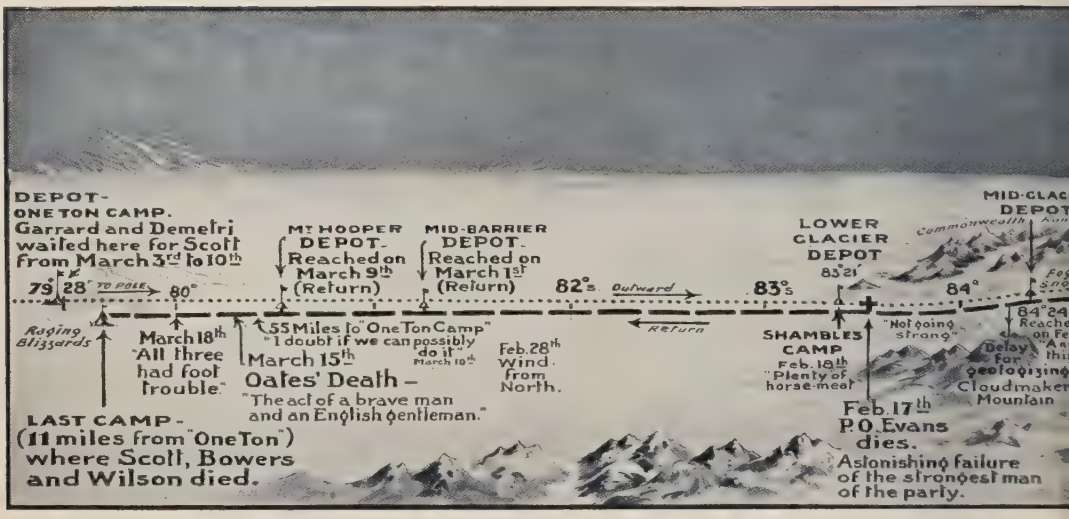


THIS MAP WILL BE FOUND OF GREAT ASSISTANCE IN FOLLOWING THE MOVEMENTS

the dull resistance of broken and clogging surface.

January 6th. "We are in the midst of a sea of fish-hook waves, well remembered from our Northern experience. . . . To add to our trouble, every *sastrugus* is covered with a beard of sharp branching crystals. We have only covered ten and a half miles (geographical), and it's been about the hardest pull we've had. We think of leaving our ski here, mainly because of risk of breakage.

"We are south of Shackleton's last camp, so I suppose have made the most Southerly camp.

"January 7th. The vicissitudes of this work are bewildering. Last night we decided to leave our ski on account of the *sastrugi*. This morning we marched out a mile in forty minutes, and the *sastrugi* gradually disappeared. I kept debating the ski question and at this point stopped, and after discussion we went back and fetched the ski; it cost us one and a half hours nearly. Marching again, I found to my horror we could scarcely move the sledge on ski; the first hour was awful owing to the wretched coating of loose, sandy snow. However, we persisted, and towards the latter end of our tiring march we began to make better progress, but the work is still awfully heavy. I must stick to the ski after this.

"Things, luckily, will not remain as they are. To-morrow we depot a week's provision, lightening altogether about a hundred pounds. This afternoon the welcome southerly wind returned, and is now blowing force 2 to 3. I cannot but think it will improve the surface."

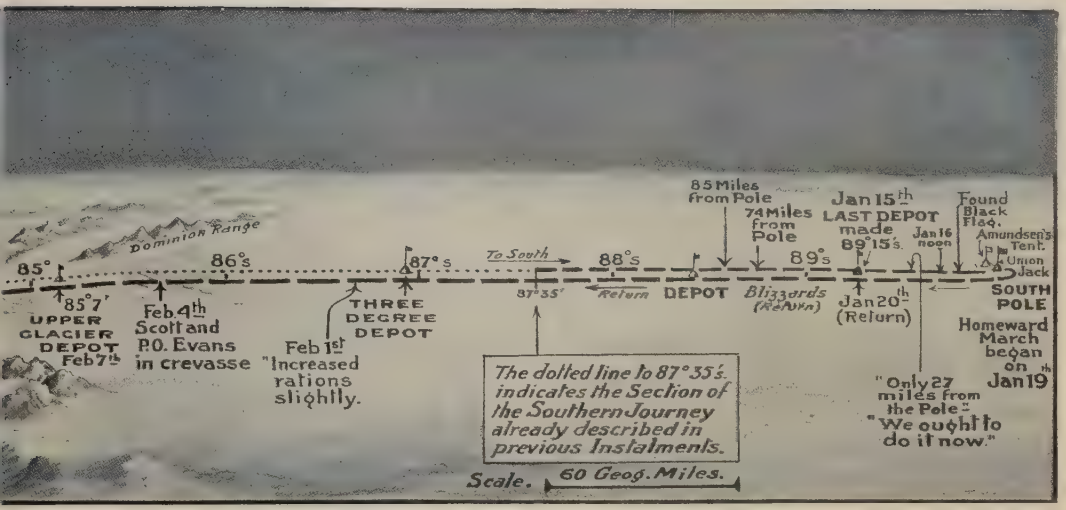
In the evening reflections are more cheerful. "I am awfully glad we have hung on to the ski; hard as the marching is, it is far less tiring on ski. Bowers has a heavy time on foot, but nothing seems to tire him. Evans (P. O.) has a nasty cut on his hand (sledge-making). I hope it won't give trouble. Our food continues to amply satisfy. What luck to have hit on such an excellent ration. We really are an excellently found party."

Shackleton's Record Beaten.

On the 8th came a blizzard, and with it a day's enforced rest—good for Evans's cut hand. The 9th placed them beyond the record of Shackleton's walk. "All is new ahead." But there was nothing new in the terrible monotony and heavy marching. To make a fresh depot would increase the speed, but an unexpected hazard appeared. "Bowers's watch has suddenly dropped twenty-six minutes; it may have stopped from being frozen outside his pocket, or he may have inadvertently touched the hands. Anyway it makes one more chary of leaving stores on this great plain, especially as the blizzard tended to drift up our tracks."

On the 10th they left a depot of one week's food and sundry articles of clothing, going forward with eighteen days' food.

"Yesterday I should have said certain to see us through, but now the surface is beyond words, and if it continues we shall have the greatest difficulty to keep our march long enough. The surface is quite covered with sandy snow, and when the sun shines it is terrible.


Dominion Range
85°
86°S
87°S
To South
88°S
89°S
85 Miles from Pole
74 Miles from Pole
Jan 15th LAST DEPOT made 89°15'S.
Jan 16 noon
Found Black Flag. Amundsen's Tent.
Union Jack
SOUTH POLE
85°7' UPPER GLACIER DEPOT Feb 7th
Feb 4th Scott and P.O. Evans in crevasse
THREE DEGREE DEPOT
Feb 1st "Increased rations slightly.
87°35' Return
DEPOT
Blizzards (Return)
Jan 20th (Return)
Homeward March began on Jan 19th
"Only 27 miles from the Pole." "We ought to do it now."
The dotted line to 87°35'S. indicates the Section of the Southern Journey already described in previous Instalments.
Scale. 60 Geog. Miles.

OF THE PARTY FROM DAY TO DAY AS RECORDED BY CAPTAIN SCOTT.

Toiling Towards the Pole.

"Only eighty-five miles from the Pole, but it's going to be a stiff pull *both ways*, apparently; still we do make progress, which is something.

"January 11th. It was heavy pulling from the beginning to-day, but for the first two and a half hours we could keep the sledge moving; then the sun came out (it had been overcast and snowing, with light south-easterly breeze), and the rest of the forenoon was agonizing. I never had such pulling; all the time the sledge rasps and creaks. We have covered six miles (geographical), but at fearful cost to ourselves.

"Another hard grind in the afternoon and five miles added. About seventy-four miles from the Pole—can we keep this up for seven days? It takes it out of us like anything. None of us ever had such hard work before." But they were not spent, for later there was a moment when "clouds spread over from the west with light chill wind, and for a few brief minutes we tasted the delight of having the sledge following free. The short experience was salutary. I had got to fear that we were weakening badly in our pulling; those few minutes showed me that we only want a good surface to get along as merrily as of old."

Four more marches of double figures and they ought to get through, but with what effort! "It is going to be a close thing." Was it the exhaustion of the march or some damp quality in the air that made everyone feel chilled that night, though the actual temperature was higher than the night before?

"Little Bowers is wonderful. In spite of my protest, he *would* take sights after we had camped to-night, after marching in the soft snow all day, where we have been comparatively restful on ski."

From a windless area they passed on the 13th to "a sea of *sastrugi*" and sandy snow crystals in the afternoon. "Well, another day with double figures and a bit over. The chance holds."

January 14th. "The surface was a little better, but the steering was awfully difficult and trying; very often I could see nothing, and Bowers on my shoulders directed me." Again they noticed the peculiar damp cold.

Next day the last depot was made: "Four days' food and a sundry or two." After a strenuous morning, when "the surface was terrible, four and three-quarter hours yielded six miles; the sledge came surprisingly lightly after lunch."

"Only twenty-seven miles from the Pole, and nine days' provisions" to carry forward from a final depot. "We *ought* to do it now." They did it—but not as they hoped. Their Union Jack was not the first flag to fly at the Pole.

On the 16th: "We marched well in the morning and covered seven and a half miles; noon sight showed Lat. 89° 42′ S.," and "in the afternoon they started off in high spirits, feeling that to-morrow would see them at their destination."

Forestalled!

But "about the second hour of the march Bowers's sharp eyes detected what

FORESTALLED! CAPTAIN SCOTT FINDS

"IT IS A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT," WROTE SCOTT, "AND I AM VERY SORRY FOR MY LOYAL COMPAN

From a Photograph

AMUNDSEN'S TENT AT THE POLE.

IONS." THE FIGURES IN THIS PICTURE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE SCOTT, OATES, WILSON, AND P.O. EVANS.

by Lieut. Bowers.

he thought was a cairn. He was uneasy about it, but argued it must be a wind-drift. Half an hour later he made out a black speck ahead," no "natural snow feature." Before long they came up to "a black flag tied to a sledge-bearer, near by the remains of a camp," with "sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told the whole story; the Norwegians" had arrived first. Scott's simple comment runs, "It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions," but they resolved to carry out their plans to the uttermost; next day "march to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed they could compass" to catch the ship. They were still descending; "certainly the Norwegians found an easier way up."

So, on January 17th, they made their "69th camp" at "the Pole." With a high "head wind and temperature -22°" it had been a particularly bad day. At night it was still blowing hard, and there was "that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time." Meanwhile the indefatigable Bowers was "laying himself out to get sights in terribly difficult circumstances." They had "followed the Norwegian sledge tracks in the morning for some way, and in about three miles passed two small cairns. Then the weather overcast, the tracks increasingly drifted up, obviously went too far to the west"; so it was "decided to make straight for the Pole according to our own calculations." Next morning, the 18th, they "decided, after summing up all observations, that they were three and a half miles away from the Pole—one mile beyond it and three to the right. More or less in that direction Bowers" the keen-sighted "saw a cairn or tent." It turned out to be a "tent, two miles from their camp, and therefore about

OATES. BOWERS.

THE FIVE HEROES REACH

THIS HISTORIC PICTURE, SHOWING CAPTAIN SCOTT AND HIS FOUR OBTAINED THE PHOTOGRAPH BY MEANS OF A STRING

SCOTT. WILSON. P.O. EVANS.

THE POLE AT LAST.

COMPANIONS AT THE POLE, WAS TAKEN BY LIEUT. BOWERS, WHO, AFTER POSING THE GROUP, ATTACHED TO THE CAMERA. THIS STRING IS CLEARLY SHOWN IN THE PICTURE.

one and a half miles from the Pole. In the tent" was the "record of the five Norwegians who had been there: ROALD AMUNDSEN, "OLAV OLAVSEN BJAALAND, "HILMER HANSSEN. SVERRE H. HASSEL, "OSCAR WISTING. 16 Dec., 1911."

THE UNION JACK

AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF AMUNDSEN'S TENT CAPTAIN SCOTT'S PARTY MADE A RECORD OF THEIR OWN THEMSELVES—MIGHTY

From a Photograph by

The tent excited admiration. It was "a small, compact affair supported by a single bamboo." Various "mitts" and other warm things were left in the tent, as if the weather had been warmer than expected. There was "a note also from Amundsen," asking Scott "to forward a letter to King Haakon."

FLIES AT THE POLE.
VISIT. THEY "BUILT A CAIRN AT THE POLE CAMP, PUT UP THEIR UNION JACK, AND PHOTOGRAPHED COLD WORK ALL OF IT."
Dr. Wilson.

At the Pole!

Then they turned to making the record of their own visit; "built a cairn at the Pole Camp, put up their Union Jack, and photographed themselves—mighty cold work all of it. Less than half a mile south we saw an old under-runner of a sledge stuck up"

THE POLAR PARTY

TWO DAYS, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, WERE SPENT AT THE POLE, AND

From a Photograph

in the snow, and " commandeered it as a yard for our sail. A note attached talked of the tent as being two miles from the Pole." Nor does the Journal begrudge a handsome acknowledgment: " There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark and fully carried out their programme."

Finally " we carried the Union Jack about three-quarters of a mile north with us and left it on a piece of stick as near " to the true position of the Pole " as we could fix it."

Starting Home.

The homeward march began on January 19th. It was " heavy dragging " from the first, " in spite of the light load and a full sail." During the last ten outward marches they had gradually descended one thousand feet to the Pole, so that the first part of the return was " collar-work," besides being over a bad surface. The " old tracks were drifted up, deep in places, and toothed *sastrugi* had already formed over them. Marching with the wind was warmer and pleasanter " than against it, but the cold was perhaps more felt at the halts. However, " the cairns were easily picked up, the Southern depot reached on the 20th," the prospect of getting over the ticklish stage to the " Three Degree depot " fairly promising. But " it was blowing quite hard and drifting when the afternoon march was started. At first with full sail " the sledge travelled " at a great rate " ; then they " got on an extraordinary surface, the drifting snow lying in heaps. It clung to the ski, which could only be pushed forward with an effort, and the pulling was *really awful*." But they " went steadily on," Scott looking forward to the time " when Bowers should get his ski again " from their *cache :* " I'm afraid he must find these long marches very trying with his short legs, but he is an undefeated little sportsman."

" A Foretaste of Calamity ! "

But heavy pulling " up the one hundred miles," where it had been " difficult to drag downhill," was the least part of their toil. The elements began thus early to conspire against them. The 21st brought a half-day's blizzard, the 23rd, 24th, and 25th others, and in their train brought a foretaste of calamity. Everything lessened speed, and every delay cut down the margin of safety allowed for

OATES. P.O. EVANS. SCOTT. WILSON.

HARNESSED TO THEIR SLEDGE.

THEN THE EXPLORERS SET OUT ON THEIR LONG JOURNEY NORTH.

by Lieut. Bowers.

between depots. To the struggle against the elements and the "difficulty of following the track" are added the first slight indications of lessening vitality in those who were destined first to be stricken down in the contest—a susceptibility to cold: an unnoticed frostbite.

On the evening of the 21st they had "six days' food in hand, and forty-five miles to the next depot," where seven days' food waited. Then "ninety miles to go to the 'Three Degree depot.' Once there" it looked as though they "ought to be safe," but it was desirable "to have a day or two in hand" to allow for contingencies, such as "difficulty in following the old tracks" and being unable to find the depots in the dim waste of snow by the help of observations for latitude, if they could be made at all. At the best, the guiding "cairns could only be seen when less than a mile away." One day the tracks would be clear and a following wind, albeit swelling into a blizzard, urge them at speed under full sail; another they were held up half a day by the force of the gale—"the second full gale already in the six days since leaving the Pole." On other days the tracks were repeatedly lost, especially on the broken surface where they had zigzagged up through a sea of storm-tossed *sastrugi* to avoid the heaviest mounds. Once the track was only recovered thanks to "Bowers's sharp eyes": he espied one of the four-mile cairns afar off. Evans got frostbitten in the face; Oates felt the cold; Wilson, who, like his leader and Bowers, was otherwise as fit as was possible under the conditions, had a bout of torturing snow-blindness, and later strained a tendon in his leg, and for a day could not pull. Troubles were forgotten in camp, however, and time after time they hit off a depot and went forward with enough to carry them to the next and something to spare, but not enough to let them satisfy their growing hunger. That must wait for enough at the "Three Degree depot"; for "a real feed" at the old camp at the foot of the Glacier. Meanwhile they were "pretty thin, though none feeling worn out"; shortening the hours of rest in the wet sleeping-bags, and talking more of food; and glad that they had only to pull light sledges, especially as Evans's hands were in a bad state. "It is the sandy crystals that hold us up. There has been a very great alteration of the surface since we were last here."

But the last day of the month brought

THE INNER TENT IN WHICH SCOTT AND HIS TWO
THE TENT OF DEATH AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE RESCUE PARTY HAD CLEARED AWAY THE SNOW.
THE PUBLIC, AND HERE HIS BODY AND THOSE OF WILSON AND BOWERS
From a Photograph by

them to a cheerful milestone: they "picked up Bowers's ski, the last thing to find on the summit. Now we have only to go north, and so shall welcome strong winds."

Alas! that on the Barrier the rare favourable winds were often "powerless to move the sledge on a surface awful beyond words," and later they were more often adverse.

Another five days and they hoped to have completed the summit stage. On February 1st they were so far advanced that it was allowable to increase rations slightly—"it makes a lot of difference" is the satisfactory comment. Next day came a set-back. Descending the same "steep slope where they had exchanged sledges on December 28th," Scott, "in trying to keep the track and to keep his feet at the same time, came an awful 'purler' on his shoulder." It was very sore and disabling for a couple of days, while Wilson was still not quite recovered, and Evans's hand was no better. Happily the two of them were well again before the worst surfaces on the Glacier had to be traversed.

The Beginning of the End.

It was not till February 4th that we mark the first overt blow of Fate, ominous of the end. Scott and "Evans together unexpectedly fell into a crevasse"; then "Evans had another fall." This must have been the occasion when he struck his head, and suffered some degree of concussion, so that his alertness was dulled and his splendid helpfulness abated. And this when the temperature was twenty degrees lower than on the ascent.

February 7th brought the end of the return summit journey, after two "horrid" and "anxious" days. They were caught in "a maze of crevasses—huge open chasms unbridged"—and compelled to force a way

COMPANIONS WERE DISCOVERED.
HERE CAPTAIN SCOTT WROTE HIS PATHETIC MESSAGE TO WERE FOUND EIGHT MONTHS AFTER DEATH.
a member of the Search Party.

over smaller crevasses and wearisome *sastrugi*. Weather was threatening; food ran low; anxiety only ended in the second evening, when a straight course brought them to the long-looked-for depot at the end of the summit's journey, after "twenty-seven days to the Pole and twenty-one back—nearly seven weeks in low temperature, with almost incessant wind."

The descent of the Glacier took eleven days, from February 8th to the 18th. It opened with a day of refreshing interest. The moraine they reached "was obviously so interesting that at last, when they got out of the wind, they decided to camp and spend the rest of the day geologizing," even finding "veritable coal-seams." To "set foot on rock after fourteen weeks of snow and ice, and nearly seven out of sight of aught else," was "like going ashore after a sea voyage." These and other specimens, as the world knows, were hauled on the sledge to the very last. Though the discoverers should perish, their discoveries should be saved for science.

But they were not to reach the mid-Glacier depot without sixty hours' critical experience. The 11th had a black mark as "the worst day we have had during the trip," for, unwisely turning east out of an area of ice pressure, they became entangled in another and worse one—"a regular trap of irregular crevasses succeeded by huge chasms," over which only desperation forced a way.

"The Worst Place of All."

At the end of twelve hours' marching in "horrible light which made everything look fantastic," a condition which can be appreciated by those who have tried winter sports in dim weather, the depot was still many miles away. A similar experience landed them next day "in the worst place of all"—faced with a short supper and one meal only remaining in the food bag; the depot doubtful in locality. "We *must* get there to-morrow. Meanwhile we are cheerful with an effort. It is a tight place, but luckily we've been well fed up to the present. Pray God we have fine weather to-morrow. Three-quarter rations must suffice." Yet, "it was a test of our endurance on the march and our fitness with small supper. We have come through well."

They "all slept well in spite of their grave anxieties." Fog and snow awaited them in the morning of the 13th. On "tea and one biscuit" they pushed ahead, "leaving a scanty remaining meal for eventualities," and gradually got clear of the tangle—and after a false alarm from Evans, "Wilson suddenly saw the actual depot flag"—to their "inexpressible relief." It was a near thing and "gave a horrid feeling of insecurity," such as must be guarded against in future.

Thereafter progress was slow—"there is no getting away from the fact that we are not going strong." Evans, especially, could give little help and involuntarily delayed the march. And for the remaining days short rations were again necessary.

The Death of P.O. Evans.

On his last day—February 17th—Evans

seemed cheerful, but twice dropped out of the pulling team, having "worked his ski shoes adrift," then lagged behind; so that the rest, after a hard pull, "seeing him a long way astern, camped for lunch" and waited for him. But "after lunch, Evans still not appearing, we looked out, to see him still afar off." All four hurriedly skied back to him; "he showed every sign of collapse," and slowly said he "thought he must have fainted." By the time the sledge was fetched he was unconscious, and died in the tent soon after midnight.

It was a swift ending for a gallant sailor. A chapter of accidents had converted the strongest man and handiest artificer into a drag upon the party he had done so much to help. "It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week."

February 18th was spent in "Shambles Camp," where "plenty of horse-meat" was in store. "New life seems to come with greater food almost immediately, but I am anxious about the Barrier surface." The last stage homeward began here; no more mountains nor torn and splintered ice-falls had to be surmounted; it was relatively plain going, but tired men without their strongest companion could not make the long marches that the ponies had made. Above all, the gloomy forebodings as to the surface of the Barrier were more than fulfilled. "It has been like desert sand, not the least glide in the world." To make bad worse, the southerly wind that should have filled their sail gradually failed, and by the 28th—contrary to all experience—blew too often from the north, hindering, not helping, and in the increasing cold—for that day the night temperature was $-40°$, and $-32°$ when they began marching—the slightest breeze ahead was "blighting." "Everything depends on the weather." Yet out of the first fifteen marches on the Barrier, six were of thirteen miles and five averaged a full ten.

Day after day the record of courage against odds continues with a growing consciousness of their slender chances. Once the wind sprang up and the drifting snow obliterated the "faint track." They got astray in the dimness, yet "such untoward events fail to damp the spirit of the party."

Next day there was sun, though with consequent "loose ice crystals spoiling the surface." "Luckily Bowers took round of angles, and with help of chart we fogged out that we must be inside rather than outside tracks. The data were so meagre that it seemed a great responsibility to march out, and we were none of us happy about it. But just as we decided to lunch, Bowers's wonderful sharp eyes detected an old double lunch cairn, the theodolite telescope confirmed it, and our spirits rose accordingly."

The track was only lost again during part of one day. "To have picked up this (the Southern Barrier) depot," even with "a shortage of oil and Wilson's fearful attack of snow-blindness, thrust anxieties aside for the time." The nights were very cold now; the need of "more food, more fat, more fuel" made itself felt. "Cold feet starting march, as day footgear doesn't dry at all."

The pace was better from February 25th; double figures were attained; the human engines responded to a large ration as they drew near the next depot, which they triumphantly reached on the afternoon of March 1st, despite "very heavy dragging."

They knew they were "in a very tight place indeed, but none of us despondent yet, or at least we preserve every semblance of good cheer," and where all were "unendingly cheerful among themselves," the leader "could only guess what each man feels in his heart."

Oates Begins to Fail.

The marching was slow with a lame comrade; slower, for the "appalling surface: one's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead at some *sastrugi*, behind which the surface sand lies thickly heaped." It is appalling to think that a rise of the thermometer "to the minus twenties" came as a relief; that such a day "made them all much more comfortable." "But a colder snap was bound to come again soon," and Oates, already so hard hit, would "weather it very poorly." The one hope lay in pushing on and finding "extra food at the next depot."

By March 5th they were "two pony marches and four miles (about) from the depot · such a short distance it would have appeared on the summit" a few weeks before! "Our fuel was dreadfully low, and poor Oates nearly done." His feet were in a wretched condition, and he was very lame. His case was doubly "pathetic because they could do nothing for him; more hot food might do a little, but only a little." None had expected to encounter "these terribly low temperatures" at this season. Of the three sound men, "Wilson was feeling these

GRAN. WILLIAMSON. NELSON. CREAN.

FOUR MEMBERS OF THE SEARCH PARTY WHO FOUND THE DEAD HEROES.

From a Photograph by a member of the Search Party.

most, mainly from his self-sacrificing devotion in doctoring Oates's feet," standing about till he was chilled; and soon comes an entry: "Wilson's feet giving trouble now, but this mainly because he gives so much help to others." Pain and hardship are glorified by such endurance, such devotion, such resolved cheerfulness. All were determined "to see the game through with a proper spirit." "We talk of all sorts of subjects in the tent, not much of food now, since we decided to take the risk of running a full ration."

Those "two pony marches and four miles about" were only won through by four days of slow, dogged pulling. On March 9th they reached the longed-for depot. Their fears were realized. Apparently the fierce cold had injured the stoppers and much of the oil had vanished. Inwardly hopeless of bringing Oates through, and knowing him to be "their greatest handicap," they kept him in heart, and, inspired by his comrades' unflinching support, he held on bravely another eight days. "He has rare pluck," exclaims Scott. "He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects."

Bravely and calmly these steadfast men faced the situation. Oates "understood, but practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could." "So far the tragical side of our story." Rather the heroic side, without which tragedy is an empty name.

"I Doubt If We Can Possibly Do It."

How pathetic are the simple calculations; one on March 10th: "We have seven days' food and should be about fifty-five (geographical) miles from One Ton Camp to-night; $6 \times 7 = 42$, leaving us thirteen miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse." Another next day, under the pitiful encouragement of having managed seven miles instead of six; let but that average be kept up, and the remaining six days' food will carry them forty-two miles—out of the forty-seven to One Ton Camp. "I doubt if we can possibly do it."

Then a strong north wind set in; a very short march was made. Next day the wind, though not north, was piercing, the thermometer at noon -43°; pitching camp difficult and dangerous because so slow; and all, once in the tent, deadly cold. Still the words stand: "We must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations."

Oates's Heroic Death.

At midday on the 15th Oates at last "said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. This we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come." The words of the Journal for March 17th have already been published: "He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last hoping not to wake, but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since."

And here the Journal places it formally on record that they "stuck to their sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment; but he died a natural death and we did not leave him till two hours after his death." And on March 16th: "We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit."

And so for the last effort. Theodolite and camera and Oates's sleeping-bag were left behind, but the "diaries and geological specimens, carried at Wilson's special request, will be found with us or on our sledge." The note of the 18th runs: "Ill-fortune presses, but better may come." The cruel wind cut short the marching, and Scott's own right foot was badly frostbitten. All three had some foot trouble by the 18th, and Scott could calmly contemplate the prospect that "amputation is the least I can hope for now." But "the weather doesn't give us a chance."

WITH THE SEARCH PARTY—THE CAMP ON THE BARRIER.

From a Photograph by a member of the Search Party

IN MEMORIAM.

THE CROSS ERECTED ON OBSERVATION HILL BY THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR FIVE COMPANIONS.

From a Photograph by a member of the Search Party.

With a northerly wind blowing in their faces and a temperature of −40° on the 19th they struggled to that last camping ground, "with two days' food but barely one allowance of fuel"—a mere eleven miles from plenty at One Ton Camp. There, the probable meeting time having been calculated from the speed of the former return parties, Cherry-Garrard and Demetri and the dog teams had been waiting from March 4th to March 10th in order to convey them swiftly back to the base, that all might sail home in the *Terra Nova*, which had returned and must depart before the winter ice formed. Held up by a blizzard and unable to advance farther, Cherry-Garrard hung on till only enough dog-food remained to take the dogs back. He had come too early, and was forced

to return through storm and cold to Hut Point, so heavy a struggle that he was prostrated with a strained heart, his companion knocked up, and the dogs frostbitten and ill.

The Last Fatal Blizzard.

Even in this extremity the strong wills of the Southern party might have compelled them across those weary eleven miles, borne on for a couple of days more by sheer determination than by the unsatisfying sustenance of cold rations. But an unheard-of blizzard descended upon them which lasted nine days. To go out in a blizzard is to be instantly robbed of breath, to be half stupefied by the battery of hurricane wind and whirling snow particles, to wander away hopelessly from tracks and direction.

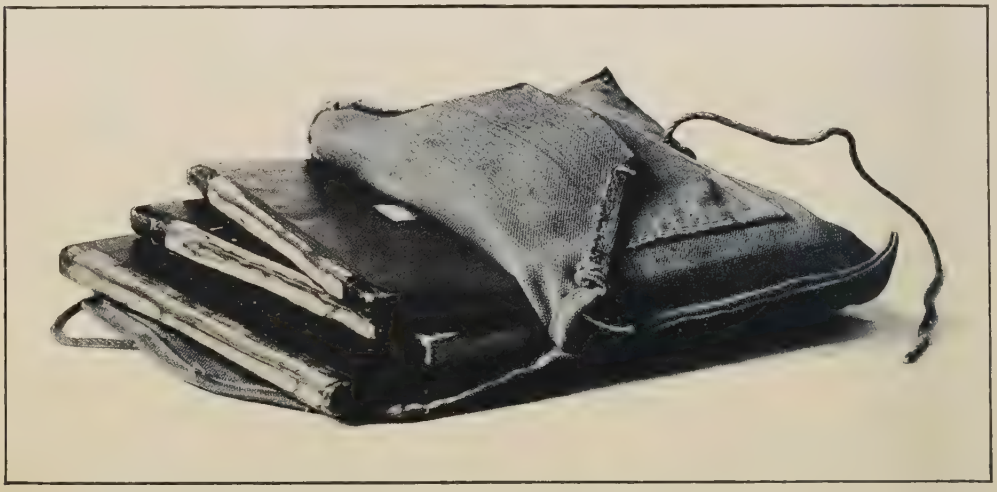
Expecting the storm to lull after the usual interval, a "forlorn hope" was resolved upon after a couple of days. Bowers and Wilson were to push on for supplies and fuel. But day after day the blizzard held them prisoners. The final resolve was to start, if a start could be made, "and die in their tracks." But to stir out was impossible.

Still on the 29th, the last date given, the blizzard continued to rage. "Every day we have been ready to start for our depot, eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now." And in the quiet of their frail shelter Scott wrote firmly, clearly, without faltering or erasure, that Message to the Public, with its calmly-weighed justification of his enterprise, which rings with the simplicity and sincerity of his own life.

MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC.

The causes of the disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken.

1. *The loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed*



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S JOURNALS IN THE WRAPPER IN WHICH THEY WERE CARRIED.
From a Photograph.

2. *The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83°S., stopped us.*
3. *The soft snow in lower reaches of Glacier again reduced pace.*

We fought these untoward events with a will and conquered, but it cut into our provision reserve.

Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, and depots, made on the interior ice-sheet and over that long stretch of seven hundred miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection. The advance party would have returned to the Glacier in fine form and with surplus of food, but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we least expected to fail. Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

The Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This with a sick companion enormously increased our anxieties.

As I have said elsewhere, we got into frightfully rough ice, and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced.

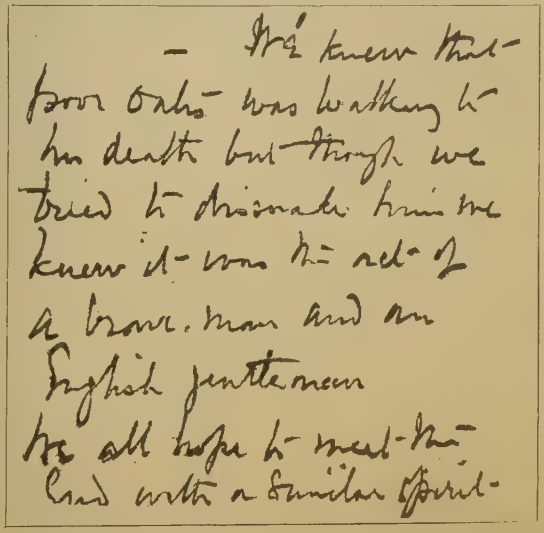
But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit in Lat. 85—86 we had —20°, —30°. On the Barrier in Lat. 82, ten thousand feet lower, we had —30° in the day, —47° at night pretty regularly, with continuous head wind during our day marches. It is clear that these circumstances come on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause. I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks; we knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honour of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for. R. SCOTT.

Atkinson set out on October 30th with a search-party in two divisions: himself with Cherry-Garrard and Demetri and the dog teams; Wright with Nelson, Gran, Lashley, Crean, Williamson, Keohane, and Hooper, who took seven Indian mules, brought out on the second trip of the *Terra Nova*, for transport purposes. They were prepared to go six hundred miles to the head of the Beardmore Glacier, and carried three months' provisions. Corner Camp, they found, had not been visited; nor One Ton Camp: the stores were all in order and lay untouched. On November 12th the advance guard caught sight of the tent standing in the lonely plain; and from the last diaries, with the note bidding the finder read them, they learned with what justice they could write for the last epitaph of these men the words of the poet: "To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield."

Over the bodies they spread the folds of the outer tent, then built over all a mighty cairn, surmounted with a simple cross. Then they marched another twenty miles south and searched for the body of Captain Oates; but it was not to be found, and so to him also they erected a cairn, with the record that "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

Last of all, the *Terra Nova* came on her final voyage to the South. The party embarked, leaving supplies at Cape Evans for any future explorers; then sailed to Hut Point, and on the familiar height of Observation Hill erected a large cross looking out across the vast spaces of the Barrier, where lay their captain and his fellow-adventurers.



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN OATES.

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THE END.

THE TORCH

By RICHARD MARSH

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

"FOR Heaven's sake," I cried, "do take care of that tin!"

It was a treacle tin, but it did not contain treacle—no, indeed! We did not quite know, Leila and I, what it did contain, but it was something awful. We got it from—never mind whom we got it from, but we got it—and it was understood to contain something so frightful that, if properly fired, it would shatter into nothing almost anything that ever was.

So directly that treacle tin came, which was, in reality—though we did not breathe it even to ourselves—a bomb, we decided that it must be done at once. Melcombe should be blown up and burnt at once. Everything was ready: cards on which were stencilled "Votes for Women!" and "What else can a Woman do?" and—at Leila's suggestion—"This is our answer to your 'Cat and Mouse' Bill." We had some shavings and some petrol, and other things—in fact, everything had been ready some days. We had been waiting for the tin.

The tin came that morning—and that night we did it. Leila had a summer cottage, and I was staying with her. Melcombe was sixteen miles off. We felt that it would not be wise to choose a place too close, though it was unfortunate that the roads were such bad ones. I was all right on a bicycle in any country, but Leila was not the slightest good on hills, and it was all hills between us and Melcombe.

Attached to the tin was a piece of what seemed to be string. You lit one end, and sixty seconds afterwards the bomb—I mean the tin—went off. The idea was that you should have plenty of time to get away before it did go off. I gathered that unless the string was fired nothing happened.

There was an argument about who should carry the tin. I had already agreed to carry the shavings and the petrol and other things, but Leila seemed to think that I ought to be a sort of common carrier. We had actually gone thirty or forty yards before I found out that she had left the tin behind. I induced her to go back and fetch it.

I did not enjoy that ride a little bit—we neither of us did. I will say this, I have not often ridden a longer sixteen miles. We had gone down to that part of the world with the object of doing something for the Cause; the Cause wants martyrs, so Leila took that cottage, and I went with her. It was some little time before we decided what to do. At last we hit upon Melcombe.

Melcombe is a house. It stands in the centre of a sort of common; a more cheerless, desolate-looking place you could hardly imagine. The garden had, perhaps, been a garden once, and the house had been uninhabited for years and years. It was a biggish house, containing, perhaps, twenty rooms, and remained empty, so an old woman in a cottage on the other side of the common told me, because in it the last tenant had murdered his wife. Directly I set eyes on it I said to Leila:—

"We'll burn this; it's the very thing we're looking for."

We wanted to make a protest before all Great Britain, and in the face of the Cabinet Ministers, and Melcombe would do that just splendidly.

We left the cottage about nine o'clock. We thought we ought to be able to ride sixteen miles in two hours, and so ought to get to Melcombe about eleven. Four miles an hour was more like the rate we went. I will say nothing about our misadventures by the way, but it was past midnight when we got to Melcombe, and Leila was absolutely done up. I had had a side-slip coming down a hill, and had a feeling that I was covered with mud. When a woman has made up her mind upon a subject she is not to be moved. Had we not been so permeated by a consciousness of the greatness and justice of our Cause I tremble to think what would have happened when we got to Melcombe. When Leila got off her machine and had to lean against a gate to help her to stand, and found that she had left that tin in the ditch skirting the common into which she had wandered instead of keeping to the road, I believe it would have needed very little to make her cry. I really could have used bad words to her—only a woman never does forget herself in the way which is habitual with a man. You should hear Sam Griffiths—however, I was very much annoyed with Leila, and Sam Griffiths is a person of whom I do not intend to have an opinion of any sort or kind.

The attitude Leila took up amazed me.

"If you want your old tin, Sally," she observed, after I had been making a few plain remarks, "you had better go and get it. So far as I'm concerned we shall have to manage with what we've got. I'm not going to look for it—I'm nearly dead."

So I had to go and look for it myself—the tin which she had lost; it was of no consequence if I also should be nearly dead. As a matter of fact, I was pretty tired, and when I had gone a little way, and Leila was out of sight, I do not mind admitting that I did not like it at all. It was so terribly lonely.

"I RAN AGAINST THE TIN WHICH LEILA HAD DROPPED. MY HEART WENT INTO MY MOUTH."

People who live in towns have no idea how dark it can be in the country, especially in an open place. The darkness shut me in like a wall. Where was that wretched tin? I knew I should never find it. What were we to do?

Then it began to rain — quite fast. And all of a sudden I heard something which made me positively jump. It sounds ridiculous, I know, but I was in rather a jumpy state. The absurd part of it was that I did not know what I had heard. It sounded like the noise which some people make when they clear their throat. The idea that someone might be close at hand, whom I could not see, was dreadful.

I had turned the bicycle round when something happened which nearly made me scream. I ran against the tin which Leila had dropped. What is more, I nearly fell over it. My heart went into my mouth. If it had been the sort of bomb one reads about it would certainly have exploded. I kicked it with such force that I sent it rolling along the road, and there

it was, staring up at me in the lamplight, more than a yard ahead.

Then, just as I reached it with my fingers, there came that sound again, only louder than before, and so close that it seemed to be just at my elbow. I wasted no time over that tin; I got on to my bicycle somehow, and off I rode towards Leila—and Melcombe. I had a horrid idea that someone was following me, though I was not sure, and I did not dare to look back. I went bump, bump, bumping over the ruts, and when I came to the light on Leila's bicycle I cried out:—

"Leila! Open the gate—quick! There's someone on the common!"

But no one answered.

"Leila!" I gasped. "What is the matter? Where are you?"

Then I saw that she was lying on the ground, in the mud, close to her machine. She had fainted or something, and had apparently lain there unconscious for I don't know how long. Luckily she began to show signs of returning back to life.

"Leila," I whispered. "You poor child! What has gone wrong with you?"

She opened her eyes and looked at me—our lamps were shining on both of us—and when she saw who it was, she said:—

"Oh, Sally, I've seen Geoffrey's ghost!"

"Leila, whatever do you mean? What are you talking about?"

I helped her up to her feet while she answered:—

"Listen, Sally, listen!" I had to, considering how she hung round my neck. "I saw Geoffrey as plainly as I see you, just as I turned to call out to you to come back."

"How much did you see of him?"

"I saw his face." She hid hers against my shoulder, shaking like a leaf. "Sally," she managed to get out, "do you think he's dead?"

"I'm sure he isn't. You're tired and nervy, and you've got the shivers. I bet twopence that he's much more alive at this moment than you are. I had to leave that stupid old tin behind me, after all, after nearly breaking my toe against it, because I had an idea that there was someone besides us on the common. Come, we're not going to be put off after coming all this way; we shall have to do without the tin, but Melcombe shall burn—another torch shall be lighted in England to-night."

I talked like that because I wanted to get my own spirits up as well as hers; hers wanted some getting up. As a matter of fact, I had to lead her machine as well as my own. I got the gate open and went through it, with her clinging to my arm.

Fortunately it was not far from the gate to the house. I took the lamp off my machine in order that we might have some idea of where we were. We moved farther on.

"Why," I presently exclaimed, "the hall-door is wide open."

We had been to Melcombe four times—that made the fifth—and each time that door had been hermetically closed. Indeed, a stone step which was just in front of it had fallen away, and through the opening which this had made a wild hop had managed to find its way, and had attained such dimensions that it almost served the door as a screen. Now this hop had vanished—and the door was open.

If the great and glorious spirits who, for the Cause, have burnt down houses and cricket pavilions and even railway carriages, have suffered what we did then, then I should say that the courage shown by the six hundred at Balaclava was as nothing compared to theirs. When Leila and I saw that that door, which only yesterday looked as if it had not been opened for centuries, was wide open, our knees knocked together—at least, I know mine did, and I believe hers did, because she felt like it.

We were in what I have heard described as "a blue funk"; and yet we did not run away. In the first place, we could not have run if we had tried, and I do not know where we should have run to, anyhow. We just clung to each other.

"Who's opened the door?" gasped Leila.

"That's what I've been wondering," I gasped back.

"Someone must have been here since yesterday."

"What is the use," I inquired, after having, as it seemed to me, hung on to each other long enough to appear ridiculous, "of our stopping here? Let us go into the house."

It was so dark that, although she whimpered at the idea of being left, even for a moment, alone, I went back and got my lamp and hers—and off I started, tramping over the resounding boards.

"Don't go upstairs," cried Leila, when we reached the foot of what, so far as one could judge in the rather imperfect light, was a fine staircase. I had no intention of going upstairs—we did not want to set fire to the top of the house, but to the bottom, so there was no reason why we should go up. I bore her off towards the door which was on the right of the staircase.

To my surprise, when I got the door open, I found that the room was not empty—I don't mean that there were people in it, but there were things. Apparently it was being used as a storeroom for a lot of lumber.

"This," I pointed out to Leila, "is the very thing for us."

She did not seem to think that it was, because, directly I opened the door, there were sounds of scampering, coming, as it seemed, from all directions—and the instant she heard them, Leila shrieked.

"That's rats," I explained; but she did not seem to like the explanation, either.

"Now that we're without the tin I've got the bundle of shavings on my machine, and the petrol—but I believe we could even do without the shavings. We've only got to soak some of this stuff in here with the petrol, and put a match to it, and I shouldn't be surprised if the whole place isn't a flaming furnace in less than no time. You stay here while I go and fetch the petrol and the shavings."

"I won't be left behind," she declared. "I'll come with you."

So we went back together, along the passage to the front door—and the bicycles were not there! They had vanished—absolutely! It was stupefying—literally. Leila had not an idea of what had happened.

"What are you staring at like that?" she asked. "What is the matter with you now?"

"Nothing is the matter with me—only the bicycles have disappeared."

"But where are they?" Leila spoke as if she were dazed. "I don't see them anywhere."

"Nor I; perhaps one reason is that they're not to be seen. It is another case of Geoffrey's ghost."

"What do you mean? Sally, do you think that Geoffrey's dead?"

"On the contrary, Miss Macfarlane, I think that Mr. MacNaughton is very much alive." Leila and that young man both came from the same village in Dumfriesshire, which is one reason, I suppose, why they are both of them Macs. "I told you that I saw him, only the other day, in our own village."

Leila turned on me with unexpected and even waspish fury.

"And how about young Griffiths? Didn't I tell you that I saw him?"

I am not bad tempered, like some people—I was sweetness itself.

"My dear Leila, I am aware that you did tell me something of the kind; but I told you then, as I tell you now, that even in the village in which you happen for the moment to have a cottage the roads are public, and I do not see how Mr. Griffiths could be prevented from using them."

"I believe you knew that he was there."

"My dear, allow me to remind you that we are both Advanced Militants: that the purpose of our presence here is to strike a resounding blow for the Cause, and that if we start quarrelling I don't see how we're going to do it. Let us go back into the house."

Into the house I marched, back to the lumber-room, with Leila, of course, close to my heels.

"Sally," she began, the second we were in, "I don't understand you in the least. If our bicycles aren't there where can they have gone? And what are we going to do, without even the petrol and the shavings?"

"I have a theory. As I happen to be just about tired out, and there seem to be chairs, I'm going to sit down."

"But, Sally," she replied, "I'm wet through and through! You know I ought not to sit down in wet things—or you either."

I sat down, and of course she did; but I must admit that she looked a pretty forlorn object; wet, draggled, muddy—the whole of one side of her was muddy, the result of lying down in the mud, outside the gate, because of Geoffrey's ghost. As I looked at her I wondered if I looked anything like her; if I did, I felt that we both of us deserved to be decorated for "valour," if only because of the sights we had made of ourselves for the Cause. As I was feeling a little overcome by the spectacle she presented, she wiped away a muddy patch under one of her eyes and smudged it all down her cheek, and she remarked, huskily:—

"What about that theory you said you had?"

"My theory is that this house is inhabited."

"Sally! By whom?"

"By bad characters. The house has been standing empty for goodness knows how long. What more likely than that some person, or persons, who have good reason of their own for wishing to lie low should become its tenants without asking permission?"

Leila's face, so far as it could be seen—in that light—for the mud, was a study.

"But I thought you said something about—about Mr. MacNaughton. You did say something about him."

"I'm perfectly aware of it. I have a theory about him also. You said that you believed you saw Sam Griffiths the other day."

"I'm pretty nearly absolutely sure I did.

I was coming out of Mrs. Packham's "—Mrs. Packham kept our village shop—" and I happened to look across the road towards the Dun Cow, and I'm pretty nearly certain that Sam Griffiths was standing at the door. Directly he saw me he dodged back, and you could hardly expect me to call at the Dun Cow to make inquiries, especially after what the landlord has been known to say on the subject of Votes for Women."

"I never expected anything of the kind. Two days afterwards I saw Geoffrey MacNaughton. He had his hands in his pockets; he was whistling; he sat on the churchyard wall, and when he saw me he tumbled right over on to the other side."

"Sally, you exaggerate! How could he have done a thing like that?"

"Good! I exaggerate. But he did. I don't know if he expected me to go and see what had happened to him, because I was quite sure that he'd fallen over on purpose. So I just walked on. But when I heard what you said about Sam Griffiths, I put two and two together, and now that I glance back it looks to me very much like a conspiracy."

"I can't think that Geoffrey MacNaughton fell backwards over the churchyard wall on purpose."

"Then don't think. You know what fun they've always made of us, and how rude Mr. MacNaughton was to you at your uncle's house——"

"I made up my mind never to speak to him again."

"He politely observed that there was one thing which a woman could be relied upon to do, and that was talk. That is what I understood you to tell me. You added that that was not the first time he had said it."

"It was not; he was always saying it. He said that I called myself a militant, but that my tongue was the only militant part of me. He actually told me that to my face—he dared to."

"That is the sort of remark Mr. Samuel Griffiths made to me. He added that that was one thing for which he still respected me—that my tongue was the only part of me which behaved badly. I, he cheerfully assured me, had too much sense even to break a window."

"Oh, Geoffrey MacNaughton can grin when he talks like that."

"When you told me what Geoffrey had said, and I told you what Sam had said, that settled it."

"Obviously—there was only one thing to do to keep the standard flying—to preserve a rag of our self-respect. So we did it."

"That is—we're supposed to be about to do it."

"What do you mean by that? What do you mean by 'suppose'?"

"We quitted London; we went to a part of the world of which we supposed no one had ever heard; you took a cottage. I became your paying guest. We found Melcombe. And I'm inclined to wonder if, about the same time, Messrs. Griffiths and MacNaughton found us. I know them. When they found we had vanished, they would suspect what we were up to; they'd put their heads together—and they'd strain every nerve to track us down. Perhaps they've done it. In which case they've tracked us here."

"Sally! do you really think so?"

"You saw Geoffrey's ghost. Do you believe in ghosts? I don't. I believe in Geoffrey MacNaughton; he's a hard-headed, healthy young man. I think it possible that, so far from having hidden yourself from the whole world, and especially from him, you've scarcely ever been out of his sight since you left your uncle's house."

"Sally! do you really think so? What an awful thing to think!"

She talked like that; but I had my doubts. I went on.

"As for Sam Griffiths—Mr. Griffiths has nothing to do except waste his time about me. That's his misfortune—and mine. I told him never to call at my rooms again, but I've no doubt he did—it's not easy to stop that young man from doing a thing he's set upon doing—when he learned that I had gone away and left no address, I shouldn't wonder if he found out what my address was within four-and-twenty hours. I know his ways. Leila, we can take our choice—either those two men have taken our bicycles—in which case they have been spying on us all along, and are spying on us now; or this house is inhabited by burglars, or coiners, or murderers, or something of the kind."

She glanced round the room, and put her hand under my arm.

"Don't—don't talk like that. Let's get it over, and—go home."

"Hear, hear! But I don't see how we could go away, even if we wanted to, without a bicycle. We are here, at any rate, till morning dawns. I, for one, do not mean to walk sixteen miles, through darkness and rain and mud. I doubt if I could do it if I tried, and I don't intend to try."

"AS I LOOKED AT HER I WONDERED IF I LOOKED ANYTHING LIKE HER; IF I DID, I FELT THAT WE BOTH OF US DESERVED TO BE DECORATED FOR 'VALOUR.'"

"Don't be so ridiculous! Our bicycles must be somewhere—they can't really have——"

"What's that?" When I gave a jump she jumped; we caught each other by the hand. A noise came from above us. "Someone is moving in the room over us. Aren't those footsteps? Listen!" She came so close that I only had to whisper. "Leila, there is someone in the house besides us. Someone's coming down the stairs. Whatever you do don't drop that lamp." She almost did; her hand was so shaky that I thought for an instant it had fallen. "I have a horrid feeling that my lamp is going out. I'm not sure how much carbon there is in it; and if you let yours fall——"

I stopped; I held my breath; we both held our breath. We stood quite near to each other, listening with every nerve in our bodies.

"Sally, there's someone stopped just outside the door."

I knew that someone had stopped outside the door without her telling me. I felt like screaming. I almost did scream when she went on.

"Someone's taken hold of the handle." I knew that also. "Someone's turning it." As though I could not hear! "Who can it be?"

We watched that door opening inch by inch; we clung to each other so tightly that afterwards I found that her fingers had made marks all over my arm and shoulder. We neither of us breathed. When the door had opened wide enough, a head came through the opening, and a face looked into the room—a horrid face. It seemed to be as much surprised to see us as we were to see it. As we stared, still without breathing, it made an audible remark.

"Strewth—if it ain't a couple o' gals!"

In the same instant in which the words were uttered the face withdrew and the door was closed—we were alone again.

"Whoever was it?" whimpered Leila.

"It was a man."

"Do you think—he'll come back again? Listen!"

We did listen, and while we were listening something happened which made me feel that the end of the world must have come. There was a most frightful noise; the earth seemed to shake; Leila started screaming. I did my best not to scream with her, and I believe I nearly succeeded—the door was flung wide open; someone demanded, in a coarse, uneducated, villainous voice:—

"Who made that row?" I will not repeat the exact language; I am thankful to think that it is still only men who use really objectionable words. The voice went on:—"Don't look as if it came from in here."

"It came from outside, that's where it came from—there's some game on."

The second voice came from someone in the passage

"Game on, is there? Perhaps *they're* up to some little game. We'll learn them, if they are! Here, Joe, come in here."

The owner of that voice came right into the room, followed by the owner of the murderous-looking face. When I came to look at them I could see that the second man was much worse than the first. The owner of the face which had peeped through the door was quite short, scarcely over five feet high, but the second man was enormous, a lot over six feet, with great, wide shoulders, a big head with an ugly, straggling beard, and such eyes! And the way he spoke to us!

"What are you two young gals doing in 'ere, at this time of the night?"

I tried my very hardest to give him back as good as he sent, and I believe I nearly did. Leila confessed to me afterwards that it frightened her to hear me talking like that.

"That's a question," I said, "which I should like to ask you. What are *you* doing in here?"

How that man did swear! He addressed his companion.

"Joe, do you hear her? Ain't she a nice young thing?" Then he spoke to us. "Tell you what it is. Shouldn't wonder if you was a pair of suffragettes."

From the way in which he spoke he might have been accusing us of being something lower than the beasts that grovel. How Leila shuddered! Before I could think what to say to the creature his companion drew, as it seemed from my hesitation, his own conclusions.

"Edwin," he said—his voice was both coarse and husky; fancy calling that great monster Edwin!—"you've hit it! S'elp me, you have! That's what they are—they're suffragettes."

"Think so, Joe?" The creature eyed us as if he were summing us up.

"I'll lay on it. You take and have a squint at 'em. They look that sort. I'll ask them, that's what I'll do—I'll ask them. Have you two young women come 'ere to set fire to this 'ouse? Have you or haven't you? That's what I want to know."

"What business," I replied, when I was

"WAS YOU GOING TO SET FIRE TO THIS 'OUSE? D'YOU HEAR? ANSWER!"

capable of saying anything, "is that of yours?"

The little man began to dance about as if beside himself with excitement. The big man came a couple of feet nearer. He was a most indescribable object, looking as if he hadn't washed for years, or brushed his hair, or shaved, or anything, and all the clothes he had on him would have been dear at sixpence. And his great, awful-looking hands! Then, in spite of his looks, the way in which he spoke to us! As if we were dirt beneath his feet.

"If I thought you 'ad come here to do what my mate says you 'ave, I'd twist your necks—the pair of them."

"You dare," I said, "to touch us."

His companion urged him on. "Twist 'er neck for 'er, Edwin. Twist both their necks. It wouldn't take you long to do it, and no one wouldn't blame you when it became known what kind they were."

"It's soiling my 'ands I'm a-thinking of, Joe." He came still nearer. "Look 'ere, my gal; you answer my question. Is what my mate says true? Did you come 'ere thinking to set fire to this 'ouse? Out with it—out with it!"

He held up his dreadful—I do not like to call them hands—with his horrible fingers stretched out wide, and moved them closer. I did think they were going to take me by the throat, when, all of a sudden, Leila woke up, as it were, and she went at him.

"You dare to touch us!" she said, positively shouting, as if she were beside herself with rage. "I'll throw my lamp in your face."

"Will you? We'll see about that!"

She raised her arm as if to throw it. He caught her by the wrist, and in an instant he had wrenched it from her.

"Now who talks about throwing lamps? A good whipping's what you want, you toad-faced monkey! Was you going to set fire to this 'ouse? D'you hear? Answer!"

Her answer was to shriek. He was perhaps stronger than he thought, but anyhow he gave her wrist a jerk which made her shriek; and while she was still shrieking the door opened, and there were two electric torches shining in at us.

"Halloa! Halloa!" exclaimed a voice. You couldn't see who was behind the torches, but I knew whose voice it was. "What's going on in here? What's all this?"

Then another voice said—which Leila knew better than I did: "Halloa, you, sir! What are you doing with that young lady?"

And Geoffrey MacNaughton came striding into the room. We could see it was Mr. MacNaughton, because Sam Griffith's torch shone on him. The monster who held Leila turned towards him, not at all abashed.

"I'll tell you what I was going to do to what you call this lady—if she is a lady, then save us from the likes of her! I was going to give her a hiding. 'Cause why? 'Cause she came to set fire to this 'ere 'ouse, that's why. And in petticoats, or out of petticoats, if anyone who goes in for games of that sort doesn't deserve a hiding, who does?"

Geoffrey MacNaughton — positively! — nearly agreed with him.

"There's something in what you say, my friend. But as that"—he hesitated—"person has not set fire to the house, now, I think we might, so to speak, dismiss the subject from our minds. Here's a sovereign for you, and another for your friend, to pay you, in some slight measure, for the trouble you have taken."

Geoffrey MacNaughton actually gave those wretches a sovereign apiece. When I got to Sam Griffiths, the young man said:—

"There was nearly a tragedy outside. I came upon a tin—it looked like a sort of treacle tin, and as I was lighting a pipe, somehow a piece of string which was attached to the tin caught fire, and, do you know, almost immediately afterwards there was a frightful explosion, and if it had not been for the mercy of Providence, MacNaughton and I might have been blown to smithereens."

The way in which he looked at me when he said that! I could have hit him.

Those young men took us back to Leila's cottage in their motor-car. It had been all the while in a shed behind the house. As I had suspected, they had been keeping a watchful eye on our proceedings, and they had purloined our bicycles, the shavings, the petrol, the box of matches, the tin, and everything.

Leila told me afterwards that she cried herself to sleep. I never slept at all; I was too mad. And to this hour I do not really understand how, the very next day, I told Sam Griffiths that I would marry him. And Leila is to be married on the same day as I am. I have announced over and over again that I do not believe in marriage; but, somehow—well, there! The very first present Sam Griffiths gave me—what do you think it was? A brooch in the shape of a torch. I looked at him, but he was sufficiently prudent not to say a word. I nearly threw it away right in front of his face, but—I didn't; it was really such a beautiful piece of enamel.

Some Recollections: On and Off the Stage.

By
G. P. HUNTLEY.

Photographs by Ellis & Walery and Foulsham & Banfield.

PART I.

I WAS born at Fermoy, County Cork, more years ago than I should care to remember even if I could, and was launched upon my professional career at the age of three. Though Irish by birth, my costume in private chiefly consisted of a Scottish kilt and a Glengarry cap in those early days. My father being, through no fault of his own, part-proprietor of a theatrical company touring the small towns in Ireland, and my mother, Mrs. Frank Huntley, the most successful character-actress then in England, I was literally born in the purple.

It was in the year 1800-and-let-me-see (anyhow, I was three years old) when I made my first appearance on the stage in a play called "Under the Gaslight." I may have played the jet—at all events, my part was a very small one—so, indeed, was the salary—and, having rather a mercenary mind, I remember the remuneration well. It consisted of a shilling per week

and an orange a night. I remember receiving the orange, but, somehow, cannot recall ever getting the shilling.

I remember vividly enough those early days in Ireland. My father was Professor of Elocution at Blackrock College, near Dublin, and used to produce Shakespearean plays for those early Irish Fathers. Many of the priests were wont to come to my father's house to be coached, and I still seem to hear the beautiful brogue of some ambitious Hibernian Hamlet in his priestly and "customary suit of solemn black" reciting :—

To bay or not to bay—that is the quistion.

For fourteen years my father and mother played in the stock season at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and on one occasion during the none-too-prosperous days which constitute an inevitably large proportion of theatrical life he was playing the part of a very wealthy old gentleman. Watches were not so cheap then, and he had to content himself with an ornate chain artfully pinned inside his waistcoat. He had, however, fastened it insecurely, and it happened to hang conspicuously down during a scene when he was supposed to be bestowing on someone a few thousand pounds—only a figure of speech, mind you. In the midst of this generous distribution of wealth a wit in the gallery shouted :—

"Sure, Mr. Huntley, and don't cher think you'd better kape a bit in hand and buy a watch for yoursilf ?"

Somehow the audience seemed to enjoy the joke much more than did my father.

I drifted into acting as naturally as a duck takes to water. Laying aside my past triumphs in Ireland, I started at the age of sixteen at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." Technically speaking, I "walked on," and continued to do so for many months. As I had determined to go on the stage, my parents were equally determined that I should begin at the bottom rung of the ladder and stand or fall on my own merits. I was shown no favour, and dressed with the supers—in fact, was one of them—receiving the customary salary of nine shillings a week, which sum I religiously "did in" at billiards with the call-boy. I used to wear an eyeglass in those days *off* the stage, and some of the satirical remarks thereon made by my brother supers were more pointed than publishable ! I remember I had an elaborate make-up box, filled with every conceivable colour of grease-paint, unlimited crêpe hair, and spirit-gum galore. The chief amusement of the supers was to knock this box over on every possible occasion, so that I could have the trouble of picking everything up. I could never really express myself on these occasions, as I was always disarmed by their profuse apologies !

The super-master, who was a delightfully cheery old fellow, came to the conclusion after some time that I might be entrusted with a line, and prevailed upon the manager to try me. It was hardly a "line," as it only consisted of the words "I will," but I had to stand up and say this rather emphatically. Being somewhat anxious to get in with it on the first night, I said my "I will" loudly and decisively in the middle of the hero's speech, and practically dislocated the plot. I hardly slept a wink that night for fear that someone else would be entrusted with my tit-bit. But the management still had faith in me, and on the following night I gave them—at the right time, too—the finest "I will" that had ever resounded in the old Adelphi.

From that time forth my professional career progressed by leaps and bounds. I was entrusted with "My Lord, the carriage waits," "Luncheon is served," and the announcement of titled visitors to baronial halls ; in fact, so evident was my talent that I received an offer to go on tour and play a series of character parts for one guinea a week ! Was anything ever more tempting—a guinea a week ? I had now reached gold ; in my last engagement I had been a shilling shy of half a sovereign.

I was to play three parts, one a prosperous gold-digger—was there ever such irony ? I remember I produced a huge nugget from my pouch (I think it was composed of gilt clinkers), and sang a song with the other minor miners (dressed in red shirts) which went something like this :—

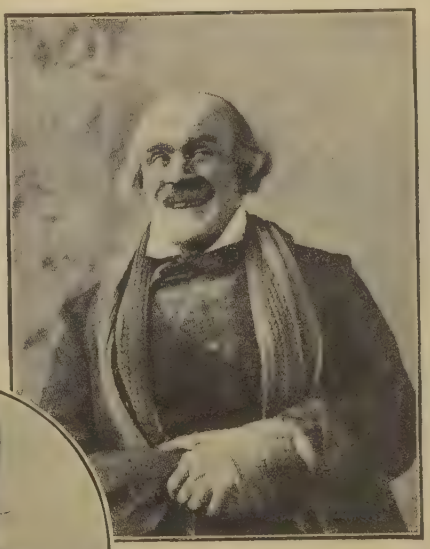
Here's health to the good land of gold, boys,
Here's health to the land of the free.
Here's health to the good land of gold, boys,
Here's health to the land of the free !

At any rate, that's all *I* sang on the first night, to the accompaniment of the clinking of property mugs and the clanging of various mining implements.

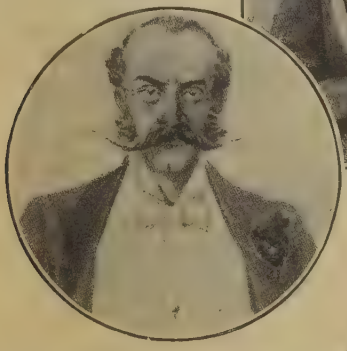
In the second act I appeared as a deaf old gentleman—a very old gentleman—in fact, there were more lines on my face than there were in my part. I "fed" the comedian—in other words, stood on the stage to be the butt of his effervescent and personal humour ; in fact, I might just as well have been dumb as well as deaf.

In the third act I played a warder, and, having always regarded this useful class of

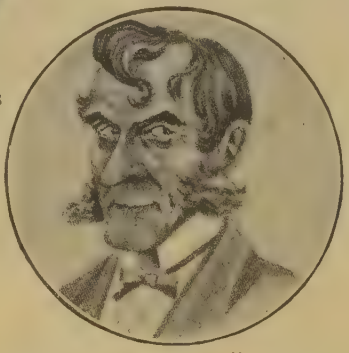
society from a distance, as massive men with huge chests, broad shoulders, and black beards, I proceeded to transform myself into as near an embodiment of these physical attributes as I could. Weighing about nine stone four pounds at the time, I had all my work cut out, but still I fancied I could manage it with just a little padding here and there. Having purchased a second-hand postman's tunic and secured the loan of a black patent leather belt with a very pretty buckle from one of my sisters, and wearing my own dark-blue serge trousers, so far as my uniform was concerned my outfit was complete. To this I added various chains and keys, which I borrowed and hung on my belt to assist in the disguise. I know it seems to be rather giving away "professional secrets," but I think I ought to say that my robustness was arrived at by a series of towels, well tucked in under my tunic. As I had pulled in my belt rather tightly, I assumed quite a graceful contour—though my legs *did* seem to stand back a bit; sideways, indeed, I might pardonably have been mistaken for a buffet barmaid. The question of putting my beard on rather troubled me, but I was fortunately well provided with a quantity of crêpe hair of a bluish-black hue. I thought I couldn't go far wrong if I made it into a sort of pancake and spread it over my face and trimmed it afterwards.



AS HERR SCHMIDT, IN "THE SILVER SHELL," ONE OF HIS FIRST GREAT SUCCESSES.



AS DUNBILK, IN "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."
From a Drawing by Mr. W. H. Kendal.

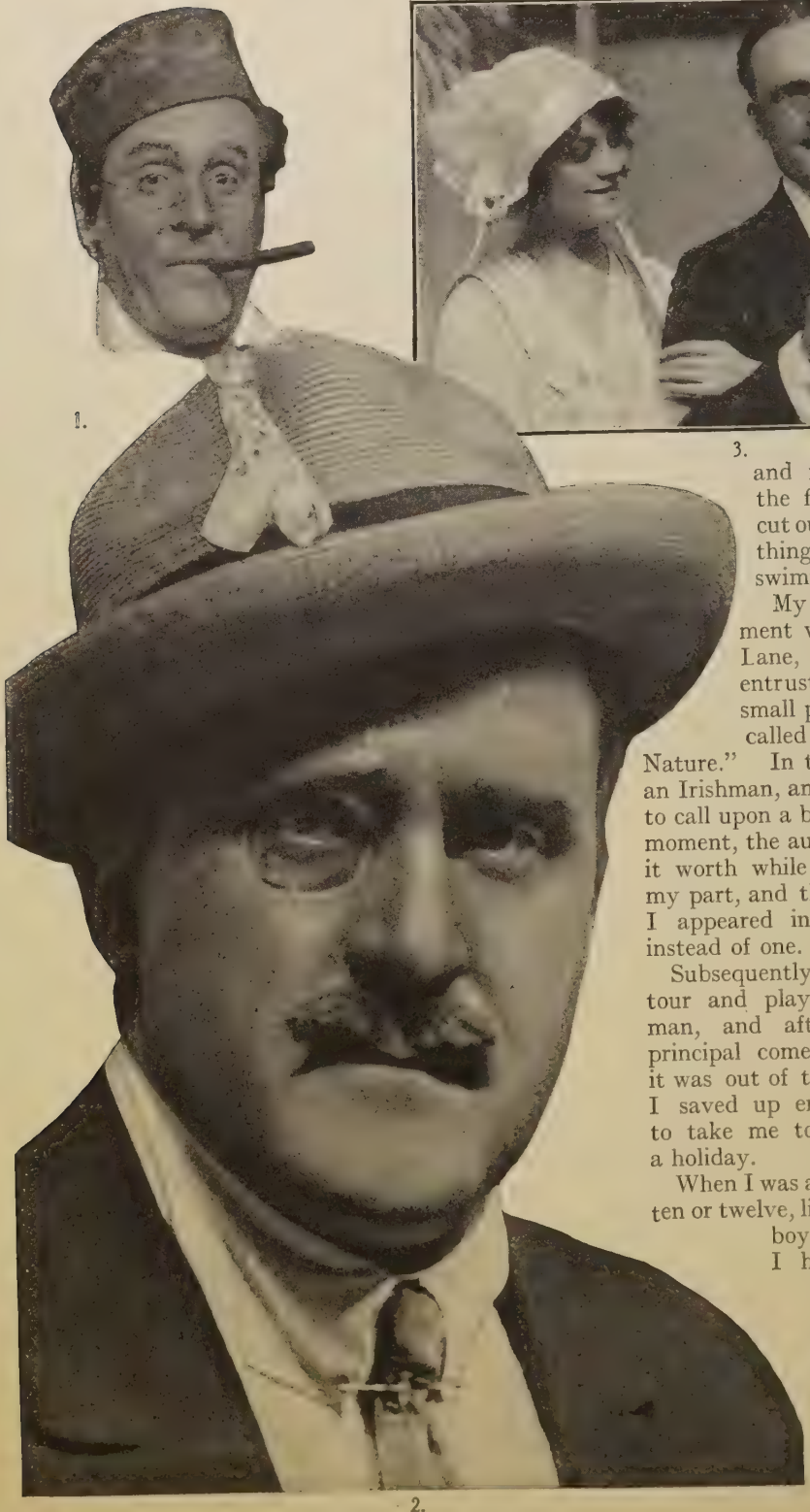


AS WHEATCROFT, IN "A WHITE LIE."
From a Drawing by Mr. W. H. Kendal.

Having placed on my face as much "beard" as the spirit-gum would hold—somewhat resembling a rook's nest that had been run over—and breathing heavily through my nose, I was about to trim it, when I heard a sudden shouting from the manager to say that the stage was waiting for me. I rushed down and made as dignified an entrance as the occasion demanded—to realize, too late, that I had omitted to make any parting in the beard over my mouth, so that when I had to say impressively, "The prisoner sleeps," the effect was somewhere between a cleft palate and incipient ventriloquism. Thank goodness, I hadn't to remain on the stage very long, as there was a general struggle, and in the *mêlée* the escape of the prisoner was effected. Not, however, before he had thrown a pitcher of water over me—an incident in the play which I afterwards discovered was quite unintended by the author. I can only add that at the end of the week I felt that I had fairly earned my guinea!

I continued to draw this salary for several months. Some slight alterations were suggested by the management as regards a warder's make-up,

MR. HUNTLEY IS A CLEVER ARTIST AS WELL AS AN ACTOR, AS THIS SKETCH OF HIMSELF, IN ONE OF HIS EARLY PARTS, SHOWS.



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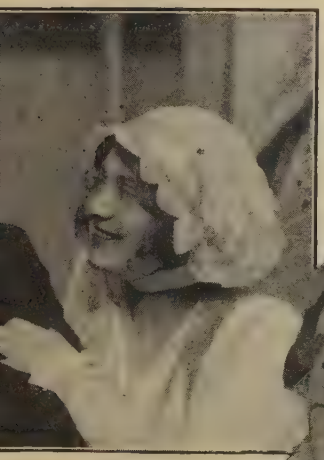
and my scene in the first act was cut out; otherwise things went on swimmingly.

My next engagement was at Drury Lane, where I was entrusted with a small part in a play called "Human Nature." In this I played an Irishman, and, being able to call upon a brogue at any moment, the author thought it worth while to augment my part, and thenceforward I appeared in two scenes instead of one.

Subsequently I went on tour and played a clergyman, and afterwards the principal comedy part, and it was out of this tour that I saved up enough money to take me to America for a holiday.

When I was a boy of about ten or twelve, like most other boys of that age, I had a great desire to go to sea. I used to try and make my own little quadrants and sextants myself out of card-



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board — in fact, anybody that was connected with the sea was in my eyes a hero. If I could sit next to a sailor on the top of a 'bus or near a *Worcester* cadet, I was thrilled with a sort of ecstatic joy.

I remember once following a gentleman in elaborate dark-blue uniform with bright metal buttons, and carrying what I thought was a harpoon. I was sure he must be off some whaler, and I followed him on through endless streets, feasting upon the magnificence of his naval equipment. I could see him in my mind thrusting his harpoon into some enormous whale. But when I saw him pull a straw plug out of the road and take a couple of turns with the "harpoon," and I afterwards discovered that he was connected with the waterworks, I suffered the most crushing blow to my childish illusions that I ever remember!

This, my first visit to America, was at my own expense, when I was about fifteen years of age.

There was one passenger in particular who interested me. He was a good-looking, sad-faced sort of chap, who was invariably alone, and for some reason he singled me out and seemed to take a personal interest in me.

One morning we were walking on deck. He had found that I, too, was a fairly reserved and undemonstrative sort of chap, and one that he could confide in.

"I dare say you think I am a very funny sort of chap," he began, "and wonder what my business is. To tell you the truth, I am what they call an 'Atlantic crook'—a card-sharper, if you like. I've done every boat on every line except this one. They all know me, and so far I have come off fairly well, but I reckon this will be my last trip. I know they have got someone waiting to meet me when I get to New York. I am an expert at cards," he went on, "pickpocketing, watch-pinching, and thieving in all its branches. Why, I could have your pin or watch now and you wouldn't know, although I have warned you. Mind you, I haven't always got off easily with my swag. For instance, look at my hand. You see that mark? Well, that's where a chap stuck a knife through it because I had more aces than I was

G. P. HUNTLEY.
1. IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."
2 AND 3. IN "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."
4. IN "CURIOS."
5. IN "KITTY GREY."

entitled to." Then he took off his cap and said: "Do you see a scar?" and he bent down his head so that I could look, and invited me to feel the lump on the left side. "No, no! farther to the right," he said, as at first I was unsuccessful. "Ah! now you've gone too far. There—a little more to the left." When I touched what I thought was the lump he alluded to, he said:—

"Ah, that's where I was once hit over the head with a chair. Can you feel it?"

"Yes," I replied. I certainly thought I did.

"Well," he went on, replacing his hat, "how would you like that done to you?" And he stood up, looking at my expression of astonishment.

"Now," he said, "I expect it's time for lunch, isn't it? What time do you make it?"

"Oh, it's about——" I began. "Why, my watch has gone!" I exclaimed.

"That's it," he replied; "I took it while you were feeling the bump. That's the sort of chap I am. Here's your watch," he said, handing it back to me. "That's only one of the many little tricks I am up to."

"But you look so honest," I cried.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that's it, you see; that's how I get away with it. But," he went on, "I will show you something to-night that you have never seen before. I haven't got time now."

THIS PICTURE OF A PAPOOSE WAS GIVEN TO MR. HUNTLEY WHEN VISITING ONE OF THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

And with this remark he hurried away.

I didn't see him again the whole of that day, and was just thinking of turning in when he came along the deck towards me.

"Oh, here you are!" he said, and shook hands with me. What an extraordinary thing, I thought. "I want to give you something," he went on, "just a little reminder of me, and I want you to wear it." With this he put a little button into my coat, a kind of Order of American Citizenship, with the American flag on it. And then he looked at me as if he were going to tell me something, but had changed his mind. "I promised to show you something to-night, didn't I?" he said. "I have shown you a good many tricks, haven't I?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he said, "have you ever seen this done?" And with that he walked straight ahead over the taffrail and disappeared!

At the time I didn't realize what had happened. In the morning I heard that the poor chap was missing, and I never saw him again—neither did whoever was waiting for him in New York.

It was a strange ending!

Previous to my next American trip I went on a short tour with the Kendals through the English provinces, playing Sir George Orreyed in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and in other plays by Pinero, R. C. Carton, Sydney Grundy, Tom Robertson (Mrs. Kendal's brother), Georges Ohnet, and many others. Never did an actor have a better opportunity of speaking the best English. Imagine acting some of the best plays of these dramatists! And Mrs. Kendal *could* act!

It was in America, however, that real serious hard work began, and the repertoire was an extensive one, representing something like sixteen plays. It was owing to a very sad event that my promotion was effected. One of the members of the company who played a very prominent part in "Impulse" committed suicide, and I was entrusted with his part. I resisted all temptation to follow his example.

After this my work became more strenuous, but I remained with the Kendals for three or four years. I feel I cannot speak of my connection with them without saying how delightful I found them to act with. I have never known "stars" less selfish on the stage. Mrs. Kendal would frequently sacrifice some delightful "business" of her own to encourage some little bit of "business" of mine. Besides his talent for acting, Mr. Kendal was a delightful artist with his brush, and I have sketches of myself done by him in water-colours in nearly every part I played. I am using on page 395 one or two to illustrate my remarks.

Well, we opened in New York at the Star Theatre with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and after visiting Boston, Washington, and other cities we went to the extreme West.

About this time I was collecting Indian curios, and used to visit all the Reservations that were within reach. There are very few men who have ever taken the trouble to find out and know the real Indian. Generally speaking, the white man has never regarded him as anything but an enemy—something to be obliterated and wiped out of the country.

I have painted many Indians, and I have portraits and paintings of all the chiefs of that time. Amongst other things I have a little unfinished blanket which a young Navaho girl was weaving for me. While working at it she was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

In a cosy little club in London, Ontario, a luncheon-party was given by one of the members to celebrate something which wasn't entitled to be celebrated at all. After an excellent meal we were most of us very sympathetically inclined. I sat next to one of the party who was a sort of kindred spirit, and incidentally a past-master at glass-emptying. After having carefully scrutinized me, he came to the conclusion that I was a fairly decent sort of chap—at least, that is what he told me—and also a bit of a sportsman. He became gradually quieter, and moved up closer and seemed to want to confide in me. There was pathos in his voice, which was decidedly catching.

"Do you know," he began, "one of the saddest things in the world happened to me out in East Africa." With this he leant heavily on the lever of the siphon and for the moment filled my boots, and with the usual "I beg your pardon—I'm awfully sorry—how careless of me!" he proceeded to tell me the following story.

"I was out on a big-game expedition arranged by old Tarlton—you remember Tarlton?"

I said, "Rather." I can picture him now, a jolly, nice little chap; he told me all about native life out there, and how he drank native wine made by just twisting a leaf.

"Oh, yes, he's a sportsman," continued my friend. "One day we got on the track of a huge tigress, which I knocked clean over with my first shot. Well, when we came to cut her up we found this" (producing from his waistcoat-pocket what was presumably the bangle of a tiny child).

I said, "You mean to tell me that the bangle——"

He said, "Exactly."

I said, "You mean to tell me that the tiger must have——"

He said, "Exactly."

I looked at the little bangle and he went on: "Can't you picture some little African child, perhaps five or six years old——"

I said, "I know, I know."

"——a bright, black-eyed little chap, wandering out into the jungle and never, never returning?"

I said, "I know, I know." And I looked at the bangle and held it in my hand for quite a long time with a tenderness which I hoped would convey my feelings. His confidence seemed to form a bond of friendship between us. He sent me a copy of Omar Khayyám, and in return I sent him the *Pink 'Un* regularly.

Some months later I was once more in the midst of Canadian hospitality, visiting Brantford, when I happened to meet a brother of the man who owned the bangle that had been found in the tigress, and I naturally wished to extend my friendship to any other member of the same family.

"Well," I began, quietly, "I met your brother in London."

"Oh," he replied, rather flippantly, "you mean old Frank?"

I said, "Yes."

"What a nut!" he answered, half to himself.

"By Heaven," I replied, "what a life that chap has lived! He certainly has been through it, hasn't he?" In as pathetic a tone as I could, I referred to the touching little event of the tigress and the bangle—and here I dropped my voice almost to a whisper. "Poor mite! Poor mite!"

"What!" he replied, in almost a shriek. "Did he spring that on you?"

"Spring what?" I answered.

"You mean the old gag about finding the little bangle in the tigress?" he went on. "Why, the fellow has never been to Africa in his life!"

"But," I insisted, "the bangle—he showed me the bangle."

"Oh, yes; I know old Frank," replied my friend. "Made you cry, I suppose? Well, if you want to know where he got that bangle from, he bought it at a clearance sale on the closing day of the African Exhibition at Earl's Court."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

The Woman in the Dimity Gown.

By MARIAN BOWER.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

"MA FILLE," said the Lieutenant Vachoux, a veteran from Napoleon's Italian campaigns, who had lost the use of both legs and the sight of both eyes at Lodi some ten years previously, "what is this?" and he indicated a certain point on the breast of his tunic. "It feels like a rent that has been sewn up—like the long rent, *parbleu*, right down to the waist, which I got on my tunic as we went through the bushes at Lodi, and the Little Corporal, His Majesty that is, told us the few trifles he wanted of us. I had on my sergeant's uniform—I was proud enough of the stripes then. *Ma foi*, girl, you have not put me on my old sergeant's uniform to-day—me, the Lieutenant Vachoux—instead of the new one that I had made when the Emperor replied to the petition you forwarded for me and sent me my grade for 'Distinguished services rendered'?"

The thin, anxious voice ceased. There followed just a little pause in the tiny white-washed room, where the old man half leaned, half sat, by the window waiting for the passing of the Emperor Napoleon, who that day was to honour the old town of St. Jean Pied de Port, nestling at the very foot of the Pyrénées, with a visit.

At length Marie-Claire answered.

"No," she returned. "No, it is the right uniform."

"But the tear?" persisted Vachoux.

Marie-Claire came up behind the old man's chair.

"*Voyons*," she answered, in a soft, low voice, that had a hint of sorrow, of dismay, in it, "you mistake, *mon oncle*. That is the new seam to make the waist look smaller which Monsieur Schmitt puts into all the uniforms for *Messieurs les officiers* since the Emperor has issued the command that they are to have smarter figures than any Austrian or any German, not to mention those shop-keepers of English, whom you say the little man in grey is going to put in their places next."

Vachoux nodded. "Good," he muttered. "*Messieurs les officiers!* Baptiste Vachoux, lieutenant, decorated on the field for valour, in receipt of a pension for distinguished services. Good! Even if His Majesty does not see me at this window—I wish the sashes would open wider—surely he will ask for me, Vachoux, formerly of the Army of Italy, whose petition His Majesty deigned to consider favourably; Vachoux, who would expend two more eyes if he had them, and his arms as well as his legs, in the service of the general who never forgets those who walked up to the cannon for him."

The old man with the sightless eyes, with the scant white hair almost falling on to his shoulders, with his right hand grasping his stick, sat still, muttering aloud of Lodi, of the Little Corporal, of what he would do had he his time to come over again for the great and glorious Emperor who had responded so liberally to a poor cripple's petition, until the sun rose up and he felt its warmth on his face; then he called to Marie-Claire.

"You dress yourself in the *mousseline des Indes*," the veteran went on; "the dress that you bought when I was promoted. I gave you the money out of my first month's pension. The niece of a commissioned officer must be dressed suitably. Muslin for her, though dimity would suffice for the sergeant's niece."

"*Parfaitement*," replied Marie-Claire, still invisible. "I put on the muslin; but you must breakfast before the Emperor comes. I will bring the soup to you this minute."

The Lieutenant Vachoux's adopted niece came towards the figure propped up in the arm-chair, and as she came towards the sunlight, as she looked at the crowds gathering in the streets, to Monsieur le Préfet bustling and hot, to Madame with the great bouquet that she was ready to present to the Empress,

"SHE BENT TOWARDS THE OLD MAN, WHOM SHE TENDED WITH SUCH DEVOTION."

to the twenty small girls and to the same number of small boys who were to sing of the great things that Napoleon had done for France, there was apprehension, dread even, but no pleasurable excitement, on her face.

As she bent towards the old man whom she tended with such devotion, he made another observation.

"It is stiff, your muslin," he remarked. "You are sure that they gave you *mousseline des Indes?* When I bought a length for—for—*enfin,* not for you—it was soft——"

"They make them stiff now," thrust in Marie-Claire, "since the Empress sets the fashion that way."

Then the Lieutenant Vachoux ate his soup, and in honour of the great day he supplemented it with a little glass of cognac; and as Marie-Claire went back with the empty bowl and glass to the tiny kitchen a fanfare of trumpets echoed down the long street, the artillery thundered from the fort.

The Emperor Napoleon had set foot within the walls of St. Jean Pied de Port.

Vachoux heard, listened to the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and shook his head.

"That does not come from the heart," he murmured. "They are like foreign conscripts. You should have heard us shout at Lodi."

Next Vachoux heard, and Marie-Claire saw, the carriage coming down the street. The conqueror of Europe was seated at the right; Josephine, the Empress, the woman who was always charming and gracious, even after she had lost the first flush of her beauty, on his left.

The carriage halted before the Hôtel de France.

The Préfet advanced, Madame presented her bouquet, Josephine smiled at the great round of blossoms as if she had never seen a rose or a pink before, the Colonel's wife was quite sure that the Imperial eyes lingered on her cashmere shawl, the children began to sing in their shrill, shaky voices.

Only the Emperor looked about him impatiently. It was for Josephine to receive compliments and to listen to children. He, Napoleon, wished to get to more important business.

His opinion of the cheering was exactly that of Vachoux's. He knew it was perfunctory, paid for. Yet this Basque population was as hardy as any in France, and none would make better soldiers. The Emperor had already formed his plans for Spain, and he knew if he wanted to possess the Peninsula he must fight for it. He could not spare a squadron from Italy, from Germany, from the Low Countries. He must depend on new levies, and the new levies came in grudgingly and showed no *élan* when they were with the colours.

His Majesty, with a summer morning to spare, resolved to use it in stirring up that personal affection which had sent men by thousands to die for him. He knew the way—until the very end of his career, when the cloud of arrogance came down and blinded him—he could always stir the soldier.

Now he turned about, with Monsieur le Préfet still stammering through his speech, and, summoning the Colonel, abruptly asked him if there were no veterans in St. Jean Pied de Port, and, if so, why none of his old comrades had come to welcome him.

The voice, which never spoke, as long as it was to be heard in France, without riveting attention, abruptly ended the singing, and broke off Monsieur le Préfet's laboured platitudes with a jerk.

The Colonel stepped forward.

"Your Majesty," he said, "we have the Lieutenant Vachoux in St. Jean."

"Vachoux," repeated the Emperor, whose memory for his soldiers and their names was marvellous, "of the 9th Foot—wounded at Austerlitz?"

"No, your Majesty," answered the Colonel. "Vachoux, a sergeant, wounded at Lodi. Blind, unable to walk. Your Majesty honoured him with a special pension and the grade of lieutenant."

Napoleon frowned. "Vachoux!" he repeated. "Vachoux!" Then he rapped out a command. "Bring this man to me," he said.

"He cannot walk, your Majesty."

"Then take me to him."

"His house is before your Majesty, over the way," the Colonel answered.

Napoleon set off at once. The crowd opened to let the little figure pass. Quickly as he stepped out, the news preceded him.

"The Emperor was going himself to pay the Lieutenant Vachoux a visit."

The veteran heard it as he sat by the open window.

"Marie-Claire!" he called. "Marie-Claire, they say—they say His Majesty comes!"

The blind man's adopted niece heard. She hurried up to the old soldier, she looked out past him. She saw the one man who walked first, the others who followed him. She put up her two hands against her breast, pressed them against her dimity gown—it was of dimity, not of muslin from the Indies—the colour faded from her face.

"Speak, girl!" demanded Vachoux. "You can see? Is anyone coming? Does the Emperor come?"

"Yes," returned Marie-Claire, very slowly. "I see the Colonel ——"

"Never previously has that one had time to come and pass the time of day with the crippled Vachoux," ejaculated the blind man. "But he can make him a visit now."

"The Emperor——" Marie-Claire went on.

"Yes, child, yes!" gasped out Vachoux.

"He walks the first."

The veteran drew himself up from the waist, he fingered his medals, put his hand down to his side.

"If I had foreseen this," he murmured, "I would not have lent my sword, not even for the Empress herself."

Marie-Claire sat down suddenly. She went so white that, alone in the little room, with no one to help her, she seemed about to faint.

The cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" duly began again, the children, not to be done out of a single verse of the hymn they had learned so laboriously, started where they had left off before. Napoleon heard, frowned. He wheeled round, looked at the crowd.

"AT THE DOOR MARIE-CLAIRE MET HIM."

"The Emperor," he said, to the men before him, "never forgets those who fight for France."

He waited a moment. If he expected a great burst of enthusiasm, none came. His brow was black as he reached the cottage, his lips compressed. At the door Marie-Claire met him. She bent to him—curtsied, not as a village girl might, not as Josephine's newly-ennobled ladies did, to the Emperor's daily annoyance, but as a gentlewoman of the old *régime* might have done. Napoleon remarked the trifle—was arrested by it.

"This is the house of——?" he began.

Marie-Claire had to try twice before she could answer.

"Of the Lieutenant Vachoux, your Majesty," she said; and then she looked up at the imperious eyes staring down at her—looked up with an appealing gesture. "He is old, Sire, the Lieutenant Vachoux," she went on. "He is blind. He lost the use of his legs at Lodi. Your Majesty has not a more loyal——"

Napoleon cut her short.

"And who are you?" he jerked out.

"I am," replied Marie-Claire, and the colour came into her cheeks—"I am the ser—the lieutenant's adopted niece, your Majesty."

"And your own father?" pursued the Emperor.

"A comrade at Lodi. Killed in that battle."

Napoleon turned as she finished speaking. He pushed past her. He walked towards the window. The old man, with the sightless eyes, was doubling back his ear with one hand to listen for the step. The other hand was up at the salute; the wasted cheeks were pink with excitement; the thin, blue lips, do what the veteran would to keep them stiff, were quivering.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" Vachoux tried to cry, but his voice broke, and the salutation ended in a shrill scream.

Yet Napoleon heard what was in that cry; knew that it contained just what those he had been listening to lacked. He walked briskly forward.

"*Mon vieux*——" he was beginning.

His glance fell on the helpless figure.

He pulled up short. "*Sapristi!*" he muttered. He thrust out his hand, and with it seemed to call the attention of those about him to an unexpected point of peculiar importance. The Staff looked at each other, the Colonel in command opened his mouth as if he were about to speak; but the Emperor silenced him with a peremptory gesture.

"Your name?" he demanded of the veteran.

The blind man gave it.

"Your grade?"

"Lieutenant," answered Vachoux, "promoted by your Majesty's especial favour when your Majesty deigned to reply to the petition addressed to you."

"Through whom?"

"Marie-Claire, my adopted niece, old Sergeant Bosset's daughter, wrote for me. *Mon Général*, your Majesty," answered Vachoux, "I sent it straight to you. That is why your Majesty received it and answered it. I had not to wait. I knew I should not if your Majesty but knew that old Baptiste Vachoux was in want."

The Emperor raised his eyes. He looked across the room to where, by the whitewashed wall, leaned Marie-Claire. He looked at her long; he looked at her fixedly. Her great eyes were on him. They were widely open, they had an appealing look in them. She was breathing so fast that the frill of the muslin *fichu* about her neck rose and fell. Napoleon smiled slowly. He thrust one hand between the buttons of his coat; he turned back to the blind man.

"And the uniform you wear, *mon vieux?*" he asked him.

Vachoux explained; told how it was the first time on, how it had been sent for all the way to Bayonne when His Majesty granted Baptiste Vachoux his step.

The Staff looked at each other again; the Colonel shot a glance at his Major, and the Major, who had a kind heart, smiled pityingly.

"And this?" went on the greatest man in Europe, as he touched the braiding.

"My gold lace; the lace of a lieutenant. I can feel it, *bien sûr*, if I cannot see," answered Vachoux.

Napoleon looked, not at the group of wondering men about him, but to Marie-Claire beyond.

"The gold lace on the lieutenant's uniform," he said to her—and the words came out slowly, for the braiding was of black, of coarse mohair—"and," went on the Emperor, "the uniform of a lieutenant, the new uniform worn to-day for the first time——" for the blind man's tunic was stained, it was faded, it was darned in a long line all down from the breast to the waist.

Marie-Claire folded her arms, stood upright, without support. She seemed to be waiting for her sentence, as the women of the old *régime* had waited for the mob to do them to death, and there was the same courageous acceptance of what might be to come with her as had been with them.

"And your adopted niece," continued Napoleon, addressing the veteran again.

"Marie-Claire," quavered the old man. "A good girl, your Majesty. I gave her the muslin she wears to-day because your Majesty is here."

"The muslin?" repeated Napoleon.

"*Bien sûr, mon Général*, your Majesty," answered Vachoux, "the *mousseline des Indes*. When your Majesty honoured Baptiste Vachoux with a commission, his niece must dress as a lieutenant's niece should. Marie-Claire wears the dress to-day. A *mousseline des Indes*. I gave her my first quarter's pension that she might buy it."

Napoleon looked across the little room again.

"You wear muslin, mademoiselle," he commented, very dryly. "The Empress has a partiality for muslins. Perhaps she would like to see yours. Would you," and the monarch dropped out the words one by one, "care to show it to her?"

Marie-Claire curtsied again, and for the second time Napoleon marked the grace of the reverence.

"I am in His Majesty's hands. I await his commands," she answered, an emphasis, a meaning, in her tone also.

Napoleon grunted. He pushed through the soldiers about him, assured his Staff that they never were of any use and always in the way; he strode across the flagged floor, he pulled up close to Marie-Claire, and stood scowling at her. The Emperor put out his hand, caught her gown, and held it out between his thumb and finger.

"This, mademoiselle," he commented, "is *mousseline des Indes*, muslin suitable for the niece of a lieutenant? Suitable, *je vous le dis*, for the niece of a lieutenant?"

"No, your Majesty," returned Marie-Claire, "it is not muslin. It is dimity."

"Then——" jerked out the little man before her.

Marie Claire looked straight at the stern face, at the piercing eyes.

"'YOUR NAME?' HE DEMANDED OF THE VETERAN."

"I am ready to bear the consequences, Sire," she said. "It was all my doing."

"What was?" rapped out the Emperor.

"What your Majesty has seen to-day; what your Majesty has discovered."

"You mean?" questioned the little man before her.

"I mean," answered this woman in a coarse dimity gown, with an old washed *fichu* about her beautiful neck, "that the Sergeant Vachoux was blind, that he was crippled, that he was very poor, that he had nothing to live for, nothing to which to look forward. Who would read his petition, who would grant him his pension? I told him what was not true. I said your Majesty had favourably considered his petition, and he believes that you accorded him the grade of lieutenant. I said that your Majesty had given him a pension. I earn a few francs by fine embroidery, and he takes those because he thinks they are his pension."

The Emperor waited until Marie-Claire stopped speaking. He stood quite a minute glowering at her, then he snapped his thumb and finger with a gesture of disdain.

"You are a woman," he assured her, harshly, "and therefore you can make out a good case for yourself. *C'est bien,* your devotion to the old man, *magnifique* if you will, *superbe. Voyons!* it makes a picture, a picture doubtless calculated to move the heart. But I know you women. You can always turn and twist, just as you can always cry. Why have you not begun to shed tears? Josephine always weeps when she is found out. Bah!" he went on, without waiting for an answer to his own question. "Whether you cry or you do not, you have told lies, mademoiselle; *je vous le dis,* you told lies."

"I do not deny that, your Majesty," answered Marie-Claire. "I told the Sergeant Vachoux what was not true. But he was happy every day, every hour, until——"

"Until——?" wedged in the Emperor.

"Until to-day, Sire," rounded off Marie-Claire.

Napoleon left her abruptly. He looked out through the open door. Josephine had gone to the Hôtel de France, so there were fewer women about, but the men still lingered, and it was the men who counted in the Emperor's eyes. He looked along the line of them. They were all capable of bearing arms, they all had shouldered a musket, not once, but a dozen times. Yet not one of them had fought willingly for him (most of them had shown an astonishing ingenuity in eluding the conscription), much less had one of them left sight behind for him, been crippled for him.

He swung back upon Marie-Claire.

"If I tell the Sergeant Vachoux," he asked, and he jerked his thumb towards the helpless figure in the chair, "that you are in a dimity gown?"

"Then the Sergeant Vachoux will learn that Marie-Claire has deceived him, your Majesty."

"If I tell him that I never heard of his petition, much less answered it?"

"Then the Sergeant Vachoux will know again that I have deceived him, your Majesty."

"If I tell him that he is wearing his old uniform, that the gold lace is mohair?"

"Then, Sire," returned Marie-Claire, "the Sergeant Vachoux will realize that he has never been anything but a sergeant, that Marie-Claire sewed braid on his old tunic that he might be happy, that he might think day by day, as he lay helpless and in pain, of himself as a lieutenant, and of his Emperor and what his Emperor had done for him, that he might feel himself compensated even for the loss of his eyes and the loss of his leg."

Napoleon heard, grunted. He looked out of the door again, saw once again the square shoulders that carried no musket for him.

He bent towards Marie-Claire.

"You admit that you lied, mademoiselle?" he rapped out.

"Yes, your Majesty," affirmed Marie-Claire. "I lied."

The Emperor heard. Suddenly he laughed sardonically.

"And," he demanded, "was that the only lie that Marie-Claire, the sergeant's adopted niece, told the old blind cripple whose house she shared?"

There followed a moment's pause. The sun was shining down the street; the shadows from the two great plane trees patterned the gravel before the Hôtel de France, the murmur of the swift stream came from the back of the hotel, the sign creaked steadily, monotonously. Above, the sky was blue; away, the mountains showed lines of shadowy, soft greyness.

"No," answered Marie-Claire. "It was not the only lie I told."

"And the other was——?" demanded the Emperor.

The woman in the dimity gown waited again—seemed to consider. In a moment, instead of answering the man before whom most men and pretty well every woman held their tongues and trembled, this Sergeant Vachoux's adopted niece asked a question in her turn.

"You will let him know?" she asked, and a glance from her great eyes indicated the crippled man.

The Emperor laughed grimly.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I will tell the sergeant."

"And quench the light out of the life of a blind man, out of the life of a crippled man?" Marie-Claire went on.

"Even so," answered the master of Europe. "I will do exactly what you describe so eloquently, mademoiselle."

"You will do this to a poor old man who is loyal to your Majesty?"

"But who," thrust in Napoleon, brutally, "being crippled, is of no further use to me."

He stepped back, folded his arms. Josephine would hardly have known him; her ladies, to whom he permitted himself a long list of incivilities, would certainly not have known him. The Emperor was rarely patient with anyone, least of all with a woman. But this Marie-Claire, with her large eyes, with her grand air, with her shapely hands that no hard work could spoil, interested him. He knew what was unusually fine in a man, and sometimes he acknowledged it; he had more rarely found the quality in such women as he had been intimate with; but when he saw it—and he saw it now—he was deferential to it as he was to no one, to nothing else.

"I say," he repeated—and yet there was a change in his tone—"that the Sergeant Vachoux, being crippled, is of no further use to me."

Marie-Claire threw back her head.

"Then, your Majesty," she answered, her voice ringing clear, "since you decide that I, a poor woman, of no account, will tell you how I came to St. Jean Pied de Port, will tell you who I am, perhaps," with a very fine smile, "it may interest you to hear; it may even be of moment to you to hear. When I have told your Majesty all I have to tell, maybe

the Emperor will spare the old soldier who is loyal as perhaps all those who bask in the Imperial favour are not."

Napoleon heard. The very audacity of the speech kept him silent for a moment.

"You make terms with me, woman!" he cried out, when he could find his voice. "You dare to make terms with me!"

Marie-Claire smiled as if the game were in her hands, not in the small white ones being thrust restlessly in and out of the uniform coat.

"No, your Majesty," she answered, "I am not so presumptuous. I leave the Sergeant Vachoux to your Majesty. I simply ask him if it seems good to him to take what I have to tell him as a fair exchange for an old cripple's happiness. I came to St. Jean Pied de Port. I was endeavouring to escape to Spain."

"Then you are a pestilential, an *émigrée!*"

"I was flying for my life, your Majesty."

"*Sapristi!* I knew it," cried out Napoleon. "I knew it as soon as you bent your knee to me."

"It was a winter's evening, your Majesty," Marie-Claire went on. "I was worn out. I could go no farther. In the cold, with the night drawing in, I lay down on the road to die. I was found by a smuggler. He brought me in to St. Jean Pied de Port. It may be he meant to make his peace with the authorities by giving me up. But while he waited just within the gate for the custom-house officers to arrive, he met a comrade. The two retired to the little inn, Le Tigre Rouge, just opposite the custom-house, to drink together. I waited my opportunity. I slipped off the mule. The darkness had fully come then. It was raining. I wandered into the street, not a soul was about. I staggered on, not daring to knock at any of the doors. At length the light from an uncurtained window attracted me. I looked in. At first I thought the room was empty; then I saw an old man propped up in bed. I watched. I saw him grope with his hand for his stick. I realized that he was blind. I raised the latch of the door. I stole in. I sat down by the fire. My only thought as I entered was to rest awhile, and then to rise and go on. But while I waited the old man began to mutter aloud, talking to himself as those who are much alone do. He began to speak of a comrade killed at Lodi, of the dead man's daughter, how he had promised to befriend the girl, how he would never be able to find her now. That gave me the idea. I would be old Sergeant Bosset's daughter. I would stay in the cottage. If the old man provided me with a roof above my head, I would tend him, make his life less lonely——"

"And plot against me and my kingdom?" Napoleon thrust in.

"No," answered Marie-Claire. "I would not seek shelter beneath a blind man's roof and conspire against the Emperor that he talked of all the day long. Besides——"

"Ah!" interrupted Napoleon. "Besides. It is always a besides with a woman."

"Besides," continued Marie-Claire, steadily, "my hopes had failed—my dreams were ended."

Napoleon bent forward. He laid a heavy hand on Marie-Claire's shoulder.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

Suddenly the woman looked into the frowning, sullen face.

"If your Majesty has me arrested, will you spare the Sergeant Vachoux?" she demanded.

"*Peste*, woman! I can arrest you and tell the sergeant exactly what I think fit," answered Napoleon.

"Will your Majesty have mercy on an old man and let one victim suffice him for to-day?" Marie-Claire persisted.

"I tell you, woman, you are in my power," rapped out Napoleon.

"I know it, Sire," answered Marie-Claire, "but——"

"But what, *nom de ciel?*" ejaculated the Emperor.

The woman before him just smiled.

"Your Majesty lacks my name."

"My police will identify you quickly enough."

"I hardly think so, your Majesty," Marie-Claire retorted. "They have seen me more than once, and failed to discover anything of interest to them about me."

As she said that, Marie-Claire went right up to the Emperor. She bent to him—she almost whispered to him.

"The police, you recollect, your Majesty," she went on, "have never been able to lay their hands on the person, man or woman, who took the great proclamation of the year 1803 into Paris, who delivered it to the conspirators within the city to be printed and posted. The astute Monsieur Fouché leans to the belief that it was a woman, and he is convinced that the lady was no longer young. He searches for someone past middle age. He has never stopped searching for someone mature enough to be trusted with the details of the best-thought-out plot since your Majesty assumed the crown. But she might, Sire—this woman, I mean—have been young."

A hard word hissed between Napoleon's lips. He was indeed being told what neither he nor his much-vaunted secret police had been able to find out. The proclamation had such an effect that the Imperial throne had seemed to rock under the storm it produced.

Napoleon had felt the oscillation. Though it was some years ago, he could still remember the shock, and a woman, a young woman, had done this.

Napoleon gazed at Marie-Claire stupefied. He glanced round the cottage as though he expected conspirators to spring out of every corner, as if he expected the white walls suddenly to be covered with the writing of accusation. He looked at the deal table, he looked at the poor ornaments on the mantel-shelf as if they also might have something to say to him and to his continuance on the throne. A moment later he recovered himself. "Colonel," he cried to the man who commanded the troops in St. Jean Pied de Port, "place a guard about this woman."

"And the Sergeant Vachoux, your Majesty?" demanded Marie-Claire, even at this critical juncture.

Napoleon kept his eyes fixed on her. He watched a soldier step to either side of her. He saw her look straight back into his face. He knew that though she realized she was in his power, that though she was well aware that if she were put on trial it would be before a tribunal who knew exactly when they were to acquit and when they were to condemn, that Marie-Claire was appealing to him not for herself, but for a blind, crippled old soldier.

The Emperor thrust his hands behind his back. He turned about. Perhaps he knew all along what he meant to do; perhaps it was just a chance, one of those chances which change the whole course of life.

"'AH! LE BRAVE PETIT HOMME!' SHE MURMURED."

Josephine, who rarely went on foot farther than her conservatories and the shade of a favourite tree, had been taken with the whim to walk up the street of St. Jean Pied de Port. She was at the door of the Hôtel de France, her ladies were behind her. Madame the wife of the Préfet was prepared to point out the features of the town; Madame the wife of the Colonel was sure that the direction of the Imperial footsteps was her due.

The women, the children, crowded about the tall, graceful woman. With a gesture which told its tale of heartache, of longing, the Empress took a chubby baby into her arms, and kissed it. "Ah! *le brave petit homme!*" she murmured.

Then the cheering broke out in St. Jean Pied de Port. The spontaneous, joyful

cheering, quite apart from any official welcome.

The sound travelled to the Emperor. He started. "*Sapristi!*" he murmured. Josephine, who was not clever, who was not astute, had done what he had failed to do.

The Emperor walked quickly to the door of the cottage. He stood up for everyone to see him, and everyone seemed to think him of smaller consequence than a woman kissing a baby. He walked down the path; he went up to Josephine.

"Madame," he began, as she looked at him anxiously to see if she had done wrong, "I would present a brave man to your Majesty, an old soldier who has fought for France. He has lost his sight, this brave man, serving his country; he has lost the use of his legs. He cannot go to your Majesty, you must go to him; and Madame"—raising his voice, looking out at the women who were listening, at the children who were standing some of them watching him with great round eyes, some of them with their little heads buried in their mother's skirts, at the men—the men were listening now—"if you asked me for an increase to the pension awarded to this Lieutenant Vachoux that the brave soldier may have a few extra francs with which to drink your health and mine, I should be pleased to grant it."

The Empress answered promptly. She knew her cue here. "Your Majesty never requires me to plead with you for those who have served France," she answered.

The cheering broke out anew, the cheering from the heart this time.

The Emperor put out his hand. He led Josephine to the cottage. He stopped at the door.

"I bring the Empress," he said, and he looked, not at his Staff, not at the Colonel, not at the Major, but to the woman in the poor dimity gown who stood so erect, so stately, with a soldier either side of her. "Seeing," he went on, "that the Lieutenant"—he paused, he looked straight at Marie-Claire "seeing," he resumed, "that the Lieutenant Vachoux cannot walk to the Empress I bring the Empress to the Lieutenant Vachoux."

Josephine went on down the little room, she stood beside the blind man; the Emperor pulled up before the woman who had just been arrested by his orders.

"And you, mademoiselle," he said to her, "if the Empress should wish that you be presented to her, what name shall I say?"

Again there followed a pause. The Emperor's eyes were fixed on Marie-Claire. She looked not at him, but beyond him, as though an important matter were involved in the simple question, and she was making up her mind about it. The other men in the room exchanged wondering glances. At length they understood that something momentous—significant—was being enacted; that the centre figure, for the moment, was not the master of Europe, but this woman in the poor dimity gown.

Marie-Claire curtsied.

"If His Majesty will so far honour his faithful servant," she said, as she raised herself and looked back into the eyes bent on her—she waited a moment, she repeated the two words "faithful servant"—"Madame de la Noir de Grande craves the honour of being presented to the Empress."

Napoleon heard the name. He started. There was none more illustrious in France, and above all things he craved for the adherence of the old nobility.

"My faithful servant," he repeated; "my bitterest enemy hitherto."

Marie-Claire looked back straight at him.

"The adopted niece of the Lieutenant Vachoux owes her life to your Majesty," she answered. "She owes more, she owes the happiness of the Lieutenant Vachoux to him also. If His Majesty will take her gratitude in return for those great gifts, he has it."

Napoleon put out his hand. For once his face was soft almost—it certainly was regretful, sad. Madame de la Noir de Grande bent, placed her own in it.

Together they went up the little room; side by side they passed between the lines of amazed courtiers, the Emperor and the woman in the poor dimity gown. Josephine received Madame de la Noir de Grande graciously. The Emperor laid his hand on old Vachoux's shoulder. He kept it there while he looked out into the street, at the waiting crowd, at the line of soldiers drawn up on either side of the road. Suddenly the cloud came down over his face. All the arrogance momentarily left him, and he was just a human being possessed with the consciousness that with victory in sight, with the world, apparently, but waiting for him to conquer it, he would be baffled.

"*Mon vieux*," he whispered, as he bent over the poor cripple who had lost all but his love for his general fighting for him. "If I had but you, if I had but a few thousand such as you, I should be master of Europe to-morrow."

Important Announcements.

The MYSTERY of the "MARIE CELESTE."

A Sensational Development

has taken place with regard to this remarkable mystery, particulars of which were printed in the July STRAND. This is no less than the discovery of what appears to be a perfectly genuine account of the disaster, left by a survivor! The explanation is complete in every detail, and yet so out-of-the-way that the most ingenious writer would have been to the last degree unlikely to hit upon it. *This extraordinary document will appear in our November issue.*

In our November Number will also appear a most sensational story

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE

entitled—

"THE HORROR OF THE HEIGHTS."

Illustrated with a series of striking pictures in colour.

MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

By the **PRINCESS EULALIA of Spain.**

Commences in the November STRAND MAGAZINE.

COMMANDER EVANS

writes his recollections of

CAPTAIN OATES

We have great pleasure in announcing that Commander Evans, C.B., R.N., of the Scott Antarctic Expedition, has undertaken to write for THE STRAND MAGAZINE his Personal Recollections of his comrade, the gallant Captain Oates.

Bits of Life

By O. Henry

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

VI.—At Arms With Morpheus.

I NEVER could quite understand how Tom Hopkins came to make that blunder, for he had been through a whole term at a medical college—before he inherited his aunt's fortune—and had been considered strong in therapeutics.

We had been making a call together that evening, and afterwards Tom ran up to my rooms for a pipe and a chat. I had stepped into the other room for a moment, when I heard Tom sing out :—

"Oh, Billy, I'm going to take about four grains of quinine, if you don't mind—I'm feeling all blue and shivery. I'm afraid I'm taking cold."

"All right," I said. "The bottle is on the second shelf. Take it in a spoonful of that elixir of eucalyptus. It takes the bitter out."

After I came back we sat by the fire and got our briars going. In about eight minutes Tom sank back into a gentle collapse.

I went straight to the medicine cabinet and looked.

"You unmitigated idiot!" I growled. "See what money will do for a man's brains!"

There stood the morphine bottle with the stopper out, just as Tom had left it.

I routed out another young M.D. who had rooms on the floor above, and sent him for old Dr. Gales, two streets away. Tom Hopkins has too much money to be attended by rising young practitioners alone.

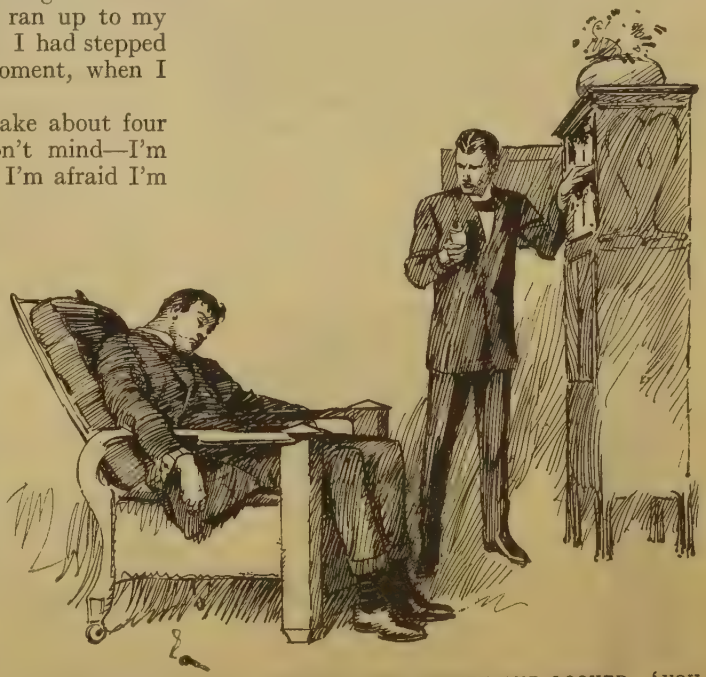
When Gales came we put Tom through as expensive a course of treatment as the resources of the profession permit. Old Gales pinched him and slapped his face and worked hard for the big cheque he could see in the distance. The young M.D. from the next floor gave Tom a most hearty, rousing kick, and then apologized to me.

"Couldn't help it," he said. "I never kicked a millionaire before in my life. I may never have another opportunity."

"Now," said Dr. Gales, after a couple of hours, "he'll do. But keep him awake for another hour. You can do that by talking to him and shaking him up occasionally. When his pulse and respiration are normal, then let him sleep."

I was left alone with Tom, whom we had laid on a couch. He lay very still, and his eyes were half closed. I began my work of keeping him awake.

"Well, old man," I said, "you've had a narrow squeak, but we've pulled you through. When you were attending lectures, Tom, didn't any of the professors ever casually remark that m-o-r-p-h-i-a never spells 'quinia,'



"I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE MEDICINE CABINET AND LOOKED. 'YOU UNMITIGATED IDIOT!' I GROWLED."

especially in four-grain doses? But I won't rub it in until you get on your feet. You ought to have been a druggist, Tom; you're splendidly qualified to make up prescriptions."

Tom looked at me with a faint and foolish smile.

"B'ly," he murmured, "I feel jus' like a hum'n' bird flyin' around a jolly lot of most 'shpensive roses. Don' bozzer me. Goin' sleep now."

And he went to sleep in two seconds. I shook him by the shoulder.

"Now, Tom," I said, severely, "this won't do. The big doctor said you must stay awake for at least an hour. Open your eyes. You're not entirely safe yet, you know. Wake up."

Tom Hopkins weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. He gave me another somnolent grin and fell into deeper slumber. I would have made him move about, but I might as well have tried to make Cleopatra's Needle waltz around the room with me. Tom's breathing became stertorous, and that, in connection with morphia poisoning, means danger.

Then I began to think. I could not rouse his body; I must try to excite his mind. "Make him angry," was an idea that suggested itself. "Good!" I thought; but how? There was not a joint in Tom's armour. Dear old fellow! He was good-nature itself, and a gallant gentleman, fine and true and clean as sunlight. He came from somewhere down South, where they still have ideals and a code. New York had charmed but had not spoiled him. He had that old-fashioned, chivalrous reverence for women, that——

"OLD GALES PINCHED HIM AND SLAPPED HIS FACE."

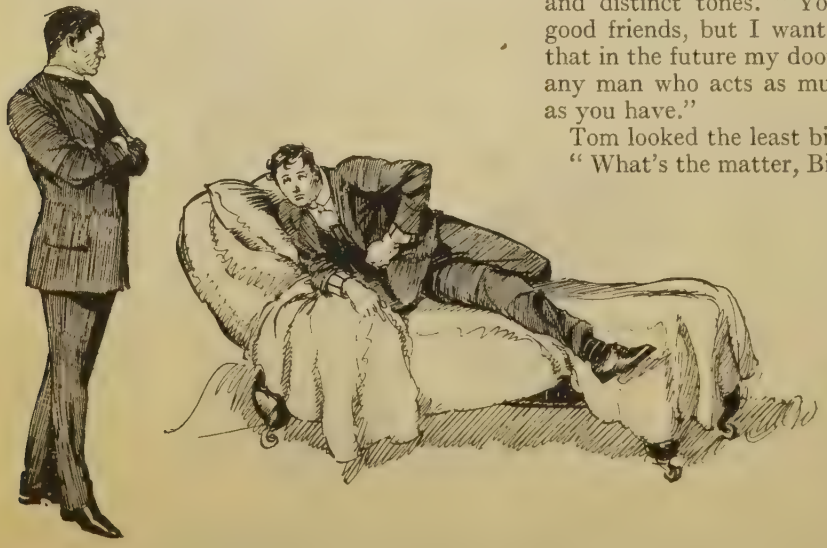
Eureka! There was my idea! I worked the thing up for a minute or two in my imagination. I chuckled to myself at the thought of springing a thing like that on old Tom Hopkins. Then I took him by the shoulder and shook him till his ears flopped. He opened his eyes lazily. I assumed an expression of scorn and contempt, and pointed my finger within two inches of his nose.

"Listen to me, Hopkins," I said, in cutting and distinct tones. "You and I have been good friends, but I want you to understand that in the future my doors are closed against any man who acts as much like a scoundrel as you have."

Tom looked the least bit interested.

"What's the matter, Billy?" he muttered, composedly. "Don't your clothes fit you?"

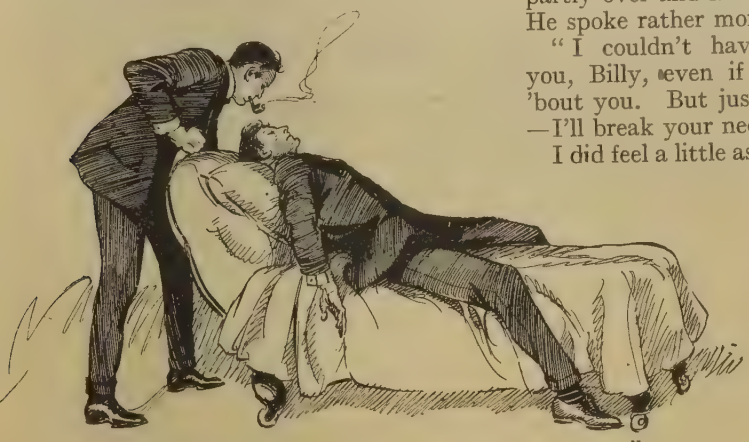
"If I were in your place," I went on, "which, thank God, I am not, I think I should be afraid to close my eyes. How about that girl you left waiting for you down among those lonesome Southern



"HE WAS DISTINCTLY ANGRY, AND I DIDN'T BLAME HIM."

nes—the girl you've forgotten since you ame into your confounded money? Oh, I now what I'm talking about. While you were poor medical student she was good enough r you. But now, since you are a millionaire, 's different. I wonder what she thinks of the erformances of that peculiar class of people hich she has been taught to worship—the outhern gentlemen? I'm sorry, Hopkins, hat I'm forced to speak about these matters, ut you've covered it up so well and played our part so nicely that I would have sworn ou were above such unmanly tricks."

Poor Tom! I could scarcely keep from aughing outright to see him struggling gainst the effects of the opiate. He was istinctly angry, and I didn't blame him. Tom had a Southern temper. His eyes were pen now, and they showed a gleam or two



"I WALKED OVER AND PUNCHED HIM ON THE JAW."

of fire. But the drug still clouded his mind and bound his tongue.

"C-c-confound you!" he stammered. "I'll s-smash you!"

He tried to rise from his couch. With all his size he was very weak now. I thrust him back with one arm. He lay there glaring like a lion in a trap.

"That will hold you for a while, you old loony," I said to myself. I got up and lit my pipe, for I was needing a smoke.

I heard a snore. I looked around. Tom was asleep again. I walked over and punched him on the jaw. He looked at me as pleasant and ungrudging as an idiot. I chewed my pipe and gave it to him hard.

"I want you to recover yourself and get out of my rooms as soon as you can," I said, insultingly. "I've told you what I think of you. If you have any honour or honesty left you will think twice before you attempt again to associate with gentlemen. She's a poor girl, isn't she?" I sneered. "Somewhat too plain and unfashionable for us since we got our money. Be ashamed to walk on Fifth Avenue with her, wouldn't you? Hopkins, you're forty-seven times worse than a cad. Who cares for your money? I don't. I'll bet that girl doesn't. Perhaps if you hadn't got it you'd be more of a man. As it is you've made a cur of yourself, and"—I thought that quite dramatic—"perhaps broken a faithful heart." (Old Tom Hopkins breaking a faithful heart!) "Let me be rid of you as soon as possible."

I turned my back on Tom and winked at myself in a mirror. I heard him moving, and I turned again quickly. I didn't want a hundred and ninety-eight pounds falling on me from the rear. But Tom had only turned partly over and laid one arm across his face. He spoke rather more distinctly than before.

"I couldn't have—talked this way—to you, Billy, even if I'd heard people—lyin' 'bout you. But jus' soon's I can s-stand up—I'll break your neck—don' f'get it."

I did feel a little ashamed then. But it was to save Tom. When I explained it, we would have a good laugh over it together.

In a few minutes Tom dropped into a sound, easy slumber. Everything was normal, and he was safe. I went into the other room and tumbled into bed.

I found Tom up and dressed when I awoke the next morning. He was entirely himself again, with the exception of shaky nerves and a tongue like a chip.

"What an idiot I was!" he said, thoughtfully. "I remember thinking that quinine bottle looked queer while I was taking the dose. Have much trouble in bringing me round?"

I told him no. His memory seemed bad about the entire affair. I concluded that he had no recollection of my efforts to keep him awake, and decided not to enlighten him. Some other time, I thought, when he was feeling better, we would have some fun over it.

When Tom was ready to go he stopped, with the door open, and shook my hand.

"Much obliged, old fellow," he said, quietly, "for taking so much trouble with me—and for what you said. I'm going down now to telegraph to the little girl."

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW.

VII.—Miss Ellen Terry.
VIII.—Sir Hiram Maxim.
IX.—Chevalier Ginistrelli.

In this striking series of articles a number of eminent men and women have consented to describe "the most impressive sight" they have ever seen. Their stories, as will be realized by the following examples, will be of the most varied and, in many cases, thrilling kind.

VII.

My Jubilee Celebration at Drury Lane in 1906.

By ELLEN TERRY.

Illustrated by A. Davidson.

IN a very crowded life I don't think that I have ever seen a sight which has made quite so deep an impression on me as the recognition by the public and by my profession of my stage jubilee in 1906. The *matinée* given in my honour by my brother and sister artistes was, indeed, a truly wonderful sight. And I appreciated it all the more deeply because all the time I knew perfectly well that this moving show of honour and "friending" was not really for me at all. Never for a single instant did I forget that the honour was not mine alone, but that I was only sharing it with the great man with whom I had worked for over a quarter of a century.

Quite a short time before his death, in 1905, Henry Irving had told me that he understood that "they"—the members of the theatrical profession—were thinking of "celebrating our jubilee." He had also remarked that there would be a great performance at Drury Lane, but after his death, largely, I think, because I could not bear to let my thoughts rest on such a possibility as a jubilee celebration without my dear friend, I thought no more of the matter.

But at last the great day arrived, and every moment of it I enjoyed to the full. And yet to a certain extent I was acting a part, for, as I gazed on the brilliant spectacle at Drury Lane's historical old theatre, my thoughts were dwelling all the time on Henry Irving's last days. I remembered how his health had first begun to fail in 1896. How, after the first night of a revival of "Richard III." he had slipped on the stairs, painfully injuring his knee, and how, with that cheerful fortitude which never left him, he had struggled to his feet and walked to his room, declaring that "it was nothing." And yet that "nothing" kept him from acting for weeks.

I recalled, too, a visit I paid him at Wolverhampton at a time when the end of his life was near at hand indeed. As I gazed on that wonderful scene at Drury Lane I remembered that I had arrived late at Wolverhampton, that I could not get a room at any good hotel, and that the next morning I could not even find a good florist. At last I did find a florist, but he dealt chiefly in white flowers—funeral flowers. And I had wanted some bright-coloured ones.

Then the talk I had had with the doctor came back to me. He had told me quite frankly that Henry Irving's heart was dangerously weak, and that he had told him so, and that he had understood quite well. The doctor said, too, that he had warned his patient that he must not work so hard in future. To that I had replied: "He will, though—and he's stronger than anyone."

After that conversation my thoughts carried me to the room in which Henry lay. I had found him, his old dressing-gown

"AND AS I STOOD THERE IN DRURY LANE THEATRE I ALMOST FELT THAT IRVING, TOO, WAS PRESENT."

hanging loosely, like some grey drapery, about his frail yet 'majestically-dignified figure, sitting up in bed, drinking his coffee. It was a moving moment, and at first we said but little. Then he remarked: "I'm glad you've come. Two Queens have been kind to me this morning. Queen Alexandra telegraphed to say how sorry she was I was ill, and now you——"

My eyes filled with tears at his words, and for fear that he should see my emotion I turned towards the window as I read the Queen's gracious message.

And then we fell to talking about all sorts of things: about what he had been doing and I had been doing. About his work and my work. He told me how he had fallen over a rug in front of the door, of how he had been picked up by a commercial traveller, a kindly fellow, who afterwards wanted to sit up and talk to him all night.

All the time the *matinée* was going on. But still my thoughts continued to usurp complete control over my memory. All the time I was sitting by Henry's bedside in his hotel at Wolverhampton. I tried to bring myself back again to Drury Lane. But it was not to be. "You are sharing this honour with him," said my thoughts, "so come back with us to Wolverhampton."

And back again I went. Every word of that never-to-be-forgotten conversation stood out in golden capital letters in my memory. "What a wonderful life you've led!" How well I remembered that remark—and Henry's reply. "Oh, yes," he had said, quietly, "a wonderful life—of work." "And there's nothing better, after all, is there?" "Nothing," he had said, earnestly.

"What have I got out of it?" A slight smile crossed Henry's face, as he replied, thoughtfully, "Well—a good cigar, a good glass of wine—good friends." And at that he had kissed my hand with his never-failing courtesy. And as I stood there in Drury Lane Theatre I almost felt that he, too, was present. The memory of those moments was so real, so wonderfully real. "A good summing-up," I had said. "But the end—how would you like that to come?" For a full half-minute he had sat silent, and then, of a sudden, he had snapped his fingers—the action before the words, as was his invariable habit. "Like that!"

And then I recalled how, not long before his death in 1905, he had told me that there would be a monster performance at Drury Lane, and that already—this was some time before the actual *matinée* took place—the profession were planning what form it should take. And now I was gazing on that very performance which was to have been given, not in my, but in "our" honour; for, had Henry Irving lived, he would have completed his sixty years on the stage in the autumn of 1906.

In this way my thoughts carried me along at their will, through first one, then another, and still another and another never-to-be-forgotten incident. Can you wonder then that, as I gazed on the brilliant scene, I was not only deeply moved, but reverently impressed? The two things which, perhaps, touched me most about this wonderful *matinée* were my reception by the crowd who were waiting to get into the gallery when I visited them at two o'clock in the morning, and the generous compliment of Eleonora Duse, who had come all the way from Florence to honour me. I was intensely grateful, too, to Signor Caruso, who came specially to sing for me. As I did not know him, I felt the compliment he paid was all the greater, for clearly it represented the spontaneous and friendly wish of one artiste to honour another artiste.

And so the afternoon wore on. And every moment I felt more strongly that this monster meeting of appreciation, this crowded house of friends, had gathered there, not only to honour me for any good work I might, perhaps, have been privileged to do, but as a token of undying remembrance of the great work of the great man with whom I had been associated for a quarter of a century, and the light of whose memory was still shining on me, from his grave.

The actual scene itself I will not attempt to describe. It was wonderful, amazingly wonderful, and I well remember how truly grateful I felt that I had not to say good-bye—that I could speak to my fellow-artistes as one who was still to carry on the work I had set out to do; and to the public, too, I could speak as one in their service, whose name had not yet been struck off the active list.

Yes, the brilliancy of the scene I can never forget. Artists have drawn it, and faithfully depicted its every detail. Photographers have taken it—and taken it well. But both, I think, missed something. They only saw the "physical" side of that wonderful scene. Those beautiful memories which crept in on tip-toe, shyly, nervously, through the wings, hovering softly here and there, looking for a resting-place, and finally finding home in my heart, were mine—and mine alone.

VIII.

The Destruction of the "Covered Bridge."

By SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

Illustrated by C. Cuneo.

In the winter of 1858, when I was eighteen years of age, I attended the winter term of school at Abbott Lower Village, in the State of Maine. The school had finished, and I had gone back to resume my apprenticeship in the carriage works of Daniel Flint.

"I TURNED AND LOOKED BACK, AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT THE OPPOSITE END FELL INTO THE RAGING TORRENT, AND THE WHOLE WENT OVER THE CATARACT."

It had been an extremely severe winter, and the snow-fall had been very great, so that the fences dividing the farms were quite obliterated. The clear blue ice in the ponds and rivers was fully three feet thick, and was covered with from three to four feet of snow-ice quite as hard, but not quite transparent.

At last the weather moderated; there was a strong south wind, accompanied by rain, and I noticed that the snow had the appearance of steaming. By evening there had been a very perceptible melting of the snow, and the next morning I found that much of the snow had melted during the night. I could not understand it. The rainfall was very slight, and appeared to be quite as cold as the snow. I therefore obtained a quantity of water the same temperature as the rain, and poured it on to a pile of snow. I found that it did not appear to do anything except to make the snow wet. Why, then, was it that this small quantity of rain melted such an immense quantity of snow? This was the enigma. I could not understand it, and I wondered at the time if there was anybody in the world who did understand it, and if I would ever be able to do so.

It was not until after I had read Professor Tyndall's works and attended his lectures that I fully understood the subject that had so greatly puzzled me. The melting of the

snow was only brought about in a very small degree by the rainfall; the south wind carried with it an immense quantity of water in an invisible form which, on striking the snow, was condensed into the visible form, and therefore the steaming appearance. It is a fact that one pound of water passing from the invisible to the visible form gives off very nearly one thousand heat units, or sufficient to melt about six and a half pounds of ice or five pounds of cast iron.

The next morning, while I was dressing, I became aware that the river was up. Dressing as quickly as possible, I went down to the "Covered Bridge." This bridge was one of the ordinary type, and consisted of two immensely strong wooden girders, a lattice-work of heavy timbers about fifteen feet deep. Each end rested on a stone pier, and the whole was covered with a roof to preserve the wood. There were rapids above the bridge and a cascade below it.

"'SOMETHING IN WHITE AND BLUE HOOPS, BLUE SLEEVES, AND

I crossed over, and while I was looking at the immense mass of ice coming down the rapids a very large block struck the pier over which I was standing, and a considerable part of it was demolished. The thought occurred to me that if the bridge were destroyed it would be very difficult for me to return home, so I made a quick dash for the other side, and while crossing I heard the timbers of the bridge creak.

On reaching the other end of the bridge I turned and looked back, and at that very instant the opposite end fell into the raging torrent, and inside of a few seconds the whole went over the cataract. Curiously enough, hardly a particle of it could be seen; only occasionally a bit of broken timber sticking out of the mass of rushing ice and water.

It was a narrow squeak. Had I been two or three seconds later, it would have fallen to others at a later date to discover the process of building up and standardizing the filaments of incandescent electrical lamps by electrically heating them in a highly-attenuated atmosphere of hydro-carbon vapours—the invention that made incandescent lighting possible. At a still later date someone would have stumbled upon the invention of an automatic gun, and made a smokeless powder by mixing nitro-glycerine with true gun-cotton.

I visited Vesuvius when there were three thousand tons of lava pouring down every hour in the direction of Pompeii, and while standing over this stream of lava the mountain sneezed and nearly blew me off my feet. I have also witnessed a great storm on the Atlantic, but neither of these made so much impression upon me as the destruction of the big wooden bridge at Abbott, Maine, and my miraculous escape. However, I was young and impressionable then.

WHITE CAP' HAS WON. AND THAT 'SOMETHING' IS SIGNORINETTA."

IX.

My Hundred-to-One Derby Winner.

By CHEVALIER GINISTRELLI.

Illustrated by W. H. Byles.

CAN you realize the glorious wave of pride a father feels when son or daughter of his fulfils the ambition he has ever fondly hoped his child, or children, would fulfil? If you are a father or mother you will surely understand this feeling at once, and in understanding it you will, too, realize exactly how proud, how overjoyed, I felt when in 1908 Signorinetta, a daughter of my beloved and beautiful mare, Signorina, won for me my first Derby, and, better still, showed that she was a worthy daughter of, as I think, the best mare of all time.

For Signorinetta's mother, Signorina, as a two-year-old I refused twenty thousand pounds. And, though afterwards Signorina achieved but scant success on the Turf, I always felt that one day one of her children would revive the glory of her name in Turf history. But time passed, and year after year, until Signorina was mated with Chaleureux, she failed to quite justify the high hopes I had built up around her stud career. However, any feelings of annoyance I may have experienced at my experiment being almost universally condemned, were forgiven and forgotten when, on a blazing hot day some three years later, I witnessed the most impressive sight of my life as the despised outsider and forlorn hope, Signorinetta, daughter of Signorina and Chaleureux, galloped home an easy winner for the Derby.

Yes, beyond all manner of doubt, the triumph of the daughter of my famous mare—who, I am glad to say, is still alive and well—was one of the most sensational incidents that have ever taken place in the history of racing.

That Derby Day was indeed a red-letter day in my life. Every incident that happened I can recall as clearly as though the race had been run yesterday. I had engaged Bullock to ride my mare, and after I had attended to her saddling, and saw her walk out of the paddock as quietly as an old sheep, in as cool and collected a manner as the proverbial cucumber, I felt more confident of her victory than ever, for I knew that she would stay every yard of the course; she had proved this to me in some long, rasping two-

mile gallops I had given her at Newmarket, while, on the other hand, I had been led to understand that there was a big "if" about the stamina of many other horses in the field. But, even so, the public thought but little of my mare's chance, and for the asking such forlorn odds as a hundred to one against, and more, could have been had, and would have been willingly laid to lose any sum within reason.

As the horses left the paddock I remember remarking that they were a decidedly good-looking lot. "Mountain Apple," I thought to myself, "looks particularly well. Llangwym, with Maher up, is a nice-looking horse, too; but rumour says that staying is not his *forte*. The beautifully-bred Vamose, the hope of Kingsclere, on paper should be good enough to win anything, for is he not the son of the great Ormonde and Vampire?" The late King Edward's Perrier also looked trained to the hour, and altogether, in one way and another, I soon began to realize that my mare had a big task before her.

So my thoughts ran as the field cantered to the post, a buzz of admiration humming through the crowd as the popular favourites filed past the stand. Scarcely a dozen members of the hundreds of thousands of people present paid any attention to the despised Signorinetta, who, however, I remarked, strode out gallantly on the hard going with that machine-like, effortless, daisy-cutting stride which, in itself, in a racehorse almost invariably betokens stamina.

At last they're off! Vamose, I can see, has lost at least a couple of dozen lengths, and must, even now, be practically out of the race. I feel a pang of sympathy for his trainer that those months of anxious care should have so been turned to naught. They sweep up the hill and round Tattenham Corner. Mountain Apple shoots to the front. "Mountain Apple for a thousand!" a roar goes up. But of a sudden the "Apple" drops back. The fate of his backers is sealed at once, as is that of the supporters of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Norman III., whose colours are looked for in vain in the van.

Suddenly, full of running on the outside, and gaining at every stride, something in "white and blue hoops, blue sleeves, white cap" is seen to shoot out. "Whose colours are they?" say inexperienced racegoers, as they anxiously turn to their race-cards. At the distance Primer, the Kingsclere second favourite, makes his run, and it is seen that Maher is putting in a lot of good work on Llangwym.

But it is too late. The—in the words of the crowd—"something in white and blue hoops, blue sleeves, and white cap" has won it. And that "something" is Signorinetta. Were I to live until the ripe age of Methuselah I shall never forget the impression made upon me as my mare galloped home an easy winner of the greatest race in the world. Was she not the daughter of the greatest treasure of my life? For the value of the prize I cared not a jot. For the fact that I might have backed her to win me a fortune, but had not done so, I felt not a single pang of regret.

All I remembered was that the years of care and trouble I had expended on her had borne good fruit. Ever since she had been broken in I had superintended her every gallop, had greeted her the first thing in the morning, and bade her good night each evening. When sporting prophets and racing experts had written her Derby chance down as hopeless, I had never for a single instant lost confidence in her ability to win the Blue Ribbon. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that I felt as proud at Signorinetta's Derby victory as the soldier father who hears that his son has won the Victoria Cross? And is it to be wondered at that I witnessed the most impressive sight of my long racing career and of my life when my despised outsider galloped past the post a length and a half in front of a big Derby field?

My ambition had been realized at last, and, if possible, I was more pleased for Signorina's sake than for my own. Originally I had intended to return to my home in Italy whenever my racing ambition should have been realized. But two days later I was summoned by the late King Edward to the Royal box at Epsom.

"Is it true, Chevalier, that you are now giving up racing in England to return home to Italy?" he asked.

"I had thought of doing so, sir," I replied.

"I am indeed sorry to hear that," said His Majesty, as he shook me by the hand. "We can ill afford to spare so good a sportsman."

And that's why I am still breeding, owning, and training. But ten other Derby victories could never make so indelible an impression on my mind as that of Signorinetta, my despised, forlorn "hundred-to-one-against" chance.

The GIFT

by Austin Philips
Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday

"THIS is your train, ma'am. Goes straight down again—doesn't run into Charing Cross. But just *one* minute, ma'am. There's a big crowd to come out!" The inspector made a gesture; the woman he addressed moved back. The train from the outer suburbs swung into dingy Cannon Street, and slowed up. The station was a hive of humanity; a hive that swarmed and fled. Few had eyes for her who waited upon the emptying of the train. But one young stockbroker turned to an underwriter at Lloyd's.

"Gad! that's a smart woman—really smart! Look, Jimmy! I *say!*"

But the friend had looked in vain. He was swept on with the speaker; the barrier was blocked and cleared again; the inspector was at a carriage door.

"Now, madam—your ladyship—if you please!"

"Thank you!"

The woman sat at the window, looking out upon the platform.

She was a fair woman—fair of complexion as well as fair to see. She wore a coat of Shantung over a blue taffeta dress, with short sleeves; and long gloves covered her arms. She had the long nose and short upper lip of the English aristocrat; her mouth, though firm, had humanity, her eyes, though cold, were kind. She was a woman who could love, and love deeply; but she was a woman very proud, very sensitive.

She was the daughter of a marquess; she had been the wife of a drunken baronet; she was a widow, and she was very rich. Her age was thirty; she was the friend and confidante of Royal ladies; and she was sought in marriage by many men.

Then she had met a man whom she could love; a man who called to her, commanded her, compelled; a man born to be a master among men. They had talked; they had understood each other; she had found him strong and simple and sincere. And, being tempted, she had moved heaven and earth to set herself out of temptation, to exile him from England, to get for him that Colonial governorship which she knew to be his dream. For, though she could love him—and though men called him the Kitchener of to-morrow—he was a Board-school boy who had won a scholarship at Bedford, a man of the people; the son of a charwoman in a certain garrison town.

Pride of race conquered; and she had held herself unflinchingly in hand. She had striven for him secretly; she had got for him the governorship of Omofaga; an illustrious person had sent her news that morning; his note—a blazing indiscretion and a peerless compliment—lay, now, in the hand-bag on her arm. Yet she played with fire and toyed with weakness; she was going down to Woolwich to see the last of her brigadier to-day! "Who would know John Dixon truly must see John Dixon among his men." So ran the saying and the gossip. A Royal Duke had told her that he inspected

Woolwich Garrison within a fortnight—and the decision had seized her then. She had two nephews at the Academy; she had smiled upon its commandant; had hinted willingness to visit them; had accepted invitation; and had fixed a date to chime with the inspection upon Woolwich Common that forenoon in July. She had come up from Tonbridge that morning; she was going to indulge weakness, to see, take leave of Sir John Dixon, congratulate him, hide her part in his preferment, listen (this much she must allow herself) to his proposal, refuse it, be flattered by it—depart—and be weak no more. So she played with fire.

She sat, now, looking out idly upon that City platform; its types amusing, strange. Suddenly she who looked at them idly looked at them no longer, started, flushed, had her head half-averted; then turned it resolutely back. As she turned it, her eyes met the eyes of the man who came up beside the train. He, too, started; then, at the sight of her, lifted his Homburg hat. The woman's face showed nothing; she was *grande dame*, mistress of her emotions, sure of herself, most sure. But the flame of the fire she played with leaped up, licking at her heart.

"Good morning, Lady Mildred. This *is* luck! May I come in?"

She nodded, smiling—no trace of agitation showing in her face. The man entered, shook hands with her, and sat down.

"Ten o'clock, Lady Mildred. What good luck brings you—of all people—into a suburban train at such an hour?"

"My car, which would not bring me farther than Sevenoaks, and a train from Sevenoaks here. I started early—from Tonbridge. I am going to Woolwich."

"Woolwich!"

"Yes, Woolwich"—her speech grew imperceptibly more careless—"I've two young nephews at the 'Shop.' The commandant prevailed upon me. He has a garden-party."

"Yes, after the inspection. The Duke will be there!"

"And you?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I wanted to escape from it—I saw no way out of it—and now—I'd find no way if I could!"

"I'm flattered"; she took, accepted his assertion not as compliment, but pleasant truth. "We shall meet, then——?"

"And talk, I hope!"

"I hope so. Ah! Sir John, we're off. It's a short run down, I know."

"Thirty minutes. That gives me just an hour to get into uniform." He paused, looked at her, hesitated, then went on. "You are coming to the inspection, Lady Mildred?"

"I think so. The commandant of the Academy says it's interesting. He tells me you gallop your guns."

"Yes; it's"—he spoke quickly, boyishly—"hang it, it's rather good to ride with them, Lady Mildred!"

"And they tell me it's good to see. Oh, what a noise these trains make! I so hate to have to shout!"

He nodded, smiled, and stayed silent, swift to meet her mood. The woman sat looking out of the window; the man sat watching her face. She saw him—every feature of him, though her eyes were turned away. And she, the strong, feared him—and she could not lose her fear—and she would marry him, yet she would refuse him, and above all she would have him ask.

"I could love him," she told herself. "I could love him with all my heart. But could I keep on loving him; is he big enough to make me forget race?"

She sat there, in her corner—in her thoughts still dreaming of that weakness which she felt she would never commit—asking herself these questions. She saw him, quiet, in dark blue flannels, white of teeth, moustached and bronzed and virile; wide-jawed, frank-eyed, and something stern of brow. She knew him loved of his gunners, believed in by the men who had done things, hated by the failures, praised by his subordinates who forget, in his personality, the class from which he sprang. Yet the warm and woman's heart of her went weakening to the romance of his career.

A battery cut off in a hill campaign; officers killed and wounded; Lieutenant Dixon repelling the enemy, fighting his way to safety—with his guns; a captain, with a shattered thigh-bone, rescued in perilous circumstance and brought back to safety with the rest. For this the Cross and commendation; the beginning of a career. Again distinction; good work in Egypt; in South Africa brave deeds, fine tactics—that rarer British gift. A great general's approval; a position henceforward established among the younger generation—as men of battle count age. To crown and cap it a Colonial governorship. Not a life, this, to despise!

It was between St. John's and Lewisham that Lady Mildred Festing turned and looked at her *vis-à-vis* once more. She saw him looking at her, quiet, with eyes that half shone, half twinkled, taking from the sternness of his face.

"I'm sorry," she said, and spoke breath-

"AS SHE TURNED, HER EYES MET THE EYES OF THE MAN WHO CAME UP BESIDE THE TRAIN."

lessly, as it seemed to her for no good reason. "My journey has tired me—the breakdown of the car was annoying—and if I talk less now I can talk more this afternoon!"

"Don't mention it, Lady Mildred."

"I won't again," she smiled. "But I felt an apology was due. By the way"—her voice, altered, became negligent, almost over-careless in its careless tone—"you told me you were in for Omofaga, I think?"

"Yes; I'm in for Omofaga."

He had hesitated before answering; his tone, too, had changed; it masked anxiety, so it seemed to its hearer; but his face told nothing at all. Lady Mildred spoke again.

"You've heard nothing—yet?"

"No; I've heard nothing. I expect nothing. It is virgin soil—from a military standpoint; they are just starting a militia—and there is much good work to be done. And I want it"—it was as if he had tried not to speak meaningly, yet could not escape giving emphasis to his words—"I want it for other—for private reasons. It would give me much that I have not got. It might give me more."

"I see!"

She looked at him; she felt that disturbing sense of his power again; she became conscious that she was weaker than she deemed herself. And she did not tell him that Omofaga was his—through her. She dared not. She was afraid of him; of the words which must follow upon the knowledge. She spoke only when the train came level with the goods sidings that told her Woolwich was near.

"You will get it," she said, and fumbled with her glove-button. "You will get

it. I believe in you. To-morrow you will hear."

"To-morrow!" He looked at her; his jaw firm; his lips parted; his eyes very eager and keen. "To-morrow? You have heard something, Lady Mildred. Someone has spoken to you!"

"No one has spoken to me—no one at all." She took quick refuge in the truth which kept truth back. "I believe in you—that is all, Sir John—and here is the commandant."

They were in the station; the train had jerked to a standstill. The commandant grasped the door-handle, turned it, and greeted his guest.

"Ah! Lady Mildred; this is good of you. Let me take your case—thank you—*now!*"

But Lady Mildred Festing stepped back.

"After Sir John," she said, smiling. "Service of the King, Colonel Lightfoot. Sir John goes first!"

"By your permission—and wish, Lady Mildred. My thanks to you—we meet, then, this afternoon."

Sir John Dixon lifted his hat and went hurrying down the platform to his waiting trap. The commandant helped his guest from the train. Mistress, maid, luggage, and commandant were embarked upon the waiting car. The chauffeur released his engines; the car had run clear of the squalor, had left the barracks on its right, and was going up the road which faces the common to that Academy which men call the "Shop." The commandant was talking hard.

"Nice young fellows; yes, very. Good cricketers, both of them. They'll make good officers when we've licked them into shape a little—hey, Lady Mildred, what?"

"I'm glad you like them. Yes; I think they'll do well."

But Lady Mildred spoke mechanically, a prey to disquiet and fear; she was thinking of Sir John Dixon, trying her hardest not to think of him, and marvelling that she could not succeed. And as the car went in at the gates of the Academy her heart cried out these words:

"I am afraid of myself. I am afraid of him. I must not tell him of Omofaga—that he may not tempt me to be a fool!"

The car drew up at the commandant's quarters, and she got out in a waking dream. Her hostess greeted her; she was taken through class-room and study, shown this and that relic, and heard anecdote upon anecdote.

The commandant—they were sitting now in his study—suddenly rose.

"We must be going across now; the inspection will be nearly over; that is, Lady Mildred, if you would care to see them gallop past the base."

"I should love to!"

Lady Mildred smiled at him, and rose to her feet immediately. For she was, now, most confident in her strength. They left the building on foot, going towards an enclosure roped off on the common itself. The commandant led the way.

"It's just worth seeing, Lady Mildred. It's not a first-class affair—no field day—but the Duke has a foreign Prince in tow. And as you'll meet him—the Prince—this afternoon it is perhaps as well that you should see what he has seen. He is difficult to talk to, they tell me. I am hoping for your help!"

"I shall be glad to give it," she answered. "I know the Prince. He is wrapped up in his profession, and he is anything but a fool."

They entered the enclosure, an orderly before them making way for them to the four-wheeled wagon apportioned to them and reserved. Lady Mildred ascended the box-seat of it; the commandant's wife sat beside her; the commandant and his daughter were in the body of the wagon; and people in the enclosure—a strange medley—nudged one another and looked.

Among them was a small woman in a bonnet and mantle; characterfully-featured, very old-fashioned, eager-eyed, emotional, with nervous, quivering lips. She, more than anyone, looked at the great lady who had but now come into the enclosure. Then—as it seemed—curiosity conquering shyness—she addressed a major's wife at her side.

"Could you tell me, please, who that lady is—that one on the wagon there? Is she Lady Mildred Festing, do you know?"

"Yes," said the major's wife. She eyed the little woman curiously. "Yes; that is Lady Mildred Festing, as you say."

"Thank you. I thought so. I have seen her photograph in the magazines." And the little woman turned away. But presently she turned again and watched, eagerly, critically, the great lady on the box.

The troops were drawn up in the distance: artillery, lancers, foot. Before them men on horseback—the foreign Prince, the English Duke, the Staff. The Duke said something to the Prince; the Prince nodded; the Duke spoke to an *aide-de-camp;* there was an order, and the Staff wheeled, came cantering across towards the enclosure, coming nearer and more near. Then, wheeling, Duke and Prince and Staff faced round, took up position just

past the roped-in enclosure, level with it, to the right. In the distance the troops, too, had wheeled. Guns and cavalry trotted; infantry moved smartly, assuming place for the march past. A band took up position on the opposite side of the enclosure, half-way between the Staff and the troops, six hundred yards off. There was a pause—a pause of several minutes. Then, in the distance, a trumpet-call rang out. The commandant, leaning forward, touched his guest upon the arm.

"Here they come, Lady Mildred! Here they come!"

Lady Mildred had the glasses to her eyes; she was standing very upright. As yet she could see little save a mass made up of horses, blue shell-jackets, yellow braidings, busbies, ochre-corded and red-flapped. But though she saw little, she was herself much seen. At her, eager-eyed, with lips that worked and quivered, the small woman in the mantle and bonnet was looking from below where the rope restrained. And the noise grew greater. Hoofs thundered on the plain.

"A good sight, Lady Mildred," said the commandant. "Always worth coming to see!" His guest nodded. Her hands tightened nervously on the glasses, bringing them closer to her eyes.

The rout and roar grew greater; the hoofs pounded harder; the noises fought with each other—yet allied to drown the band. Horses neighed excitedly; the guns rumbled forward; the sun glinted on the dark and polished steel of them—a great cloud of dust rising heavenwards like a pillar, then rolling in their wake. They came on, on; the faces of the drivers eager, their whips cracking, their faces blackening with perspiration and quickly-caking dust. On the right of them rode Sir John Dixon with his *aides-de-camp*. Lady Mildred lowered her glasses; her eyes were on him, and the eyes of the little woman by the rope of the enclosure still devoured her face. A hundred yards, seventy-five, fifty, thirty—they pounded forward, magnificent in the pride of manhood, stirring the blood to see. Lady Mildred's heart was beating wildly; it waked, this charge, the primitive woman in her; it was life, it laid bare, it revealed.

Twenty yards—fifteen yards—level with the enclosure, they swept forward; and then—slap—snap-snap, clang and jingle; broken harness on a saddle; a smashed stirrup-leather; a wrench, a tumble, a thud. A shriek from a woman in the enclosure—a sharp-flung oath—cries shrill and hoarse and loud. From the commandant behind Lady Mildred a gasp that was almost a shout.

"There's a man down—they're over him—he's done for. No, by Jove, they're clear! But the lancers—by God, the lancers! They'll ride over him. Here they come!"

The commandant was right. The lancers were pounding at full gallop, cloaked in the cloud of dust that swept in the wake of the gunners, that came rolling forward, thick, dense, implacable, like the smoke of a forest fire.

But the commandant, who had been right, was also wrong. He who rode by the side of the batteries had checked his horse and wheeled. His two *aides-de-camp* imitated him; all three were beside the fallen man. Sir John Dixon shouted something. An *aide-de-camp* leaped to the ground, stood covering the fallen man. Sir John Dixon spurred forward, shouting, with his other *aide-de-camp*, into the pillar of dust.

"It's too late—too late!" The commandant's gasp had become a whisper, then went from whisper to roar. "Heavens, they'll ride *him* down! Defile! Defile! Defile!"

"Defile!" Others about and around the wagon took up the word of command. Lady Mildred tried to utter it. She could not. She was white and fought for breath. At her the little woman—a very ghost for paleness—was looking, now, no more. But neither she nor Lady Mildred, nor any man or woman, might see those four men's fate. The dust-pillar had rolled forward, high and all-enwrapping, and the ground shook and harness clanked closer and hoofs came pounding—and those in the enclosure held their breath. Then, suddenly, a woman shrieked.

"The lancers—they're riding into us! The lancers—they'll trample us down!"

For out of the dust came men, riding; and it seemed that they galloped upon those in the enclosure as upon hostile infantry, with the lust and fury of blood. Then, pennants fluttering from the lances of them and the sun bright upon the breasts of dark blue tunics, they swung inwards, as they had been swinging outwards, and went, full galloping, past enclosure and past Staff. The dust rose after them, hung heavy, rolled forward, lifted, leaving four men in view. Sir John Dixon was supporting the driver, who staggered, half standing, half falling. The *aides-de-camp* held three chargers by the reins. In the distance came the skirl of bagpipes; the glint and sparkle of sunlight upon steel and tartan and flesh. Then the bagpipes wailed

"THERE'S A MAN DOWN—THEY'RE OVER HIM—HE'S DONE FOR. NO, BY JOVE, THEY'RE CLEAR!

BUT THE LANCERS! THEY'LL RIDE OVER HIM. HERE THEY COME!"

into silence; the marching Highlanders were stayed. And in the enclosure men and women forgot, in their enthusiasm, to cheer.

Then came climax—anti-climax—and most natural human deed.

It was done before onlookers could realize it; before hand of sentry or of any man could hinder her who did it out of the fullness of her heart. She—the doer—was the little woman in bonnet and mantle, with the eager eyes and the working, quivering lips. She had slipped under the ropes; she ran forward with quick little tripping steps; she was twenty yards in front of them before sentry or onlooker, wrought up by the just-seen spectacle, intent upon the men in mid-common, saw her make for the group. The commandant gasped his horror; a sentry shouted "Hi!" But it was too late. The little woman was safe—to work her will.

She reached the group—as the stunned driver, getting use of legs and faculties, staggered free of his general's arms. Those arms were free but a breath's space. The little woman took the general by the waist. He hesitated—instinctively; her words, her eyes implored him; her great thankfulness overcame him; he bent down and kissed her cheeks. Then he loosed himself, whispered something, the little woman answered and, having answered, turned. She came towards the ropes again. But she ran no longer, though her steps, of habit, tripped. And her head was high and the mantle and bonnet were not ludicrous—in the sight of the human—and her eyes had the pride of an old and proud woman which is prouder than the pride of men. And the foreign Prince bit his lip and said something to the Royal Duke beside him, and the Prince spoke in his own language, as though he had suddenly forgot his English—which was fluent and very good. And the Duke answered in the Prince's language—which he had not used that day. And the sun shone in the Duke's eyes, into which, it seemed, perspiration had dripped from his brow; while on the wagon in the enclosure the commandant gave Lady Mildred the truth.

"By Jove, it's his mother!" he said. And, as he spoke loudly, amid dead silence, his speech rang through the enclosure from end to end. And all the enclosure took up his words.

"His mother—well, I don't wonder—it was topping—simply magnificent—the pluckiest thing I ever saw. Ripping—oh—oh, simply ripping — magnificent, eh?— magnificent — what? S-sh-sh!—I *say*—sh-sh-h-h-h! Here she comes!"

She did come, quiet, proud, and triumphant, seeing in her deed no solecism, content as the mother of a man. She stooped under the rope that men lifted, she passed through a lane that men made for her, glanced up at the wagon, held Lady Mildred's eyes a space, then disappeared from the enclosure, going towards the town. The enclosure began to empty—talking of but one thing. In the wagon the commandant stayed his party, waiting for the crush to cease. And, for the tenth time in five minutes, he vigorously blew his nose.

"Magnificent," he was muttering—"magnificent—it was touch—absolutely touch and go. The dust was as thick as a wall. He took his life in his hands!"

"I suppose so!" answered Lady Mildred, quickly. It was all that she could find breath to say. The commandant's wife spoke, too.

"I'm glad that Prince Heinrich was there. It will show him what British officers will do for their men. But"—she spoke reflectively, not unkindly, yet uttering the instincts of her caste—"but it was a pity that little woman was so impulsive. Of course, the danger was terrible—and the old lady's action was very natural and human—but there's no need to advertise Sir John's extraction, Lady Mildred, I think!"

"Really!" Her guest, to whom impulse was ordinarily a stranger, spoke most impulsively now. "Do you really feel that, Mrs. Lightfoot? I can't agree with you—one bit. *I* think that Sir John's antecedents—and his success despite them, and other handicaps—cannot be too well or too widely known!"

"And I agree with you—entirely!" The commandant, at heart entirely of his wife's opinion, forgot his prejudices under the excitement begotten by so brave a deed.

There was a silence: awkward, uncomfortable, and long. The commandant saved the situation with a "Now, I think, we might move!" The party descended, walked back across common and road, and went in at the Academy gates.

Lady Mildred was tired—and she was shaken, she had lost faith in herself—and lunch and the talk with her nephews tired her even more. And presently she excused herself and sought her room.

She sat by the window, lying back in the big, low bedroom chair, with shut eyes and clasped hands, asking herself a question, for a long while finding no reply. And presently she asked herself no more. For against her thoughts another thought had forced itself,

forcing them away. It was more than a thought. It was an instinct; and the instinct, quickening, became an overwhelming wish. She wanted to give something—she who had seen something given that day—object-lesson and example had been strong. She had seen something done for somebody,

She joined her hostess in the grounds of the Academy, in the cricket-field, under the trees. She looked very beautiful, very stately, in her soft summer dress. The Duke greeted her; Prince Heinrich monopolized her. She and Prince Heinrich walked together in the green and leafy grounds. They talked of

"THE LITTLE WOMAN TOOK THE GENERAL BY THE WAIST. HE HESITATED—THEN HE BENT DOWN AND KISSED HER CHEEKS."

risk taken, a life offered for a life. And it came to her that life, without giving, can be full but most incomplete. A strange exaltation took her and compelled her, lifting her, leading her to obey the ordering of her heart.

many things. But they spoke most of Sir John Dixon's deed.

"I am glad to have seen it," said Prince Heinrich, presently. "It was big—very big! He is a fine man, this general of yours. The

mother incident was—unfortunate—but I liked him—because he showed no shame."

"There *was* no shame, Prince Heinrich."

"No—not to us—but to small minds, yes. He will go far, your general. That is, if he has the chance."

Lady Mildred Festing smiled.

"Men make their own chances, sir," she said.

"Yes—and no, Lady Mildred. Other things count. In this case there are obstacles. An alliance with a woman of birth would bridge them. But his mother prevents that."

"I think not, sir."

The Prince started; there was in the voice of his companion a *timbre* that made him stare. Lady Mildred looked him full in the face. The Prince, very courteously, averted his eyes. But he thought much and he said little, and he rejoiced, because it seemed to him that a brave man was going to have help in his career. And they walked on, now in silence, till they came back to where the Duke and their hostess stood. With them was Sir John Dixon, in his frock-coat and service cap with its oak-leaves showing golden above the peak. He was upstanding, dignified, virile, and distinguished, and Lady Mildred Festing's heart beat fast.

"You are late, Sir John," the commandant's wife was saying.

"Yes, I was—I——"

He stopped. The Duke finished what the general would leave unsaid.

"He was at the hospital, looking after his driver. How is he, Sir John? I hope he is doing well?"

"Excellently, sir—excellently. A slight concussion—a twisted knee. He will be about again in a few days!"

The Duke nodded; for the minute he said no more. The commandant's wife, Prince Heinrich, and Lady Mildred were silent. Then the Duke gave a little chuckle. Lady Mildred glanced at him, and guessed the cause.

"It may be an indiscretion, general. But the news is hardly secret now. I heard last night from headquarters that you have Omofaga. I congratulate you with all my heart. And"—the Duke turned to Prince Heinrich—"and I think you will agree with me that Omofaga's gain is England's—temporary—loss."

"I think so—but Sir John will come back, enriched with experience, to do even better work."

The Prince put out his hand. Sir John Dixon, his lips twitching a little, took it—as he had already taken the hand of the Duke. Lady Mildred said no word. But her heart was proud within her; for she knew that the deed was hers.

They stood there, talking of Omofaga, of the work that Omofaga held. Then suddenly Prince Heinrich glanced at Lady Mildred and addressed the commandant's wife.

"I should like to see those relics of the Prince Imperial," he said. "Time is short, unfortunately. Will you show them to me now?" And Prince Heinrich put himself at his hostess's side. The Duke followed with the commandant. But Lady Mildred and Sir John Dixon stayed.

"If we walked?" Sir John Dixon said.

"By all means," she answered. And the great lady and the governor-designate who had been a boy in a Board school went wandering in the emptying grounds. They talked commonplaces; their speech languished by degrees. At last they walked in silence in a solitary path.

"You had something to say to me," said Lady Mildred, presently. "We were to talk of something, I think."

"Yes"—he hesitated. "But it is—there is no need to say it now."

"No need!" She spoke lightly, but in her a fear quickened. "No need! You arouse my curiosity. What were you going to say?"

Again he hesitated. They walked still in that shaded, solitary path.

"You insist?" he said, presently.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I was going to say this: I was going to ask you—if—if Omofaga was given me—if you would care to come to Omofaga, too."

"And"—she glanced up at him—"and now that it is given you—you would not ask, after all!"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because—I have thought it all over. You know my origin—which means so little to me that I—generally—forget what it may mean to people in your world. To-day my mother's action brought it all home. She is my mother—I am proud of her—but—I am a man of the people—just that."

"And you think that matters to me?"

"Yes."

Lady Mildred laughed a little, and looked up at his face.

"You understand men—as few men understand them," she answered. "But women you do not know at all. It is because of your mother—because of everything—that I am coming to Omofaga—to help."

The Sayings of Marjorie.

Edited by P. Ll. NAISH.

Author of "Rollings of a Mossless Stone," "Chestnuts Hot and Cold," etc.

Illustrated by Miss L. Hocknell.

This character study of a child may bring to the minds of our readers some anecdotes or sayings of their own children, as suggested by the writer at the end of his article. If so, we shall be glad to receive them, and to pay for any that we may decide to use.

THOSE of us who have kept babies cannot fail to have been struck with their early air of mystery and the portentousness of their wisdom. It is impossible not to believe that at first the baby remembers a good deal of a former existence, and resents its present ridiculous body.

I can bring forward as partial proof of this the first remembered sounds that Marjorie made when a day or two old, when she lay singing "Lal, lal, lal!" to herself; such a plaintive note, and yet with the dawn of contentment at her changed lot in her voice, as though to say, "Well, well, what a come down! I've got to begin all over again; but there, it is nice and comfortable, and my toes, too, are very interesting."

I now propose, at the request of several friends and relations, to record in their native baldness the sayings of this particular baby. They are put down exactly as they were said, and not polished up or improved in the slightest. The earlier ones may give the totally wrong impression that she was a naughty and spoilt child. This, however, in fairness to her parents, she was not, and the following instances of infantile anger were practically the only ones out of the first half-dozen years of her life.

I do not for a moment mean that she was a "good child," like those terrible creatures in the improving story-books we used to read of, but, being blessed with sufficiently selfish parents, who refused to be bothered with a spoilt child, she soon realized that "No" meant "No," and that it was only productive of very sore little feet to kick against the pricks.

One of the earliest of her remarks, worthy of notice here, was when, at the age of three, she went, a white-dressed babe, in a white Cee-sprung perambulator, propelled by a white-

"AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE THIS DEAR LITTLE BABY TO GO FOR A RIDE IN YOUR PRAM?"
"I'D KILL IT!"

clad nurse, to order the village cab. The wife of the cab proprietor was airing the six weeks' old baby in her garden, wrapped in a rather grimy shawl, and thus addressed the frowning and distant Marjorie: "And how would you like to have this dear little baby to go for a ride with you in your nice pram?" To which Marjorie, with a malevolent scowl, replied, "I'd kill it!"

There came one terrible day when, at the age of three—how can I tell it?—she so far forgot herself as to bite her nurse. This was too much. There being no nursery law in existence at the time for the punishment of infant cannibalism, I was called in to represent the stern majesty of parental authority.

I found a rather defiant small person, with flushed face, peering out of its mane of curls, and after a few pompous remarks, addressed in a heart-broken voice, decreed that the usual after-tea descent to the drawing-room for pictures and dancing should not take place for three days. I then departed with much dignity, feeling how successfully I had cut off my own nose, and sincerely, but secretly, hoping she did not mind as much as I did.

It was afterwards reported to me that, upon my exit, she had said, "Very well, daddy will see me take down my hat and coat, and go up to the—the—up there." The nurse suggested, "Do you mean the Greyhound, baby?" (our village inn). "Yes, the Greyhound, and there I shall live."

Happily for us all she never carried out this tremendous threat, and, when the terrible three days were over, pranced downstairs, and demanded "Chin, Chin, Chinaman," to be played for dancing purposes, as though no cloud had come between us. Happily the word "sulk" was never in her vocabulary.

Gladly I turn from these dark episodes to lighter subjects. Like all only children, she had a large choice of words, though not always quite sure of their meaning, and so on one occasion, when a doting aunt was taking leave after a short visit, she waved her good-bye, saying, "Next time you come, Aunt Sinny, you must stay a long time; you must stay for a year." "Oh, you darling!" from the delighted Aunt Sydney. "Yes, or a day!" cried Marjorie, in all good faith.

One of the accomplishments of this aunt which used to be a great delight was that she would peep over a high screen when the baby was having her bath, making a curious

grunting sound, which the delighted Marjorie called "snorking." A new nurse having come on the scene, and another visit from the aunt being about to take place, Marjorie said, "Nanny, do you know my Aunt Sinny?" "No, baby, I don't." "Such a nice young lady," she graciously explained. "She snorks over a screen beautiful."

It was when about that age that one evening her mother was dining out, and went to wish her good night. The baby looked long and hard at her, and said, "Flowers in your dress and flowers in your hair; you *are* smart." Then she touched her chest, and said, "Why, mummy, it's skin!" And when her mother had gone she asked the nurse, "Nanny, when I grow up shall I go out to dinner and have a dress made of skin in front?"

A brilliant idea came to me that Christmas to give her pleasure. We would have the orthodox Christmas dinner in the middle of the day, and then she could for the first time dine with us instead of in her nursery. I begged my wife that, as I had thought of it, I might be allowed to be the one to tell her of the arrangements and see her pleasure. Her answer was perhaps rather chilling. "All right, daddy; but I'd much rather have it in the kitchen, if I may."

About this time she was paying one of her

"'SUCH A NICE YOUNG LADY,' SHE GRACIOUSLY EXPLAINED. 'SHE SNORKS OVER A SCREEN BEAUTIFUL.'"

annual visits to her grandmother, who always had family prayers, at which she used to assist, with her eyes just appearing above the table. On one occasion the servants were rather slow in making their appearance, so when they had come, and were decorously seated in silence, she lifted up her voice and reproved them: "You are all very late, womans."

"I ASKED HER WHEN THE DANCE WAS FINISHED HOW SHE GOT ON. 'OH, PRETTY WELL, BUT THE BOY COULDN'T GO FAST. I THINK HIS TROUSERS WERE BUTTONED SO HIGH THEY STOPPED HIS BREATHING.'"

It was at the same function, on another occasion, that a member of the family coughed, and the small voice immediately was heard saying, "You've got a cough, ma'am." No notice was taken, but a minute after again a muffled cough was heard, and instantly the voice remarked, "Your cough again, ma'am!"

At this age her shyness amounted almost to a disease, and was not completely cured until after two summers spent at Dieppe, where the crowds of people we knew, and the shoals of children coming and going all day, soon got her out of it.

Before that I have been holding her hand when on the way to see people who had called and asked to see her, and it used to shake with terror.

As she said herself later in life, when talking it over, "How would you like it now, when you enter a room, for someone to say, 'Oh, there's the baby,' and then every eye in that room to glare upon you in solemn silence?"

At Dieppe she used to take a great delight in the "Bals des Enfants," held on Wednesday afternoons. They used to dance a very pretty dance called "The Babies' Polka," and when Marjorie had not got a partner

"WHEN THE FIRST HYMN COMMENCED SHE STEPPED SOLEMNLY INTO THE AISLE AND COMMENCED A 'PAS SEUL.'"

she would solemnly dance round, doing all the figures by herself.

On one occasion she danced with a small French boy who was dressed in what I believe is called a "Kate Greenaway" costume. At any rate, he wore a shirt with an enormous collar, and trousers which came up under his armpits and were fortified with a double row of buttons. He was not much of a mover, and I could see Marjorie was not enjoying herself, so I asked her, when it was finished, how she got on. She said, "Oh, pretty well, but the boy couldn't go fast. I think his trousers were buttoned so high they stopped his breathing."

She noticed that I often slunk away when people called, so one day announced to some ladies for whose inspection she had been dragged downstairs, "Tell the yadies to go away. Daddy doesn't like yadies. If daddy was a dog he'd bark at the yadies!"

There were certain people she seemed to fear more than others—one neighbour in particular, a General Pugh, whom she called "Jum Pooh," at whom she used to yell when meeting him in her perambulator or on foot, and always refused to say "Good morning" to. For this she got many scoldings, and the nurse used to mournfully announce on her return that Baby had been very naughty again, and had howled at meeting the distinguished military neighbour, and absolutely refused to say "Good morning" to him.

About this time Lord Roberts returned from South Africa, and her mother and I went to London to see his triumphant entry, leaving Marjorie in charge of the beforementioned aunt. She asked, "Where have daddy and mummy gone?" "Oh," said the aunt, "they've gone up to London to see a very brave little man called 'Bobs,' who, by the way, is your cousin, who went all the way out to Africa to beat a very bad man called Cronje, and now he's come back." "What did he want to beat him for?" "Because he was such a very, very bad man." "Wouldn't he say 'Good morning' to Jum Pooh?"

Her first appearance in church at the age of three and a half was perhaps not quite a success in one way, though distinctly so in another. It was a children's afternoon service which she attended with her nurse. When the first hymn commenced, which happened to be "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with its cheery tune, the baby, whose previous experiences of music had only been in connection with dancing, stepped solemnly into the aisle and commenced a *pas seul*, until she was snatched back into the pew by her horrified attendant.

At the close of the service when the collection was being taken, upon the bag being presented to her she smilingly took out a penny, and in a loud, clear voice said, "Thank you *very* much," to the blushing and embarrassed churchwarden.

Our village emporium was kept by one named Turner, and Marjorie and her nurse used often to buy things there. On one occasion as she entered she was struck by the number of assistants, and remarked in a loud voice, "Lots of Mr. Turners!"

Her nurse was busy choosing what she had come for, but noticed that the baby was very good and quiet. The reason for this she discovered when she rose to leave, and found she had a quantity of white tape attached to

her, which proceeded to unroll itself, and play out yards and yards, as though she were a lively freshly-hooked salmon.

On another occasion she was playing croquet in a garden, and a small errand-boy stopped to see what was going on. Marjorie was much annoyed at his presuming to look at her, and kept glaring at the bush which partially concealed him. At last a peculiar sound issued from the branches, and Marjorie in a loud, clear voice remarked, "That unfortunate lad hiding behind the bush is betrayed by hiccups." Immediately there was a clatter of hobnail boots, and the daring one fled.

Birthdays were always great events in her life. I don't mean her own only, but her mother's and mine. When she was five she came to me one day, and said, "Daddy, will you make up my pennies to a shilling, as I want to give mummy a birthday present?" "Certainly, dear; how many do you want?" I said, feeling in my pocket. "I want eleven, please," was her unexpected answer.

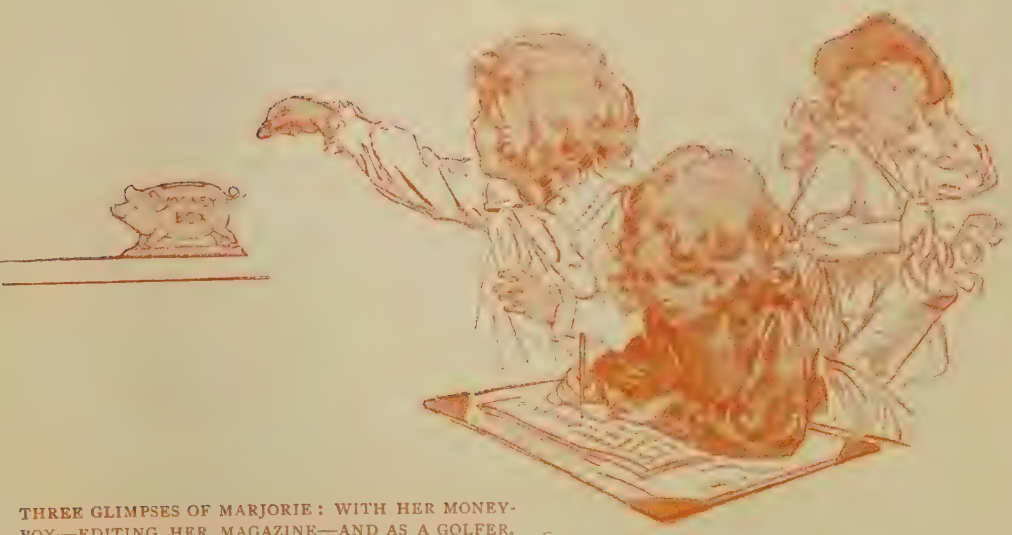
She had various money-boxes, one in the shape of a letter-box, another a pig, and so on. On the following maternal birthday she appeared to have amassed enough wealth to buy a hatpin—it was always a shilling hatpin she gave at that period—out of her savings. After it had been presented, and her mother had duly thanked her with much redundancy of expression, suited to the giver, she said, "You know, mummy, you cost me very expensive—pig, letter-box, all empty; not no money nowhere."

I cannot quite remember her origin, but somehow a mythical personage named Polyphemus Stiggins developed in our midst. She was a most useful addition to the family circle, and used to do terrible deeds, curiously resembling those committed by Marjorie. It was, for instance, often a coincidence that, if she had refused to eat up her pudding, or had been disobedient, Polyphemus Stiggins had done the same, and I generally was the first person to hear of it, and immediately hurried off to tell Marjorie of the news in this way: "What do you think that Polyphemus Stiggins has done now? She absolutely refused to eat up her pudding, although, of course, it is so good for her," etc. The news was always received with pained surprise by Marjorie, and she was always interested in Polyphemus's latest atrocity.

One day an aunt asked her, "But, Baby, who is this Polyphemus I hear so much about? I never see her." To which Marjorie, hanging her head, replied, "I'm afraid it's me."

Whilst on a visit to her grandmother she one day was found by her sitting at the table in the nursery after her dinner, instead of as usual rolling about on the floor, which, with children, puppies, and kittens, appears to be the popular conclusion of a meal. (Coffee comes later to the human species.) The reply was that Marjorie had refused to

"THAT UNFORTUNATE LAD HIDING BEHIND THE BUSH IS BETRAYED BY HICCUPS."



THREE GLIMPSES OF MARJORIE: WITH HER MONEY-BOX—EDITING HER MAGAZINE—AND AS A GOLFER.

say her grace. Naturally she was asked why, and her answer was, "Because it wasn't worth it."

From her very earliest youth we had always impressed on her the enormity of any kind of boasting or showing off. She often would call to order anyone who appeared in any way guilty of this offence.

Knowing this, her Aunt Sydney on one occasion in the nursery commenced to relate what a charming child she had been in her early youth, and how obedient, sweet, and good everyone pronounced her to be. Marjorie stood this for some time in silence, but getting redder and redder, until at last, almost crying, she burst out, "Proud praising thing, Aunt Sinny; proud praising thing!"

It was about this time, when staying at Weston, she became friends with a very nice little girl of about her age, who had been brought up by her grandmother, who was rather strict in her views, and had—as is often the custom with the aged—insisted on the child doing only what she, at the age of eighty, thought right and amusing. The contrast between the two children used to amuse me; they seemed like two little figures out of the Cavalier and Roundhead times. One afternoon a notice was posted on the dining-room door: "There will be a great entertainment at six-thirty in the dining-room, followed by a supper, followed by a ball, followed by a prayer meeting."

Obviously, I should say, this curious double sandwich was the result of alternate choices by each child.

About this time she, with the assistance of her maid—as that official was called when she became eight—started a magazine, called "The Magazine," which, unlike most of its brethren, was killed by its immediate success. Everyone heard of it, and sixpenny subscriptions poured in; even half a crown was given, and one of our most popular novelists offered an article, if worthy. Poor Marjorie got worried and rather frightened, and wrote to her grandmother: "You know, granny, I want you to be the editor, as I feel too young to manage it up against all these grand people." This, however, was declined, and she and the maid ran it alone.

The maid's articles were rather on the dismal side. There was always *a* corpse, sometimes several, and they generally soliloquized after they were dead on the unkindness of their relatives. Each number commenced with a letter from the editor. One ran, "The Magazine is getting on very well. I am very pleased with the Magazine. There is lots of money in the money-box; the editor is thinking of buying a camera. If anything exciting has happened in the place where you live, please let me know. If you don't like the Magazine, don't be afraid to say so. And now I must stop.—Yours truly, THE EDITOR."

Her dictation and other lesson-books were my delight. Take, for instance, a "fuggy capiler," when she meant a fuzzy caterpillar. But later they became the duller as they gained in wisdom, like many of our greatest men. And then, too, her early letters—one to her mother, in which she said: "Daddy is quite well, and still parts his hair in the

middle." Well, I must admit I *am* rather bald. And invariably signed, "Your dear, darling Marjorie."

She was required to write a poem descriptive of an Empire Day celebration, which dragged on much longer than was expected, which she did in the following lines:—

> Under flags so bright and gay,
> Britannia sat on Saturday.
> People came from far away
> (Two-and-six they had to pay).
> The scene was very gay and bright:
> It lasted far into the night.

On one occasion, at lunch, in the winter, Marjorie and her mother were seated near the fire, whilst I was the opposite side of the table and found it rather cold, and said so. I was told that I was in the wrong and that, if anything, the room was rather hot. I naturally replied that it was all very well, but that I was cold, seated, as I was, far from the fire; whereat Marjorie at once remarked: "Ah, well, daddy, you see the few must always suffer for the many."

Alas! alas! time keeps flying on, and the years are galloping past, and though, looking back, her life seems long to me, it is impossible to think there was a time when there wasn't a Marjorie, fifteen years ago. And though now she is one of the best of pals, with a keen interest in most of the things I care for, yet it is a great loss when the babyhood years, when everything was a fairy tale, are just memories laid away in lavender.

It seems so odd, and yet so exactly what I would have, to see the changed interests, to wonder why she is slicing her drive just now, or why she has gone off her mashie, refusing to believe it is because she is taking her eye off the ball. Or else which meet next week is the most likely to produce a run in the open in this woodland country, and the reasons for thinking Tuesday would be the best day.

Of course, every age, I suppose, is good, still I must allow myself a sigh over the *dies acti* which the scribbling of these pages has brought back so vividly.

Her love for books has always been great, one of her favourite stories when very young being that of Rudyard Kipling's "Riki Tiki." On one occasion when her nurse had the misfortune to smash some crockery, Marjorie waltzed round her with delight, shouting, "Great is Nanny with the white teeth," in the words of that delightful tale.

Often I think that of all the manifold changes of modern times none is more remarkable than that in children's books. Apart from the delightful story-books, the so-called improving books are better than the best of the ancient tales—"Our Island Story," for instance, giving a general view of English history in the manner of a story, so that nowadays a child really sees how one event led to another, and gets an intelligent grasp of the whole, instead of learning it in water-tight compartments, with little or no sequence. And I am prepared to bet that the two principal events of early English history retained by the child of my period were the absolutely apocryphal tales of how Canute got his feet wet, to the confusion of his courtiers, and how Alfred burnt the cakes, to the annoyance of the pig-keeper's wife. Then, again, the series, "Shakespeare Told to the Children," with his plays told as tales in simple language, gives them a wonderful knowledge of the plots and characters, leaving them to read and appreciate the language later. And then, thank goodness! the good boy and girl of the early Victorian stories, prigs of the deepest dye, who, with fair hair, blue eyes, and half a lung, used to make beautiful improving remarks, which caused their parents to sigh and weep instead of smacking them, have been wafted away to an early Victorian Heaven, to irritate real children no more.

I am quite sure that the principal feeling of any parent, particularly the mother, who reads these pages will be, "What a very ordinary baby this Marjorie is, and what impudence to record its sayings when my Tommy or Mary was so *much* more intelligent, and said really *clever* things."

"Madam," I reply, "I quite agree with you, and your remedy is obvious. Sit down at once and write them down, in far better language, I will guarantee, than I have done; and if you will honour me with a copy I will be the first to applaud. Remember, I never claimed the ownership of an infant prodigy. This is only just the record of the everyday remarks of an ordinary everyday child."

THE WEAKER VESSEL

BY

W. W. JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

MR. GRIBBLE sat in his small front parlour in a state of angry amazement. It was half-past six and there was no Mrs. Gribble; worse still, there was no tea. It was a state of things that had only happened once before. That was three weeks after marriage, and on that occasion Mr. Gribble had put his foot down with a bang that had echoed down the corridors of thirty years.

The fire in the little kitchen was out, and the untidy remains of Mrs. Gribble's midday meal still disgraced the table. More and more dazed, the indignant husband could only come to the conclusion that she had gone out and been run over. Other things might possibly account for her behaviour; that was the only one that would excuse it.

His meditations were interrupted by the sound of a key in the front door, and a second later a small, anxious figure entered the room and, leaning against the table, strove to get its breath. The process was not helped by the alarming distension of Mr. Gribble's figure.

"I—I got home—quick as I could—Henry," said Mrs. Gribble, panting.

"Where is my tea?" demanded her husband. "What do you mean by it? The fire's out and the kitchen is just as you left it."

"I—I've been to a lawyer's, Henry," said Mrs. Gribble, "and I had to wait."

"Lawyer's?" repeated her husband.

"I got a letter this afternoon telling me to call. Poor Uncle George, that went to America, is gone."

"That is no excuse for neglecting me," said Mr. Gribble. "Of course people die when they are old. Is that the one that got on and made money?"

His wife, apparently struggling to repress a little excitement, nodded. "He—he's left me two hundred pounds a year for life, Henry," she said, dabbing at her pale blue eyes with a handkerchief. "They're going to pay it monthly; sixteen pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence a month. That's how he left it."

"Two hund——" began Mr. Gribble, forgetting himself. "*Two hun*—— Go and get my tea! If you think you're going to give yourself airs because your uncle's left you money, you won't do it in my house."

He took a chair by the window, and, while his wife busied herself in the kitchen, sat gazing in blank delight at the little street. Two hundred a year! It was all he could do to resume his wonted expression as his

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wife re-entered the room and began to lay the table. His manner, however, when she let a cup and saucer slip from her trembling fingers to smash on the floor left nothing to be desired.

"It's nice to have money come to us in our old age," said Mrs. Gribble, timidly, as they sat at tea. "It takes a load off my mind."

"Old age!" said her husband, disagreeably. "What d'ye mean by old age? I'm fifty-two, and feel as young as ever I did."

"You look as young as ever you did," said the docile Mrs. Gribble. "I can't see no change in you. At least, not to speak of."

"Not so much talk," said her husband. "When I want your opinion of my looks I'll ask you for it. When do you start getting this money?"

"Tuesday week; first of May," replied his wife. "The lawyers are going to send it by registered letter."

Mr. Gribble grunted.

"I shall be sorry to leave the house for some things," said his wife, looking round. "We've been here a good many years now, Henry."

"Leave the house!" repeated Mr. Gribble, putting down his tea-cup and staring at her. "Leave the house! What are you talking about?"

"But we can't stay here, Henry," faltered Mrs. Gribble. "Not with all that money. They are building some beautiful houses in Charlton Grove now—bathroom, tiled hearths, and beautiful stained glass in the front door; and all for twenty-eight pounds a year."

"Wonderful!" said the other, with a mocking glint in his eye.

"And iron palings to the front garden, painted chocolate-colour picked out with blue," continued his wife, eyeing him wistfully.

Mr. Gribble struck the table a blow with his fist. "This house is good enough for me," he roared; "and what's good enough for me is good enough for you. You want to waste money on show; that's what you want. Stained glass and bow-windows! You want a bow-window to loll about in, do you? Shouldn't wonder if you don't want a servant-gal to do the work."

Mrs. Gribble flushed guiltily, and caught her breath.

"We're going to live as we've always lived," pursued Mr. Gribble. "Money ain't going to spoil me. I ain't going to put on no side just because I've come in for a little bit. If you had your way we should end up in the workhouse."

He filled his pipe and smoked thoughtfully, while Mrs. Gribble cleared away the tea-things and washed up. Pictures, good to look upon, formed in the smoke—pictures of a hale, hearty man walking along the primrose path arm-in-arm with two hundred a year; of the mahogany and plush of the saloon bar of the Grafton Arms; of Sunday jaunts, and the Oval on summer afternoons.

He ate his breakfast slowly on the first of the month, and, the meal finished, took a seat in the window with his pipe and waited for the postman. Mrs. Gribble's timid reminders concerning the flight of time and consequent fines for lateness at work fell on deaf ears. He jumped up suddenly and met the postman at the door.

"Has it come?" inquired Mrs. Gribble, extending her hand.

By way of reply her husband tore open the envelope and, handing her the covering letter, counted the notes and coin and placed them slowly in his pockets. Then, as Mrs. Gribble looked at him, he looked at the clock, and, snatching up his hat, set off down the road.

He was late home that evening, and his manner forbade conversation. Mrs. Gribble, with the bereaved air of one who has sustained an irremediable loss, sighed fitfully, and once applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"That's no good," said her husband, at last; "that won't bring him back."

"Bring who back?" inquired Mrs. Gribble, in genuine surprise.

"Why, your Uncle George," said Mr. Gribble. "That's what you're turning on the water-cart for, ain't it?"

"I wasn't thinking of him," said Mrs. Gribble, trying to speak bravely. "I was thinking of——"

"Well, you ought to be," interrupted her husband. "He wasn't my uncle, poor chap, but I've been thinking of him, off and on, all day. That bloater-paste you are eating now came from his kindness. I brought it home as a treat."

"I was thinking of my clothes," said Mrs. Gribble, clenching her hands together under the table. "When I found I had come in for that money, the first thing I thought was that I should be able to have a decent dress. My old ones are quite worn out, and as for my hat and jacket——"

"Go on," said her husband, fiercely. "Go on. That's just what I said: trust you with money, and we should be poorer than ever."

"I'm ashamed to be seen out," said Mrs. Gribble.

"A woman's place is the home," said Mr.

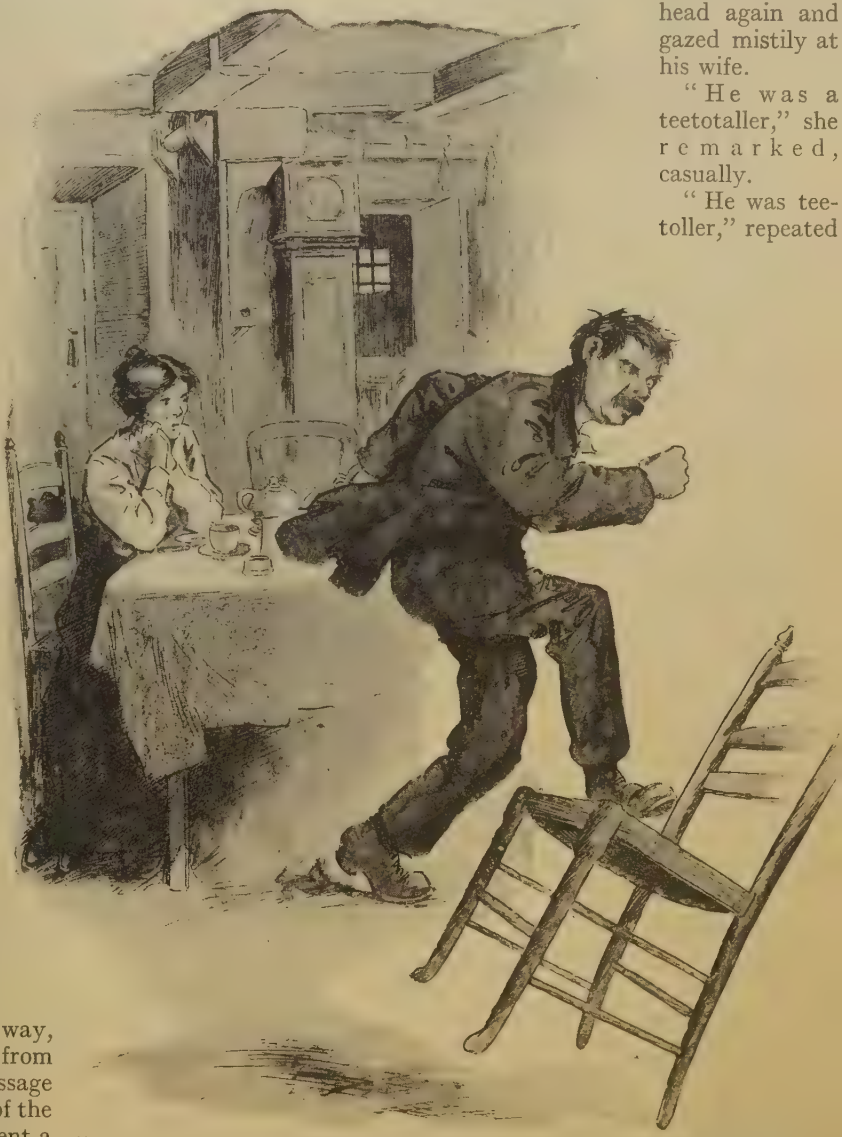
Gribble; "and so long as I'm satisfied with your appearance nobody else matters. So long as I am pleased, that's everything. What do you want to go dressing yourself up for? Nothing looks worse than an overdressed woman."

"What are we going to do with all that money, then?" inquired Mrs. Gribble, in trembling tones.

"That'll do," said Mr. Gribble, decidedly. "That'll do. One o' these days you'll go too far. You start throwing that money in my teeth and see what happens. I've done my best for you all these years, and there's no reason to suppose I sha'n't go on doing so. What did you say? What!"

Mrs. Gribble turned to him a face rendered ghastly by terror. "I—I said—it was my money," she stammered.

Mr. Gribble rose, and stood for a full minute regarding her. Then, kicking a chair out of his way, he took his hat from its peg in the passage and, with a bang of the street-door that sent a current of fresh, sweet air circulating through the house, strode off to the Grafton Arms.



"THEN, KICKING A CHAIR OUT OF HIS WAY, HE STRODE OFF TO THE GRAFTON ARMS."

It was past eleven when he returned, but even the spectacle of his wife laboriously darning her old dress failed to reduce his good-humour in the slightest degree. In a frivolous mood he even took a feather from the dismembered hat on the table and stuck it in his hair. He took the stump of a strong cigar from his lips and, exhaling a final cloud of smoke, tossed it into the fireplace.

"Uncle George dead," he said, at last, shaking his head. "Hadn't pleasure acquaintance, but good man. Good man."

He shook his head again and gazed mistily at his wife.

"He was a teetotaller," she remarked, casually.

"He was tee-toller," repeated Mr. Gribble, regarding her equably. "Good man. Uncle George dead—tee-toller."

Mrs. Gribble gathered up her work and began to put it away.

"Bed-time," said Mr. Gribble, and led the way upstairs, singing.

His good-humour had evaporated by the morning, and, having made a light breakfast of five cups of tea, he went off, with lagging steps, to work. It was a beautiful spring morning, and the idea of a man with two hundred a year and a headache going off to a warehouse instead of a day's outing seemed to border upon the absurd. What use was money without freedom? His toil was sweetened that day by the knowledge that he could drop it at any time he liked and walk out, a free man, into the sunlight.

By the end of a week his mind was made up. Each day that passed made his hurried uprising and scrambled breakfast more and more irksome; and on Monday morning, with hands in trouser-pockets and legs stretched out, he leaned back in his chair and received his wife's alarming intimations as to the flight of time with a superior and sphinx-like smile.

"It's too fine to go to work to-day," he said, lazily. "Come to that, any day is too fine to waste at work."

Mrs. Gribble sat gasping at him.

"So on Saturday I gave 'em a week's notice," continued her husband, "and after Potts and Co. had listened while I told 'em what I thought of 'em they said they'd do without the week's notice."

"You've never given up your job?" said Mrs. Gribble.

"I spoke to old Potts as one gentleman of independent means to another," said Mr. Gribble, smiling. "Thirty-five bob a week after twenty years' service! And he had the cheek to tell me I wasn't worth that. When I told him what he was worth he talked about sending for the police. What are you looking like that for? I've worked hard for you for thirty years, and I've had enough of it. Now it's your turn."

"You'd find it hard to get another place at your age," said his wife; "especially if they wouldn't give you a good character."

"Place!" said the other, staring. "Place! I tell you I've done with work. For a man o' my means to go on working for thirty-five bob a week is ridiculous."

"But suppose anything happened to me," said his wife, in a troubled voice.

"That's not very likely," said Mr. Gribble. "You're tough enough. And if it did your money would come to me."

Mrs. Gribble shook her head.

"WHAT?" roared her husband, jumping up.

"I've only got it for life, Henry, as I told you," said Mrs. Gribble, in alarm. "I thought you knew it would stop when I died."

"And what's to become of me if anything happens to you, then?" demanded the dismayed Mr. Gribble. "What am I to do?"

Mrs. Gribble put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"And don't start weakening your constitution by crying," shouted the incensed husband. "What are you mumbling?"

"I sa—sa—said, let's hope—you'll go—first," sobbed his wife. "Then it will be all right."

Mr. Gribble opened his mouth, and then, realizing the inadequacy of the English language for moments of stress, closed it again. He broke his silence at last in favour of Uncle George.

"Mind you," he said, concluding a peroration which his wife listened to with her fingers in her ears—"mind you, I reckon I've been absolutely done by you and your precious Uncle George. I've given up a good situation, and now, any time you fancy to go off the hooks, I'm to be turned into the street."

"I'll try and live, for your sake, Henry," said his wife.

"Think of my worry every time you are ill," pursued the indignant Mr. Gribble.

Mrs. Gribble sighed, and her husband, after a few further remarks concerning Uncle George, his past and his future, announced his intention of going to the lawyers and seeing whether anything could be done. He came back in a state of voiceless gloom, and spent the rest of a beautiful day indoors, smoking a pipe which had lost much of its flavour, and regarding with a critical and anxious eye the small, weedy figure of his wife as she went about her work.

The second month's payment went into his pocket as a matter of course, but on this occasion Mrs. Gribble made no requests for new clothes or change of residence. A little nervous cough was her sole comment.

"Got a cold?" inquired her husband, starting.

"I don't think so," replied his wife, and, surprised and touched at this unusual display of interest, coughed again.

"Is it your throat or your chest?" he inquired, gruffly.

Mrs. Gribble coughed again to see. After five coughs she said she thought it was her chest.

"You'd better not go out o' doors to-day, then," said Mr. Gribble. "Don't stand about in draughts; and I'll fetch you in a bottle of cough mixture when I go out. What about a lay-down on the sofa?"

His wife thanked him, and, reaching the

sofa, watched with half-closed eyes as he cleared the breakfast-table. It was the first time he had done such a thing in his life, and a little honest pride in the possession of such a cough would not be denied. Dim possibilities of its vast usefulness suddenly occurred to her.

She took the cough mixture for a week, by which time other symptoms, extremely disquieting to an ease-loving man, had manifested themselves. Going upstairs deprived her of breath; carrying a loaded tea-tray produced a long and alarming stitch in the side. The last time she ever filled the coal-scuttle she was discovered sitting beside it on the floor in a state of collapse.

"You'd better go and see the doctor," said Mr. Gribble.

Mrs. Gribble went. Years before the doctor had told her that she ought to take life easier, and she was now able to tell him she was prepared to take his advice.

"And, you see, I must take care of myself now for the sake of my husband," she said, after she had explained matters.

"I understand," said the doctor.

"If anything happened to me——" began the patient.

"Nothing shall happen," said the other. "Stay in bed to-morrow morning, and I'll come round and overhaul you."

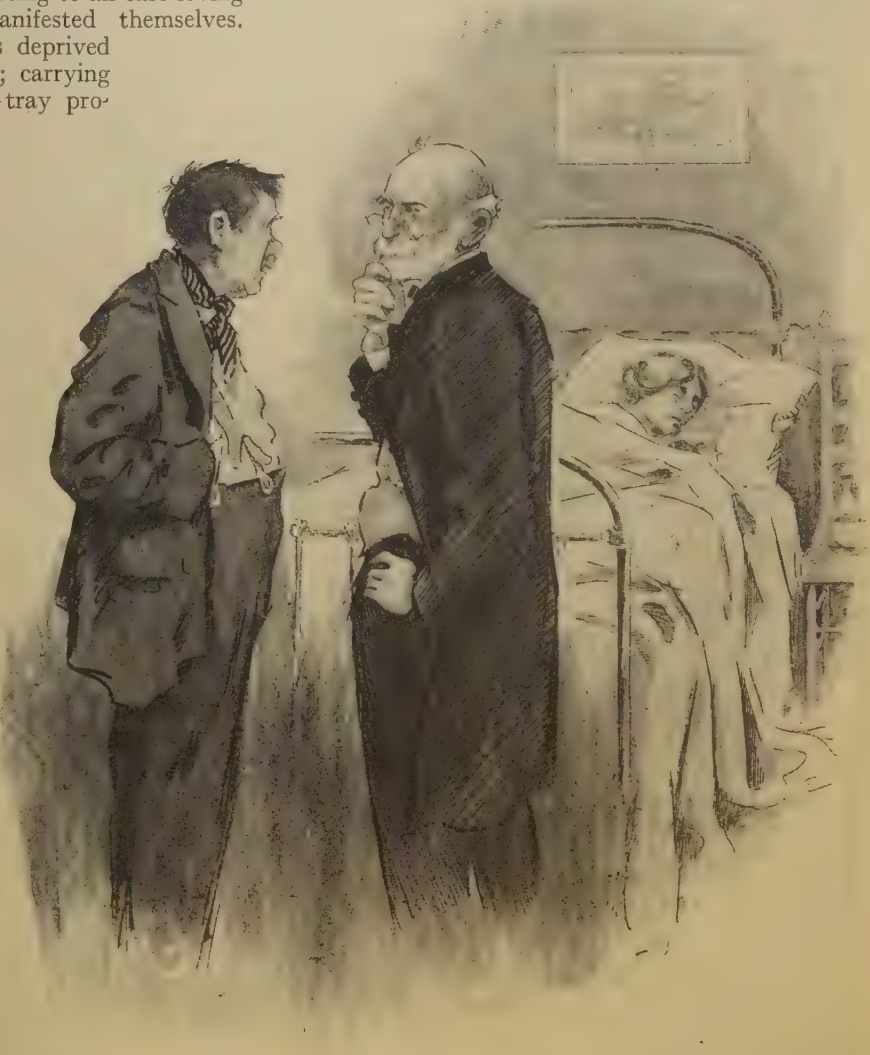
Mrs. Gribble hesitated. "You might examine me and think I was all right," she objected; "and at the same time you wouldn't know how I feel."

"I know just how you feel," was the reply. "Good-bye."

He came round the following morning and, following the dejected Mr. Gribble upstairs, made a long and thorough investigation of his patient.

"Say 'ninety-nine,'" he said, adjusting his stethoscope.

Mrs. Gribble ticked off "ninety-nines" until her husband's ears ached with them.



"HE LOOKED FROM THE LITTLE, WHITE-FACED WOMAN ON THE BED TO THE BULKY FIGURE OF MR. GRIBBLE."

The doctor finished at last, and, fastening his bag, stood with his beard in his hand, pondering. He looked from the little, white-faced woman on the bed to the bulky figure of Mr. Gribble.

"You had better lie up for a week," he said, decidedly. "The rest will do you good."

"Nothing serious, I s'pose?" said Mr. Gribble, as he led the way downstairs to the small parlour.

"She ought to be all right with care," was the reply.

"Care?" repeated the other, distastefully. "What's the matter with her?"

"She's not very strong," said the doc or; "and hearts don't improve with age, you know. Under favourable conditions she's good for some years yet. The great thing is never to thwart her. Let her have her own way in everything."

"Own way in everything?" repeated the dumbfounded Mr. Gribble.

The doctor nodded. "Never let her worry about anything," he continued; "and, above all, never find fault with her."

"Not," said Mr. Gribble, thickly—"not even for her own good?"

"Unless you want to run the risk of losing her."

Mr. Gribble shivered.

"Let her have an easy time," said the doctor, taking up his hat. "Pamper her a bit if you like; it won't hurt her. Above all, don't let that heart of hers get excited."

He shook hands with the petrified Mr. Gribble and went off, grinning wickedly. He had few favourites, and Mr. Gribble was not one of them.

For two days the devoted husband did the housework and waited on the invalid. Then he wearied, and, at his wife's suggestion, a small girl was engaged as servant. She did most of the nursing as well, and, having a great love for the sensational, took a grave view of her mistress's condition.

It was a relief to Mr. Gribble when his wife came downstairs again, and he was cheered to see that she looked much better. His satisfaction was so marked that it brought on her cough again.

"It's this house, I think," she said, with a resigned smile. "It never did agree with me."

"Well, you've lived in it a good many years," said her husband, controlling himself with difficulty.

"It's rather dark and small," said Mrs. Gribble. "Not but what it is good enough for me. And I dare say it will last my time."

"Nonsense!" said her husband, gruffly. "You want to get out a bit more. You've got nothing to do now we are wasting all this money on a servant. Why don't you go out for little walks?"

Mrs. Gribble went, after several promptings, and the fruit of one of them was handed by the postman to Mr. Gribble a few days afterwards. Half-choking with wrath and astonishment, he stood over his trembling wife with the first draper's bill he had ever received.

"One pound two shillings and threepence three-farthings!" he recited. "It must be a mistake. It must be for somebody else."

Mrs. Gribble, with her hand to her heart, tottered to the sofa and lay there with her eyes closed.

"I had to get some dress material," she said, in a quavering voice. "You want me to go out, and I'm so shabby I'm ashamed to be seen."

Mr. Gribble made muffled noises in his throat; then, afraid to trust himself, he went into the back-yard and, taking a seat on an upturned bucket, sat with his head in his hands peering into the future.

The dressmaker's bill and a bill for a new hat came after the next monthly payment; and a bill for shoes came a week later. Hoping much from the well-known curative effects of fine feathers, he managed to treat the affair with dignified silence. The only time he allowed full play to his feelings Mrs. Gribble took to her bed for two days, and the doctor had a heart-to-heart talk with him on the doorstep.

It was a matter of great annoyance to him that his wife still continued to attribute her ill-health to the smallness and darkness of the house; and the fact that there were only two of the houses in Charlton Grove left caused a marked depression of spirits. It was clear that she was fretting. The small servant went further, and said that she was fading away.

They moved at the September quarter, and a slight, but temporary, improvement in Mrs. Gribble's health took place. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled over new curtains and new linoleum. The tiled hearths and stained glass in the front door filled her with a deep and solemn thankfulness. The only thing that disturbed her was the fact that Mr. Gribble, to avoid wasting money over necessaries, contrived to spend an unduly large portion on personal luxuries.

"We ought to have some new things for the kitchen," she said one day.

"No money," said Mr. Gribble, laconically.

"And a mat for the bathroom."

Mr. Gribble got up and went out.

She had to go to him for everything. Two hundred a year and not a penny she could call her own! She consulted her heart, and that faithful organ responded with a bound that set her nerves quivering. If she could only screw her courage to the sticking-point the question would be settled for once and all.

White and trembling she sat at breakfast tremulously at the envelope, peeped inside it and, with her gaze fastened on the window, fumbled for her pocket. She was so pale and shook so much that the words died away on her husband's lips.

"You—you had better let me take care of that," he said, at last.

"It is—all right," gasped his wife.

She put her hand to her throat and, hardly able to believe in her victory, sat struggling for breath. Before her, grim and upright,

"WITH HER GAZE FASTENED ON THE WINDOW, SHE FUMBLED FOR HER POCKET."

on the first of November, waiting for the postman, while the unconscious Mr. Gribble went on with his meal. The double-knocks down the road came nearer and nearer, and Mr. Gribble, wiping his mouth, sat upright with an air of alert and pleased interest. Rapid steps came to the front door, and a double bang followed.

"Always punctual," said Mr. Gribble, good-humouredly.

His wife made no reply, but, taking a blue-crossed envelope from the maid in her shaking fingers, looked round for a knife. Her gaze encountered Mr. Gribble's outstretched hand.

"After you," he said, sharply.

Mrs. Gribble found the knife, and, hacking her husband sat, a figure of helpless smouldering wrath.

"You might lose it," he said, at last.

"I sha'n't lose it," said his wife.

To avoid further argument, she arose and went slowly upstairs. Through the doorway Mr. Gribble saw her helping herself up by the banisters, her left hand still at her throat. Then he heard her moving slowly about in the bedroom overhead.

He took out his pipe and filled it mechanically, and was just holding a match to the tobacco when he paused and gazed with a puzzled air at the ceiling. "Blamed if it don't sound like somebody dancing!" he growled.

The Fine Art of Dancing.

SOME VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES TOLD BY

ANNA PAVLOVA.

In the following article the world-famous dancer gives many interesting personal impressions on the art of dancing in England as compared with dancing on the Continent. Her views as to how English dancers may achieve skill equal to that of many of the most famous Continental dancers cannot fail to be of great value to those interested in the light fantastic art. As Mme. Anna Pavlova is a foreigner, her article has naturally required a little revision.

From Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield, Schneider, Bert, Bassano, Dover Street Studios, L.N.A., and Hoppé.

BEFORE I paid my first visit to England I was told that the classical art of the grand ballet had become quite out of date, and that the last generation who saw the Taglioni dance had proclaimed that public interest in the art had died with her. I have noticed that such is very far from the case. If only more real encouragement were given in England to ballet dancers the day would not be far distant when the English dancer would prove a formidable rival to the Russian.

How can this be done? In the first place, I am strongly of opinion that the English nation ought to endow a National School of Dancing, so that it might take the sadness out of the gait and manner of the English people. It is not sufficient that the art of dancing should be preserved on the stage. It should be taught in the schools, so that the workman and the work-girl may get more happiness in their lives. And one of the simplest, most economical, and healthiest forms of enjoyment is surely the dance.

Dancing enters into the life of the Russian people far more than it does into the lives of the English nation. For nearly five hundred years the Czars of the Russian people have endowed the art of dancing. Whenever a great dancer arose in Italy, France, or Spain, that dancer was invited to Russia, and while we have, as far as possible, developed all that was best in our own dancers, we have seen that we have also had the best of the art of foreign artistes.

The National School of Russian Dancing has grown with rapid strides during the reign of the present Czar, who spends four hundred thousand pounds each year on the Opera House, the French Theatre, and the School of Dancing. Pupils who are received for the National School are carefully guarded and taught. They are placed in special residential quarters, and must undergo a very serious training. Dancing, indeed, is so much a part of our Russian life that it is no unusual thing for our great artistes to give free lessons in the poor schools.

Dancing helps the Russian to express himself or herself, whether in absolute sadness, wild joy, or *abandon*. Our Russian work-girls in their garrets frequently express their moods by gestures which they have learnt in dancing. They feel tired; they express that fatigue in perfectly natural movements. I wonder could your English work-girls so express themselves? I think not, because they have not learnt the true art of dancing, and have thus been deprived of the pleasure of expressing their feelings by poetical and rhythmical gestures which invariably bring about a sense of relief.

I have often been asked which I consider is the saddest and which the most joyous nation of dancers. To the former query I should reply, "The Russians." The Spaniards are the gayest, then the Italians; the French are gay and *insouciant*, the Germans merry but somewhat heavy. The Russians can express melancholy, sadness, and the other extremes—complete joy, gaiety, and mirth, more than any other nation in the world. And the English? What do I think

ANNA PAVLOVA.

of the English as a nation of dancers? I have found English children who are capable of learning the highest form of the art of dancing; but to me your ballroom is amusing without being dignified. The "Turkey Trot," for instance, is not very artistic. I have seen delightfully pretty young ladies dancing the "Turkey Trot" and the "Cake Walk." *C'est horrible! N'est-ce pas?* And I know, because I have tried the "Turkey Trot" myself, so that I can speak from experience. Indeed, once, when in the United States, and bearing in mind the undoubted truth of the saying which tells us "To know all is to forgive all," I tried to find pleasure in the latest craze. I knew, I think, all there was to know about the "Turkey Trot"—but I could not forgive it. It jarred on my nerves, and I am not exaggerating when I say that even to-day I still sometimes shudder over the experience.

As I view things, dancing is a great art. It is akin to poetry and music. Our dances are affected by our mode of life, by the sort of clothes we wear. The Grecian dances, for example, with their freedom of movement are only possible in the loose robes of the period, just in the same way that in the period of the crinoline you had the sedate and stately motions

of the minuet. Then you have your country dances—the Highland fling and the Morris dances—how prettily they go with the costumes of the dancers.

I think not a little might be done to improve dancing in England by having it taught in your schools. But it should be taught as music is taught, as one of the arts, and not as part of the gymnastic exercises or the sports and amusements of the school. Some of your games for girls do not improve deportment. In hockey, for instance, where the girls play in a stooping position, they may easily lose their graceful carriage, which is so necessary in a ballroom.

Would you like to hear how we Russian dancers are trained? That would please me much, for I feel that if only the interest of the English people is aroused in the art of dancing, if only they will learn something of the training, something of the behind-the-scenes life of a dancer at our Russian Imperial theatres, then surely the time must soon come to pass when England, like Russia, will become a nation of dance-lovers.

So let me hasten to tell you something of our early training. Between the ages of nine and twelve, or thereabouts, boys and girls of sufficient promise are taken into the ballet school. Here, I must tell you, they receive, not only instruction in music, dancing, and dramatic art, but also in the ordinary branches of education. In every large school, of course, when there are many

ANNA PAVLOVA IN "PAPILLON."

boys and girls in a class, a certain amount of difficulty must be experienced in finding out exactly what meed of progress each individual is making. To obviate this difficulty, therefore, as far as dancing is concerned, examinations are held every year, and those pupils who do not score a certain percentage of marks are told that their services are no longer required.

You will understand that, to the trained dancer, to the dancer who has given up some of the best years of her early youth to mastering her art, not only do the legs dance, but the eyes, the hands, the neck, the head, the arms, the mouth — in fine, the whole body dances.

The older pupils spend a good deal of time in practice by themselves. I remember one young man who sometimes danced six hours a day. One of my friends, a dancer who has now attained a high position in her profession, used to go to the country in the summer and practise four hours a day under the supervision of her brother — a very fine dancer. As in all other departments of art, success depends very largely on personal initiative and hard work. Even the successful *ballerina* cannot allow herself to become slack. If she is to preserve her technique she must dance exercises every

1. WASSELENA. 2. LYDIA KYASHT.
3. S. FEDOROWA. 4. ADELINE GENÉE.
5. ADAMOVITCH.

day on the same principle as a pianist plays scales. She must be so perfect a mistress of technique that when she is on the stage she need think of nothing but the expression to be given to the dances she executes.

But the Russian dancers are not permitted to grow old in service. A score of years represent their little day, and at the age of thirty-seven a dancer retires on a pension which provides generously for her future. A pity, indeed, it is that similar encouragement is not given to students of the ballet in England to-day!

And yet, surely, what Russia has done

ANNA PAVLOVA.
1. IN "LES ORIENTALES." 2. IN "PAPILLON."
3. IN "LE CYGNE." 4. IN "LE CYGNE."
5. IN "L'AUTOMNE BACCHANALE."
6. PORTRAIT STUDY.

4.

5.

6.

England, too, can do. Almostevery country is glorified by a world-famous ballet. We have the Waltz of the Burghers taken from "Faust"; we have the "Carmen" ballets and the "Aïda" ballets, and the Dance of the Hours from "Gioconda." But Great Britain is unrepresented.

I have, too, often built day-dreams of a Scottish ballet, because I can see infinite possibilities in the action and vitality of the Highland flings and reels. Moreover, one has always the charm and picturesqueness of the costume—by no means a small point to be considered. Yes, yes, beyond all manner of doubt there is a great gold-mine of romance hidden in the moors and lochs of Scotland. I can see the Scottish ballet wonderfully clearly. I can see it all—the village in the purple glen, the grey church in the distance. And the story?

1.

2.

3.

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5.

6.

That would be the old story of the village maiden about to marry one of her own class. Of course she loves the laird of the Manor disguised as a shepherd. The complications are apparent, and one could weave the ballet dances of a fantastic as well as a realistic nature.

I have heard some of the Scottish folk-songs, and these I find both charming and mystical, and for this reason they would, I think, make an excellent foundation for a great artistic ballet. As far as Scotch dancing is concerned, I have always thought that it bears a greater resemblance to the Tarantella of Italy

question to answer, for I love so many. On the whole, however, I think I like best "The Swan," with its lovely accompaniment by Saint-Saëns; the "Valse Caprice" of Rubinstein; and, of course, the "Automne Bacchanale." The latter dance is always a frightful strain, as it requires as much intense acting as it does dancing. But what matter? I find real enjoyment in every form of my art.

7.

At the present time I am never happier than when watching the progress made by my old pupils. As I note the joy they feel at being praised for good work I recall my own childhood's days, when I used to dream of my life as a *ballerina*. All the night long I lay thinking of the days when the world was to acclaim me a great

8.

than to anything else. On occasions I have heard Scottish dancing compared to Russian dancing, but, frankly, I can find no point of resemblance between the styles of the two countries. The exuberant shouts that punctuate Scotch dances are unknown in Russia, but they have their counterpart in the thrilling Tarantella of Southern Italy. Yes, I am convinced that, given a powerful and adequate musical score, the Scottish ballet would prove not only a very great insular success, but probably a world-wide triumph.

Perhaps you would like to know my favourite dances? This is not an easy

9

TAMAR KARSAVINA.
1. IN ORDINARY BALLET DRESS. 2. IN "CARNAVAL."
3 AND 4. WITH NIJINSKI IN "LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE."
5. IN "L'OISEAU DE FEU." 6. IN "LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE."
7. WITH FROHMAN IN "THE BLUE GOD."
8. IN "THE BLUE GOD." 9. WITH ADOLF BOLM IN "THAMAR."

dancer. The next morning I nervously spoke of my hopes to my mother, who replied, "If you are to become a dancer you will have to leave me and go to the school of the ballet. Does my little daughter want to leave her mother?" "No, I don't want to leave you," I replied, half in tears, "but if it must be done in order to be a *ballerina*, then I must do it." Although for the time being my wishes were denied me, I think that conversation laid the foundation-stone of my career.

English-women have fine faces, graceful figures, and a real sense of the poetry of dancing. They only lack training to provide the best dancers in the world.

1. MICHAEL MORDKIN.
2. NIJINSKI.
3. TORTOLA VALENCIA.

The Supreme Event.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by W. E. Webster.

I.

JOHN learned the terrifying truth after his engagement. Indeed, the young lady kept it as a surprise. Man and maid met at Mürren during a wet week. Each was reasonably keen about skating, and each played piquet. They fell in love at first sight, and the affair ran smoothly and swiftly up to a certain moment.

They were sitting together, and quite alone. Mabel put her pretty lips close to his ear and whispered :—

"I have something to tell you."

Armitage smiled. Foolish man! He was presumptuous enough to believe that the something had been told before, and would be told again and again with cumulative sweetness.

"Yes, Mab?"

"I am *the* Miss Simpson!"

The accent upon the definite article was startlingly emphatic. No man—least of all a lover—could doubt that this information, so carefully suppressed, was of tremendous importance to the speaker. Happily, John was a man of sensibility and tact. Instantly he dissembled, for it was quite unthinkable that he should reply :—

"My darling, never, never have I heard of *the* Miss Simpson."

Afterwards he came to the conclusion that the truth between lovers, however stark it may appear, should prevail. Such wisdom comes to most men and nearly all women too late. John pressed her hand which happened to lie in his.

"*The* Miss Simpson?" he repeated. There was an accent of awe in his voice.

"Yes," she murmured. "Dearest, do you mind marrying a celebrity?"

A celebrity! His blood curdled. He racked his unhappy brains. Why had he never heard of *the* Miss Simpson? He divined, poor wretch! that anything even approximating to an admission of such ignorance would cost him dear. Desperately, clutching at shadows of all celebrities, he murmured as sweetly as she :—

"Mind marrying—*you!* But, why have you kept this from me?"

Her answer was even more perplexing than what had gone before.

"You see, John, we decided, mother and I, when we chose Mürren, that it would be wiser, less boring, if I came here *incognita*. Simpson, fortunately, is a common name. And we agreed not to talk shop, *my* shop. I have never talked shop to you, for instance, have I?"

"Not that I can remember."

She laughed delightfully, showing her pretty teeth and an enchanting pair of dimples. John kissed her to hide his confusion and distress. At this moment the gods took pity on him. Mrs. Simpson entered the small *salon* in which they sat. Mabel jumped up :—

"Mumsie, I have just told him."

John pulled himself together for a supreme effort. He was no actor, but he felt at this moment histrionic powers within.

"I am the proudest man on earth," he affirmed.

A minute later he escaped. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he sought out his friend, who had already promised to officiate as best man.

"Henry," he gasped. "I have some rather important news for you. I am about to lead to the altar *the Miss Simpson!*"

Henry's face became absolutely blank.

"*The* Miss Simpson?" he repeated.

"Surely, my dear fellow, you must have heard of *the* Miss Simpson. Mabel is a celebrity."

"Is she? Forgive me, old man, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but, honestly, I have never heard of *the* Miss Simpson."

"Nor have I," said John, miserably.

Then they both laughed.

John explained. It was vital, of course, that he should find out at once everything that was to be known about the celebrity, but—how? *How?*

"Leave that to me," said the kindly Henry.

"Hold hard! Let's talk this over. In what line could Mab be a celebrity?"

Henry hazarded a wild guess.

"Novelist?"

John shook his head.

"Impossible. I know 'em all by name."

"Actress?"

"Try again. Between us we may arrive at something. I know the names of actresses, singers, pianists, fiddlers, painters, and sculptors. We have this clue, old man: she has not talked shop to me. Now—wait! We've talked over all the winter sports, and she doesn't shine at any of them. We've discussed books, pictures, and plays. And music."

"Be perfectly calm, John. I've got it."

"Speak, or for ever hold your peace!"

"I'll bet you she's a suffragette. Cat and mouse—eh? Escaped from starvation—what?"

"Mab doesn't look like that. Suffragette—no! Suffragist, well, it's just possible."

"I'll ask Dalton; he knows everything. He's playing auction in the next room. You sit tight till I come back."

John smoked four cigarettes before Henry returned. One glance at his friend's honest face was reassuring. He *knew*, and the knowledge had not distressed him.

"It's all right. Dalton is a wonder. Miss Simpson is a famous tennis player. She got into the semi-finals at Wimbledon last July. Dalton says she will be champion of the world one day."

"Lady champion? How awful!"

"Might be worse," said Henry, cheerfully. "She might have been a lady doctor, or a lady whistler."

"I hate lawn-tennis."

"So do I, but it's a nice, clean, healthy game, although ruinous to the complexion—in time."

They stared at each other with lack-lustre eyes. Then Henry poured balm upon his friend's lacerated tissues.

"Let's face this like men of the world. You are engaged to be married to a really charming girl. She's as fit as a fiddle and hard as nails. You have a lot in common. The thing is just right, barring this tennis, but fortunately you have no profession and an ample income."

"I don't quite take you, Henry?"

"I mean this. You can trot about with her to tournaments, and look after her."

"Pick up the balls?" Deep despair thrilled his pleasant voice.

"Cheer up! I repeat, you can afford in every sense of the word to humour Mabel for a few months, to let her play her own game in her own superlative way. Then——"

"Please go on."

"As your best man I suppose that I have a claim to officiate later on, as godfather. Now, motherhood and lawn-tennis championships don't trot in the same class. See?"

"I see. Yes; there's something in that, but it's a delicate subject, Henry, one that I can't discuss, even with you.'

"Right! But the odds now are against her winning championships. Wait and see!"

II.

John waited patiently.

His charming Mabel began to talk shop.

So did her mother, who was not quite so charming.

The trio left Mürren and travelled together to the Riviera, where John was introduced to other tennis-playing celebrities—Porson, the Irish champion; Macmurdo, the American smasher; Bott, and the mighty Windlesham. He acquired the patter of his future wife's profession; and he sat beside Mrs. Simpson, hour after hour, watching his Mabel, attired in virgin white, as she drove ball after ball down the side lines.

The "nuts" called her Venus Victrix!

They were married at the end of April. Mrs. Simpson confessed that she was apprehensive about May weddings. John possessed an ancient Tudor manor-house in Dorset, with a sunk garden which was the joy of his heart, but there was no tennis lawn. A court was constructed, what is technically called an *en tout cas*, and a wall covered with concrete rose behind the stables. No less a person than Bott superintended these important improvements. He had entered with Mabel for the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon and elsewhere, and he told John that he regarded his playing partner as the coming woman.

John submitted meekly that Mabel had already "arrived."

"She will win the All Comers'," said Bott, fervently. "Think of what she has won already!" He had black hair, a yellow face, and the profile of a chimpanzee, but John liked

"'"THE" MISS SIMPSON?' HE REPEATED."
"'YES,' SHE MURMURED. 'DEAREST, DO YOU MIND MARRYING A CELEBRITY?'"

him, because the fellow was so keen, such an uphill player, so cheery when off his game.

Poor John nodded gloomily. He had inherited some very beautiful silver—porringers, salvers, tankards, and the like—which gleamed with mellow splendour upon a Queen Anne dresser in the dining-room. Mrs. Simpson had praised the dresser.

"It's rather nice," John admitted, modestly.

"But, John, dear, how splendid Mabel's pots will look on it!"

Mabel's pots! There were dozens of them, culled from every silversmith in the Metropolitan area.

"Some people," continued Mrs. Simpson, severely, "sell their pots and their jewellery. Dear Mab has never degraded herself by doing that. Take Tom Slagg——"

"If you'll excuse me, I'd rather not," murmured John. "Enough is as good as a feast."

"Tom Slagg sells everything. He keeps a sort of jeweller's shop. I call him a 'pro.' I am so proud of Mabel's trophies!"

They were spread upon that ancient dresser. They remained there. The eyes of dead-and-gone Armitages glared down upon silver and silver-gilt with ever-deepening reproach and derision. John was sensible of their disapproval. He shared it, but what could he say? What could he do? He did the one thing possible and decent. He locked up the tankards and porringers.

It was Bott who suggested the propriety of inviting Windlesham and Mrs. Pragson to spend three weeks in Dorset.

"I must practise with Mabel," he said. "You know Windlesham; and Mrs. Pragson is a corker. Forty-five—I give you my word—and still the most formidable woman in England—bar two."

John would have barred them all except Mabel, but he said not a word.

Mrs. Pragson arrived with many racquets. She was short, squat, black-avised, with a complexion that matched the Queen Anne dresser. Windlesham accompanied her, the ex-champion of the world. Photographs of the new court and the old players appeared in half-a-dozen papers. John read many paragraphs as follows:—

"Armitage Court is now the centre of the liveliest interest. The ancient manor has never, if we may say so, sheltered at one time so many distinguished persons."

In the solitude of his own den John said:—

"Confound it!"

III.

THE gallant fellow tried to play the game under his wife's tutelage. He practised assiduously against the back-wall; he studied tactics. In a single Mabel could give him fifteen and owe forty! She liked to play with him, but Windlesham sternly forbade such altruism. John agreed. Nothing must imperil Mabel's chances for the championship.

Occasionally he strayed into the nurseries and glanced at his old toys. He busied himself with the management of his small estate, and attended parochial and county councils. His brother magistrates welcomed him on the bench.

During the pleasant weeks which preceded the Great Event John made only one blunder. In a reactionary moment he invited Toomer to spend a week-end with the celebrities. Toomer had been John's school-fellow and contemporary at Winchester, and afterwards the two men had been fellow-undergraduates at New. If Etonians, as a rule, are pleasure-loving, while Harrovians are strenuous, so also, without offence, one may describe Wykehamists as philosophical. John was a fair type of Wykeham's sons. He had easy manners, much general knowledge, a sense of humour, and a disposition to travel agreeably along the lines of least resistance.

Toomer was his antithesis. Toomer won scholarships. Toomer took a high degree. By this time he was well known as a capable and rising man of letters, but admittedly a crank.

Toomer loathed what he called ball-games. That, possibly, may have been in John's mind when he invited him to Armitage Court. Had John been more candid, Toomer might have declined the invitation.

Driving up from the station, which was a comfortable four miles away, John said, carelessly:—

"By the way, the house is chock-a-block with tennis sharps."

"Tennis sharps!" repeated Toomer.

"Bott, Mrs. Pragson, Windlesham."

"Never heard of 'em," said Toomer.

To John's immense surprise, he felt a certain irritation.

"You must have heard of Windlesham. Hang it! He was open lawn-tennis champion for three or four years in succession."

"Was he? Poor devil! What does he do now? An ex-champion is a pitiable object."

John considered the question. His face brightened.

"The truth is, old man, that Windlesham

is the best of the lot. He's keen about other things. Golf, for instance."

"Golf! Heaven help him!"

"And dry fly-fishing."

"That's much better. I fish myself. A successful fisherman must be an intelligent man. Great opportunities, too, for introspection and observation. How are you getting on, John, with your microscopical work?"

"Down and out," replied John, unconsciously quoting Bott. "It was only pat-ball. I'm shaping nicely at the wall-game."

"Wall-game? You play football in June?"

John explained. Toomer opened a capacious mouth to reply, glanced at John's amiable face, and remained for the first time in his life absolutely silent.

At dinner that night Toomer sat next to Mrs. Pragson, who was in wonderful form. She could do just two things better than any woman of her advanced years—play tennis and talk about it afterwards. Said she to Toomer:—

"Extraordinary, isn't it, what adulation a champion receives nowadays?"

"You are speaking of Jack Johnson?"

"Jack—Johnson?"

"The coloured prize-fighter."

"I never heard of him. I was speaking of the lawn-tennis champion."

Toomer was quite honest with her.

"Who is he?" he asked.

Mrs. Pragson turned purple. That was her only available tint in moments of excitement. Then she addressed the assembled company in tones of scathing scorn.

"Mr. Toomer," she announced, "does not know the name of the present champion. I positively refuse to enlighten him."

"It doesn't matter," said Toomer, grimly. "I asked the question out of mere politeness. Let us call him X? Does X receive much adulation?"

"Tons and tons! *More* than anybody else."

"Oh, come! More than, let us say, Madame Melba?"

"I hope so. Our enthusiasm about music and all that sort of thing is rather a pose. If you had said—Jessop?"

"And who is Jessop?" asked Toomer.

Bott's prominent eyes nearly popped out of his head. He asked, solemnly:—

"Is it possible that you have never seen Jessop bat?"

"Oh! a cricketer. Yes, yes, I have *heard* of Jessop."

"It is quite obvious," remarked Mrs. Pragson, "that you don't care about games. Mr. Toomer."

"I don't," said Toomer. "I have never shattered my self-respect by hitting at, or kicking, a ball. Well, well, I had no intention of astonishing you" (Oh, Toomer——!), "but short sight and varicose veins have constrained me to give my attention and interest to literature and art." He continued pleasantly: "All of you play games, but you must admit that one can't talk about them, not, I mean, *intelligently* for more than five minutes at a time."

"I beg your pardon."

"Pray don't misunderstand me. It is possible, of course, to prattle on for ever and ever about golf. For my sins I have overheard such futile twaddle, but I was immensely struck by one thing."

"May I ask you to explain?"

"I was about to do so. What applies to golf applies equally to all chatter about games. Tom allows Dick to buck about his confounded round, because it is mutually agreed between them that Dick is to have his innings later on. But Tom doesn't listen to Dick, and Dick doesn't listen to Tom. That, I submit, is not intelligent conversation. It's a singularly British and foolish sort of compromise between two bores."

John, at the head of his hospitable board, smiled nervously. Everybody else stared, open-mouthed, at Toomer. He went on:—

"Conversation, to-day, has become atrophied by disuse."

Mrs. Pragson perceived an opportunity to score, and seized it.

"We all believe in practice," she said. "Please go on, Mr. Toomer. Will you deign to converse with *us*?"

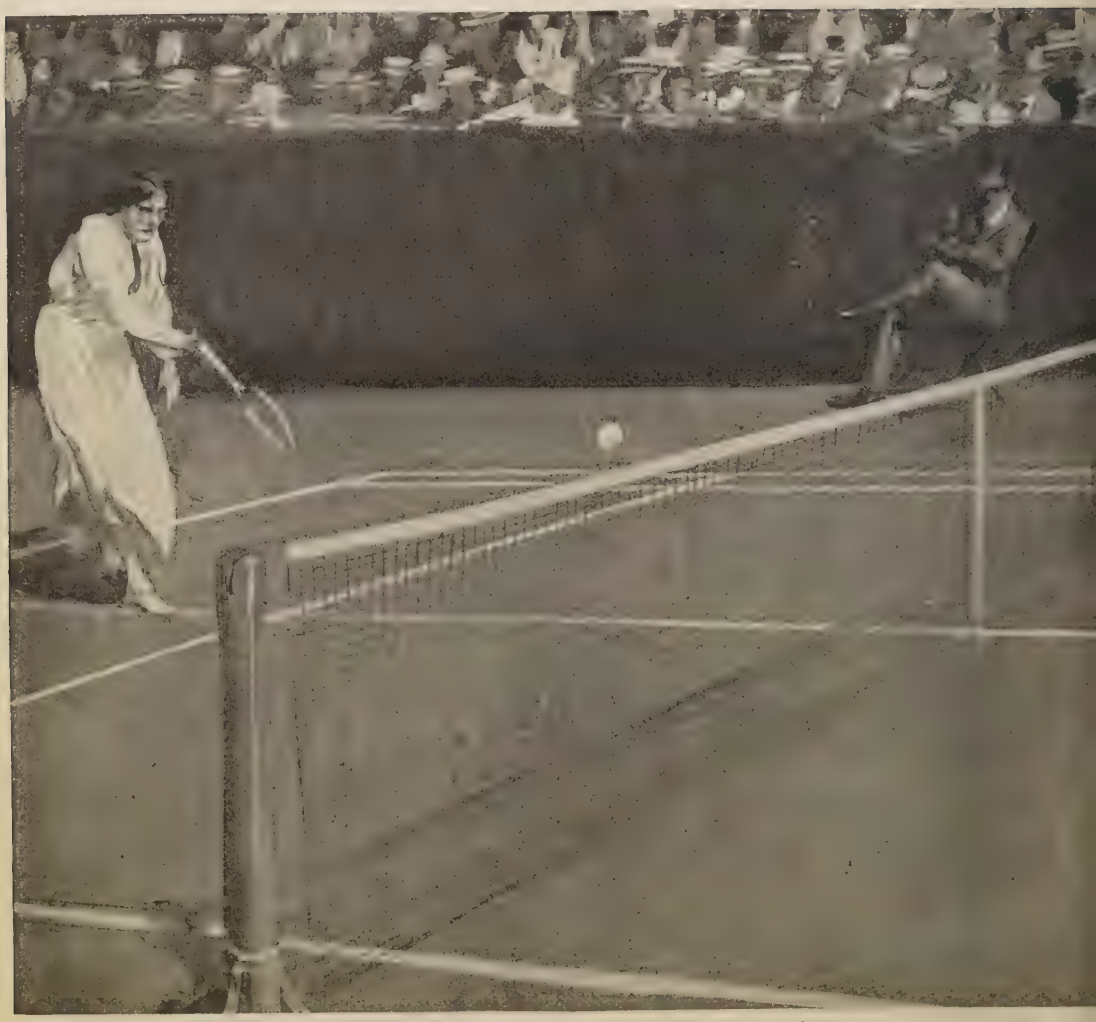
Toomer accepted the challenge. During the rest of dinner he held forth amazingly. Never had he talked better. John kept him going. But he left early upon Monday morning, and he said to John, when he took leave:—

"My dear old man, you are going to seed. You've got the wrong crowd about you. Why, dash it! that ass, Bott, patronizes you. Henry and I were speaking about you the other day at the club. You've married a dear little girl, but, good Lord! you haven't married her gang, have you?"

"The fact is," said John, "I'm marking time. I'm looking on for the moment, sort of umpire. Don't you worry!"

"I do worry," said the honest Toomer.

With that parting shot he went his way.



"OLD HIGGS WAS DRIVING TERRIFICALLY, SENDING THE BALLS TO MABEL'S BACK HAND. MABEL GAME AFTER DEUCE HAD

Bott expressed the general sense of John's other guests, when he remarked :—

"That fellow Toomer is un-English !"

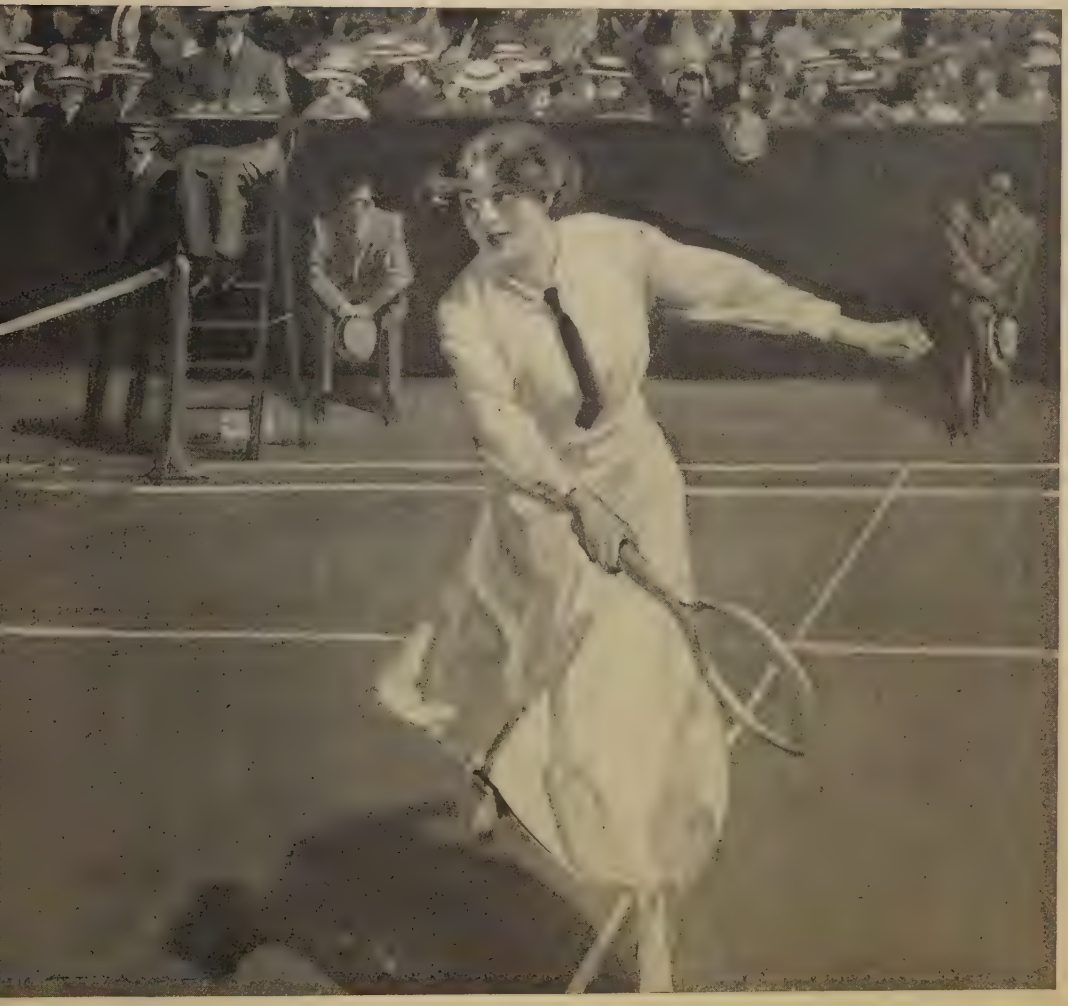
IV.

At Wimbledon, in July, Mabel triumphed gloriously. She fought her way, smilingly, to the top of the tennis tree. She won the semi-final of the All Comers' Ladies' Singles. Bott and she were only barely defeated in the final of the Mixed Doubles.

The great match for the All Comers' followed. It took place, of course, in the centre court, and attracted an immense crowd. John watched the sets from his seat in the competitors' gallery. Mabel's fame shed a reflected lustre upon him. Everybody talked tennis to him. Maidens, with the complexion and the stride of an Indian chief, entreated his advice. One or two demanded his autograph ! When an eminent jurist asked him suddenly what he thought of the political situation, he replied :—

"'Vantage, I think, to server !"

Outwardly he was calm. But civil war waged within. He was more in love with his pretty wife than ever, and her conduct throughout the long tournament evoked his sincere respect and admiration. For her dear sake he prayed for victory ; for his own, he dared to adumbrate defeat. Victory meant a prolongation of purgatory for him, but it would exalt her to the highest heaven. Defeated, Mabel might give a thought to the empty nursery. John ground his teeth with rage when he thought of Armitage Court passing to his next of kin, whom he detested.



RETURNED THEM, SMILING. THE CROWD HOWLED ITSELF HOARSE WHEN SHE CAPTURED THE THIRD BEEN CALLED NINE TIMES."

Mabel—God bless her—would make the most delightful mother. She had good sense, good temper, good health. What attributes for a potential matron !

Her antagonist provoked comparisons and uneasy speculations. Mrs. Higginbotham was an ex-champion, one of the old Wimbledon Guard. Her face was as terrifying as her overhand service. Mabel, alas ! served underhand, and, therefore, was manifestly at a disadvantage. The ex-champion was famous for her all-round stroke equipment, and—as the reporters said—the "fine generalship which directed it." Mabel, on the other hand, was much younger, more active, and a finer back-line player.

The experts predicted a tremendous match, a fight to the closest finish. More, it was whispered that the winner of the All Comers' would be Open Champion. The holder was said to be out of form.

During the first two games Mabel scored but one point. Mrs. Higginbotham "rushed" her. The redoubtable lady "ran in" on her judiciously-placed service, and smashed Mabel's returns. Bott whispered to John :—

"Old Higgs can't keep that up. It tires—even *me*."

Mabel smiled confidently. Again Bott whispered to John :—

"Mabel's smile warms the cockles of my heart. She has the temperament. Old Higgs hasn't. If Mabel gets the best of her presently, hair will be flying about the court ! "

"Mrs. Higginbotham looks ferocious."

"Yes ; early in life she got the tennis face."

John sighed. Would his Mabel acquire those deep furrows between her pretty brows,

that grim expression, those massive shoulders and hips ?

Biff ! Bang !

Old Higgs was driving terrifically, sending the balls to Mabel's back hand. Mabel returned them, smiling. The crowd howled itself hoarse when she captured the third game after deuce had been called nine times. Bott was trembling with excitement and enthusiasm. John became acutely sensible that this man beside him was keener than himself. He heard Bott saying :—

" Popular opinion counts in these contests. The will of the crowd. Ninety-nine out of every hundred here want Mabel to win. That's an asset ! "

" Shush-h-h ! " murmured Porson, who was just behind. John realized that this match ought to be played in breathless silence.

The result went up on the great scoring-board. The voice of the umpire drifted across the ground :—

" Three games to one. Mrs. Higginbotham leads."

John felt that his satisfaction was indecent. He muttered to himself : " My Mab must win. I really want her to win. She deserves to win."

The stand rocked when Mabel took the fifth game. She had begun to pass her antagonist down the side lines. Again and again her balls pitched within a few inches of them.

" What a lovely length ! " said Bott.

Old Higgs won the sixth game on her service, but she moved less swiftly to the centre of the court. Then a very demon of energy and determination seemed to possess her. Bott had to admit that she was irresistible. She had grasped the vital necessity of overwhelming a younger and more active player.

First set to Mrs. Higginbotham ! Six games to two !

The two women met near the umpire's chair. John could see that Mabel was saying something pleasant to the ex-champion. What a darling ! What a sportswoman ! Toomer ought to have seen that.

Old Higgs smiled grimly as she listened to Mabel's congratulations. Mabel had not turned a hair. John's heart bounded within him. Bott, however, was grinding his teeth and making inarticulate noises. His face brightened when he saw Mrs. Higginbotham's hand go to her mouth.

" Thank the Lord ! " he exclaimed.

" What's up ? " inquired John. By this time any mean wish that his beloved might be defeated had passed from him. He would have melted down the porringers and tankards and turned his famous Gainsborough face to the wall had such sacrifices been exacted by the gods.

" Old Higgs has indigestion."

" What ? "

" She's just stuffed a bismuth lozenge into her mouth. There goes another. Yes, the poor old girl is a wonder, but that running up on her service has been too much for her little Mary."

Mabel won the first two games of the second set, after a terrific and memorable duel *à outrance*.

Her steady returns down the side lines, her self-possession, and above all her lobbing, defeated the more brilliant veteran. The crowd became delirious. The gift of prophecy descended upon Bott. He gripped John's arm fiercely as he whispered :—

" Mabel will take this set fairly easily. Then we shall see the most interesting game of the year. Old Higgs will pull herself together. She'll play canny. Mabel will be over-confident. I can hardly look on."

And John saw that his face was white and drawn. He asked himself the abominable question : " Ought Mab to have married Bott ? "

Mabel took the second set, but not easily—fourteen games were played. The Higginbotham revealed discouragement by little gestures of annoyance. Twice she was within a point of winning the set. And then occurred an incident which will be repeated for ever and ever when champions and ex-champions gather together. The umpire had just declared " Deuce ! " The Higginbotham served a fault. Her second service struck the top of the net. Bott was confident of this ; so was John. But the umpire—umpires are not infallible—declared otherwise. Mabel's clear voice was heard in protest.

" It was a let."

The umpire frowned. Mabel had returned the service. In a portentous tone he delivered his ultimatum :—

" 'Vantage to striker."

The Higginbotham served another fault. Obviously the wrong decision of the umpire had disturbed her. Her second service was lamentably weak. It pitched short, bounding high. Mabel never failed to punish such weak deliveries. This, indeed, was her famous push shot, taught to her by Bott—a crisp, low return across the court. She raised her racquet—and let the ball go by !

The shout that ascended from the spectators

will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Deliberately, after her own graceful fashion, Mabel had righted a wrong, giving back the lost point to her antagonist with a smile which captivated the multitude.

"I couldn't have done that," said Bott. "What a girl! What a woman!"

"What a wife!" thought John.

The third and final set began in impressive silence. From a technical point of view it was not so interesting as those which had preceded it. Neither player dared to be brilliant. The Higginbotham remained on the back line, the ball travelled from one end to the other with a precision that became monotonous. Throughout this set the elder woman, although betraying signs of distress, played with increasing judgment and steadiness.

"She'll just pull it off," said Bott. "The fire is going out of Mabel's drive; her back hand is getting weaker."

The veteran was well aware of this.

Five games all!

The excitement was beginning to tell upon John. He experienced odd thrills chasing themselves up and down his spinal column. He shoved his hands deep into his pockets, because they were trembling. Twice tears came into his eyes. He reflected:—

"This is only a game."

But he knew it was much more than that. It seemed to him, as he stared at his wife, that this "game," the game which he secretly detested, was revealing to him a new Mabel. He began to understand what games have done for England, what the winning and the losing may mean in their ultimate effect upon character. And he knew instinctively that defeat, not victory, would reveal his young wife to him, so that he would see her with clear vision. If her courage failed, if her smile vanished, then he would have to acknowledge that this game was indeed too big a thing in her eyes, that winning it meant the loss of a sense of proportion, a monstrous inflation of heart and head.

"'FIVE GAMES ALL!' THE EXCITEMENT WAS BEGINNING TO TELL UPON JOHN. HE EXPERIENCED ODD THRILLS CHASING THEMSELVES UP AND DOWN HIS SPINAL COLUMN."

The Higginbotham won the sixth game easily.

John gazed at Mabel as she crossed into the other court. For an instant their eyes met. Her glance was not reassuring. He beheld a tennis face in its first phase of manufacture. Mabel still smiled, but the smile was set and hard. Faint lines showed themselves upon her smooth forehead. There was an unmistakable likeness between her and the Higginbotham.

She began to serve.

The ex-champion returned the ball into the net. The crowd remained chivalrously silent.

"Fifteen—love," proclaimed the umpire.

The next service skimmed over the net, and twisted away from the Higginbotham's left hand. It was only possible to return such a ball into a place where Mabel rushed in to receive it. She smashed it on to the back line, and the chalk flew. Nevertheless the linesman gave it "out."

"Fifteen all," announced the umpire.

There was a groan from the crowd who had just seen the chalk fly. A memorable rally followed. It seemed to John that the players had turned into machines. The ball was driven from back line to back line with astounding velocity. John put up his glasses, powerful binoculars. Mabel was still smiling, as if tennis were the best fun in the world, but John noticed that just as she hit the ball with that upward lift which distinguished her drive, she winced as if in pain. It never occurred to him that it might be physical pain.

Fifteen—thirty!

Mab served a short one. The ex-champion banged it violently down the right side line. It was difficult to determine whether the ball was just in or just out

"Fifteen—forty," declared the umpire.

Everybody howled with delight when Mabel won the next two points.

"Deuce."

And then Luck—that diabolical factor in all games—took a hand in this game. Mabel served from the right court. The ball was well placed. Mrs. Higginbotham returned it fast and low. Mabel waited for it upon the back line. But it touched the top of the net and fell dead!

"Curse it!" cried Bott, in an agonized voice.

Mabel served again. Once more began a long rally, each woman standing a couple of yards behind the back line. And again, with his glasses upon his wife's face, John noticed the odd little wince as Mabel drove the ball, the pressure of her white teeth upon her lower lip.

An angry roar rose from the crowd, followed by shouts of applause. Luck for the last time favoured Mrs. Higginbotham. A fierce drive topped the net, and fell dead.

The players approached each other; and the vast difference between them was tremendously impressive. Mabel showed no signs of the battle; the elder woman was haggard and gasping. Mabel held out her hand, smiling. Mrs. Higginbotham saw the fresh young face close to hers, saw the generous beam in the eyes, heard the generous words of congratulation. During her strenuous life she had scorned sentiment, or any display of feeling in public. Always she had fought hard for victory, neither ashamed of showing keenness, nor disappointment when she lost. To the amazement of friends and enemies, the winner of the All Comers' bent down and kissed Mabel. Bott shouted. Then he turned to the silent husband.

"By Jove! old man, if the crowd could get at her, she would be kissed to death!"

V.

THE Press said that Mabel's defeat had been a greater achievement than the ex-champion's victory. After dinner that night, when Mabel's health was drunk, John made a short speech.

"I have a little present for my wife," he said. "A surprise. The country tournaments are ahead of us, and I mean to buy for her a motor caravan. She has chosen the Southern circuit, and we shall have a glorious time travelling leisurely from place to place."

"It will be a triumphal, almost a royal, progress," affirmed Bott.

"I think not," said Mabel, quietly.

All eyes were turned upon her. She stood up, and those present remarked afterwards that she looked at nobody except her husband.

"I shall not play in public again."

The announcement, made so emphatically, so convincingly, aroused a storm of protest and interrogation.

When silence was established, Mabel continued:—

"I have a bad tennis-elbow. I showed it to a surgeon yesterday. He warned me that if I played to-day, I might never play again, but I did play. Please don't pity me. In my opinion tennis is the grandest and jolliest game there is, but it is not everything in life." Her voice softened oddly, and a quaver in it held everybody mute. "I am going back to my home. I am going alone with John. We shall begin our real honeymoon to-morrow."

Does "Raffles" Exist?

or, The Myth of the Gentleman Burglar.

By Monsieur ALPHONSE BERTILLON,

Chief of the Identification Department of the Paris Police.

M. Bertillon, the celebrated inventor of the system of identifying criminals by means of finger-marks, having made a public statement that the gentleman burglar has no actual existence, has, in the following article, fully developed his theory for the benefit of readers of this Magazine. The result is a most interesting article from the greatest living expert on the subject, throwing a strong light on the methods not only of the criminal but of the detective.

THE gentleman burglar is a myth. When, quite recently, I made this statement and was promptly invited to demonstrate the fact in your columns, I did not suspect how widespread was the opinion to the contrary which I should be obliged to rectify. The opportunity is a good one for correcting a few other erroneous but popular beliefs about the world's thieves and "crooks," who constitute a very exclusive social group, to which, with rare exceptions, only those are admitted who have proved themselves worthy of the privilege.

Novelists write glibly about this confraternity of rogues, but they know it only on the surface. Either they invent their pretended facts or they borrow them. When they borrow, it is from the alleged "memoirs" of famous detectives, which are invariably publishers' "fakes." The honest seeker after the truth will not learn much from occasional visits to the saloons and dens frequented by thieves. His appearance is the signal for a dead silence, followed by a general departure.

The detective is, as a rule, much more friendly and communicative. Proud of his *rôle* as a protector of society, it flatters his

vanity to exaggerate, often to a grotesque degree, the intelligence and multiple capacities of the quarry that he is hunting, of the criminal who is his real partner in this game of hide and seek.

The *true* psychology of the detective has yet to be elucidated. You have little idea how modest they are when they talk amongst themselves. Modern scientific methods help them to unravel certain difficult problems which would have bewildered them some years ago, but what the police all the world over has mainly to rely on is *paid information*.

In the United States, to judge from the promises of rewards which reach us daily, the system of paying for information is practised openly. Here in France it is carefully disguised.

Now, the detective's chief business is to provoke talk, and then to test its sincerity. It is in conversations, cleverly and carefully prompted, with a certain class of people that he is most likely to find the clue he is searching for. When he thinks that he is on the track of a conclusive revelation, what he next has to do is to test the good faith and the accuracy of his informant. The people whose loquaciousness is most precious to him are domestic servants. Give me the detective who has a special talent for worming himself, without exciting suspicion, into the confidence of a caretaker, an under-valet, or a chambermaid, and I will make you a present of Sherlock Holmes.

The detective rarely has anything like the knowledge popularly attributed to him of the antecedents of the criminal he is tracking down. False names and disguises help to mystify him, and it is only when the arrest has been made and the prisoner has passed through our Anthropometric Department that his true identity and the record of his previous condemnations are made clear.

Now, I have in my department—the Service of Judicial Identity—at the Paris Prefecture of Police more than half a million identification-cards, both of French citizens and of foreigners, which have been laboriously collected for twenty years past. And I can certify this: amongst them there are very few gentlemen by birth—so few indeed that I practically have the history of each one of them at my fingers' ends. And among these ex-gentlemen never have I come across *one single professional burglar*.

WHERE THE FINGER-PRINTS ARE STORED.

The Service of Judicial Identity at the Paris Prefecture of Police, where more than half a million identification-cards are kept.

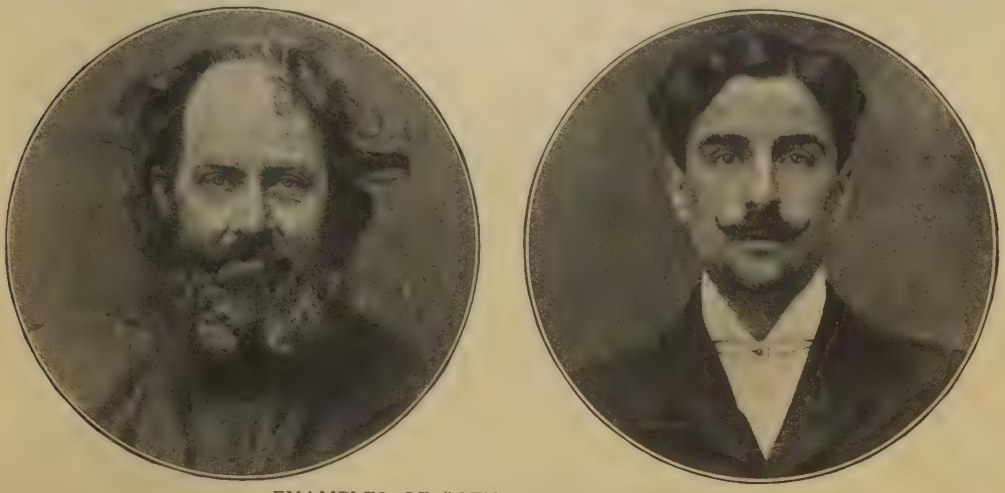
From a Photograph.

The reason is simple. When a man of good birth covets his neighbour's goods, his first thoughts do not fly to the use of the "jimmy." He takes up shady finance, which is likely to be more profitable than breaking into people's houses, while the risk of punishment, in case of failure, is considerably less. To be a burglar you must be a "handyman," with some technical ability. There is the thief who specializes in false keys. He is always more or less of a locksmith. The coiner must understand the galvanoplastic casting of metals. The use of the oxyhydric blowpipe for fusing the steel plates of a strong-box, the manipulation of the dynamite cartridge, that "Open Sesame" to the most complicated of locks, cannot be learned in a day. Technical schools for burglars not having yet been established, it is in the metallurgical factory, as a former artisan, that the burglar has, as a rule, acquired his knowledge.

But you ask me: What about the degenerate gentlemen who fall from the upper social ranks to which they belong, after losing everything they possess through the influence of gambling, women, and drink? They never become thieves in the professional sense of the term. Either they profit by bitter experience or are reclaimed by their friends when half-way on the road to ruin, or they go on sinking lower and lower until they reach a depth of degradation which it is almost impossible to conceive.

gentlemen. Misery and abjection have annihilated all ambition, all shame, and all willpower. They have no resistance left. The discipline and the uniform of a prison or an asylum may revive in them, for the time being at any rate, the shadow of former decent habits and correct manners, but nothing else will.

There is a third type: the man of good birth, clever, active, but profoundly immoral, who has squandered his last cent in a life of dissipation and debauchery, and is ready to



EXAMPLES OF "GENTLEMEN" CRIMINALS.

The one on the left was a foreign nobleman who has sunk to absolute beggary; the one on the right is a crook who catches his prey by all means of cunning devices. It will be noticed that neither of these types ever becomes a burglar in the ordinary sense of the word.

From Photographs.

Never shall I forget the shock that I experienced when my professional duties first brought me into contact with a human shipwreck of this description. A poor wretch, covered with nameless rags—this is what had become, in little less than fifteen years, Baron L. de B., a man of first-class education, and, what is more, of brilliant gifts, for he had passed with the highest distinction through the Ecole des Beaux Arts (the Fine Arts School), and had been awarded the most coveted of all prizes open to French art students, the Prix de Rome.

The habitual vagabond, sprung from the people, never sinks so low as this. He maintains a certain mastery over himself. Perhaps the unwonted caprice may seize him to do a day's work. In view of such an eventuality he is always provided with a little pocket "necessary," containing a piece of soap, a brush and comb, needles and thread, so that if need be he can present a fairly decent appearance before a possible employer. Not so with the "hoboes" who have once been

adopt any expedient which will help to maintain him in his social position. Here is an example drawn from the gay circles of the smartest Parisian society. Count Georges de C. belongs to one of the most aristocratic families in France, whose ancestors are famous for having founded one of our oldest colonies. He was first brought under my professional notice in connection with a crime, provoked by jealousy, of which he came very near to being the victim. His inherited fortune had already been dissipated. He was handsome, with perfect manners, and had the brain of a first-class engineer, but the brain only, for there was no solid instruction behind it. I said to myself at the time: "Young man, you and I are destined to meet again." However, twenty years elapsed before my prophecy came true. In the meanwhile Count de C. continued to cut a brilliant figure at all the fashionable watering-places. Now and again, of course, a shadow fell upon the picture. At one time it was a sensational duel, and the whisper went round

that the Count had been accused of cheating at cards. His two sisters with their titled husbands, all of them as smart and good-looking as himself, constituted a glittering centre of attraction to every moneyed "mug" anxious for social introductions who crossed their path. There was not a shady trick which they did not successfully practise. They sold old pictures and jewellery, they placed bogus mining shares, and acted as betting and matrimonial agents. It was this last-named expedient, a marriage affair, conducted with less than their ordinary prudence, which brought them within the clutch of the criminal law. Some poor ninny in their own rank of life had been induced by false pretences to advance money on the prospective dowry of a rich girl who had never had the least intention of marrying him. The victim had even supplied funds for the purchase of engagement presents, which the Count had pocketed. The penalty was not a very severe one—not nearly severe enough—but it sufficed to rid a certain society of the De C.'s. Do not imagine, however, that this gang will now be driven to commit burglaries. They will do nothing so foolish. A simple change of name, and they will seek further dupes in a social circle a little less elevated than that which they have hitherto robbed, and where they will not be recognized.

What we police officials notice in a general way is that crime increases in proportion as its legal repression becomes less severe and the public feeling of reprobation diminishes. Moreover, each new development of civilization brings in its trail a novel form of crime. Take, for instance, the vast new palace hotels, the network of which, spread practically over the entire globe, is an innovation of recent years. The immediate result has been the spontaneous creation of a new type of thief—the *rats d'hôtel*, as we call them—"hotel rats." In view of their relative insignificance, I should hesitate to refer to them, were it not for the fact that many good people have declared them to be creatures of imagination invented by the police.

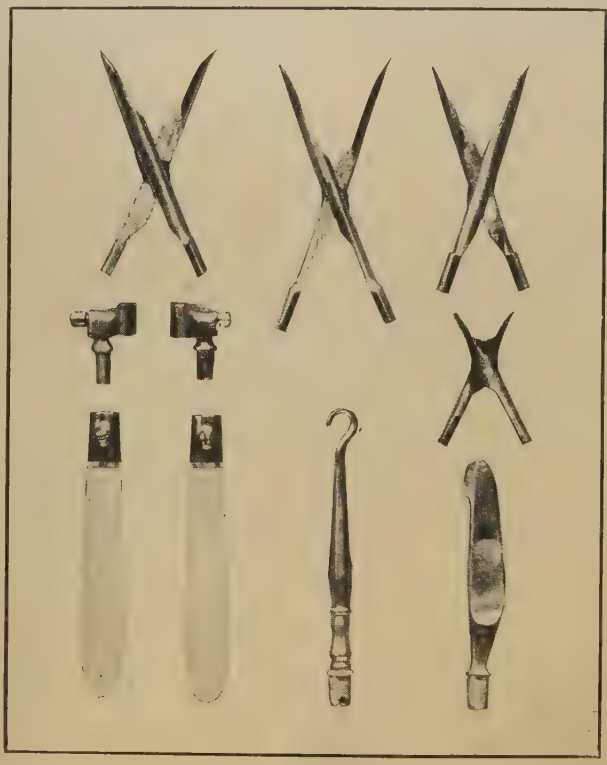
Their *modus operandi*, which is always the same, consists in introducing themselves into first-class hotels in the character of ordinary travellers, or more often still as domestics, and sometimes, when they hunt in couples, as master and servant. Having carefully studied the situation of the bedrooms and the system of locks employed, they select their prey. False keys are made and fitted, or an accomplice first saws the screws of the locks level with the door. Then in the dead of night the "hotel rat," having enveloped his head with a black veil so as to be invisible when slinking along the corridors, and with his face hidden by a black velvet mask, creeps *on all fours* into his victim's room and rifles clothes and trunks of the valuables that they contain.

The "hotel rat's" greatest triumph has been the invention of the *ouistiti*. In the vocabulary of the zoologist the *ouistiti* is a "striated monkey," but in burglar's argot, or slang, it is a little instrument by means of which locks can be unlocked as if by magic, on condition, however, that the inmate of the room has taken the unwise precaution of leaving the key inside the lock, under the impression that this will prevent the insertion of any other key. In the pioneer stage of this particular form of burglary a bullet-extractor was used, but since all the detectives in the world became familiar with it, the *ouistiti* is disguised under the form of a pedicure's knife, a boot-hook, or a moustache curling-iron, which only assumes practical shape after being unscrewed from the handle and remounted. The *ouistiti* then becomes a pair of elongated pincers, by which the thief is enabled to seize the steel head of the key through the keyhole, and thus noiselessly and instantaneously to open the door. Is it necessary to add that this new school of burglary has more to do with the science of the perfect locksmith than with the instincts and accomplishments that are commonly attributable to the perfect gentleman? It is true that when arrested they often claim titles of nobility, generally those of the families in which they have formerly served, and sometimes they have the audacity to insist upon them as genuine, even in the presence of the judge. Given an imaginative reporter, catering for a credulous public, and at once you have the "gentleman burglar" served hot.

But perhaps it is in one of the famous international gangs who specialize in robberies from jewellers' stores that you expect to find the "gentleman" thief? I do not refer, of course, to those who break into jewellers' premises at night, who would really have no occasion for the display of elegant manners, however refined their natural instincts might be. But I will specify two typical cases with which the Paris police were recently called upon to deal, both of which occurred at jewellers' stores in the ultra-fashionable Rue de la Paix. They illustrate the two classic methods of the "sneak" thief, and incidentally explain why the victim often persists

in maintaining, in spite of the clearest evidence to the contrary, that no common rogue could have robbed him.

In the first instance a man and a woman entered the jeweller's store and asked to be shown some high-priced gems. They left without buying anything, and as soon as they were gone the jeweller discovered the loss of a valuable ruby ring and a splendid sapphire brooch set with brilliants. What had happened? The salesman whose special duty it was to exercise a discreet watch over new customers had noticed nothing. Then a little incident was remembered which tended to throw a light upon the mystery. Just as the lady was handed the ring to examine, the yelling of a dog, which was apparently being throttled, was heard coming from the street outside. There was a man on the side-walk, in the uniform of a porter, holding two dogs in leash. No doubt these were the pets of ladies who were doing their bargaining in some neighbouring establishment, and they had been entrusted to his care. The silly fellow had allowed the leads to get tangled up, and the dogs were having a desperate set-to. One was a poodle, the other a big Pomeranian. The poodle was evidently getting the worst of it. "Oh, the poor little thing!" exclaimed the tender-hearted lady in the store, putting the ring down upon the counter; "do go to its rescue, one of you men!" The attention of everybody in the store had been momentarily attracted to the agonizing scene. This was the thieves' opportunity. The "porter" in charge of the two dogs was, of course, an accomplice.



THE "OUISTITI."

This is the name given to a little instrument with which locks can be picked as if by magic. Here are shown some of the many forms in which it is disguised.

From a Photograph.

In the other case a couple, giving the names of the Comte and Comtesse de W., hired an apartment in a fashionable hotel near the Opera quarter, which happened to have two exits. The "Comte" visited F.'s famous jewellery store in the Place Vendôme, and, having selected a magnificent pearl necklace, asked for it to be sent on approval to the Comtesse, who was unable to leave the hotel. On the excuse that the Comtesse was ill in bed, the salesman to whom the necklace had been entrusted was discreetly persuaded to remain in an anteroom while the "Comte" was showing the pearls to his wife. He heard a sound of chairs being moved about, then of doors being closed, and after a lengthy wait discovered that his customers had disappeared and that he himself was a prisoner, locked in the deserted apartment.

In both these instances the police were not long in laying their hands on the delinquents. Oddly enough, the same explanation was forthcoming from both jewellers: the thieves were so faultlessly got up, and showed such high-bred manners, that it was impossible not to have been taken in by them. Yet what a disillusion when they arrived, handcuffed, at the police commissary's office. The flashy, shoddy clothes, the flaming red cravats, the sham diamond pins! With "crook" stamped unmistakably upon every feature, these were the sorry scoundrels who had managed to pass themselves off in the Rue de la Paix, of all places in the world, as secretaries of foreign Embassies and holders of historic French titles! Even the police records, quickly hunted up, which proved

PRANZINI—Robber and murderer, a representative cosmopolitan adventurer.

PRADO—A type of the educated criminal—a robber and a murderer.

EMILE HENRY, burglar and dynamiter, who, though fairly well educated, preferred to wear a workman's blouse.

RAVACHOL, burglar and dynamiter, a former miner, who usually wore a frock-coat and silk hat.

SOME CRIMINAL TYPES.
From Photographs.

that the two men were ex-valets and that one of the female accomplices had been a lady's maid and the other a dressmaker's *mannequin*, while all had been in prison times out of number for similar thefts, merely sufficed to convince the victimized jewellers against their will.

Rather than admit their own lack of perspicacity or acknowledge the negligence and stupidity of their employés, they will continue to maintain among their friends and colleagues in the trade that the rogues who caught them napping must undoubtedly have belonged to the highest circles of society. This satisfies their *amour-propre*, and may calm the apprehensions of their financial backers, should they happen to be trading with borrowed capital. So the foolish legend of the gentleman thief is fostered and propagated. But the cruel limelight of the Anthropometric Department promptly chases away these aristocratic illusions. There it is discovered that the "gentleman burglar" and his lady accomplice are not content with rifling hotel bedrooms and thieving from a jeweller's stock, but they consistently cheat the poor washerwoman of her lawful due. Doubtless you have never heard of "Monsieur Bob." Well, long before police dogs were invented a jeweller whose store was in the Palais Royal had trained a little poodle to perform very useful detective work. Less sure of his own judgment than some of his colleagues, he placed absolute faith in the pet's power of scent. It is unnecessary to insist upon the details. Suffice it to say that when a new customer entered the store Monsieur Bob had a sniff at his boots. No patent leather, however new, was proof against this canine inquisition. A sharp yelp, and Monsieur Bob's master was made privately aware of the personal habits of the "aristocrat" with whom he was dealing.

There remains to be considered a special type of criminal ruffian who, without any pretence to an exalted social origin, or even elegance of manners, often possesses both enterprise and courage. Pranzini, guillotined in Paris some years ago for robbing and murdering a *demi-mondaine*, was thoroughly representative of this class of cosmopolitan adventurer—*rastaquouères*, as the Parisians call them. Pranzini was born in Alexandria, of Italian parents, and was merely an

interpreter by profession, but his success in feminine circles was amazing. Incredible as it may seem, the police, after his arrest, acting with the consent of the judicial authorities, handed back to a young Canadian lady, who moved in the best society and was of irreproachable character, an amorous correspondence which she had carried on with Pranzini, every line of which displayed an infatuation, combined with an ignorance of the world, which simply took one's breath away.

As one of the rare exceptions to which every rule is subject, I will cite Prado, who, like Pranzini, was both a robber and a murderer, but was infinitely superior to him from the point of view of education. In fact, his intellectual attainments were nothing less than amazing. The accompanying photograph of him without collar or cravat, which I took an hour after his arrest—a most difficult one—gives no idea of what his appearance must have been when free. The fierce eloquence of his defence before the Assize Court disturbed the equanimity even of the lawyers who were prosecuting him, and left an ineffaceable impression on the memory of those who heard it. In spite of all his efforts, and by very reason of the surprise occasioned by his transcendent talent, the verdict was against him. The proofs of his crime were overwhelming, and, the greater the gifts that Nature had endowed him with, the more guilty and the more dangerous to society did he seem to be. His real origin has always remained a mystery. It was widely believed that he was the natural son of the President of a South American Republic. However that may have been, it is undoubtedly among those who have been born and brought up on Fortune's outskirts, who as children have received a first-class education, followed, perhaps, on the brink of manhood by an unjustifiable abandonment on the part of their natural protectors, that the type might be found of the gentleman criminal so dear to our novelists, a type we have searched for in vain in our judicial archives.

How did the "gentleman burglar" come to be invented? To answer this question we must go back to the period of social upheaval which, at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, accompanied and followed the great French Revolution. During the terrible civil wars which then prevailed in France bands of ruffians traversed the country under the command of real noblemen, who, on the pretext of combating the Republic, committed the most atrocious crimes. Then, in the general confusion caused by the abdication of Napoleon, a most singular impostor arose. An escaped convict, named Cognard, famous even to this day, having murdered one of Napoleon's generals, Comte de Sainte-Hélène, and stolen his family papers, succeeded in impersonating his victim, installed himself in the murdered nobleman's house, was accepted at the War Office and at Court, and even held reviews of troops. But another escaped convict, who had been his chain-companion at the hulks, recognized Cognard in the midst of his splendour, demanded hush-money, and, enraged at his refusal, denounced the sham general to the Ministry of Justice. Cognard was sent back to the chain, and shortly afterwards died. His adventures undoubtedly inspired our greatest novelist with the immortal character of Vautrin, the enigmatical ex-convict, burglar, highwayman, and brilliant man of the world, known to his former "pals" at the galleys as "Trompe-la-Mort," who plays such a dramatic *rôle* in Balzac's "Human Comedy." All the "gentlemen burglars" who transmit such agreeable little sensations of imaginary fear through the nervous system of the modern novel-reader, comfortably installed in an arm-chair, are the natural descendants of Vautrin, and are modelled on the same purely illusionary type. For, whatever the fictitious Vautrin may have been in the imagination of Balzac, the real Cognard was not a gentleman.

Even the Anarchists, who have loomed largely of late in the public eye, though they pretend to justify their crimes on the basis of social doctrine, are not drawn from the upper classes. There are no "gentlemen burglars" amongst them.

I give the portraits of two of them, both burglars and dynamiters (both ultimately guillotined), but each belonging to a different level of society. Emile Henry, who had been fairly well educated and might have passed as a "Monsieur"—that is to say, a respectable citizen of the middle class—preferred, out of pretentiousness, to wear a workman's blouse; while the sinister Ravachol, a former miner, who could barely write his name, believed that a frock-coat and a tall silk hat gave him an air of cultivated refinement. And yet, in spite of their efforts, neither succeeded in disguising his origin, as a comparison between the photographs shows. A frock-coat does not make a gentleman burglar, any more than the cowl makes the monk.

PERPLEXITIES.

With Some Easy Puzzles for Beginners. By Henry E. Dudeney.

160.—THE BARRELS OF HONEY.

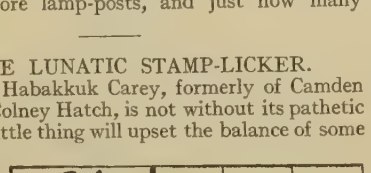
A RICH but honest merchant of Bagdad bequeathed all his possessions to his three sons in equal shares. The only difficulty that arose was over the stock of honey. There were twenty-one barrels. The instructions were that not only should every son receive an equal quantity of honey, but should receive exactly the same number of barrels, and that no honey should be transferred from barrel to barrel, on account of waste. Now, as seven of these barrels were full of honey, seven were half full, and seven were empty, this was found to be quite a puzzle, especially as each brother objected to taking more than four barrels of the same description—full, half full, or empty. How was the property fairly divided?

161.—PAINTING THE LAMP-POSTS.

TIM MURPHY and Pat Donovan were engaged by the local authorities to paint the lamp-posts in a certain street. Tim, who was an early riser, arrived first on the job, and had painted three on the south side when Pat turned up and pointed out that Tim's contract was for the north side. So Tim started afresh on the north side and Pat continued on the south. When Pat had finished his side he went across the street and painted six posts for Tim, and then the job was finished. As there was an equal number of lamp-posts on each side of the street, the simple question is: Which man painted the more lamp-posts, and just how many more?

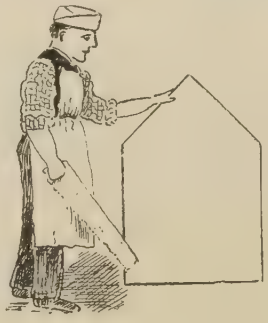
162.—THE LUNATIC STAMP-LICKER.

THE case of Habakkuk Carey, formerly of Camden Town, now of Colney Hatch, is not without its pathetic side. A very little thing will upset the balance of some alleged minds, and in Habakkuk's case it was his insurance card. Those words, "Fifth Quarter," settled his business. He experimented in innumerable ways, but could not find a fifth quarter anywhere. In dissecting an apple he found that he could divide the rare and refreshing fruit into four quarters, but the fifth always eluded him. He called it "x," and said it was a thing mathematicians were always trying to find, and by George he would find it. He sought assistance. The Post Office referred him to the Insurance Commissioners, who sent him to the approved societies, who sent him elsewhere. After he had left home for an indefinite period they found he had divided his card into two squares by a thick line, as shown in our illustration, and, as he had a supply of 2½d., 3d., 5d., and 7d. stamps, he stuck thirteen of these (using some of each) on the card so that the columns, rows, and two diagonals of each square (not necessarily the same amount in each square) added up alike. Can you discover how he did it?



163.—THE JOINER'S PROBLEM.

THE joiner in the illustration wants to cut the piece of wood into as few pieces as possible to form a square table top, without any waste of material. How should he go to work? The proportions are a square surmounted by a triangle equal to a quarter of the square. How many pieces would you require?



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

155.—THE SIX FROGS.

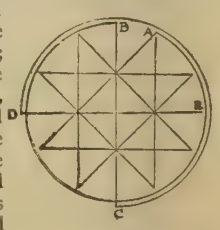
MOVE the frogs in the following order: 2, 4, 6, 5, 3, 1 (repeat these moves in the same order twice more), 2, 4, 6. This is a solution in twenty-one moves—the fewest possible. To find the number of moves necessary for any even number of frogs, add the number of frogs to its square and divide by 2. For an odd number of frogs, add three times the number to the square of the number, divide by 2, and deduct 4. Thus for 3, 5, 7, and 9 frogs the answer is 5, 16, 31, and 50 respectively.

156.—THE MOTOR-BICYCLE RACE.

THERE were thirteen in the race. Of course, as it was a circular track, there were just as many behind Gogglesham as before—that is, twelve.

157.—THE DISSECTED CIRCLE.

IT can be done in twelve continuous strokes, thus: Start at A in the illustration and eight strokes, forming the star, will bring you back to A; then one stroke round the circle to B, one stroke to C, one round the circle to D, and one final stroke to E—twelve in all. Of course, in practice the second circular stroke will be over the first one; it is separated in the diagram, and the points of the star not joined to the circle, to make the solution clear to the eye.



158.—THE CYCLISTS' FEAST.

THERE were ten cyclists at the feast. They should have paid eight shillings each; but, owing to the departure of two persons, the remaining eight would pay ten shillings each.

159.—THEIR AGES.

JACK must have been seven years of age and Jill thirteen years.

The Dwarf Nosey

A Fairy Tale, Retold from the German by W. J. L. KIEHL.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

MANY years ago there lived in a large town a shoemaker and his wife, Hanna, with their little son, Jacob. The shoemaker did not earn enough to support his family, so Hanna helped out by growing vegetables and fruit, in a small garden just outside the city gates. These she sold in the market-place.

Little Jacob, who was ten years old, helped his mother and attracted customers by calling the wares in a sweet, clear treble. Everyone in the market-place liked the handsome boy, and his mother was exceedingly proud of him.

One fine morning Hanna and Jacob had gone to market as usual. It was quite early, and no one had yet bought anything, when Hanna saw the strangest old woman she had ever beheld come crossing the market. Her face was all furrowed and shrivelled with age, and her neck was so thin that it could scarcely support her head, which kept wagging from side to side. The old woman's eyes were red, and, midway between them, was a nose so long that it overhung her chin. But, queerest of all, was the way she moved along; it was not walking or hopping, but a sort of gliding, rolling movement, as if she had wheels under her legs instead of feet. Imagine Hanna's fright when this vision of ugliness stopped in front of her market-stall and began thrusting her spidery hands into the basket of rare herbs that Jacob had just arranged so daintily.

For a long time she poked about in it, taking out bunch after bunch of fragrant herbs, crushing them in her brown fingers and holding them to her long nose. At last the old woman shook her head: "Bad stuff, bad stuff," she muttered, as she threw everything back into the basket again. "The herb I'm looking for isn't there; it's bad stuff, bad stuff."

Then indignation overcame little Jacob. "What!" he cried, "first you crush and spoil our greens and hold them to your disgusting long nose until no one who has seen it will buy them, and then you call our wares bad."

The hag leered at the bold boy in her unpleasant way. "So you admire my big nose, sonny? Well, well, you shall have one like it!"

Then she hobbled over to a basket of cabbages, which she took up one by one, crushing them between her hands, then she threw them all back again.

By this time Jacob's blood was up and he jeered at her: "Take care that your great head does not break off your spindle neck, if you wag your head so, for it might fall among our cabbages, and who would want to buy them then?"

At this she fixed him with her red eyes. "So you don't like my neck, sonny? Well, well, you sha'n't have any neck at all. The head shall sit firmly between the high shoulders so that the big head can't fall from the little body!"

"Don't talk such nonsense to the child," said Hanna, "but, if you really intend to buy anything, please make haste, for you are driving away all my other customers."

"All right," said the hag, "I'll take the basket of cabbages, then; but I cannot carry the heavy basket. Won't you let your son take it home for me? I'll reward him well, I'll reward him well."

Hanna at once consented, but Jacob reluctantly picked up the basket of cabbages and followed the dame.

It was a long, long walk to the farthest and most deserted part of the town. There, in a mean, winding alley, the woman stopped before a ramshackle old dwelling, which they entered. But what was Jacob's astonishment to find the inside a great contrast to the outside; they were in a large hall, with walls and ceiling of marble, and furniture of ebony inlaid with gold and precious stones. The floor was of clear glass, and so slippery that the boy fell down two or three times before he got used to it.

Meanwhile the old woman took a whistle from her pocket and blew a few notes on it. Instantly a crowd of little guinea-pigs came tripping down the staircase, walking on their hind-legs, on which they wore shoes of walnut shells. They were dressed just like men and women in the fashion of the day. They hurried up to their mistress, who waved her stick at them.

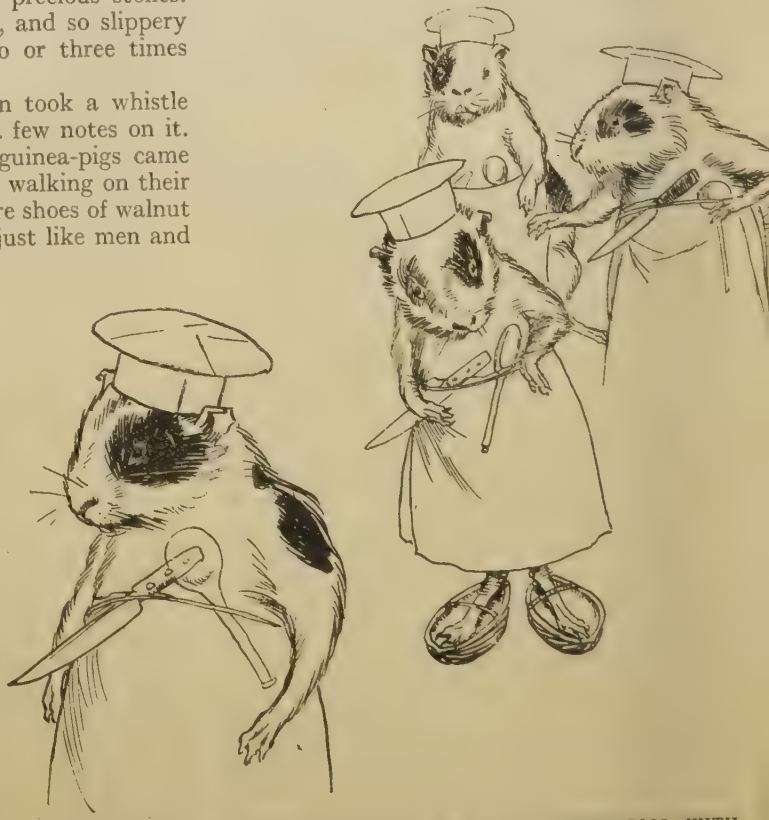
"Lazy servants! lazy servants!" she shouted. "Why don't you bring me my slippers? Must I wait here all day?"

Away scampered the guinea-pigs, and at once returned with a pair of cocoa-nut shells, highly polished and lined with the finest leather. In these they encased the old woman's feet. As soon as she had her slippers on all difficulty of movement ceased; she threw away her staff and, taking Jacob by the hand, glided easily over the polished floor, through doorways, through numberless other splendid rooms with polished floors, until she came to the kitchen. She pushed Jacob into a sofa-corner and placed a table in front of him.

"There!" she said. "Now you can rest a bit, for you will be tired after our long walk. To reward you for your trouble I'll prepare you some nice soup, a soup you will remember as long as you live!"

She blew her whistle, and into the kitchen glided a score or more of guinea-pigs with white cooking-aprons tied round their waists. These were the cooks of the establishment. Again she blew her whistle, and a squad of little squirrels came in arrayed in Turkish trousers and with green caps on their heads. These squirrels were the scullery-boys.

The old woman soon had a saucepan simmering on the fire, from which delicious fragrance arose. Now the liquid bubbled up, and deftly the woman took it from the stove, poured the contents into a silver platter, and placed it before the hungry boy. "There, eat this," she mumbled, "then you shall

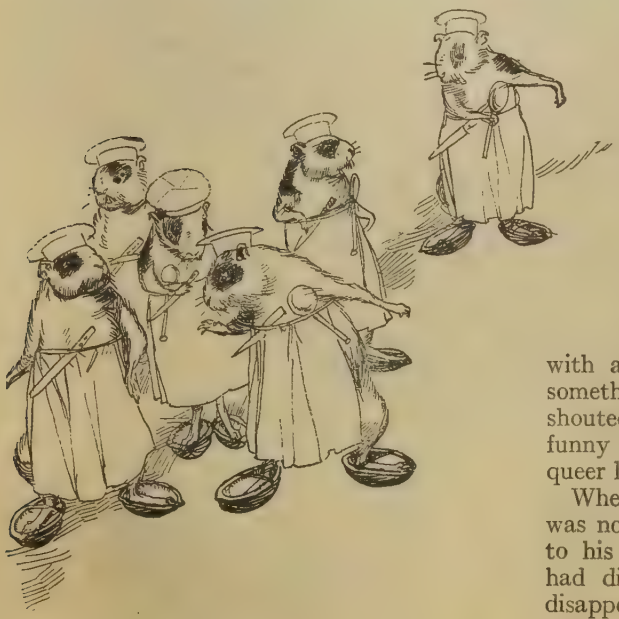


"INTO THE KITCHEN GLIDED A SCORE OR MORE OF GUINEA-PIGS, WITH WHITE COOKING-APRONS TIED ROUND THEIR WAISTS."

have everything you so admired in me. But a good cook you shall become, that at least I promise you."

Never in his life had Jacob tasted anything half so delicious as this soup. He ate and ate until not a drop was left in his plate. Then drowsiness overcame him and he sank into a deep slumber. And he dreamed, so he thought, a strange dream!

He dreamt that the old hag transformed him into a squirrel, and he was taught all sorts of



menial work. For a whole year he was shoe-polisher to the establishment. The next year's work was more difficult, for he had to polish the glass floors. When the fourth year was past, so Jacob dreamt, he was promoted to do kitchen work. There he served from scullery-boy upwards until he was the most proficient pastrycook in the world.

When he had been with the old woman seven years, so he dreamed, she came into the kitchen one day and told him to roast her a chicken golden brown and stuff it with savoury herbs, to be ready by the time she should return home.

Jacob went into the storeroom for the herbs, and there, to his surprise, saw a cupboard he had never seen before. It contained baskets of herbs that emitted a strong, pleasant odour which reminded him of the fragrance of the soup the old woman had prepared for him. He opened one of the baskets, and saw a herb he had never seen before; it had blue-green leaves and stalks, and small scarlet flowers with a yellow heart. So strong was the scent of the herb that he had to sneeze; he sneezed, and sneezed, and sneezed so violently that at last he awoke —to find himself in the very sofa-corner in the kitchen where he had fallen asleep.

How long he must have slept! He felt quite stiff and uncomfortable, and could scarcely move his head. But what a queer dream he had had! How his mother would laugh when he told her about it! His mother? Yes, indeed, it was high time to run back to her, for she would no doubt be very angry that he had left her alone so long. So he got up and began to walk towards the entrance hall. But how drowsy he still must be, so he thought, for he kept on hitting his nose against cupboards and doorposts.

When he came out into the street the boy stood for some time blinking in the sunlight; then he walked quickly through a maze of narrow lanes and streets which were filled with a dense crowd; there seemed to be something amusing to see, for the people shouted to one another, "Have you seen the funny dwarf? Do come and look at the queer little dwarf!"

When he reached the market-place there was no mother and no stall, and he learned, to his great sorrow, that both his parents had died through grief at his mysterious disappearance.

Jacob, now thoroughly heart-sick and frightened, stepped across to the barber, whom he remembered very well, and accosted him by name.

"Master Urban," he said, "will you grant me a little favour, and allow me to look in your mirror?"

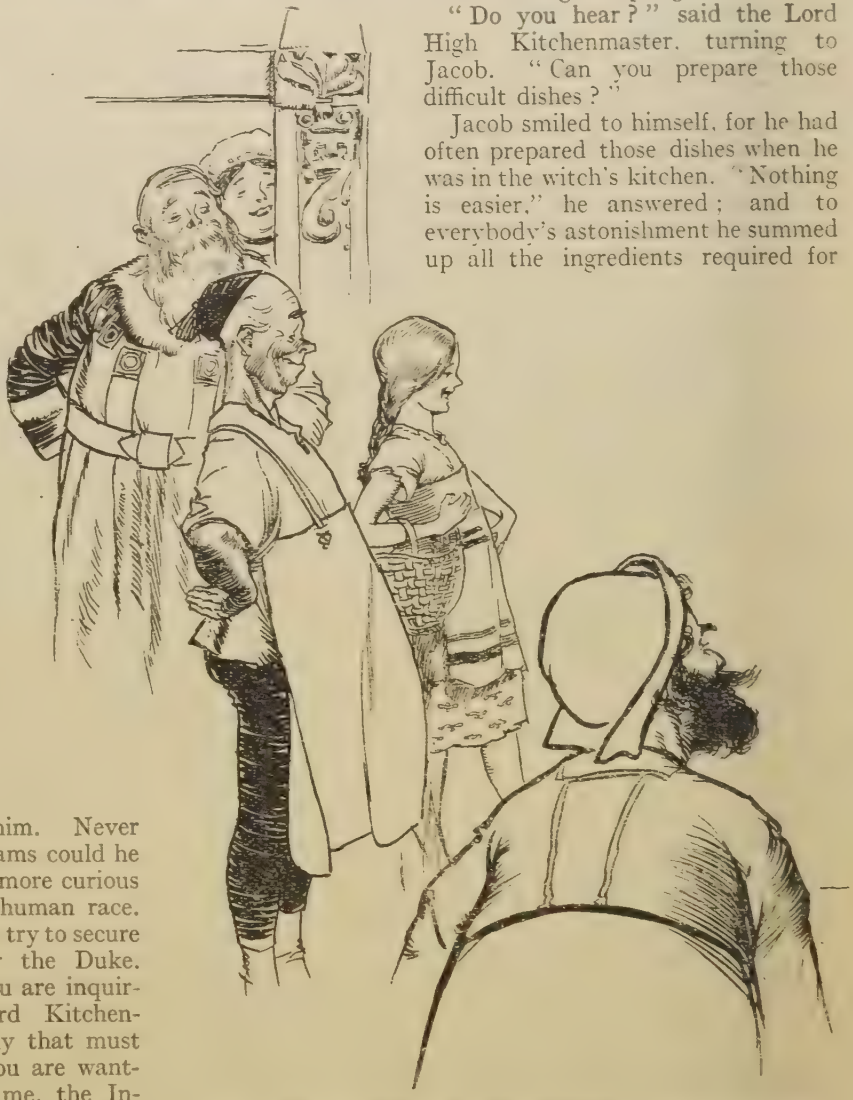
A broad smile overspread the barber's jolly face as he answered: "Most certainly, my little man; please step inside, I won't charge you anything. Oh! I can quite understand that a handsome lad like you must enjoy seeing himself in the glass!"

Everyone in the shop had gathered round Jacob, and greeted this sally with roars of laughter, but the boy heard them not; he stood before the glass and gazed and gazed. Could this be himself—this hideous dwarf with that disgusting long nose, those small, hog-like eyes, and no neck?

Then he left the shop. But where was he to go, and what was he to do? Suddenly he remembered that the Duke, the ruler of that country, was fond of good cheer, and

that he recruited his cooks from every known country; so he went to the palace to offer his services. What a commotion the appearance of the funny little man created! The stable-boys left their horses, the carpet-beaters their carpets, and all joined in the throng that followed Jacob, calling to one another, "A dwarf! a dwarf! Come and see the strange dwarf!"

When the Lord Intendant saw Jacob he almost burst out laughing, but just managed to control himself, for fear of impairing his dignity. With his whip he drove away the servants and, coming down the steps, he took the dwarf by the hand and led him to his own room. There he took a good look at him. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined a more curious specimen of the human race. He must certainly try to secure this curiosity for the Duke. "They tell me you are inquiring for the Lord Kitchenmaster, but surely that must be a mistake; you are wanting to come to me, the Intendant of the palace, to offer your services as chief jester to his Transparency the Duke."



"THE PEOPLE SHOUTED TO ONE ANOTHER, 'HAVE YOU SEEN THE FUNNY DWARF?'"

But Jacob begged very hard to have his way, so the Intendant took him to the apartments of the Lord Kitchenmaster.

Here Jacob pleaded his cause so eloquently, and prayed so earnestly to be allowed to make at least one trial, that at last the Kitchenmaster gave way, so, followed by Jacob, he passed into the kitchen.

"What has his Transparency commanded for breakfast this morning?" demanded the Lord High Kitchenmaster.

"Your Nobleness," replied the chief breakfast-maker, "our Duke has been graciously pleased to command the Danish soup, with red Hamburg dumplings."

"Do you hear?" said the Lord High Kitchenmaster, turning to Jacob. "Can you prepare those difficult dishes?"

Jacob smiled to himself, for he had often prepared those dishes when he was in the witch's kitchen. "Nothing is easier," he answered; and to everybody's astonishment he summed up all the ingredients required for the soup. "For the Hamburg dumplings," he added, "I require four different kinds of meat, some wine, the fat of a duck, some ginger, and a certain herb called 'Magentrost.'"

"Ha, by the Duke's beard!" cried the chief breakfast-maker, "what magician taught you cooking? You are indeed a wonderful cook! You have not forgotten a

single thing ; and that about the herb Magentrost we did not even know ourselves."

He gave orders that everything he required should be given to the dwarf, and two chairs supporting a slab of marble were placed before the table. Standing upon this platform, Jacob began his experiment. When all the ingredients were well mixed together, the pots were placed over the fire, and Jacob began counting ; when he had counted up to five hundred he called " Stop ! " and ordered the dishes to be removed from the stove. A delicious odour filled the kitchen as the covers were lifted, and Jacob invited the Lord High Kitchenmaster to come and taste them.

" Splendid ! " he cried. " Splendid ! " as he closed his eyes in rapture and smacked his lips. " All honour to your art, chief breakfast maker, but this surpasses anything *you* ever made."

In their turn the Lord Intendant of the palace and the chief breakfast-maker tasted

of the dishes, and found them wonderfully good.

Just then they were interrupted by a ducal chamberlain, who came to say that his Transparency demanded his breakfast. The soup and dumplings, served upon golden dishes, were taken upstairs.

Shortly afterwards a messenger came from the Duke bidding the Lord High Kitchenmaster come to him at once ; so he put on his festal robes and went to the Duke's breakfast-room. The Duke was a man of portly presence. He had just finished every drop and every morsel in the dishes and was in the act of wiping his mouth, when the Lord High Kitchenmaster entered. In high good humour he called to him : " Tell me at once who prepared my breakfast this morning, for I want to send that cook a handful of ducats. Never as long as I have sat on the throne of my fathers have I had such a delightful breakfast."

" Your Transparency," answered the Lord High Kitchenmaster, " that is a strange story "—and then he told him all about the queer little dwarf and his wonderful cooking.

" Bring him here instantly," exclaimed the Duke.

Then Jacob was sent for, and when he appeared, and bowed so low that his great nose touched the floor, his Transparency laughed so immoderately that his whole fat body shook.

" You must stay with me," at last he managed to say. " You shall have the position of special Court cook to my own Transparent person, and every morning you must yourself prepare my breakfast, for I always want to have such a good one as this morning. Your further duties will be to superintend the preparing of all my meals. I will pay you fifty ducats a month, you shall have your own private apartments, and as many fine clothes as you want."

In token of his respectful acceptance of this ducal grace the dwarf prostrated himself before his new master and kissed his feet.

" It is my custom," continued the Duke, " to bestow a name on everyone who enters my service. Henceforth you shall be called 'Nosey,' " he added, pointing significantly to the dwarf's nasal extremity.

A happy time now followed, for Nosey was popular with his fellow-servants. He was a jolly comrade and could very well stand a joke at his own expense. As for the Duke, he had never had such a good time in his life before ; no single dish was ever spoiled, and Nosey continued to bring to his table the newest and rarest dainties.

Dwarf Nosey was the wonder of the town ; such a splendid cook had never been heard of, and the mightiest noblemen of the country obtained from the Duke the great favour of being permitted to send their own cooks to take lessons from the dwarf in the ducal kitchen.

One day Nosey went to market to buy some geese, which he intended to prepare in some particularly dainty way. Presently he saw some geese that suited him, so he bought three, together with their cage, hoisted it on

"STANDING UPON THIS PLATFORM, JACOB BEGAN HIS EXPERIMENT."

his broad back, and turned homeward. There it struck him as peculiar that only two of the geese cackled loudly, as healthy geese always do, but that the third goose did nothing but sigh, almost like a human being. So he thought, "That goose must be ill." But what was his astonishment when the goose groaned aloud and lamented her fate.

"Who would have thought that I, Mimi, the only daughter of the great magician, Wetterbock, should find my death as a goose in some obscure kitchen!"

But Nosey comforted her. "Don't you be afraid, Miss Goose," he cried; "I know better than to kill a rare bird like you. I will tell you what: I will take you with me now to my own apartments, where I will build you a comfortable little hutch, take you for a walk in the palace garden every day; then as soon as there is an opportunity I will let you escape."

Mimi agreed to this, and soon she was installed in a nice little hutch of her own. All his free time Nosey spent with her, and they told one another their adventures. As Mimi had been enchanted, while away from home, by a wicked witch who was on bad terms with her father, she could sympathize with Jacob's troubles.

At this time it happened that the reigning Prince of a neighbouring country came to visit the Duke. This Prince was just as fond of good eating as was the Duke, and there was considerable rivalry between the two Courts as to which had the best cooks. A few days before the guest was expected the Duke sent for Nosey. "Now the time has come to show your whole art," he said. "I want to astonish my rival with the richness and variety of my viands. During the whole fortnight of his stay you must never serve the same dish twice."

Nosey promised to do his best, and when the guest came he prepared the first meal entirely with his own hands. The foreign Prince had never tasted anything so delicious, but he was far too jealous to admit it. Unlike the Duke, the Prince was a spare, yellow dyspeptic, who could consume quantities of food without putting on any flesh. He grew greener with jealousy the longer he stayed, and at last he could bear it no longer. He pretended to be greatly delighted with everything, and requested the Duke to call the

cook who prepared all those wonderful dishes. When the dwarf was presented to him he complimented him highly on his cookery. "But," he added, "how is it that in all those ten days I've been here you have never sent to table the pasty 'Souzeraine,' that is so aptly named the queen of all pasties?"

Nosey had never even heard the name of that dish before, but he gathered all his courage together, and answered: "Oh, Prince, I hoped that your Highness would deign to let the light of your countenance shine upon us for many days to come, so I reserved the queen of pasties to bring to table as a speedwell on the day before your journey."

"And for me, you rogue! I expect you waited until I should take my last journey on earth," interrupted the Duke, laughing gaily. "But to-morrow you must prepare this Souzeraine, and take good care it is to my guest's taste; for if not I'll have that big head of yours chopped off."

Nosey promised that all should be as the Duke had commanded, but when he left the banqueting-hall he gave way to despair, *for he did not know how to make it.*

When the goose saw his sorrow, she came up to him and asked why he was weeping. When he had told her she said, "If that is all, I can most likely help you; for the Souzeraine was one of my father's most favourite dishes, and I know something of how it is made. Perhaps there may be one or two little things I don't remember, but that Prince won't be such a connoisseur as to notice a small omission." Then she told him what ingredients he had to use, and how it had to be made.

Early next morning Nosey set about his task, using all his skill. It really looked splendid when it came out of the oven, so Nosey decked it with garlands of flowers and sent it to the ducal table. Then he put on his festal robes and entered the banqueting-hall. The Duke was just taking a big bite.

"Ha! by the beards of my forefathers, this is indeed a glorious pie! No wonder it is called the queen of pasties!" he cried, in ecstasy. But his guest smiled acidly when he had tasted a little morsel, and pushed his plate aside.

"I thought as much," he murmured, under his breath; then aloud: "It is not so badly done," he said, condescendingly; "but it is not quite, quite the Souzeraine."

An angry flush overspread the Duke's face. "Dog of a dwarf!" he shouted. "What do you mean by this? Why have you not made this pie properly? I shall have you cut up into small pieces yourself and baked in a pasty for this want of respect!"

"HE BOUGHT THREE GEESE, TOGETHER WITH THEIR CAGE, HOISTED IT ON HIS BROAD BACK, AND TURNED HOMEWARD."

Nosey threw himself upon his knees before the foreign Prince.

"Your Highness," he begged, "do not let me be killed for want of a handful of flour or some spices."

"Of course, you cannot help it," answered the foreign Prince. "I quite expected it would be so, for the herb that is lacking does not grow in this country. It is called 'Sneezewell,' and in my land there is plenty of it. That is why the Duke can never eat the Souzeraine as it is served at my table."

When he heard this the Duke was angrier than ever.

"Listen!" he screamed to Nosey. "Either you bring this Souzeraine to table to-morrow exactly as it ought to be, or off goes your head! Now go!"

The wretched dwarf left the hall and went weeping up to his chamber.

"Now it's all up with me," he said to the goose; and he told her about the herb, and that he had never even heard of it.

"Nosey," exclaimed Mimi, "don't cry! That you don't know this herb makes me think it may be the very one that caused your enchantment. I know it very well. It only blossoms at new moon, and, as it is the flowers that possess the fragrant properties, it is lucky that it is just new moon to-day, for otherwise it might have been difficult to help you. This herb will only grow under old chestnuts. Now take me out into the palace gardens, and I will search for this herb."

So Nosey with his goose entered the garden and walked swiftly to a grove of chestnut trees near the lake, and the goose began her search. Suddenly she dug her bill deep among the grass and weeds, and plucked something which she brought in triumph to Jacob. It was a plant with blue-green leaves and stalks, bearing small scarlet flowers with a yellow heart! Jacob recognized it at once.

"This is the very herb I found in the secret cupboard!" he cried, joyfully.

"It is the herb Sneezewell," said Mimi; "there are quantities of it here, so let us pick as much of it as we can."

But she advised Jacob to wait before making the experiment whether a good sniff at the flowers would change him back to his former self again until they should have returned to his rooms; "for," she said, "then you can gather your belongings together, and it will be much easier to escape from the palace." So they gathered a large bunch of Sneezewell and returned.

Once in his rooms the dwarf locked his doors; then he took the bunch of herbs in his hands and pressed it close to his face, inhaling the strong perfume with deep-drawn breaths.

Ha! what a twitching and creaking he felt all over! He had to sneeze violently; once, twice, and thrice he sneezed, and with every sneeze the goose saw him grow in stature, saw his great nose shrink, his back and chest flatten out, and his neck show up above his shoulders. With the last sneeze he had regained his shape and countenance, the only difference being that he had grown to the size he would have attained under ordinary conditions, and that his face had grown more manly, as the face of a youth of eighteen ought to be.

Jacob—who was now "Dwarf Nosey" no longer—stepped in front of a looking-glass and—yes, in the features of the youth he could easily recognize the boy of former years. Now his friends would be sure to know him and welcome him. But in gladness at this thought he did not forget his gratitude to the bird to whom he owed his transformation. He told her he considered it his first duty to take her back to her father, who lived on the island of Gothland, in the Baltic Sea.

He gathered all his hoarded wealth together, and, after throwing a cloak over his shoulders, he tucked the goose under one arm and boldly walked out of his room. Unchallenged he passed through inner and outer courts, and right out of the great gateway!

He was free to go where he would, and that was down to the harbour, where many vessels were lying ready to put to sea. On one of these he took passage for himself and his goose to Gothland, where they arrived in due course and found the old magician, Wetterbock, mourning the loss of his daughter.

When Jacob had told his story and the goose, flapping her white wings, waddled up to her father, he had only to wave his wand three times over her head to see his daughter restored to him in all her former loveliness. Great rejoicing now reigned in the palace of Wetterbock, and Jacob was so richly rewarded with gold and precious stones that he had enough wealth to last him all his life.

"HE HAD ONLY TO WAVE HIS WAND THREE TIMES OVER HER HEAD TO SEE HIS DAUGHTER RESTORED TO HIM IN ALL HER FORMER LOVELINESS."

CURIOSITIES.

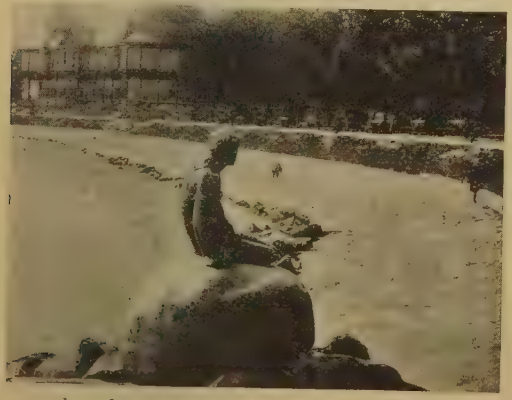
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this se tion, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

HINT FOR GARDENERS.

I AM sending you a photograph, taken in our garden, of a sunflower which is the largest we have ever seen. When the yellow flower fell off, leaving the white seed disc, I thought how easily it could be converted into a comical face to please some children I had visiting me just then. So I made one early one morning in a second or two with pen and ink, and was rewarded, when the children went out and discovered Mr. Sun smiling on the world at large. Two of the children thought it was a natural growth !—Mrs. W. Keith Banner, Thirteenth Avenue, Norwood, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

A SCULPTURED MERMAID.

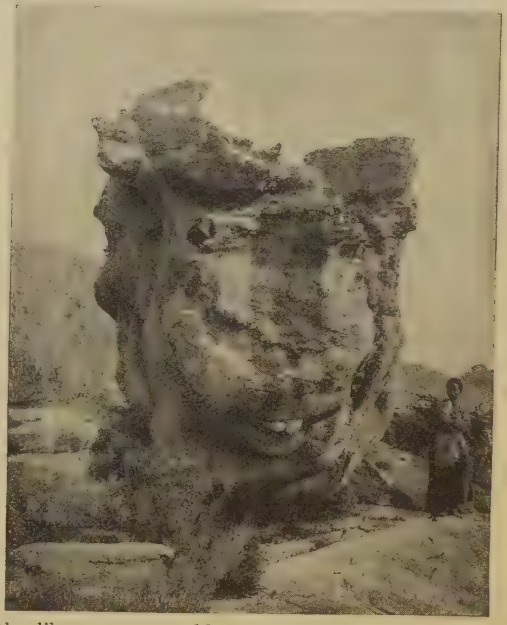
THIS graceful bronze statue, representing Hans Andersen's "Little Mermaid," was recently



erected at the entrance to the harbour of Copenhagen. The figure is seated on a huge boulder, as though she had just emerged from the sea, and the effect, as may be imagined, is both pretty and original.—Mr. K. P. Nors, 19, St. Ann's Road, Brixton, S.W.

NATURE AS SCULPTOR.

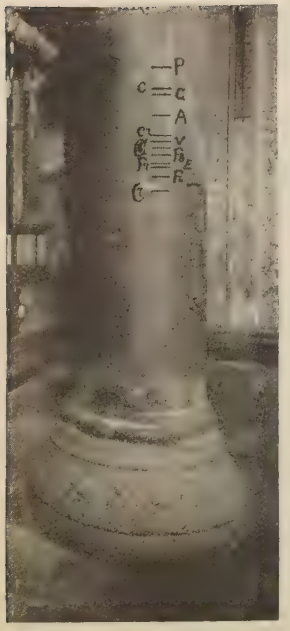
HERE is a photograph of "Old Man Rock," situated on the road through Mitchell's Pass, leading to the village of Ceres, Cape Province, South Africa. This is a genuine freak of Nature, nothing in any way having been done to the rock to accentuate



the likeness to an old Bushman evidently enjoying life.—Mr. E. Rossouw, Holm Lea, Wellington, Cape Province, South Africa.

STRANGE FIND IN A NEST.

WHILE the Way and Works departments men were destroying sparrows' and starlings' nests in the new extension shed at Parkeston Quay, G.E.R., they came across, on the top of a column about thirty feet high, a sparrow's nest containing two eggs and an old toy celluloid hen of small dimensions. The sparrow had undoubtedly carried it there while building the nest, as it was very light.—Mr. P. G. Branch, 7, George Street, Harwich, Essex.

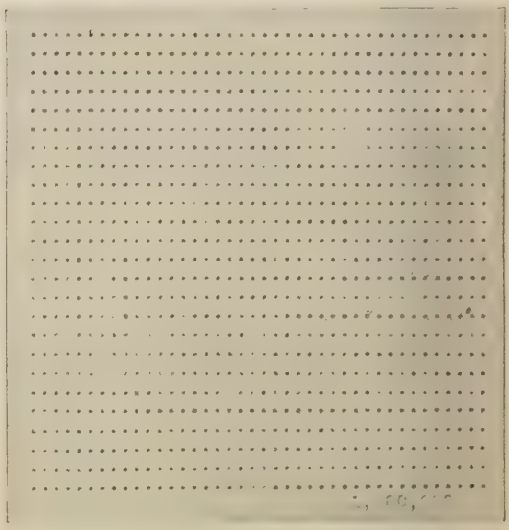


WHERE ROYALTIES ARE MEASURED.

THE stone column shown in this photograph is one of the greatest historical relics of Denmark. It dates back to the time of King Canute, and stands in the Cathedral of Roskilde, near Copenhagen, where all the Danish kings are buried. In the course of time it became customary for all the reigning Danish monarchs to have themselves and their most notable Royal guests measured against the "Column of Kings," as it is called, and the mark and date carved in the stone. In 1716 Czar Peter the Great was measured on the column, and up to the present no other Royalty has been able to beat his immense height of six feet eight inches. Amongst other names and measures engraved on the column the following are the most interesting: King Christian X., of Denmark, who is the tallest prince in Europe—his measurement is given as six feet four inches, coming very near to that of Czar Peter; King Christian IX. of Denmark, father of Queen Alexandra, five feet ten inches; King George of Greece, five feet nine inches; King Edward VII., five feet six inches; and King Frederick of Denmark, five feet eight inches. The smallest of all is King Chulalongkorn of Siam. His height is given as five feet three inches.—Mr. K. P. Nors, 19, St. Ann's Road, Brixton, S.W.

WHAT SNAKES' EGGS LOOK LIKE.

MRS. SIMPSON SHAW, of Aveley, Essex, from whose pen there appeared in our pages some months back an informing article on "The Dandie Dinmont Terrier" in a symposium entitled "The Best Dog I Ever Saw," now sends us a striking photograph of a large cluster of the eggs of the common grass snake—"the biggest cluster I ever saw," to quote her own words. In the course of farming operations a snake was in process of being executed on a manure-heap, and in the disturbance the cluster was revealed. In the act of collecting them a few of the eggs were ruptured and the little wrigglers did their best to begin an independent existence. It is safe to say that through the discovery the reptilian population of that part of Essex was deprived of a large addition to its number. Unfortunately the "pieces" of the matron snake did not lend themselves to being included in the photograph, which is by Mr. F. J. Kelley, of Aveley.



AN EXTRAORDINARY HOBBY.

THIS illustration shows the last page of what must be a unique book. It is a volume of five hundred pages, carefully bound, whose contents consist of one million dots, arranged in blocks of one thousand each. This extraordinary work was compiled about the middle of the last century by the then writing-master at Merchant Taylors' School, and it is executed entirely *by hand*. The book was ruled throughout in pencil before the dots were placed in it, and the whole task was the work of many years. The daughter of the author gave it to an old friend after the death of her father as a keepsake and as a memorial of his untiring patience. One cannot help thinking, however, that his time might have been better employed.—Miss Violet M. Methley, 9, Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Bristol.

TO THE MEMORY OF ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

A MONUMENT which reveals a commendable departure from the conventional type of memorial is to be seen at Copenhagen. It is carved from a boulder taken from the sea, and was erected to the memory of the Danish Arctic explorer Mylius Erichsen and his comrades, who lost their lives in Greenland.—Mr. K. P. Nors, 19, St. Ann's Road, Brixton, S.W.

CANADA

FOR THE WELL-TO-DO SETTLER.

SOME day, it is to be hoped, we shall arrive at a more sensible way of regarding this great Empire than people have at present. Properly speaking, we ought not to regard the going to a Dominion overseas as anything more than changing our residence from London to, say, Edinburgh. Though people are more and more awakening to a sense of what the Empire is, we are still a very long way from managing Imperial affairs in a business-like manner. Common sense would seem to tell us that if in one corner of the Empire there was a cry for men to develop the various resources that only await labour to be turned into wealth, and in another there was an overcrowded labour market with consequent lack of employment and poverty, it was the State's business to move some of the population from the crowded area to that in which labour was needed. Perhaps we shall reach this common-sense point of view, but at present we leave Dominions overseas to send agents over here to induce people to go to these new countries.

Mr. Obed Smith, the Chief of the Canadian Emigration Office in London, set forth very ably in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for September his views on the emigration question. His appeal on behalf of his Government is made in the following words :—

"Farmers, farm-labourers, and domestic servants are the only people whom the Canadian Emigration Department advises to go to Canada. All others should have a definite assurance of employment in Canada before leaving home."

This does not mean that there is not room for others than the agricultural labourer and the domestic servant, though these are the two classes who are supremely needed. Canada needs men who will work with their hands as well as their heads. She has no need of clerks, being quite able to supply her own needs in that respect. But there are scores, nay, hundreds, of fine young men in this country who drift into office work not because they choose that life, but because they cannot see how to do otherwise, and who might with advantage turn their eyes to Canada. Fitted physically for an out-of-doors life, they first rebel against the life in the city and then they give up hoping for anything else, and settle down without any ambition and without any heart in their work. In that frame of mind they cannot hope to succeed in a calling in which it is given to very few to earn a competence. Many of these make £3 or £4 a week and spend it all foolishly. The life too many of them lead not only saps their manhood but takes away from them the zest that should go with good work and all determination to succeed.

To young men whose parents could afford some small capital to begin, Canada offers great opportunities. To begin with, the young man will change his wearisome and unwholesome life in the city for a life in the open air, and if he is willing to work, and not ashamed to turn his hand to any job that may offer, his future will be very largely what he makes it. But he must leave his swagger behind, and must understand that he is not going to Canada to teach Canadians how this or that work should be done, but he is going to learn how to do it to please his employer. Too many Englishmen who go to Canada go with an air of superiority that is galling to those among whom they are making their new home. The Bishop of Fredericton, himself a settler from the Old Country, said the other day, when discussing immigration problems : "There has always been a tendency upon the part of Canadians, I think, to assume that the Englishman coming in will prove himself to be incompetent. It may be that the responsibility for this lies, in part at least, with the Englishman, in that he is not seldom a little inclined to think that 'old ways are best,' and to be a trifle stubborn about taking advice. This, together with a certain lack of adaptability, has something to do, no doubt, with the critical attitude of the Canadian. My own experience, however, leads me to believe that the Englishman will do very well if people are reasonably patient with him."

It is impossible to travel in Canada and not to be made aware of the fact that there are Englishmen out there who had far better have stayed at home. One does not want to lay too much stress on failures, but one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that they exist. You hear more about one failure than you do about a hundred successes. The truth is that some men seem unfitted to adapt themselves to new conditions, and others there are who do not know how to work hard. Travelling through Canada, the writer met several Old Countrymen who had done remarkably well, and no one was more distressed than they were to see fellow-countrymen earning a bad name for Englishmen. On the other hand, you meet in Canada Old Countrymen in all sorts of positions of life who are a credit to the land from which they come. To give an instance in humble life—the writer was riding in Toronto in a tramcar, and when the conductor came to take his fare, the writer, seeing that the man was, obviously, an Old Countryman, for his speech betrayed him, asked him from what part of England he came. He said that he came from Camberwell. He spoke so well and was so free from the faults of the Cockney dialect that the writer's curiosity was aroused, and he asked more questions. The man in reply went on to say that he had been educated in a Council school and that his father had once been pretty well off. The Council school was, it is to be feared, not so responsible for the good English the young fellow spoke as was his home. He said he had come to Canada to work in some dyeworks. There, after a time, he began to suffer ill-health owing to the fumes, and the doctor told him that he must work in the open air for a time. "That," said the young man, "is the reason why I am doing this job." Asked if he liked the work, he said: "No, but I shall not be long at this job. When I get better I shall go back to the works. I like this country, and I would not go back to England for worlds. Here there is always work to be got if you are willing to take it. In London work was always very hard to get. They will have to drive me back if ever I go. When you go home again, tell the young chaps over there that this is the country to come to if they want to get on."

There would be no talk of Englishmen failing if they all had the cheerful grit of this young man from Camberwell. But, as a matter of fact, the failures nowadays are few and the Englishman in Canada is in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand a success. Mr. Bruce Walker, the Immigration Commissioner at Winnipeg, told the writer that he had no better settlers through his hands than Englishmen. "They kick and grumble at first," he said, "but when once they settle down they show an amazing

A LAKE-SIDE CAMP.

adaptability. In this respect they are better than the Scots, who are much more easy to please at first. The Englishman mostly begins by asking for a certain job and insisting, for a time, on that particular job, however out of the way it may be; while the Scot could not impress too strongly the need to warn them not to buy a farm without first seeing it. The man who buys a farm from an agent in the Old Country without ever having seen the country in which he means to settle, without understanding the conditions of life

GASPEREAUX VALLEY, BACK OF WOLFVILLE, N.S.

begins by asking what jobs there are to be had. If a man be wanted to fill a Methodist pulpit, the Scot is ready to take on the job. But in spite of being hard to please at first, there is no finer settler than the Englishman. He is the best colonizer in the world. The 'old remittance' man (the man who was in receipt of a quarterly allowance from his family at home, and who had most likely been sent to Canada because he had disgraced himself in some way) who gave Englishmen a bad name in the West is dying out; and you will find that the men who growl most about green Englishmen were themselves green Englishmen only a few years ago."

At the beginning of this article mention was made of the young man who could command a little capital and of the opportunities there were for him in Canada. It is to such young men especially that these words are addressed. We hope from time to time to point out to them what these opportunities are. Most young men, discontented with the confined life in the city, turn their eyes to farming. To these a word of warning is necessary. The Hon. J. D. Hazen, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who was formerly Premier of New Brunswick, in speaking of settlers going into that Province, said that he there, and without ascertaining whether he is paying a fair price for his farm is, in Mr. Hazen's opinion, going out of his way to find trouble. The proper course for a young man who wishes to become a farmer in Canada is to go out with the determination that he will not spend a penny of his capital until he has made himself acquainted with local conditions—and these local conditions vary considerably in the different Provinces. Canada is a very large country, and conditions, naturally, are not uniform throughout it. The sensible course to take is to work for a farmer for a year or so, learn Canadian methods and Canadian conditions, and wait for an opportunity of buying a farm. The Government authorities in the various Provinces will always give advice as to the purchase of a farm and as to the price that ought to be paid for it, and generally help the settler. Farms, of course, vary in price according to size, state of the land, and nearness to the railway, and also according to Provinces. In New Brunswick, for example, a man could make a fair start with a capital of £250—a sum which would not be anything like enough to start fruit-farming with in British Columbia. It is wise, therefore, to make inquiries before deciding in which Province to go. We shall have

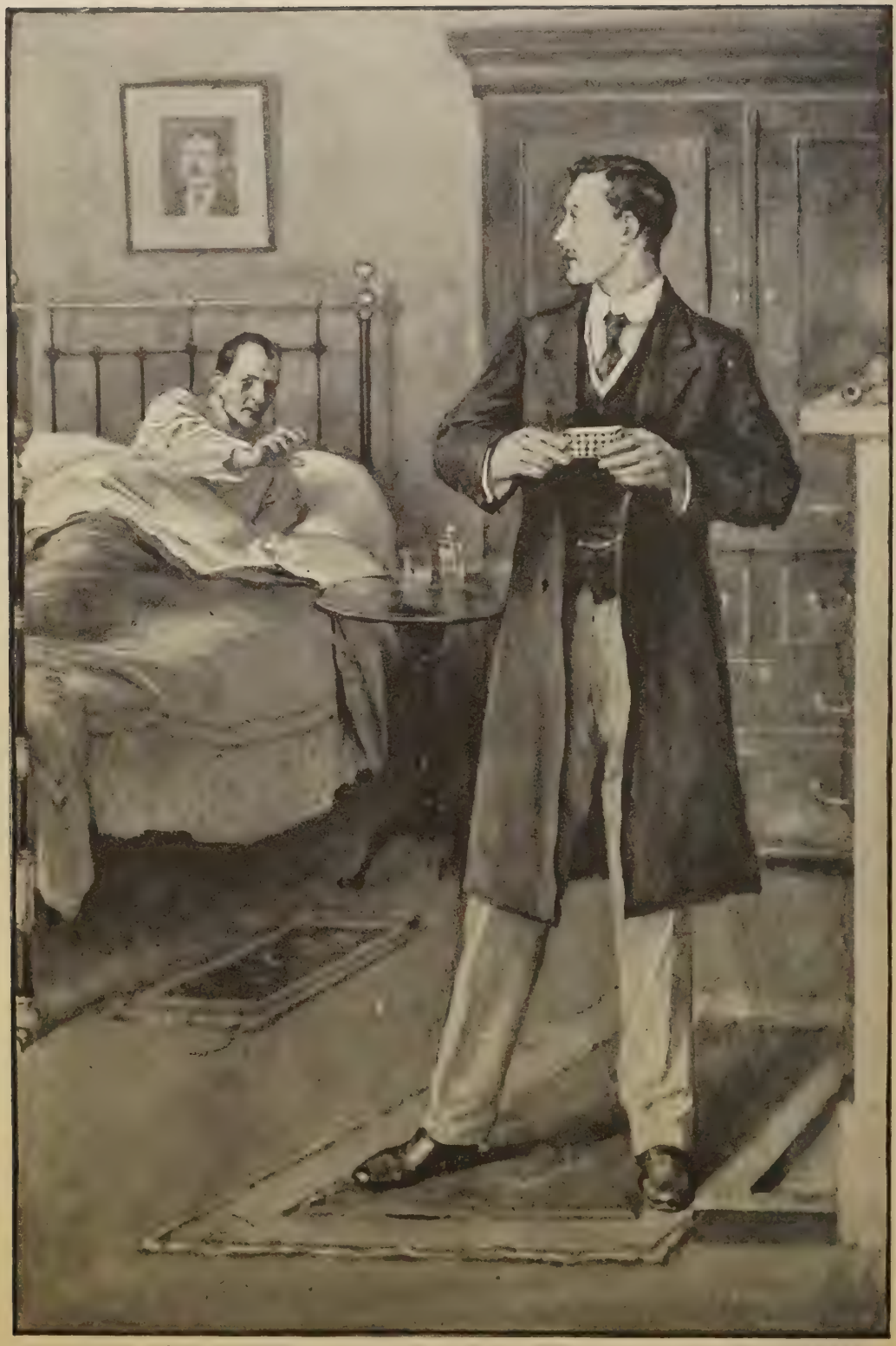
something to say in future articles about the farming opportunities in each Province. Then there are various kinds of farming. Some settlers are content to raise wheat only, though this kind of farming is being slowly succeeded by mixed farming—that is, farming on lines similar to those prevalent here, keeping stock and growing vegetables, etc. Especially good opportunities are open, too, to the market gardener, and the capital needed is small.

What about the climate? That is a question that is frequently asked by people who picture Canada to themselves as a country perpetually covered in snow. The winters are undoubtedly cold, much colder than they are here. But there is this difference: that although the mean winter temperature in Canada is much lower than the average mean winter temperature here, it is a dry cold and far easier to bear than the damp, foggy cold of England. The air is brisk and invigorating, and winter, so far from being a drawback, is really an asset to Canada. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the winter in the Dominion is a dull, miserable season. On the other hand, in the winter people allow themselves more time for enjoyment than at any other season. Ski-ing, snow-shoeing, skating, tobogganing, and ice-yachting are sports so tempting that winter is looked forward to by many as being the gayest time of the year. Indeed, you can find all the winter sports for which Switzerland is so famous in Canada. It is a thousand pities that in these days, when Canada can be reached in a few days, more people in search of winter sports do not go here for them instead of to Switzerland. The sportsman who chooses Canada for his winter sport will not be disappointed. Moreover, he will have the satisfaction of seeing a part of the Empire that is growing more important every year, and if he has any patriotic feelings it ought to please him to feel that he is, by going to Canada, spending his money in the Empire instead of in a foreign country. Switzerland advertises its winter sports extensively, but Canada has always been reticent about the attractions of its winter, from some sort of fear lest too much talk about the winter should keep away settlers. But that feeling is giving way to a more sensible view, and the greater intercourse between the Dominion and this country that has taken place in recent years has served to enlighten the public on the matter.

PICKING STRAWBERRIES, PICTOU COUNTY, N.S.

It is proposed in these columns to deal with Canada not only from the point of view of the settler and the sportsman, but also from that of the manufacturer. British manufacturers are not availing themselves of the ever-growing market in Canada to the extent they might, while Americans, who are keen to see where chances exist, are making great headway in the Canadian market.

The Editor of this special feature of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will be glad to be of assistance to readers interested in Canada, and will gladly give all the advice in his power on any Canadian matters.



"PUT IT DOWN! DOWN, THIS INSTANT, WATSON—THIS INSTANT, I SAY!"

(*See page* 608.)

A NEW

SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

The Adventure of the Dying Detective.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Wal. Paget.

MRS. HUDSON, the landlady of Sherlock Holmes, was a long-suffering woman. Not only was her first-floor flat invaded at all hours by throngs of singular and often undesirable characters, but her remarkable lodger showed an eccentricity and irregularity in his life which must have sorely tried her patience. His incredible untidiness, his addiction to music at strange hours, his occasional revolver practice within doors, his weird and often malodorous scientific experiments, and the atmosphere of violence and danger which hung around him made him the very worst tenant in London. On the other hand, his payments were princely. I have no doubt that the house might have been purchased at the price which Holmes paid for his rooms during the years that I was with him.

The landlady stood in the deepest awe of him, and never dared to interfere with him, however outrageous his proceedings might seem. She was fond of him, too, for he had a remarkable gentleness and courtesy in his dealings with women. He disliked and distrusted the sex, but he was always a chivalrous opponent. Knowing how genuine was her regard for him, I listened earnestly to her story when she came to my rooms in the second year of my married life and told me of the sad condition to which my poor friend was reduced.

"He's dying, Dr. Watson," said she. "For three days he has been sinking, and I doubt if he will last the day. He would not let me get a doctor. This morning when I saw his bones sticking out of his face and his great bright eyes looking at me I could stand no more of it. 'With your leave or without it, Mr. Holmes, I am going for a doctor this very hour,' said I. 'Let it be Watson, then,' said he. I wouldn't waste an hour in coming to him, sir, or you may not see him alive."

I was horrified, for I had heard nothing of his illness. I need not say that I rushed for my coat and my hat. As we drove back I asked for the details.

"There is little I can tell you, sir. He has been working at a case down at Rotherhithe, in an alley near the river, and he has brought this illness back with him. He took to his bed on Wednesday afternoon and has never moved since. For these three days neither food nor drink has passed his lips."

"Good God! Why did you not call in a doctor?"

"He wouldn't have it, sir. You know how masterful he is. I didn't dare to disobey him. But he's not long for this world, as you'll see for yourself the moment that you set eyes on him."

He was indeed a deplorable spectacle. In

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the dim light of a foggy November day the sick-room was a gloomy spot, but it was that gaunt, wasted face staring at me from the bed which sent a chill to my heart. His eyes had the brightness of fever, there was a hectic flush upon either cheek, and dark crusts clung to his lips; the thin hands upon the coverlet twitched incessantly, his voice was croaking and spasmodic. He lay listlessly as I entered the room, but the sight of me brought a gleam of recognition to his eyes.

"Well, Watson, we seem to have fallen upon evil days," said he, in a feeble voice, but with something of his old carelessness of manner.

"My dear fellow!" I cried, approaching him.

"Stand back! Stand right back!" said he, with the sharp imperiousness which I had associated only with moments of crisis. "If you approach me, Watson, I shall order you out of the house."

"But why?"

"Because it is my desire. Is that not enough?"

Yes, Mrs. Hudson was right. He was more masterful than ever. It was pitiful, however, to see his exhaustion.

"I only wished to help," I explained.

"Exactly! You will help best by doing what you are told."

"Certainly, Holmes."

He relaxed the austerity of his manner.

"You are not angry?" he asked, gasping for breath.

Poor devil, how could I be angry when I saw him lying in such a plight before me?

"It's for your own sake, Watson," he croaked.

"For *my* sake?"

"I know what is the matter with me. It is a coolie disease from Sumatra—a thing that the Dutch know more about than we, though they have made little of it up to date. One thing only is certain. It is infallibly deadly, and it is horribly contagious."

He spoke now with a feverish energy, the long hands twitching and jerking as he motioned me away.

"Contagious by touch, Watson—that's it, by touch. Keep your distance and all is well."

"Good heavens, Holmes! Do you suppose that such a consideration weighs with me for an instant? It would not affect me in the case of a stranger. Do you imagine it would prevent me from doing my duty to so old a friend?"

Again I advanced, but he repulsed me with a look of furious anger.

"If you will stand there I will talk. If you do not you must leave the room."

I have so deep a respect for the extraordinary qualities of Holmes that I have always deferred to his wishes, even when I least understood them. But now all my professional instincts were aroused. Let him be my master elsewhere, I at least was his in a sick-room.

"Holmes," said I, "you are not yourself. A sick man is but a child, and so I will treat you. Whether you like it or not, I will examine your symptoms and treat you for them."

He looked at me with venomous eyes.

"If I am to have a doctor whether I will or not, let me at least have someone in whom I have confidence," said he.

"Then you have none in me?"

"In your friendship, certainly. But facts are facts, Watson, and after all you are only a general practitioner with very limited experience and mediocre qualifications. It is painful to have to say these things, but you leave me no choice."

I was bitterly hurt.

"Such a remark is unworthy of you, Holmes. It shows me very clearly the state of your own nerves. But if you have no confidence in me I would not intrude my services. Let me bring Sir Jasper Meek or Penrose Fisher, or any of the best men in London. But someone you *must* have, and that is final. If you think that I am going to stand here and see you die without either helping you myself or bringing anyone else to help you, then you have mistaken your man."

"You mean well, Watson," said the sick man, with something between a sob and a groan. "Shall I demonstrate your own ignorance? What do you know, pray, of Tapanuli fever? What do you know of the black Formosa corruption?"

"I have never heard of either."

"There are many problems of disease, many strange pathological possibilities, in the East, Watson." He paused after each sentence to collect his failing strength. "I have learned so much during some recent researches which have a medico-criminal aspect. It was in the course of them that I contracted this complaint. You can do nothing."

"Possibly not. But I happen to know that Dr. Ainstree, the greatest living authority upon tropical disease, is now in London. All remonstrance is useless, Holmes. I am going this instant to fetch him." I turned resolutely to the door.

"I HEARD THE SHARP SNAP OF A TWISTED KEY."

Never have I had such a shock! In an instant, with a tiger-spring, the dying man had intercepted me. I heard the sharp snap of a twisted key. The next moment he had staggered back to his bed, exhausted and panting after his one tremendous outflame of energy.

"You won't take the key from me by force, Watson. I've got you, my friend. Here you are, and here you will stay until I will otherwise. But I'll humour you." (All this in little gasps, with terrible struggles for breath between.) "You've only my own good at heart. Of course, I know that very well. You shall have your way, but give me time to get my strength. Not now, Watson, not now. It's four o'clock. At six you can go."

"This is insanity, Holmes."

"Only two hours, Watson. I promise you will go at six. Are you content to wait?"

"I seem to have no choice."

"None in the world, Watson. Thank you, I need no help in arranging the clothes. You will please keep your distance. Now, Watson, there is one other condition that I would make. You will seek help, not from the man you mention, but from the one that I choose."

"By all means."

"The first three sensible words that you have uttered since you entered this room, Watson. You will find some books over there. I am somewhat exhausted; I wonder how a battery feels when it pours electricity into a non-conductor? At six, Watson, we resume our conversation."

But it was destined to be resumed long before that hour, and in circumstances which gave me a shock hardly second to that caused by his spring to the door. I had stood for some minutes looking at the silent figure in the bed. His face was almost covered by the clothes and he appeared to be asleep. Then, unable to settle down to reading, I walked slowly round the room, examining the pictures of celebrated criminals with which every wall was adorned. Finally, in my aimless perambulation, I came to the mantelpiece. A litter of pipes, tobacco-pouches, syringes, penknives, revolver cartridges, and other *débris* was scattered over it. In the midst of these was a small black and white ivory box with a sliding lid. It was a neat little thing, and I had stretched out my hand to examine it more closely, when——

It was a dreadful cry that he gave—a yell which might have been heard down the street. My skin went cold and my hair bristled at that horrible scream. As I turned I caught a glimpse of a convulsed face and frantic eyes. I stood paralyzed, with the little box in my hand.

"Put it down! Down, this instant, Watson—this instant, I say!" His head sank back upon the pillow and he gave a deep sigh of relief as I replaced the box upon the mantelpiece. "I hate to have my things touched, Watson. You know that I hate it. You fidget me beyond endurance. You, a doctor—you are enough to drive a patient into an asylum. Sit down, man, and let me have my rest!"

The incident left a most unpleasant impression upon my mind. The violent and causeless excitement, followed by this brutality of speech, so far removed from his usual suavity, showed me how deep was the disorganization of his mind. Of all ruins, that of a noble mind is the most deplorable. I sat in silent dejection until the stipulated time had passed. He seemed to have been watching the clock as well as I, for it was hardly six before he began to talk with the same feverish animation as before.

"Now, Watson," said he. "Have you any change in your pocket?"

"Yes."

"Any silver?"

"A good deal."

"How many half-crowns?"

"I have five."

"Ah, too few! Too few! How very unfortunate, Watson! However, such as they are you can put them in your watch-pocket. And all the rest of your money in your left trouser-pocket. Thank you. It will balance you so much better like that."

This was raving insanity. He shuddered, and again made a sound between a cough and a sob.

"You will now light the gas, Watson, but you will be very careful that not for one instant shall it be more than half on. I implore you to be careful, Watson. Thank you, that is excellent. No, you need not draw the blind. Now you will have the kindness to place some letters and papers upon this table within my reach. Thank you. Now some of that litter from the mantelpiece. Excellent, Watson! There is a sugar-tongs there. Kindly raise that small ivory box with its assistance. Place it here among the papers. Good! You can now go and fetch Mr. Culverton Smith, of 13, Lower Burke Street."

To tell the truth, my desire to fetch a doctor had somewhat weakened, for poor Holmes was so obviously delirious that it seemed

dangerous to leave him. However, he was as eager now to consult the person named as he had been obstinate in refusing.

"I never heard the name," said I.

"Possibly not, my good Watson. It may surprise you to know that the man upon earth who is best versed in this disease is not a medical man, but a planter. Mr. Culverton Smith is a well-known resident of Sumatra, now visiting London. An outbreak of the disease upon his plantation, which was distant from medical aid, caused him to study it himself, with some rather far-reaching consequences. He is a very methodical person, and I did not desire you to start before six because I was well aware that you would not find him in his study. If you could persuade him to come here and give us the benefit of his unique experience of this disease, the investigation of which has been his dearest hobby, I cannot doubt that he could help me."

I give Holmes's remarks as a consecutive whole, and will not attempt to indicate how they were interrupted by gaspings for breath and those clutchings of his hands which indicated the pain from which he was suffering. His appearance had changed for the worse during the few hours that I had been with him. Those hectic spots were more pronounced, the eyes shone more brightly out of darker hollows, and a cold sweat glimmered upon his brow. He still retained, however, the jaunty gallantry of his speech. To the last gasp he would always be the master.

"You will tell him exactly how you have left me," said he. "You will convey the very impression which is in your own mind—a dying man—a dying and delirious man. Indeed, I cannot think why the whole bed of the ocean is not one solid mass of oysters, so prolific the creatures seem. Ah, I am wandering! Strange how the brain controls the brain! What was I saying, Watson?"

"My directions for Mr. Culverton Smith."

"Ah, yes, I remember. My life depends upon it. Plead with him, Watson. There is no good feeling between us. His nephew, Watson—I had suspicions of foul play and I allowed him to see it. The boy died horribly. He has a grudge against me. You will soften him, Watson. Beg him, pray him, get him here by any means. He can save me—only he!"

"I will bring him in a cab, if I have to carry him down to it."

"You will do nothing of the sort. You will persuade him to come. And then you will return in front of him. Make any excuse so as not to come with him. Don't forget, Watson. You won't fail me. You never did fail me. No doubt there are natural enemies which limit the increase of the creatures. You and I, Watson, we have done our part. Shall the world, then, be overrun by oysters? No, no; horrible! You'll convey all that is in your mind."

I left him full of the image of this magnificent intellect babbling like a foolish child. He had handed me the key, and with a happy thought I took it with me lest he should lock himself in. Mrs. Hudson was waiting, trembling and weeping, in the passage. Behind me as I passed from the flat I heard Holmes's high, thin voice in some delirious chant. Below, as I stood whistling for a cab, a man came on me through the fog.

"How is Mr. Holmes, sir?" he asked.

It was an old acquaintance, Inspector Morton, of Scotland Yard, dressed in unofficial tweeds.

"He is very ill," I answered.

He looked at me in a most singular fashion. Had it not been too fiendish, I could have imagined that the gleam of the fanlight showed exultation in his face.

"I heard some rumour of it," said he.

The cab had driven up, and I left him.

Lower Burke Street proved to be a line of fine houses lying in the vague borderland between Notting Hill and Kensington. The particular one at which my cabman pulled up had an air of smug and demure respectability in its old-fashioned iron railings, its massive folding-door, and its shining brasswork. All was in keeping with a solemn butler who appeared framed in the pink radiance of a tinted electric light behind him.

"Yes, Mr. Culverton Smith is in. Dr. Watson! Very good, sir, I will take up your card."

My humble name and title did not appear to impress Mr. Culverton Smith. Through the half-open door I heard a high, petulant, penetrating voice.

"Who is this person? What does he want? Dear me, Staples, how often have I said that I am not to be disturbed in my hours of study?"

There came a gentle flow of soothing explanation from the butler.

"Well, I won't see him, Staples. I can't have my work interrupted like this. I am not at home. Say so. Tell him to come in the morning if he really must see me."

Again the gentle murmur.

"Well, well, give him that message. He

can come in the morning, or he can stay away. My work must not be hindered."

I thought of Holmes tossing upon his bed of sickness, and counting the minutes, perhaps, until I should bring help to him. It was not a time to stand upon ceremony. His life depended upon my promptness. Before the apologetic butler had delivered his message I had pushed past him and was in the room.

With a shrill cry of anger a man rose from a reclining chair beside the fire. I saw a great yellow face, coarse-grained and greasy, with heavy double chin, and two sullen, menacing grey eyes which glared at me from under tufted and sandy brows. A high bald head had a small velvet smoking-cap poised coquettishly upon one side of its pink curve. The skull was of enormous capacity, and yet, as I looked down, I saw to my amazement that the figure of the man was small and frail, twisted in the shoulders and back like one who has suffered from rickets in his childhood.

"What's this?" he cried, in a high, screaming voice. "What is the meaning of this intrusion? Didn't I send you word that I would see you to-morrow morning?"

"I am sorry," said I, "but the matter cannot be delayed. Mr. Sherlock Holmes——"

The mention of my friend's name had an extraordinary effect upon the little man. The look of anger passed in an instant from his face. His features became tense and alert.

"Have you come from Holmes?" he asked.

"I have just left him."

"What about Holmes? How is he?"

"He is desperately ill. That is why I have come."

The man motioned me to a chair, and turned to resume his own. As he did so I caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror over the mantelpiece. I could have sworn that it was set in a malicious and abominable smile. Yet I persuaded myself that it must have been some nervous contraction which I had surprised, for he turned to me an instant later with genuine concern upon his features.

"I am sorry to hear this," said he. "I only know Mr. Holmes through some business dealings which we have had, but I have every respect for his talents and his character. He is an amateur of crime, as I am of disease. For him the villain, for me the microbe. There are my prisons," he continued, pointing to a row of bottles and jars which stood upon a side table. "Among those gelatine cultivations some of the very worst offenders in the world are now doing time."

"It was on account of your special knowledge that Mr. Holmes desired to see you. He has a high opinion of you, and thought that you were the one man in London who could help him."

The little man started, and the jaunty smoking-cap slid to the floor.

"Why?" he asked. "Why should Mr. Holmes think that I could help him in his trouble?"

"Because of your knowledge of Eastern diseases."

"But why should he think that this disease which he has contracted is Eastern?"

"Because, in some professional inquiry, he has been working among Chinese sailors down in the docks."

Mr. Culverton Smith smiled pleasantly and picked up his smoking-cap.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he. "I trust the matter is not so grave as you suppose. How long has he been ill?"

"About three days."

"Is he delirious?"

"Occasionally."

"Tut, tut! This sounds serious. It would be inhuman not to answer his call. I very much resent any interruption to my work, Dr. Watson, but this case is certainly exceptional. I will come with you at once."

I remembered Holmes's injunction.

"I have another appointment," said I.

"Very good. I will go alone. I have a note of Mr. Holmes's address. You can rely upon my being there within half an hour at most."

It was with a sinking heart that I reentered Holmes's bedroom. For all that I knew the worst might have happened in my absence. To my enormous relief, he had improved greatly in the interval. His appearance was as ghastly as ever, but all trace of delirium had left him and he spoke in a feeble voice, it is true, but with even more than his usual crispness and lucidity.

"Well, did you see him, Watson?"

"Yes; he is coming."

"Admirable, Watson! Admirable! You are the best of messengers."

"He wished to return with me."

"That would never do, Watson. That would be obviously impossible. Did he ask what ailed me?"

"I told him about the Chinese in the East-end."

"Exactly! Well, Watson, you have done all that a good friend could. You can now disappear from the scene."

"I must wait and hear his opinion, Holmes."

"'WHAT'S THIS?' HE CRIED, IN A HIGH, SCREAMING VOICE. 'WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?'"

"Of course you must. But I have reasons to suppose that this opinion would be very much more frank and valuable if he imagines that we are alone. There is just room behind the head of my bed, Watson."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I fear there is no alternative, Watson. The room does not lend itself to concealment, which is as well, as it is the less likely to arouse suspicion. But just there, Watson, I fancy that it could be done." Suddenly he sat up with a rigid intentness upon his haggard face. "There are the wheels, Watson. Quick, man, if you love me! And don't budge, whatever happens—whatever happens, do you hear? Don't speak! Don't move! Just listen with all your ears." Then in an instant his sudden access of strength departed, and his masterful, purposeful talk droned away into the low, vague murmurings of a semi-delirious man.

From the hiding-place into which I had been so swiftly hustled I heard the footfalls upon the stair, with the opening and the closing of the bedroom door. Then, to my surprise, there came a long silence, broken only by the heavy breathings and gaspings of the sick man. I could imagine that our visitor was standing by the bedside and looking down at the sufferer. At last that strange hush was broken.

"Holmes!" he cried. "Holmes!" in the insistent tone of one who awakens a sleeper. "Can't you hear me, Holmes?" There was a rustling, as if he had shaken the sick man roughly by the shoulder.

"Is that you, Mr. Smith?" Holmes whispered. "I hardly dared hope that you would come."

The other laughed.

"I should imagine not," he said. "And yet, you see, I am here. Coals of fire, Holmes—coals of fire!"

"It is very good of you—very noble of you. I appreciate your special knowledge."

Our visitor sniggered.

"You do. You are, fortunately, the only man in London who does. Do you know what is the matter with you?"

"The same," said Holmes.

"Ah! You recognize the symptoms?"

"Only too well."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised, Holmes. I shouldn't be surprised if it *were* the same. A bad look-out for you if it is. Poor Victor was a dead man on the fourth day—a strong, hearty young fellow. It was certainly, as you said, very surprising that he should have contracted an out-of-the-way Asiatic disease in the heart of London—a disease, too, of which I had made such a very special study. Singular coincidence, Holmes. Very smart of you to notice it, but rather uncharitable to suggest that it was cause and effect."

"I knew that you did it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, you couldn't prove it, anyhow. But what do you think of yourself spreading reports about me like that, and then crawling to me for help the moment you are in trouble? What sort of a game is that—eh?"

I heard the rasping, laboured breathing of the sick man. "Give me the water!" he gasped.

"You're precious near your end, my friend, but I don't want you to go till I have had a word with you. That's why I give you water. There, don't slop it about! That's right. Can you understand what I say?"

Holmes groaned.

"Do what you can for me. Let bygones be bygones," he whispered. "I'll put the words out of my head—I swear I will. Only cure me, and I'll forget it."

"Forget what?"

"Well, about Victor Savage's death. You as good as admitted just now that you had done it. I'll forget it."

"You can forget it or remember it, just as you like. I don't see you in the witness-box. Quite another shaped box, my good Holmes, I assure you. It matters nothing to me that you should know how my nephew died. It's not him we are talking about. It's you."

"Yes, yes."

"The fellow who came for me—I've forgotten his name—said that you contracted it down in the East-end among the sailors."

"I could only account for it so."

"You are proud of your brains, Holmes, are you not? Think yourself smart, don't you? You came across someone who was smarter this time. Now cast your mind back, Holmes. Can you think of no other way you could have got this thing?"

"I can't think. My mind is gone. For Heaven's sake help me!"

"Yes, I will help you. I'll help you to understand just where you are and how you got there. I'd like you to know before you die."

"Give me something to ease my pain."

"Painful, is it? Yes, the coolies used to do some squealing towards the end. Takes you as cramp, I fancy."

"Yes, yes; it is cramp."

"Well, you can hear what I say, anyhow. Listen now! Can you remember any unusual incident in your life just about the time your symptoms began?"

"No, no; nothing."

"Think again."

"I'm too ill to think."

"Well, then, I'll help you. Did anything come by post?"

"By post?"

"A box by chance?"

"I'm fainting—I'm gone!"

"Listen, Holmes!" There was a sound as if he was shaking the dying man, and it was all that I could do to hold myself quiet in my hiding-place. "You must hear me. You *shall* hear me. Do you remember a box—an ivory box? It came on Wednesday. You opened it—do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I opened it. There was a sharp spring inside it. Some joke——"

"It was no joke, as you will find to your cost. You fool, you would have it and you have got it. Who asked you to cross my path? If you had left me alone I would not have hurt you."

"I remember," Holmes gasped. "The spring! It drew blood. This box—this on the table."

"The very one, by George! And it may as well leave the room in my pocket. There goes your last shred of evidence. But you have the truth now, Holmes, and you can die with the knowledge that I killed you. You knew too much of the fate of Victor Savage, so I have sent you to share it. You are very near your end, Holmes. I will sit here and I will watch you die."

Holmes's voice had sunk to an almost inaudible whisper.

"What is that?" said Smith. "Turn up the gas? Ah, the shadows begin to fall, do they? Yes, I will turn it up, that I may see you the better." He crossed the room and the light suddenly brightened. "Is there any other little service that I can do you, my friend?"

"A match and a cigarette."

I nearly called out in my joy and my

"'YOU'LL ONLY GET YOURSELF HURT,' SAID THE INSPECTOR. 'STAND STILL, WILL YOU?'"

amazement. He was speaking in his natural voice—a little weak, perhaps, but the very voice I knew. There was a long pause, and I felt that Culverton Smith was standing in silent amazement looking down at his companion.

"What's the meaning of this?" I heard him say at last, in a dry, rasping tone.

"The best way of successfully acting a part is to be it," said Holmes. "I give you my word that for three days I have tasted neither food nor drink until you were good enough to pour me out that glass of water. But it is the tobacco which I find most irksome. Ah, here *are* some cigarettes." I heard the striking of a match. "That is very much better. Halloa! halloa! Do I hear the step of a friend?"

There were footfalls outside, the door opened, and Inspector Morton appeared.

"All is in order and this is your man," said Holmes.

The officer gave the usual cautions.

"I arrest you on the charge of the murder of one Victor Savage," he concluded.

"And you might add of the attempted murder of one Sherlock Holmes," remarked my friend with a chuckle. "To save an invalid trouble, inspector, Mr. Culverton Smith was good enough to give our signal by turning up the gas. By the way, the prisoner has a small box in the right-hand pocket of his coat which it would be as well to remove. Thank you. I would handle it gingerly if I were you. Put it down here. It may play its part in the trial."

There was a sudden rush and a scuffle, followed by the clash of iron and a cry of pain.

"You'll only get yourself hurt," said the inspector. "Stand still, will you?" There was the click of the closing handcuffs.

"A nice trap!" cried the high, snarling voice. "It will bring *you* into the dock, Holmes, not me. He asked me to come here to cure him. I was sorry for him and I came. Now he will pretend, no doubt, that I have said anything which he may invent which will corroborate his insane suspicions. You can lie as you like, Holmes. My word is always as good as yours."

"Good heavens!" cried Holmes. "I had totally forgotten him. My dear Watson, I owe you a thousand apologies. To think that I should have overlooked you! I need not introduce you to Mr. Culverton Smith, since I understand that you met somewhat earlier in the evening. Have you the cab below? I will follow you when I am dressed, for I may be of some use at the station."

"I never needed it more," said Holmes, as he refreshed himself with a glass of claret and some biscuits in the intervals of his toilet. "However, as you know, my habits are irregular, and such a feat means less to me than to most men. It was very essential that I should impress Mrs. Hudson with the reality of my condition, since she was to convey it to you, and you in turn to him. You won't be offended, Watson? You will realize that among your many talents dissimulation finds no place, and that if you had shared my secret you would never have been able to impress Smith with the urgent necessity of his presence, which was the vital point of the whole scheme. Knowing his vindictive nature, I was perfectly certain that he would come to look upon his handiwork."

"But your appearance, Holmes—your ghastly face?"

"Three days of absolute fast does not improve one's beauty, Watson. For the rest, there is nothing which a sponge may not cure. With vaseline upon one's forehead, belladonna in one's eyes, rouge over the cheek-bones, and crusts of beeswax round one's lips, a very satisfying effect can be produced. Malingering is a subject upon which I have sometimes thought of writing a monograph. A little occasional talk about half-crowns, oysters, or any other extraneous subject produces a pleasing effect of delirium."

"But why would you not let me near you, since there was in truth no infection?"

"Can you ask, my dear Watson? Do you imagine that I have no respect for your medical talents? Could I fancy that your astute judgment would pass a dying man who, however weak, had no rise of pulse or temperature? At four yards I could deceive you. If I failed to do so, who would bring my Smith within my grasp? No, Watson, I would not touch that box. You can just see if you look at it sideways where the sharp spring like a viper's tooth emerges as you open it. I dare say it was by some such device that poor Savage, who stood between this monster and a reversion, was done to death. My correspondence, however, is, as you know, a varied one, and I am somewhat upon my guard against any packages which reach me. It was clear to me, however, that by pretending that he had really succeeded in his design I might surprise a confession. That pretence I have carried out with the thoroughness of the true artist. Thank you, Watson, you must help me on with my coat. When we have finished at the police-station I think that something nutritious at Simpson's would not be out of place."

CAPTAIN OATES.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF A GALLANT COMRADE.

By

COMMANDER EVANS, R.N., C.B.

Captain Oates is one of the heroes of our nation. What was he like to those who knew him well? In these pages Commander Evans has drawn, by simple touches, a life-like portrait of his friend. Oates clumping, hobnailed, into the fashionable restaurant — freezing, sleepless, in the stable where he nursed his ponies — "ragging" with his comrades, joyous as a boy at play—limping calmly out into the blizzard to his death, if it might help them—such things leave upon the reader's mind an unforgettable impression of a most lovable, as well as of a most gallant, man. Truly, of such stuff should the heroes of a nation be!

The photographs, except where otherwise indicated, are by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., Camera-Artist to the Scott Expedition.

COMMANDER EVANS.
From a Copyright Photograph by Florence Vandamm.

CAPTAIN OATES'S ANTARCTIC MEDAL.

IN the following reminiscences I have confined myself to such part of the life of the late Captain L. E. Grace Oates, of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, as he spent with the British Antarctic Expedition. Possibly some may think that eighteen months, the time I actually spent with Captain Oates, is not long enough to form a correct estimate of a man's character. I have no hesitation in saying that a six months' voyage together in the *Terra Nova* and twelve months in the Antarctic afford better opportunities for men to know each other thoroughly than any conditions one can picture. I have just tried to put down notes of the time I was with a wonderful man whom to know was a privilege, and if the few details of his life which I have given prove to be of interest I shall be more than satisfied.

Amongst the applications from over eight thousand volunteers for the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910 was included a letter from Captain Oates. He wrote a straightforward note, stating that he was keen to serve with the Expedition in any capacity, and that he was prepared to subscribe one thousand pounds to the funds of the Expedition if

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selected. He further stated that he would require no pay for his services. Amongst his references he quoted Mr. Raynor Wood, of Eton School. Captain Scott asked Mr. Wood to call at our office in Victoria Street. Needless to say, we could hear nothing but praise for our volunteer.

Captain Oates was born with a love of adventure. His father, the late Mr. N. E. Oates, and his uncle, Mr. Francis Oates, both travelled much in Africa. On leaving Eton he went out to South Africa with his regiment at the time of the Boer War, and while in charge of a small force was surrounded and called on to surrender, but his reply, we have been told, was that he had come out not to surrender, but to fight.

We learnt from several sources that Oates was a man of fine physique, full of pluck, energy, and spirit. And so he was selected.

In due course he arrived in London and presented himself at the office. The members of the Expedition already working there were rather surprised at his personal appearance. We had pictured a smartly-turned-out young cavalry officer with hair nicely brushed and neat moustache. Our future companion turned up with a bowler characteristically on the back of his head and a very worn "Aquascutum" buttoned closely round his neck, hiding his collar, and showing a strong, clean-shaven, weather-beaten face, with kindly brown eyes indicative of his fine personality. "I'm Oates," he said.

He was the first soldier to serve as an officer in the Antarctic Expeditions of recent date, and his appearance excited great interest. After half an hour's interview with Captain Scott he emerged from the office and was taken to the *Terra Nova* to commence work and to help us generally with the fitting out. We soon learnt that he had more than an elementary knowledge of seamanship. He then possessed a little yacht, the *Saunterer*, which had been his training-ship as well as his property. He came round to the quaint furniture-dealers which are to be found in the vicinity of the London Docks and helped to choose the serviceable, but not very ornamental, fittings for the wardroom, warrant-officers' mess, and cabins. He never said very much, but his "dry old remarks" were always to the point, and eventually Lieutenant Campbell and the writer went to Captain Scott and asked if we might enrol Oates as a midshipman and keep him on the *Terra Nova*, rather than let him rush across Siberia to help Meares select and purchase ponies and dogs.

Captain Scott consented to our acquisition of this very able-bodied "seaman," and on May 31st, 1910, Captain L. E. G. Oates was signed on as a midshipman in the yacht *Terra Nova*, R.Y.S., at the magnificent salary of one shilling per month!

When the ship arrived at Cardiff Oates stayed at Maynes Court, Chepstow, with Colonel Herbert, who commanded the Inniskillings in Egypt when he was adjutant, and with whom he travelled in Syria and Italy. The day before Oates rejoined the ship he went over Mr. Curre's kennels and also those of the Llangibby Hunt, and was much interested in the Welsh hounds, especially as he had himself kept a pack of hounds in India. Colonel Herbert's children were tremendously interested in the "Soldier," as we had already named him, and wanted to know if he had left the regiment to become a pirate!

On our outward voyage to New Zealand, lasting as it did from June 1st to October 28th, we learned a great deal about one another, and the members of the Expedition became the greatest friends. A good deal of "leg-pulling" was indulged in, and we had the best "scraps" or good-natured free-fights that one can imagine. The "Soldier" was always in the thick of things, and on more than one occasion his opponents deprived him of every stitch of clothing and locked him up in his cabin!

Glancing through my journal I find the entry:—

"Oates came up with a request to-day that we might drink to Napoleon's health, as it was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo."

We drank that night to the memory of the great French soldier, but Oates's port was taken away from him by Campbell and Rennick, who said that he had merely used Napoleon's name as an excuse to get a drink!

It was wonderful to see how Oates progressed in his seamanship. He was very useful up aloft and would be one of the first on the yard in bad weather when a sail had to be furled. Campbell was, of course, a fine seaman himself, and Oates, who respected and admired the *Terra Nova's* first lieutenant, willingly pocketed his pride and allowed himself to be hustled round equally with the youngest seaman on board. On deck we had Oates, Atkinson, and Gran (our ski expert from Christiania) working at everything, chased round and never idle, strictly disciplined, and subordinate and respectful to the ship's executive officers, while in the wardroom they fought these same officers in a

OATES, AT THE AGE OF 7,

ON BOARD THE SS. "SPARTAN," BOUND FOR CAPE TOWN—HIS COMPANIONS ARE TWO QUARTER-MASTERS WITH WHOM HE HAD MADE FRIENDS. *From a* [*Photograph.*

friendly way for every harsh word and every job they had had imposed on them. Campbell would have them all under the hose before breakfast, as washing-water was scarce, and the allowance, naturally, meagre on such a protracted voyage.

When we "crossed the line" the customary visit of Father Neptune took place, and in his train were included Oates and Atkinson, who, with two brawny seamen, were to duck the novices. Oates was nicknamed by the seamen "the Dragoon Rigger," and his friend Atkinson "the Linseed Lancer." The proceedings were full of good-natured horseplay. Neptune's consort, Amphitrite, was soon thrown into the bath, and Campbell, seeing trouble ahead, escaped before Oates and Atkinson, with their eager friends, captured him for a victim. The temptation to spoil Campbell's smart white tunic was too much for Oates, and he had lampblack and red lead ready for greeting the first lieutenant the moment he appeared.

On August 7th the three "midshipmen" were confirmed in their rank, the captain of the *Terra Nova* breaking a ship's biscuit on the head of each, in accordance with gun-room practice, and after this date, during good and bad weather, these three kept regular watch with the seamen, going aloft, steering, and taking all the usual duties in their turn.

When the *Terra Nova* arrived at Simons Town, Captain Oates, Dr. Atkinson, and Lieutenant Bowers went to Wynberg for a few days' leave, and here our "Soldier" temporarily forgot all about the sea. His one idea was a horse, and he spent his holiday as much on horseback as he possibly could.

Oates and Atkinson spent much time together on the voyage out, and at once were great friends. Two more naturally silent men it would be hard to imagine, and one wonders how evident pleasure can be obtained from a speechless companion! Oates, in a letter, expressed great admiration for the plucky manner in which Atkinson rode to hounds one day at Wynberg—naval men not having a vast reputation as horsemen!

From the Cape to Melbourne we experienced much trouble from the leaky state of the old *Terra Nova*, and in order to help the ship's

work forward all the afterguard (officers and scientific staff) were employed very frequently on the pumps, where we picked up the chanties so well sung by our seamen.

We had never been able to get Oates to sing, but after a certain birthday sing-song, when we had dined, perhaps, rather well, he volunteered to sing in his turn. His song was "The Fly on the Turnip," which he rendered in most cheery style.

On arrival at Melbourne a dinner was given by the captain of the ship and the chief of the scientific staff (the late Dr. Wilson) to their shipmates. The dinner took place at Menzies Hotel, which is probably the smartest dining rendezvous in Melbourne. Oates turned up late. His shabby clothes, which he wore alike on board and ashore, and his great hobnail boots, caused consternation at the hotel entrance. The porters thought he came from the "back-blocks," and did their best to persuade him that the hotel would not suit his taste at all. But in vain. Oates pushed them out of the way, and with his dear old plodding footsteps clattered into the swell dining-room, and was warmly welcomed by his shipmates at their table.

On arrival at Lyttelton, New Zealand, Oates's duties as a "midshipman" ceased. He took over the charge of our nineteen Siberian ponies, and was soon hard at work in training these useful little animals to draw sledges. During our stay in New Zealand he lived at Quail Island, where the quarantine station for Port Lyttelton is situated. We frequently visited him, and found him, with his two Russian grooms, training and exercising our ponies, learning their tempers, and thoroughly breaking them in after his own splendid fashion.

As we have seen elsewhere, Captain Scott was very short of funds, and when the generous supply of pony foodstuffs presented by Messrs. Wood and Co., of Christchurch, was exhausted, Oates laid in a special stock at his own expense.

During the southward voyage of the *Terra Nova* we encountered a gale which, in the deeply-laden condition of the ship, nearly caused the loss of the Expedition. On the night of December 1st, 1910, the weather was so bad that the ship was hove to under lower topsails and fore-topmast staysail, and, in spite of a liberal use of oil to keep heavy water from breaking over the ship, the decks were swept by the seas, the ponies falling about and the poor dogs being hanged by their chains. The first pony died that night, Oates and Atkinson standing by it and doing their utmost to keep the wretched beast on its feet. A second animal succumbed soon after, and poor Oates had a most trying time in guarding his charges and rendering what help he could to ameliorate their condition. Those of his shipmates who saw him in this gale will never forget his strong, brown face illuminated by a swinging lamp as he stood amongst those suffering little beasts. He was a fine, powerful man, and on occasions he seemed to be actually lifting the poor little ponies to their feet as the ship lurched heavily to leeward and a great sea would wash the legs of his suffering charges from under them.

One felt, somehow, glancing into the pony-stalls, that Oates's very strength itself inspired his animals with confidence. He himself appeared quite unconscious of any personal suffering, although his hands and feet must have been absolutely numbed with the cold and wet.

However, the weather improved; we pulled through, and, having hoisted the dead ponies over the side, Oates cleared up the temporary stables and, turning his charge over to his seasick Russian groom, turned in, after being on his feet and wet through for sixty hours! Even then, the rest he got could hardly have been worth much, for nearly every bunk was saturated with sea-water, which had poured through the seams of the deck above.

On January 2nd Oates took five of the closely-packed ponies on to the upper deck and had their stables cleared out. The poor animals had had no chance to be taken out of their stalls for thirty-eight days! The *Terra Nova* had been severely delayed by the extra heavy pack-ice encountered, and poor Oates was very annoyed at the loss of condition of his animals due to this long confinement on board. At last the ship reached Cape Evans, and the first thing out was a pony.

In a very short time our seventeen ponies were tethered on a snow-slope close to the site for the Hut. Gradually and carefully "the Soldier" worked his little animals into condition, sending them out to pull lightly-laden sledges from the *Terra Nova* over the intervening mile and a half of sea-ice.

No man in our Expedition had more common sense than Oates; his whole work was marked with the stamp of thoroughness and reliability, and his field training made him a most welcome tent mate. After the depot journey we were detained at Hut Point for six weeks owing to the persistent high winds, which prevented the sea from freezing over properly. During our sojourn in the old

AGE 11.

THE ELDER BOY WITH THE PISTOL IS OATES; THE OTHER FIGURE IS HIS BROTHER.

From a Photograph.

hut left by the *Discovery* our existence was rather primitive. Meares and Oates perfected a blubber stove. We killed seals and thus obtained food and fuel, and now we found our "Soldier" full of "Robinson Crusoe genius." We fixed the old *Discovery's* hut up, greatly assisted by Oates, and in everything undertaken he showed up splendidly. His sterling qualities soon impressed Captain Scott, and the eventual selection of "the Soldier" for the Polar party itself was undoubtedly due to his real efficiency.

Poor old Oates had very decided ideas about our Expedition and its conduct, but, being a subordinate officer, he could not always have his own way. He was very annoyed at the experimental cooks at Hut Point. He, Meares, and Debenham were first-class cooks, and they were always content to serve up the "hoosh" or seal fry in a very British fashion. Their efforts were much appreciated. Others in their endeavours were not so successful, and one day when some "fancy dish" was being served up by a "crank" cook, Oates deliberately stood within earshot of the company and said in a loud voice: "Some of our party, who rather fancy themselves as cooks, quite spoil the meals by messing up the food in their attempts to produce original dishes." The hint was taken, and we had no more aspirants for Paris restaurant cooking.

On April 21st, 1911, Oates returned to the

AGE 10.

THE SWORD AND PISTOL IN THESE TWO PICTURES SEEM TO POINT TO A LOVE OF SOLDIERING EVEN AS A BOY.

From a Photograph.

Winter Quarters at Cape Evans and immediately took charge of the eight ponies left behind there. He was assisted in the stables by the little Russian groom, Anton, who soon became devoted to his hardworking and capable master. The two men, so unlike in appearance, character, and social standing, worked shoulder to shoulder in the stables throughout the long winter night. By the dim candle-light which illuminated our pony shelter one could see Oates grooming his charges, clearing up their stalls, refitting their harness, and fixing up little improvements that his quick, watchful eye would suggest. At the far end of the stables he had a blubber stove, where he used to melt ice for the ponies' drinking water, and cook the bran mashes for these animals. Here he would often sit and help Meares make dog-pemmican out of seal meat. They must have made about eight hundredweight of this sustaining preparation. Meares and Oates were the greatest friends; they spent their spare time in ski-running together, and it was delightful to listen to their stories of the South African War. Meares had served in the Scottish Horse as a trooper, and finally as a sergeant. Oates himself, when he joined the Inniskillings, proceeded at once to South Africa, and the stories these two had to relate of their adventures during the war were most interesting. They were full of the most amusing anecdotes, and a visitor to the stables—if he lent a hand to stir up the blubber—was generally welcome and certain to be entertained.

Oates was probably more popular with the seamen than any other officer. He understood these men perfectly; he could get a wonderful amount of work out of them, and, as he only had his Russian groom permanently, he generally used volunteer labour after working hours to carry out his operations.

Oates gave us two lectures on "The Care and Management of Horses." Both showed how much time and thought he had devoted to his charges. "The Soldier" objected strongly to the length of the scientific lectures in the winter, and was determined not to be heckled or to waste time in answering frivolous questions. By way of beating down any opposition to his statements and avoiding useless discussion, he completed his first lecture thus :—

"When I was a subaltern I attended a lecture on the management of horses given by a veterinary surgeon. There were a number of farmers present. They asked a lot of foolish questions, and eventually the vet. lost his temper. One farmer asked him, 'What sort of grass seeds were the best to sow a tennis lawn with?' The vet., now quite furious, replied, 'Gentlemen, I am a veterinary surgeon, not a bally gardener.'"

Oates's significant little story caused us much amusement, and he succeeded in "booming" us off the discussion which usually followed our evening lectures, knowing full well that we knew very little about horses, and would only indulge in a certain amount of "leg-pulling" at his expense.

Before the winter was too far advanced we kept fit by playing football at midday when the northern twilight was sufficiently good to see the ball. Atkinson, Oates, Gran, and Hooper were our best players, and the captains of the sides always were chosen from these four. When Oates had his choice he invariably selected Seaman Evans at an early stage in the "pick up," on account of his strength. Oates would always caution this burly Welshman in the same good-natured strain: "Now, Taff, break them up!" And Evans would reply, cheerily, "Right-o, sir," and forthwith set to work to demolish his opponents.

During the latter part of the winter Oates and the writer saw a great deal of one another, as we daily exercised our ponies together on the sea-ice. Oates would take out "Christopher, the troublesome," and "Jehu, the indolent," while the care of the rogue pony, "Chinaman," devolved on myself.

When the ponies went well, which was usually the case when they did not suffer from the weather, we used to have long yarns about our respective services and mutual friends. Oates would often discuss the forthcoming Southern journey, and his ambition was to reach the top of the Beardmore Glacier; he did not expect to be selected for the Southern party, which was to contain four men only. Two of these must have special knowledge of navigation—to check one another's observations—the third would be a doctor, and it was expected that a seaman would be chosen for the fourth. So Oates was convinced that he had no chance, never for a moment appreciating his own sterling qualities.

By the spring the ponies were all ready to start their serious training for the Southern journey. The proper leaders now took charge, and daily exercised their animals in harness. The older sledges were used with dummy loads varying in weight according to the condition and strength of the pony. By the time the start was made for the Pole, only one of Oates's animals caused him any

AT ETON—AGE 15.
From a Photograph.

anxiety—the pony Jehu. But even this beast marched with a reasonable load a distance of two hundred and seventy-seven miles.

On the Southern journey Oates was invaluable; the untiring zeal he displayed in his care of the little Siberian ponies filled us with admiration. He would have one sledge as a distributing station for their fodder, and personally issue every nosebag. There was no waste. Oates would be out to feed the animals and "go rounds" at 1 a.m. The ponies, marching by night, could rest when the sun was high and the air warmer, and, really, they did not have a bad time altogether on the memorable march.

The "Soldier" was very keen on the man-hauling party keeping him informed as to the state of the surface. If we, in that advance party, found the dragging heavy, due to the spiky ice-crystals spoiling the glides for the sledge-runners, we let him know, when at lunch-time the main body came up with the ponies. Oates would then endeavour to have the second part of the day's march curtailed. Failing this the rests would be more frequent and of longer duration.

The "Soldier" hated to see his animals suffering, and he devised various means to protect their eyes from snow-blindness, which malady was common to the ponies and dogs as well as ourselves.

From December 5th to the 9th we were confined to our camp by the terrible blizzard that so

AT THE AGE OF 18.
From a Photograph by J. Weston & Sons, Eastbourne.

CAPTAIN OATES.

A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF "THE SOLDIER," THE NICKNAME BY WHICH HE WAS KNOWN AMONG HIS COMRADES.

hampered our progress by its length and the consequent spoiling of the surface, due to the soft, wet snow which accumulated in the lower reaches of the Beardmore. This was a terrific blow to Oates, who had to continually turn out to save his little animals being snowed up; they lost condition with a rapidity that was dreadful to observe. The temperature was so high that the snow melted and covered the Barrier surface with eighteen inches of slush. The cutting wind whirling the sleet round the ponies gave them a very sorry time. But whenever one peeped out of the tent door there was

OATES ON THE "TERRA NOVA."

HE HAD CHARGE OF THE PONIES ON THE WAY OUT.

Oates, wet to the skin, trying to keep life in his charges.

On December 9th the blizzard was over. Poor old Oates had suffered as much as the ponies. He had felt that every time he re-entered his tent (which was also Captain Scott's) he took in more wet snow and helped to increase the general discomfort. This being the case, when he went out to the ponies he stopped out, and kept his vigil crouching behind a drifted-up pony-wall. We could not help laughing at him, after the blizzard, when he wrung the icy water out of his clothing. His personal bag was in a dreadful state. His sodden tobacco had discoloured everything, and as he squeezed his spare socks and gloves a stream of nicotine-stained water flowed out.

IN ORKING KIT THE ARCTIC.

CAPTAIN OATES ON SKIS.

I am unable to reproduce his observations on the subject—they were dry, picturesque, and to the point, and even our bluejackets, who were none too particular about language, looked at Oates with undisguised astonishment at the length and variety of his "emergency vocabulary."

The advance up the Beardmore again showed Oates's physique to advantage. He showed little interest except in the distance covered, and we who accompanied that part of the Expedition will long remember his dear old tanned face and the uncouth beard that fringed it, as he turned round during the frequent and necessary halts to inquire what the sledgemeter showed. When we had pulled our heavy loads over twenty-two miles on December 20th Oates was delighted, and,

THE PONIES' FRIEND.

"ONE FELT, SOMEHOW, GLANCING INTO THE PONY-STALLS, THAT OATES'S VERY STRENGTH ITSELF INSPIRED HIS ANIMALS WITH CONFIDENCE."

busily placing the special ten-feet runners on our sledges, the remaining five gathered in Captain Scott's tent, after having constructed the snow-cairn for the "Three Degree Depot" (being only three degrees from the Pole) and worked out as he justly remarked, "That's not bad going on the hard high road."

On Christmas Day, eight thousand feet up above the Barrier, we made a splendid march, and, camping at 8 p.m., had our Christmas dinner. My own tent had carefully kept a large piece of pony-meat, and this we halved with Captain Scott and his tent mates. The "Soldier" was delighted when we handed the meat over as a Christmas present—the last, poor fellow! he was ever to receive. Oates was a tremendous meat-eater. We all fancied one thing more than another, but the "Soldier's" hankering was always after meat. A beefsteak is what he wished for most.

On New Year's Eve, while the seamen were our observations for position, we yarned away about England and home.

AT THE SOUTH POLE.

For the first time in the Expedition Oates took the lead in the conversation. He told us all about his home, and his horses; he described his life with his regiment at Mhow, and we were amused that he shared a bungalow with a subaltern who was not of his own troop—his reason for having a subaltern from

a different troop being that it was not then his business to shake him up if he "slacked it in the mornings!" He gave the most interesting descriptions of the polo teams in India; he told us of the shooting trips he had made; he described the pig-sticking, and told us how the N.C.O.'s of his regiment were allowed and encouraged to get leave for shooting expeditions. He described their regimental life, and we were delighted at the efficiency and splendid good-fellowship that he convinced us prevailed in the regiment he was so proud of and loved so well. He talked on and on, and his big, kind, brown eyes sparkled as he recalled little boyish escapades at Eton. He made us all laugh by telling us about an examination of a subaltern for the rank of captain. Oates was one of the Board. A rather nervous major was interrogating the candidate, who was a magnificent athlete, but who had not really worked up for his examination. They wanted to pass the young officer, as he was such an asset to the regiment, but he was not up to the examination standard by a long way, and the major could get nothing out of him; suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, the candidate patted the major on the shoulder, with the remark, "It's all right, old chap; you needn't be so nervous or shy about your questions!"

Oates talked for some hours. At length Captain Scott reached out and affectionately seized him in the way that was itself so characteristic of our leader, and said, "You funny old thing, you have quite come out of your shell, 'Soldier.' Do you know, we have all sat here talking for nearly four hours? It's New Year's Day and 1 a.m.! So into your bags, all of you—we start at five."

This was the only occasion when we ever took a holiday on that memorable journey, and in that tent, high up on the King Edward VII. Plateau, in spite of the crisp coldness of that bleak, white tableland, we warmed to one another in a way that we had never thought of, quite oblivious to cold, hardship, scant rations, or the great monotony of sledge-hauling. Some of us passed round our diaries, with the little photographs pasted in them of our nearest and dearest, and somehow we cemented a new and even greater friendship throughout the little band, then so full of hope, so confident of success, and so happy together. As we said "Good night" we shook Captain Scott's hand and wished him a "Happy New Year and the South Pole." He had a cheery, affectionate reply for all of us, and we little dreamt that before three months should pass only two seamen and one officer would be alive out of the eight.

On January 4th, 1912, Captain Scott, Oates, Wilson, Bowers, and Seaman Evans proceeded south.

The last supporting party accompanied the Polar Party for three miles, and, as they were going strong, we halted, shook hands all round and bade them farewell. Up to this time no traces of the successful Norwegians had been seen, and we all fondly imagined that our flag would be the first to fly at the South Pole. The excitement was intense; it was obvious that with five fit men—the Pole being only one hundred and forty-five miles away—the achievement was merely a matter of ten or eleven days' good sledging.

The last farewell was most touching, Oates being far more affected than any other of the Southern Party. He handed me a letter for his mother, and told me to write and let his people know how fit and happy he was. He asked me to send him out tobacco and sweets by the dog teams, and his last words to any man now living were words of consolation at our not going forward, and thanks for our undertaking the return journey short-handed, which meant, as we then thought, so much to the Polar Party. I think his actual last remark was, "I am afraid, Teddy, you won't have much of a 'slope' going back, but old Christopher is waiting to be eaten on the Barrier when you get there."

As the party stepped off we gave them three huge cheers and then turned our sledge and commenced our homeward march. Oates, who was pulling in the rear, waved his hand several times. We frequently looked back until the little group were but a tiny black speck on the southern horizon, and finally they disappeared.

The details of his loss are known throughout the world. The heroic manner in which he walked out of the tent to certain death in the hope of saving his three comrades is one of which it is impossible to think without a thrilling of the blood. He lived always, as he died, without fear and without reproach. A splendid British soldier, his memory will ever live in the pride and the affection of his fellow-countrymen and in the hearts of his companions as a most glorious example to us all.

May I, in conclusion, take this opportunity of expressing the deep sympathy which I am sure every member of the Expedition feels for all ranks of the regiment to which Captain Oates belonged, in the loss of their dear and brave comrade, of whom they must feel so justly proud?

The Haunted House

By E. BLAND

Illustrated by Graham Simmons.

IT was by the merest accident that Desmond ever went to the Haunted House. He had been away from England for six years, and the nine months' leave taught him how easily one drops out of one's place.

He had taken rooms at the Greyhound before he found that there was no reason why he should stay in Elmstead rather than in any other of London's dismal outposts. He wrote to all the friends whose addresses he could remember, and settled himself to await their answers.

He wanted someone to talk to, and there was no one. Meantime he lounged on the horsehair sofa with the advertisements, and his pleasant grey eyes followed line after line with intolerable boredom. Then, suddenly, "Halloa!" he said, and sat up. This is what he read :—

A HAUNTED HOUSE.—Advertiser is anxious to have phenomena investigated. Any properly-accredited investigator will be given full facilities. Address, by letter only, Wildon Prior, 237, Museum Street, London.

"That's rum!" he said. Wildon Prior had been the best wicket-keeper in his club. It wasn't a common name. Anyway, it was worth trying, so he sent off a tele ram.

"Wildon Prior, 237, Museum Street, London. May I come to you for a day or two and see the ghost?—WILLIAM DESMOND."

On returning next day from a stroll there was an orange envelope on the wide Pembroke table in his parlour.

"Delighted—expect you to-day. Book to Crittenden from Charing Cross. Wire train.—WILDON PRIOR, Ormehurst Rectory, Kent."

"So that's all right," said Desmond, and went off to pack his bag and ask in the bar for a time-table. "Good old Wildon; it will be ripping, seeing him again."

A curious little omnibus, rather like a bathing-machine, was waiting outside Crittenden Station, and its driver, a swarthy, blunt-faced little man, with liquid eyes, said, "You a friend of Mr. Prior, sir?" shut him up in the bathing-machine, and banged the door on him. It was a very long drive, and less pleasant than it would have been in an open carriage.

The last part of the journey was through a wood; then came a churchyard and a church, and the bathing-machine turned in at a gate under heavy trees and drew up in front of a white house with bare, gaunt windows.

"Cheerful place, upon my soul!" Desmond told himself, as he tumbled out of the back of the bathing-machine.

The driver set his bag on the discoloured doorstep and drove off. Desmond pulled a rusty chain, and a big-throated bell jangled above his head.

Nobody came to the door, and he rang again. Still nobody came, but he heard a window thrown open above the porch. He stepped back on to the gravel and looked up.

A young man with rough hair and pale eyes was looking out. Not Wildon, nothing like Wildon. He did not speak, but he seemed to be making signs; and the signs seemed to mean, "Go away!"

"I came to see Mr. Prior," said Desmond. Instantly and softly the window closed.

"Is it a lunatic asylum I've come to by chance?" Desmond asked himself, and pulled again at the rusty chain.

Steps sounded inside the house, the sound of boots on stone. Bolts were shot back, the door opened, and Desmond, rather hot and a little annoyed, found himself looking into a pair of very dark, friendly eyes, and a very pleasant voice said :—

"Mr. Desmond, I presume? Do come in and let me apologize."

The speaker shook him warmly by the hand, and he found himself following down a

flagged passage a man of more than mature age, well-dressed, handsome, with an air of competence and alertness which we associate with what is called "a man of the world." He opened a door and led the way into a shabby, bookish, leathery room.

"Do sit down, Mr. Desmond."

"This must be the uncle, I suppose," Desmond thought, as he fitted himself into the shabby, perfect curves of the arm-chair. "How's Wildon?" he asked, aloud. "All right, I hope?"

The other looked at him. "I beg your pardon," he said, doubtfully.

"I was asking how Wildon is?"

"I am quite well, I thank you," said the other man, with some formality.

"I beg your pardon"—it was now Desmond's turn to say it—"I did not realize that your name might be Wildon, too. I meant Wildon Prior."

"I am Wildon Prior," said the other, "and you, I presume, are the expert from the Psychical Society?"

"Good Lord, no!" said Desmond. "I'm Wildon Prior's friend, and, of course, there must be two Wildon Priors."

"You sent the telegram? You are Mr. Desmond? The Psychical Society were to send an expert, and I thought——"

"I see," said Desmond; "and I thought you were Wildon Prior, an old friend of mine—a young man," he said, and half rose.

"Now, don't," said Wildon Prior. "No doubt it is my nephew who is your friend. Did he know you were coming? But of course he didn't. I am wandering. But I'm exceedingly glad to see you. You will stay, will you not? If you can endure to be the guest of an old man. And I will write to Will to-night and ask him to join us."

"That's most awfully good of you," Desmond assured him. "I shall be glad to stay. I was awfully pleased when I saw Wildon's name in the paper, because——" And out came the tale of Elmstead, its loneliness and disappointment.

Mr. Prior listened with the kindest interest.

"And you have not found your friends? How sad! But they will write to you. Of course, you left your address?"

"HE DID NOT SPEAK, BUT HE SEEMED TO BE MAKING SIGNS; AND THE SIGNS SEEMED TO MEAN, 'GO AWAY!'"

"I didn't, by Jove!" said Desmond. "But I can write. Can I catch the post?"

"Easily," the elder man assured him. "Write your letters now. My man shall take them to the post, and then we will have dinner, and I will tell you about the ghost."

Desmond wrote his letters quickly, Mr. Prior just then reappearing.

"Now I'll take you to your room," he said, gathering the letters in long, white hands. "You'll like a rest. Dinner at eight."

The bed-chamber, like the parlour, had a pleasant air of worn luxury and accustomed comfort.

"I hope you will be comfortable," the host said, with courteous solicitude. And Desmond was quite sure that he would.

Three covers were laid, the swarthy man who had driven Desmond from the station stood behind the host's chair, and a figure came towards Desmond and his host from the shadows beyond the yellow circles of the silver-sticked candles.

"My assistant, Mr. Verney," said the host, and Desmond surrendered his hand to the limp, damp touch of the man who had seemed to say to him, from the window above the porch, "Go away!" Was Mr. Prior perhaps a doctor who received "paying guests," persons who were, in Desmond's phrase, "a bit balmy"? But he had said "assistant."

"I thought," said Desmond, hastily, "you would be a clergyman. The Rectory, you know—I thought Wildon, my friend Wildon, was staying with an uncle who was a clergyman."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Prior. "I rent the Rectory. The rector thinks it is damp. The church is disused, too. It is not considered safe, and they can't afford to restore it. Claret to Mr. Desmond, Lopez." And the swarthy, blunt-faced man filled his glass.

"I find this place very convenient for my experiments. I dabble a little in chemistry, Mr. Desmond, and Verney here assists me."

Verney murmured something that sounded like "only too proud," and subsided.

"We all have our hobbies, and chemistry is mine," Mr. Prior went on. "Fortunately, I have a little income which enables me to indulge it. Wildon, my nephew, you know, laughs at me, and calls it the science of smells. But it's absorbing, very absorbing."

After dinner Verney faded away, and Desmond and his host stretched their feet to what Mr. Prior called a "handful of fire," for the evening had grown chill.

"And now," Desmond said, "won't you tell me the ghost story?"

The other glanced round the room.

"There isn't really a ghost story at all. It's only that—well, it's never happened to me personally, but it happened to Verney, poor lad, and he's never been quite his own self since."

Desmond flattered himself on his insight.

"Is mine the haunted room?" he asked.

"It doesn't come to any particular room," said the other, slowly, "nor to any particular person."

"Anyone may happen to see it?"

"No one sees it. It isn't the kind of ghost that's seen or heard."

"I'm afraid I'm rather stupid, but I don't understand," said Desmond, roundly. "How can it be a ghost, if you neither hear it nor see it?"

"I did not say it was a ghost," Mr. Prior corrected. "I only say that there is something about this house which is not ordinary. Several of my assistants have had to leave; the thing got on their nerves."

"What became of the assistants?" asked Desmond.

"Oh, they left, you know; they left," Prior answered, vaguely. "One couldn't expect them to sacrifice their health. I sometimes think—village gossip is a deadly thing, Mr. Desmond—that perhaps they were prepared to be frightened; that they fancy things. I hope the Psychical Society's expert won't be a neurotic. But even without being a neurotic one might—but you don't believe in ghosts, Mr. Desmond. Your Anglo-Saxon common sense forbids it."

"I'm afraid I'm not exactly Anglo-Saxon," said Desmond. "On my father's side I'm pure Celt; though I know I don't do credit to the race."

"And on your mother's side?" Mr. Prior asked, with extraordinary eagerness; an eagerness so sudden and disproportioned to the question that Desmond stared. A faint touch of resentment as suddenly stirred in him, the first spark of antagonism to his host.

"Oh," he said, lightly, "I think I must have Chinese blood, I get on so well with the natives in Shanghai, and they tell me I owe my nose to a Red Indian great grandmother."

"No negro blood, I suppose?" the host asked, with almost discourteous insistence.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Desmond answered. He meant to say it laughing, but he didn't. "My hair, you know—it's a very stiff curl it's got, and my mother's people were in the West Indies a few generations ago. You're interested in distinctions of race, I take it?"

"Not at all, not at all," Mr. Prior sur-

prisingly assured him; "but, of course, any details of your family are necessarily interesting to me. I feel," he added, with another of his winning smiles, "that you and I are already friends."

Desmond could not have reasoningly defended the faint quality of dislike that had begun to tinge his first pleasant sense of being welcomed and wished for as a guest.

"You're very kind," he said; "it's jolly of you to take in a stranger like this."

Mr. Prior smiled, handed the cigar-box, mixed whisky and soda, and began to talk about the history of the house.

"The foundations are almost certainly thirteenth century. It was a priory, you know. There's a curious tale, by the way, about the man Henry gave it to when he smashed up the monasteries. There was a curse; there seems always to have been a curse——"

The gentle, pleasant, high-bred voice went on. Desmond thought he was listening, but presently he roused himself and dragged his attention back to the words that were being spoken.

"——that made the fifth death. . . . There is one every hundred years, and always in the same mysterious way."

Then he found himself on his feet, incredibly sleepy, and heard himself say:—

"These old stories are tremendously interesting. Thank you very much. I hope you won't think me very uncivil, but I think I'd rather like to turn in; I feel a bit tired, somehow."

"But of course, my dear chap."

Mr. Prior saw Desmond to his room.

"Got everything you want? Right. Lock the door if you should feel nervous. Of course, a lock can't keep ghosts out, but I always feel as if it could," and with another of those pleasant, friendly laughs he was gone.

William Desmond went to bed a strong young man, sleepy indeed beyond his experience of sleepiness, but well and comfortable. He awoke faint and trembling, lying deep in the billows of the feather bed; and lukewarm waves of exhaustion swept through him. Where was he? What had happened? His brain, dizzy and weak at first, refused him any answer. When he remembered, the abrupt spasm of repulsion which he had felt so suddenly and unreasonably the night before came back to him in a hot, breathless flush. He had been drugged, he had been poisoned!

"I must get out of this," he told himself, and blundered out of bed towards the silken bell-pull that he had noticed the night before hanging near the door.

As he pulled it, the bed and the wardrobe and the room rose up round him and fell on him, and he fainted.

When he next knew anything someone was putting brandy to his lips. He saw Prior, the kindest concern in his face. The assistant, pale and watery-eyed. The swarthy manservant, stolid, silent, and expressionless. He heard Verney say to Prior:—

"You see it was too much—I told you——"

"Hush," said Prior, "he's coming to."

Four days later Desmond, lying on a wicker chair on the lawn, was a little disinclined for exertion, but no longer ill. Nourishing foods and drinks, beef-tea, stimulants, and constant care—these had brought him back to something like his normal state. He wondered at the vague suspicions, vaguely remembered, of that first night; they had all been proved absurd by the unwavering care and kindness of everyone in the Haunted House.

"But what caused it?" he asked his host, for the fiftieth time. "What made me make such a fool of myself?" And this time Mr. Prior did not put him off, as he had always done before by begging him to wait till he was stronger.

"I am afraid, you know," he said, "that the ghost really did come to you. I am inclined to revise my opinion of the ghost."

"But why didn't it come again?"

"I have been with you every night, you know," his host reminded him. And, indeed, the sufferer had never been left alone since the ringing of his bell on that terrible first morning.

"And now," Mr. Prior went on, "if you will not think me inhospitable, I think you will be better away from here. You ought to go to the seaside."

"There haven't been any letters for me, I suppose?" Desmond said, a little wistfully.

"Not one. I suppose you gave the right address? Ormehurst Rectory, Crittenden, Kent?"

"I don't think I put Crittenden," said Desmond. "I copied the address from your telegram." He pulled the pink paper from his pocket.

"Ah, that would account," said the other.

"You've been most awfully kind all through," said Desmond, abruptly.

"Nonsense, my boy," said the elder man, benevolently. "I only wish Willie had been

"THE OLD MAN SPRANG UPON DESMOND."

able to come. He's never written, the rascal! Nothing but the telegram to say he could not come and was writing."

"I suppose he's having a jolly time somewhere," said Desmond, enviously; "but look here—do tell me about the ghost, if there's anything to tell. I'm almost quite well now, and I *should* like to know what it was that made a fool of me like that."

"Well"—Mr. Prior looked round him at the gold and red of dahlias and sunflowers, gay in the September sunshine—"here, and now, I don't know that it could do any harm. You remember that story of the man who got this place from Henry VIII. and the curse? That man's wife is buried in a vault under the church. Well, there were legends, and I confess I was curious to see her tomb. There

are iron gates to the vault. Locked, they were. I opened them with an old key—and I couldn't get them to shut again."

"Yes?" Desmond said.

"You think I might have sent for a locksmith; but the fact is, there is a small crypt to the church, and I have used that crypt as a supplementary laboratory. If I had called anyone in to see to the lock they would have gossiped. I should have been turned out of my laboratory—perhaps out of my house."

"I see."

"Now, the curious thing is," Mr. Prior went on, lowering his voice, "that it is only since that grating was opened that this house has been what they call 'haunted.' It is since then that all the things have happened."

"What things?"

"People staying here, suddenly ill—just as you were. And the attacks always seem to indicate loss of blood. And——" He hesitated a moment. "That wound in your throat. I told you you had hurt yourself falling when you rang the bell. But that was not true. What *is* true is that you had on your throat just the same little white wound that all the others have had. I wish"—he frowned—"that I could get that vault gate shut again. The key won't turn."

"I wonder if I could do anything?" Desmond asked, secretly convinced that he *had* hurt his throat in falling, and that his host's story was, as he put it, "all moonshine." Still, to put a lock right was but a slight return for all the care and kindness. "I'm an engineer, you know," he added, awkwardly,

"FROM THE COFFIN ROSE A FORM,

HORRIBLY WHITE AND SHROUDED."

and rose. "Probably a little oil. Let's have a look at this same lock."

He followed Mr. Prior through the house to the church. A bright, smooth old key turned readily, and they passed into the building, musty and damp, where ivy crawled through the broken windows, and the blue sky seemed to be laid close against the holes in the roof. Another key clicked in the lock of a low door beside what had once been the Lady Chapel, a thick oak door grated back, and Mr. Prior stopped a moment to light a candle that waited in its rough iron candlestick on a ledge of the stonework. Then down narrow stairs, chipped a little at the edges and soft with dust. The crypt was Norman, very simply beautiful. At the end of it was a recess, masked with a grating of rusty ironwork.

"They used to think," said Mr. Prior, "that iron kept off witchcraft. This is the lock," he went on, holding the candle against the gate, which was ajar.

They went through the gate, because the lock was on the other side. Desmond worked a minute or two with the oil and feather that he had brought. Then with a little wrench the key turned and re-turned.

"I think that's all right," he said, looking up, kneeling on one knee, with the key still in the lock and his hand on it.

"May I try it?"

Mr. Prior took Desmond's place, turned the key, pulled it out, and stood up. Then the key and the candlestick fell rattling on the stone floor, and the old man sprang upon Desmond.

"Now I've got you," he growled, in the darkness, and Desmond says that his spring and his clutch and his voice were like the spring and the clutch and the growl of a strong savage beast.

Desmond's little strength snapped like a twig at his first bracing of it to resistance. The old man held him as a vice holds. He had got a rope from somewhere. He was tying Desmond's arms.

Desmond hates to know that there in the dark he screamed like a caught hare. Then he remembered that he was a man, and shouted "Help! Here! Help!"

But a hand was on his mouth, and now a handkerchief was being knotted at the back of his head. He was on the floor, leaning against something. Prior's hands had left him.

"Now," said Prior's voice, a little breathless, and the match he struck showed Desmond the stone shelves with long things on them—coffins he supposed. "Now, I'm sorry I had to do it, but science before friendship, my dear Desmond," he went on, quite courteous and friendly. "I will explain to you, and you will see that a man of honour could not act otherwise. Of course, you having no friends who know where you are is most convenient. I saw that from the first. Now I'll explain. I didn't expect you to understand by instinct. But no matter. I am, I say it without vanity, the greatest discoverer since Newton. I know how to modify men's natures. I can make men what I choose. It's all done by transfusion of blood. Lopez—you know, my man Lopez—I've pumped the blood of dogs into his veins, and he's my slave—like a dog. Verney, he's my slave, too—part dog's blood and partly the blood of people who've come from time to time to investigate the ghost, and partly my own, because I wanted him to be clever enough to help me. And there's a bigger thing behind all this. You'll understand me when I say"—here he became very technical indeed, and used many words that meant nothing to Desmond, whose thoughts dwelt more and more on his small chance of escape.

To die like a rat in a hole, a rat in a hole! If he could only loosen the handkerchief and shout again!

"Attend, can't you?" said Prior, savagely, and kicked him. "I beg your pardon, my dear chap," he went on, suavely, "but this is important. So you see the elixir of life is really the blood. The blood is the life, you know, and my great discovery is that to make a man immortal, and restore his youth, one only needs blood from the veins of a man who unites in himself blood of the four great races—the four colours, black, white, red, and yellow. Your blood unites these four. I took as much as I dared from you that night. I was the vampire, you know." He laughed pleasantly. "But your blood didn't act. The drug I had to give you to induce sleep probably destroyed the vital germs. And, besides, there wasn't enough of it. Now there is going to be enough!"

Desmond had been working his head against the thing behind him, easing the knot of the handkerchief down till it slipped from head to neck. Now he got his mouth free, and said, quickly:—

"That was not true what I said about the Chinamen and that. I was joking. My mother's people were all Devon."

"I don't blame you in the least," said Prior, quietly. "I should lie myself in your place."

And he put back the handkerchief. The

candle was now burning clearly from the place where it stood—on a stone coffin. Desmond could see that the long things on the shelves *were* coffins, not all of stone. He wondered what this madman would do with his body when everything was over. The little wound in his throat had broken out again. He could feel the slow trickle of warmth on his neck. He wondered whether he would faint. It felt like it.

"I wish I'd brought you here the first day—it was Verney's doing, my tinkering about with pints and half-pints. Sheer waste—sheer wanton waste!"

Prior stopped and stood looking at him.

Desmond, despairingly conscious of growing physical weakness, caught himself in a real wonder as to whether this might not be a dream—a horrible, insane dream—and he could not wholly dismiss the wonder, because incredible things seemed to be adding themselves to the real horrors of the situation, just as they do in dreams. There seemed to be something stirring in the place—something that wasn't Prior. No—nor Prior's shadow, either. That was black and sprawled big across the arched roof. This was white, and very small and thin. But it stirred, it grew—now it was no longer just a line of white, but a long, narrow, white wedge—and it showed between the coffin on the shelf opposite him and that coffin's lid.

And still Prior stood very still looking down on his prey. All emotion but a dull wonder was now dead in Desmond's weakened senses. In dreams—if one called out, one awoke—but he could not call out. Perhaps if one moved—— But before he could bring his enfeebled will to the decision of movement—something else moved. The black lid of the coffin opposite rose slowly—and then suddenly fell, clattering and echoing, and from the coffin rose a form, horribly white and shrouded, and fell on Prior and rolled with him on the floor of the vault in a silent, whirling struggle. The last thing Desmond heard before he fainted in good earnest was the scream Prior uttered as he turned at the crash and saw the white-shrouded body leaping towards him.

"It's all right," he heard next. And Verney was bending over him with brandy. "You're quite safe. He's tied up and locked in the laboratory. No. That's all right, too." For Desmond's eyes had turned towards the lidless coffin. "That was only me. It was the only way I could think of, to save you. Can you walk now? Let me help you, so. I've opened the grating. Come."

Desmond blinked in the sunlight he had never thought to see again. Here he was, back in his wicker chair. He looked at the sundial on the house. The whole thing had taken less than fifty minutes.

"Tell me," said he. And Verney told him in short sentences with pauses between.

"I tried to warn you," he said, "you remember, in the window. I really believed in his experiments at first—and—he'd found out something about me—and not told. It was when I was very young. God knows I've paid for it. And when you came I'd only just found out what really had happened to the other chaps. That beast Lopez let it out when he was drunk. Inhuman brute! And I had a row with Prior that first night, and he promised me he wouldn't touch you. And then he did."

"You might have told me."

"You were in a nice state to be told anything, weren't you? He promised me he'd send you off as soon as you were well enough. And he *had* been good to me. But when I heard him begin about the grating and the key I *knew*—so I just got a sheet and——"

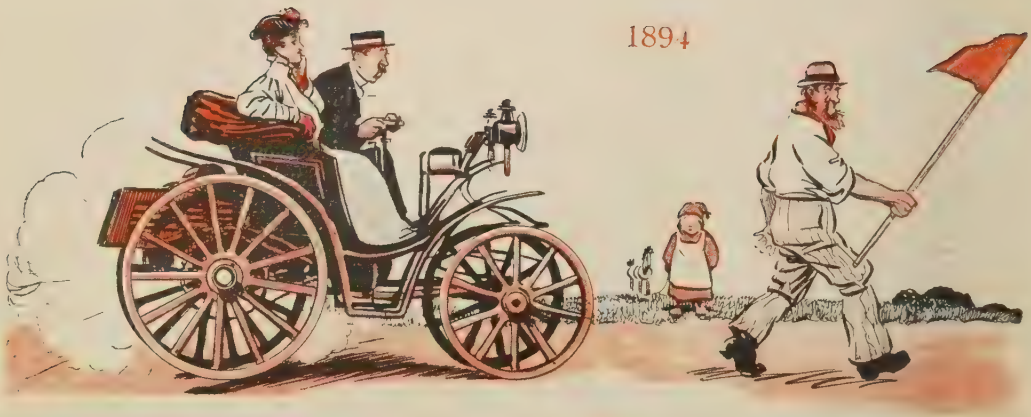
"But why didn't you come out before?"

"I didn't dare. He could have tackled me easily if he had known what he was tackling. He kept moving about. It had to be done suddenly. I counted on just that moment of weakness when he really thought a dead body had come to life to defend you. Now I'm going to harness the horse and drive you to the police-station at Crittenden. And they'll send and lock him up. Everyone knew he was as mad as a hatter, but somebody had to be nearly killed before anyone would lock him up. The law's like that, you know."

"But you—the police—won't they——"

"It's quite safe," said Verney, dully. "Nobody knows but the old man, and now nobody will believe anything he says. No, he never posted your letters, of course, and he never wrote to your friend, and he put off the Psychical man. No, I can't find Lopez; he must know that something's up. He's bolted."

But he had not. They found him, stubbornly dumb, but moaning a little, crouched against the locked grating of the vault when they came, a prudent half-dozen of them, to take the old man away from the Haunted House. The master was dumb as the man. He would not speak. He has never spoken since.



Motor-Cars: Yesterday and To-day.

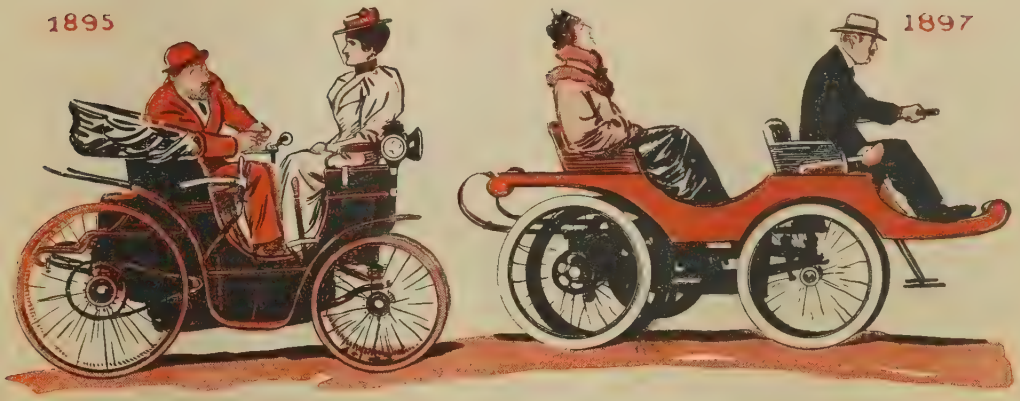
By LEONARD LARKIN.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

IT is everybody's commonplace that the motor-car has changed the face of our social life and the aspect of the roads; but I question if nine out of ten among us realize how intensely true that commonplace is; and none but the veteran motorist knows the change that fifteen years have made in the motor-car itself.

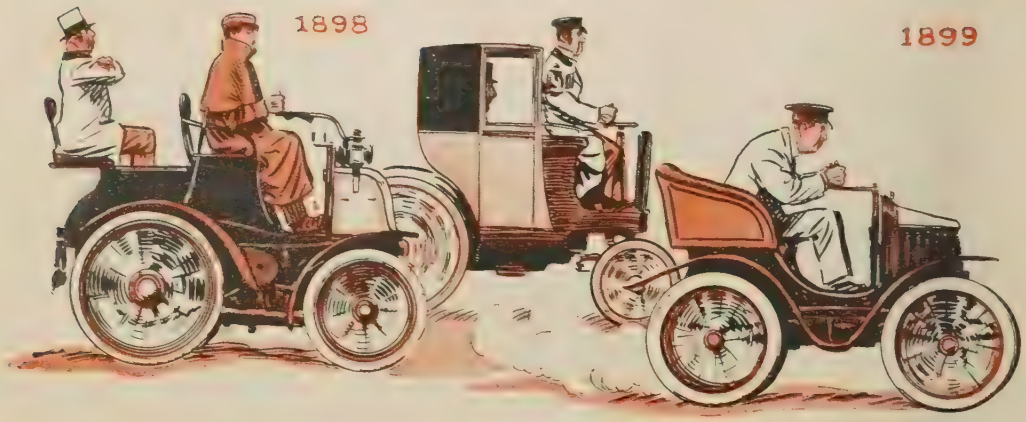
Within the last twenty years we have seen greater changes than any two centuries have witnessed before; but because we are living in it we are apt to be unaware of the transformation of the times. Most of us of mature years remember the roads much as they were a century before we were born: cobblestoned in the towns; almost deserted, and certainly very bad, in the country. We have seen three wholly new forms of travel arise and develop—the bicycle, the motor-car, and the aeroplane—each sufficient in itself to make a complete revolution in the habits of a population. Of the three, the aeroplane has been received with the greatest respect, though with as much doubt as the others; but the aeroplane does not travel in the road, and it is the peculiar property of any new instrument of road-travel to excite first hilarious ridicule and next furious anger. To-day the bicyclist is the chartered libertine of the highway; he disregards all rule and manner, and is a constant nuisance and anxiety to the driver of all other sorts of vehicles; but I can remember when he—or rather his predecessor, the cycling pioneer—went out on the road much as a solitary scout goes out into a hostile country swarming with enemy. His troubles were greeted with joy, and if some sportive pedestrian knocked him off his perch—as frequently happened—he had no remedy but to hammer his assailant on the spot, and stand the chance of being jailed for the assault.

Some people have found a difficulty in believing the simple fact that a great legal triumph, hailed with joy by the cyclists of the late 'seventies, was the decision that it was not a strictly legal amusement to hurl a cannon-ball on the end of a line through the wheel of any passing bicyclist on a tall machine. This is a simple statement of truth, and not a joke of mine. The cannon-ball and line were regularly carried by the guard of the St. Albans coach for the genial use I have described, and the mild fine at last reluctantly inflicted on the joker caused much astonishment in the community, being regarded as a serious invasion of popular privilege. In the early 'eighties it was almost



impossible to ride through High Street, Hammersmith, without being fined the maximum sum for furious driving by a certain magistrate who was only excited to rage by any attempt at defence, and whose invariable comment was, "Bicycles are a nuisance, and I am very sorry that I am unable to send you to prison." No doubt we are nearing the time when motorists will be tolerated as bicyclists are; yet it is only a very few years since a certain reverend gentleman was convicted of lashing motorists across the face with a whip as he met them; and I, who went through all the agonies of bicycle pioneering, have only of late found a majority of horse drivers who will allow my car room to pass. It is far from a large majority even now.

The first approach to a motor-car which I remember was a steam tricycle, shown by a certain Bateman, of Greenwich, at the Stanley Cycle Show of 1881. It was a perfectly practicable and reasonable vehicle, and I believe orders were taken for it. But the inventor had forgotten the wise laws of his country. He ventured out on the roads with his tricycle, and the British Constitution stood aghast. This nefarious instrument violated every possible law and order. To the flagrant immorality of wheels less than four inches in diameter it added the shameful felony of a speed over two miles an hour, the foul sin of being in charge of less than three men, and the satanic crime of having nobody walking in front with a red flag. The moral sense of the community was shaken to its foundations, and the unprincipled malefactor was duly punished. He had the effrontery to appeal, but that appeal was treated with the same righteous severity as the crime, and the motor-car industry in England was thus happily strangled at its birth, long before the advent of its younger brothers in France and Germany, where a Continental laxity of

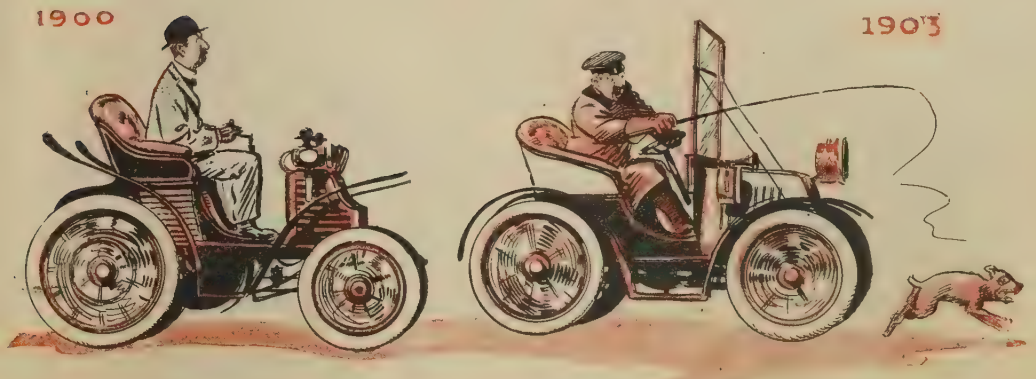


morals allowed an enormous trade to grow up before any Englishman could put power-driven wheels on the road without guilt.

It was fifteen years after the Bateman rebellion that at last a mechanically-propelled vehicle might travel in this country without a standard-bearer leading the procession on foot. Meantime motors had been made and used with impunity on the Continent for five or six years. There is a French car of 1891 still on the road. It was on the 14th of November, 1896, that the great celebration took place in honour of the legalization of what had been so wicked before—the travelling in an automobile. A great combined run to Brighton took place, starting from Northumberland Avenue. Several cars out of the scores starting reached the destination, but more stopped to rest on the way. It was on this happy occasion that one observer described a motor-car as a vehicle that "barks like a dog and smells like a cat."

The speed limit at this time was fourteen miles an hour, and not many of the cars used were capable of actually exceeding it, though magistrates often convicted them of doing so. The cars of the late 'nineties and the early twentieth century were diverse in design and exasperating in action—or inaction. The engine was sometimes in front, sometimes behind, sometimes underneath in the middle. The seats were sometimes facing, sometimes side by side, sometimes back to back, and always uncomfortable. Our costumes had their peculiarities, too. At first we went out in top-hats and tail-coats, or anything that we might have on. There were no wind-screens in those days, so we lost the hats; but there was always plenty of oil, and we soaked the tail-coats in it. Then it struck us that something must be done, and we suddenly came out in leather. It was very necessary, too.

The leather was warm, and some sort of warmth was needed on a screenless car in cold weather. The leather kept the oil out, too—a very desirable thing for such of us as were our own mechanics, which most of us were in those enthusiastic times, when the motorist was apt to reach home—we did reach home sometimes—feeling like a sardine and smelling like a soap-works. The suit of leather was warm also when we wished to keep cool. An hour's struggle with a tyre, or a desperate wrestle with—any other part you like, they all gave us wrestling-matches—was more than warming enough in itself, to temper and person; but in a suit of leather armour, on a hot day, it would make you envy the stokers on an Eastern liner.

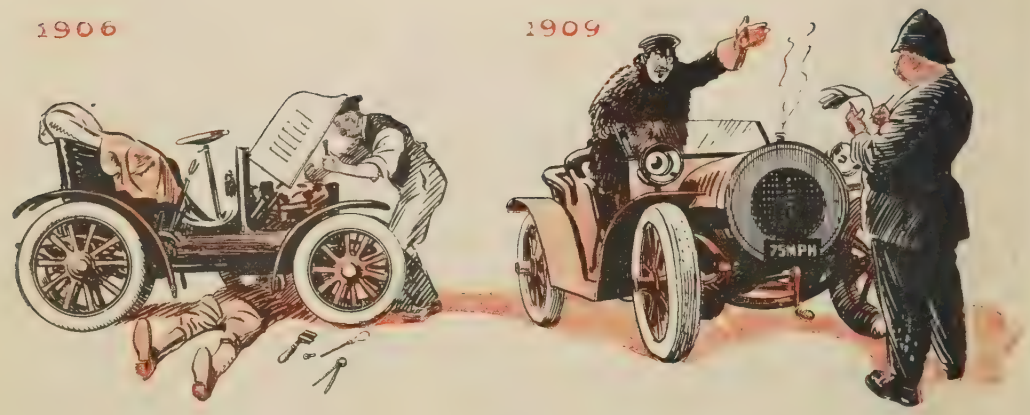


Then a little later it became customary to employ drivers—chauffeurs in the imported phrase, shovers in the facetious vernacular—to whom the leather clothes were given while the owner "threatened the world in high astounding" furs. Some of the most terrifying appearances ever erected on two legs were motorists of ten years ago or so in bearskin coats and bull's-eye goggles. The goggles were amazing, but all the same very necessary in the days before wind-screens. Pure wind alone would make a strong man weep like a crocodile when he met it full face on a car—even such a car as we drove then; and, as a matter of fact, the wind was rarely pure, but highly adulterated with blinding dust of microbic characteristics. This led to the use, not only of goggles, but of leather masks with goggles inserted, and as the ladies were naturally disposed to be especially careful of their eyes and complexions they commonly assumed an even more paralyzing appearance than their husbands. Then some of us carried long whips wherewith to save the lives of dogs inclined to suicide under our wheels. But now these have been rendered unnecessary by a very decided improvement in the dogs.

But, after all, the cars themselves provided most of the fun. The first motor-car ride of my own that I can remember was of some twelve miles in a Benz.

It took us about an hour and a half of furious driving, and we repaired the driving-belt four times on the way. The engine was at the back; and in the front, where modern cars wear their bonnets, was a large tool-chest, filled up to the lid with every implement I have ever seen in a blacksmith's shop, except the anvil and the forge. They were not there for ornament, either, and we handled most of them in that twelve miles. The car was the property of a friend, a mechanical genius, who greeted every breakdown with a grin of fiendish delight, and plunged into his tool-chest as a dog plunges at a bone. He was greasy all over, his hands and face were grimed and smudged, and the greasier he got the more he smiled. If only that car had fallen into its seven hundred odd separate pieces in one crash, he would have reached the topmost summit of human felicity. To start the engine he plunged in at the opposite end to the tool-chest, and tugged madly at the fly-wheel, till it went off with a bang and a rattle and flung half a gallon of oil all over him. Then he emerged triumphant, with the lubricant trickling down his smiling countenance, and often got the car moving before the belt broke again.

That man has a fine modern car now, long and low and silent, which ticks away as long as you choose to drive it, like



a four-hundred-day clock; and you might drive it a hundred miles to your wedding and step out of it speckless. He sits at the wheel with a face of settled gloom, and waits for the breakdown that never comes—a pathetically expectant, disappointed, and soured man. Some day I believe he will set out to collect his old Benz again and be happy once more. He will know where to find the engine; it is driving a private electric-light installation. And here is a tip for anybody who wants a cheap engine to light his house. Find an old Benz. It will need a deal of finding nowadays, I believe, but you will get it cheap—a few pounds. The engine will be as good as new, or very nearly—those engines were made to last—and it will drive your dynamo as well as the swellest gas-engine you can buy.

Such times as we had on those old cars! To be stranded at midnight in some barren spot with a thing that not only wouldn't go, but even refused to be shoved, was a situation to be treated with the calm of a well-accustomed philosopher. We carried canvas collapsible buckets which leaked water all down us, wherewith to fill the cooling tank from any convenient ditch. The careful took a piece of waterproof canvas to lie on in the road when it was necessary to get at the mechanism from beneath—as it usually was. The careless took no canvas, and lay in the mud; which, after all, was very little worse when you considered the black oil, the hot water, the petrol, mud, and stray nuts and bolts which dropped into the eyes and mouths equally of the men who lay either on the canvas or in the mud. The artful person who wished to buy a car in those days didn't go unrestrainedly to the maker and pay a high price, he took steps to be on hand at break-downs, when the wretched owner, vexed and disgusted, would offer to sell the thing for anything to get rid of it. My friend with the Benz acquired it in this cunning way.

When that historic run to Brighton took place, in November, 1896, everybody—that is, everybody not a motorist, practically the same thing—grinned at the sight of a car. There seemed to be something inherently and ineradicably humorous in the mere sight of a mechanically-driven vehicle, which prompted chuckles of superior

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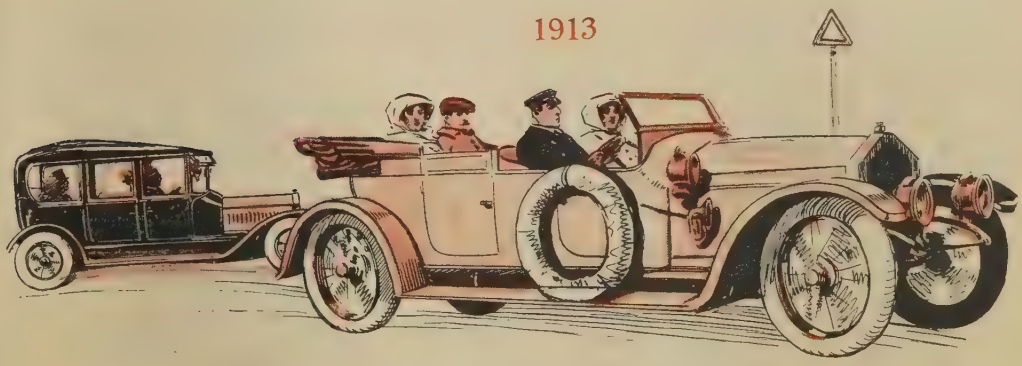


mirth among the human species; more especially any of the human species who chanced to be drawn, at the time, in a horsed vehicle. Anybody who could overcome his giggles sufficiently to talk seriously stigmatized the new instruments as useless nuisances, stink-traps, rattle-boxes — anything uncomplimentary he could think of. Everybody prophesied that no more would be seen of the things after a few months, when the feather-headed cranks who drove them had all been blown up, and the remains decently buried. But it is astonishing to observe how difficult it is to find anybody nowadays who said all these things and smiled all those smiles sixteen or eighteen years ago. I have been going about for the last year trying to find somebody to whom I might say "I told you so," and at whose expense I might enjoy the virtuous triumph of the person who can conscientiously fling that sentence at whoever deserves it. But I can't find any such creature. One and all strenuously deny the faintest *fin-de-siècle* chuckle, and all claim to have foreseen the triumphant rise of the automobile from the very beginning. It seems clear that all the smilers of 1896 must have died in the interval—of over-smiling, no doubt.

The triumph of motoring began when a number of people discovered it was expensive. Then there was a rush of people who envy the distinction of incurring expense, and the gay millionaire was impelled to pay hundreds of pounds on the top of the car's price for the mere privilege of getting his name higher on the delivery list than some poor creature who had paid one or two hundreds less for a similar privilege. The trade drew in money by the sackful, and handed out great lumps of tribulation on wheels which are now urgently desired—at lower prices—for museums.

To-day a new first-rate car runs with the certainty and regularity of a mail-train, and with none of its noise; but there will be many changes and improvements yet. I can recollect the cyclists of 1879 sagely deciding that no improvement was possible in the bicycles of that day. And yet there have been some!

We are indebted to Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., the well-known motor specialists, for supplying our artist with descriptions of the early motor costumes.

THE JOURNAL by BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by REX OSBORNE

CHAPTER I.

YESTERDAY I got a feeling I never had before—a feeling of complete satisfaction—not wanting anything to be different. It was not enjoyment, for most days I think I enjoy myself. It was something more quiet and subtle. It was a kind of glow of contentment all over me. There was no reason for it that I could find out, and it lasted from somewhere about the middle of luncheon until I fell asleep at night. It was simply heavenly.

In the morning I was not quite happy. Nita and Ambrose came over at twelve, and I hardly saw Nita at all, because I was having a lesson. It is a most extraordinary thing that one's sister should be married and go away with a man, and look very different when she comes back. She was quite affectionate, but something seemed to have come between us. Uncle Edward had a man sitting to him all the morning and brought him in to luncheon. He is really an ugly man, but I think he invented something, so the King made him a knight, and now they are giving him his portrait by Uncle Edward. But it does not seem to me to be a very kind thing to give an ugly man his portrait. He has most enormous eyebrows and stares at one from underneath them, and looks as if he was plotting murders. At first he would talk to me a good deal, and that rather bothered me. It was not only shyness. Old people like that do not really know and understand one. I like to hear them talking; sometimes I cannot quite understand, and it is

OF AURA LOVEL

fascinating. But I do not like to talk much to them, because I feel that I am being judged by what I say. There was a girl at school who told me that with the old people one should never say what one really thinks, and then they will like you; but she was not a very nice sort of girl. Of course, I had to answer Sir John when he spoke to me. It was mostly questions about myself—was I fond of this or that?—what games did I play?—what did I do with myself all day? And then, quite suddenly, "Did you ever have a nightmare?" I don't know why he asked that. Everybody laughed, and he laughed too.

Then he gave me up and talked to Aunt Editha and Nita. Nita wore the dress that she went away in after her wedding, and looked rather triumphant. I love to watch Nita talking about something which really does not matter, such as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, just as if she were deeply interested in it. She does it so well. As he talked, I noticed that Sir John had got hair on the back of his hands. I think he ought to do something about it. Uncle Edward and Ambrose were talking together about the decoration of Nita's new house—uncle keeping one eye on the clock, because he grudges the time for luncheon when he is painting. So there was I left all alone listening. Then the state of deliciousness began. I began to like the colours of things very much. The sunlight coming in at the window fell on those very old Chinese embroideries, and I liked it. I liked the colour of things on the table—hot-scented tulips with cool leaves, and silver things that looked very pure and bright like angels' wings, but were really salt-cellars. I liked yellowish-green against warm brown, which only means that I liked the way cutlets and green peas looked. There are times when colour seems to be almost everything one wants.

I had to go away early from luncheon to be in time for my dancing lesson. Next year I am not to have any more lessons (come soon, next year!), except in something that I

"THEN HE GAVE ME UP AND TALKED TO AUNT EDITHA AND NITA."

specially like. Just as I was closing the door I heard the ugly man say, "What marvellous eyes!" and I knew he must have been speaking about me. I do not like him very much, because it is not possible to like a man very much who looks as if he ought to run up a tree and eat cocoanuts. But I dare say his soul is all right. And I was very pleased with what he said. It is the loveliest thing to know that just after you have gone out of the room one of the persons you have left there has said something to praise you. But it is very rare, and one hardly ever does know. When I was at school we had a debate as to whether it was more vain to be pleased when you were praised or not to be pleased. It was decided by one vote that it was more vain not to be pleased. But that did not really settle it, because it was a chance. Julia Marks had to go out of the debate because her nose began to bleed, and she said afterwards she would have voted the other way.

While I was getting ready to go out I looked so happy that I kissed myself in my looking-glass, and I said to her in a whisper, "I like you very much, although your hair is red. And there is just a possibility that you may have got marvellous eyes." It was very mad and satisfying.

So I started out by the track across the fields to Madame's house. There were cows in the first field, because they are not shutting it up for hay this year. It is a great secret and nobody has ever found it out, but I am afraid of cows when I am quite alone. But to-day, because everything had to be good, just as I got to the gate up came a grocer's boy. He was a very jaunty boy and swung a square empty basket with partitions in it for siphons, and whistled with such tremendous force that it sounded as if it must be done by machinery. I kept near to him all the way through the field, and had no fear. Madame was in an almost sweet temper and let me do one of my own dances at the end of the lesson. On my way back I found another companion for the cow field. This time it was a very small girl in a sun-bonnet, and she could not have protected me from anything. But any human being, even a child, keeps my fears away. I made friends with the little girl, though she was rather shy at first, and asked her if she was afraid of the cows. It turned out that she was the daughter of the farmer who owned them, so they were just like brothers and sisters to her. She picked up a stone off the path and threw it at a cow, to show that she did not care.

I want to know all about fear. Why am I afraid of cows and not in the least afraid of dogs or horses? Why am I not afraid of cows if anybody, however small, is with me? Why am I more afraid some days than others? Is everybody secretly afraid of something? Why is it that sometimes—perhaps two or three nights in the year—I am afraid of the darkness and of feeling things touch me in the dark, while all the other nights I fear nothing of that kind?

When I got back the house was dim and warm and quiet, and I wanted it to be like that. Nita and Ambrose had returned to London. Aunt Editha had gone to call on a woman who she hoped would be out (the old people do funny things sometimes). Uncle Edward and the ugly man were shut up in the studio, and would probably remain there while the light lasted. On the table in the hall I found a little note that Nita had left for me. It said: "Dearest Little Sister,—I am so sorry to go away without saying good-bye. I have not seen you enough,

"I SPREAD MY RUG IN THE ORCHARD."

nd when I did it was strange, somehow. But I have lots and lots to tell you, and I ove you as much as ever, and as soon as our ouse is finished you are to come and stay vith us in London. Ambrose thinks you ave grown and tells me to give you his love. Your most happy sister, NITA." And that ook away the little tinge of sadness I had ecause Nita had not been very confidential.

Then I went into the morning-room, and he pictures all opened their eyes as I came n and the chairs were waiting for me. But I vould not stay, because it was the warmest fternoon we have had this year and the sun vas shining. I made a small collection of ooks and took a rug and went out.

I spread my rug in the orchard, where the pple-trees are in blossom, and there I lay and eard the bees and the birds, and did nothing or a while very pleasantly. Then I turned o my books. One was a book of antiquities, nd I read about the Roman baths. The Romans had some good ideas, but I think hey were pigs to put oil on themselves. My ext book was a folio in manuscript, belonging to some far-back ancestress of mine. In t are recipes and remedies, full of quaint bbreviations and mis-spellings, written very eatly in ink that is now brown with age. The paper is faintly yellow, and has a beautiful water-mark. Some of the remedies are very shocking and plain-spoken—but then it was all so long ago. There is one which is equally good for "the Small Pox not kindly coming out," or for "the biting of a Madd Dogg." (Those double letters make the dog seem so much madder.) And this was given "to Sr Jeof. Irwell's Daughter by Dr. King, the Bishop of Chichester, and by her taken in the small pox with good success after yt all the Physicians had given her over." So it must have been very good. "*Probat est*," writes the dear housewife who made the book. It is Aunt Editha's book, and she values it very highly.

Wilson brought tea out to me because I was all alone. (Uncle Edward and the sitter had tea taken into the studio.) I like tea in the orchard, though it is rather difficult to drink when one is lying on one's face. Yes, and there was a new kind of biscuit, which died quite peacefully; I prefer them to the noisy biscuits.

And afterwards I took the book that I had left till the last. I read the poem of "The Blessed Damozel," whose eyes were deeper than the depth of waters stilled at even. I read it for the first time last spring, and have read it so many times since that I think I know it almost by heart. Very far away it takes you—very far, right up to the bar of heaven. It is ecstasy.

And presently, when the sun was nearly set, Uncle Edward came through the trees towards me. He has the face of Don Quixote. He had no hat. He never wears an avoidable hat. He hates hats.

Nita says that Uncle Edward is an inspired child. If he is painting he is hardly human while the light lasts, and resents everything and rages. When he has finished painting for the day he becomes placid, plaintive, and quaint. He hates hats and geraniums and business of all sorts, but he makes up for it by loving quite a lot of unexpected things. Sometimes if I ask him if I may do anything he says, "How should I know? Ask the manager." By that he means Aunt Editha. I do not know what on earth he would have done if he had not married Aunt Editha. He is a man who absolutely needs to be managed and arranged.

"WELL, AURA, DEAR, WHAT'S ALL THE RAPTURE ABOUT?"

He began to grumble to me about Sir John, because he had bolted for London and there was still nearly half an hour of good light. But, as I said, he would have missed his train if he had stayed.

"Well," said Uncle Edward, thoughtfully, "as far as I am concerned, he is perfectly free to miss his train. Other people miss trains. I have done it myself frequently." And then he began to devour the biscuits that I had left.

I said that I thought Sir John was quite hideous. "Is he?" said Uncle Edward, as if no question of Sir John's appearance had ever occurred to him. "There's character there, you know; certainly there's character. Strong head, I should say. Nothing is ugly to the beautiful mind. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, no."

He looked a little disappointed, and finished a biscuit in silence and meditation. "No more do I," he said, finally; "but it sounded all right. Things do."

Then I drove him away from the biscuits, because it was quite near dinner-time, and we went back to the house together. He had my rug fantastically draped about him, and looked very foreign indeed.

There were just the three of us at dinner. I talked a little, but not very much, because it was more pleasant to listen to them. But all that I heard came dimly, as if from afar, and often I did not hear at all, because I was in a sort of delightful day-dream. Just at the end, as I was pouring a little red wine over my strawberries, Aunt Editha stared at me and said: "Well, Aura, dear, what's all the rapture about?"

I blushed just as if I had been found out in something. "I'm tremendously happy," I said. "I don't think I know why."

I don't know now. It was not only that things had pleased me. The Kingdom of Heaven, I suppose, is within you. I think that things that day might have been quite different, and I should still have been celestially happy.

But as soon as I had said that Aunt Editha got quite serious. "Oh, my dear child, don't say that. That kind of happiness is desperately unlucky." Aunt Editha is quite practical, but she believes in all the old superstitions.

"Perhaps it is just spring-time," I said.

"That's better. That gives the reason. It's vague, though; very vague."

After dinner they played piquet and I went to bed early, because I meant to have a prolonged and luxurious bath with some Ancient Roman additions which I had thought of. I think that people who always take their baths in just exactly the same way must be very dull people.

Just as I was getting into bed I heard the piano. People say that if Uncle Edward had not been a painter he would have been a musician. He sang "Himmels Augen," and it was very beautiful. Then there was a little silence, and then chains and bolts rattled and there were footsteps on the stairs. Everybody had gone to bed and I was alone in the world.

So I thought I would be an Egyptian. I have often done it. You lie on your back in the middle of your bed with your legs straight out and your feet together, and your nightdress wrapped as tightly as possible round you. Then you put your arms straight down by your sides and close your eyes, and think about the Nile and the Sphinx. You keep on thinking, and in a while the train passing in the distance makes

he sound of dusky fingers tapping the parchment of the drum and the dervishes come out and dance furiously, and you fall asleep.

I am sixteen years old, and yet I do that.

To-day I bought a note-book and wrote down this good day in it, so as to remember it all afterwards. It is pleasant to have a book that you can really be silly in.

I have got new peach-coloured curtains in my room, and every night I sleep with those curtains drawn right back and the window wide open, so that I may wake early. For that is the time when one can think about the strange big things. After I have had breakfast, and read stray bits out of the newspaper, and quarrelled with our old gardener, and taken a music-lesson, I think less about the strange big things and more about the ordinary little things. In my bed early in the morning I see blue sky and tree-tops and flying pigeons—the top part of the world, and none of the lower part. Perhaps that is why.

In bed this morning I was wondering how I came to be what I am, and where I was before I came here. They told me a great deal about where I should go after death, when I was being prepared for confirmation. (It is not long ago that I was confirmed, but it seems very long ago, because I have read so much since.) But where was I before I came here? They have made no answer to that.

I am glad this house has a garden that goes right down to the Thames. I get a swim in the river every morning. Presently I was marching down the lawn in my swimming things with a most enormous towel wrapped round me. I hate skimp in anything, but more especially in bath towels.

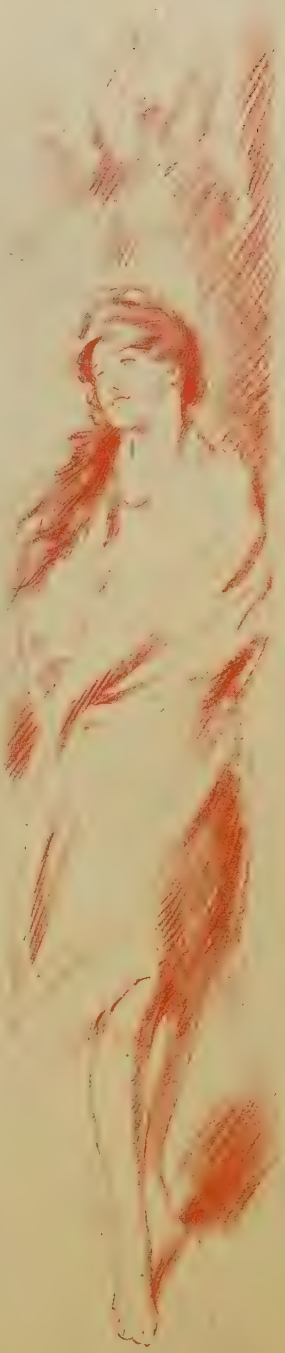
And when I came back I was not thinking about any of the strange big things at all. I was just wondering what I would do during the day.

CHAPTER II.

As I came back from bathing this morning I stopped at the bottom of the garden and devoured strawberries that were hot from the sun. That reminded me that I had not written in my journal for some weeks. The last time I wrote we had shop strawberries that had come from Kamschatka, or were forced under glass, or something. And now we have our own ripe in the garden.

Sir John comes here no longer. His portrait is finished. He sent me a perfect chest—you could not call it a box—of different kinds of chocolates, and on the card inside he had written: "Something to get nightmares with." He is too curious. He knows everything there is to know about electricity, and he never, never talks about it. This is a pity, because he might give some interesting information. He always makes me talk about myself, which gives one a very uncomfortable feeling. Oh, and he tried to buy my portrait. It is the one that Uncle Edward had in the Academy last year, and it hangs in his studio. But Uncle Edward will not sell it, and I think he was rather rude about it.

I have paid one flying visit to Sloane Street. I was only there for one night, but I am to go back again and make a longer stay soon. I liked it very much. Nita and Ambrose took me to a theatre (pure rot, but that didn't matter), and afterwards Ambrose said we had better go to a tramps' shelter for some food, but it was



"PRESENTLY I WAS MARCHING DOWN THE LAWN IN MY SWIMMING THINGS."

"WHY SHOULD I TALK ABOUT WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT?"

really an hotel on the Embankment. An astounding thing has happened to Nita—a thing I would never have believed of her. She has got really and definitely interested in politics. I suppose it is because Ambrose is to go into Parliament. She tried to make me interested as well. But why should I talk about Welsh Disestablishment when there is a Persian kitten in the room? Ambrose only laughed. He said I was "charmingly detached from the realities of life." That is the kind of thing he says. He is very good-looking and desperately well-dressed. But he is quite kind at heart and Nita adores him. It must be very pleasant to adore somebody.

Just at present I have fallen in love with the night. (I am always falling in love with something or other.) Always now when I go to bed I lean out of the window and look at the night for a long time. I wish I were down there in the scented garden, so that the white flowers might not think they were shining in the dark for nothing. I wish I were in a boat on the river all by myself, not rowing, but drifting with the current. I wish I were cycling along the road which looks so white in the moonlight. But, alas! there seems to be a fixed rule that girls may not go out at night alone. Boys may, but not girls. Also, I do not want this summer ever to end. I cannot bear the winter. Uncle Edward says that winter enables one to see the architecture of the trees. I don't like the look of skeletons myself. Oh, I must get out into the night some time soon. I must plan it. I must find a way. I know that somewhere out there the sweetest adventure must be waiting for me.

I am glad I am to go to Nita's for a few days at the end of the season, because I love Nita, and because even a short visit to London restores my passion for the country. It comes up fresh again, like something that has been sent to the cleaners. One sees the garden with new eyes, and at night at dinner one crushes a little slip of lemon verbena in one's finger-bowl and drinks in the scent of it with as much delight as if one had never done it before. Of course, there are flowers in London. Nita's house is full of them. But they are all shop flowers. They have only come there to die. That is rather a sad thought, for I love almost all flowers. I am a little doubtful about Michaelmas daisies. They walk last in the flower procession and sing the National Anthem and say the summer is all over.

I cannot imagine myself living in any place where there was no river and no garden. Yet, I suppose, if my father and mother had not died when I was a baby I should never have come to live here at all. I cannot imagine being without the things that I want. Every now and then I hear people talk about money, and that gives me a peep into lives quite different from mine. I never, never think about money. I suppose I should if I had not got everything I want.

Everything—except the beauty of these summer nights that I only see from the outside.

It is done. I have planned it all. It is a wicked, delicious secret. I planned it one night a week after I last wrote in my journal. I am going to see the night from inside. I am going out into it. I am going to do it as soon as I come back from Nita's. No one will know. After everyone is asleep I shall flee across the lawn and out through the side

gate into the lane, and away and away. I shall go into the new kind of life that only goes on at night.

And it will be quite safe, too. Boys may go out alone at night, and that figure which crosses the lawn in the dark will be me, but it will also be a boy. I shall get the clothes in London. I know I ought not to do it, but I cannot help doing it. The holidays have come, and Satan is finding the mischief. But it is not all mischief. I spend a great deal of time reading. The people at the circulating library are beginning to hate me, because I change my books so often. But to-morrow I go to Nita's, and she has a library full of books for me to wallow in. I wonder if reading is bad for the complexion. Almost everything that is at all nice is supposed to be bad for it.

"WE FLOATED ALONG GUIDED BY ONE WILL WHICH BELONGED TO BOTH OF US."

What else is there to say? I washed my hair this morning and never did it up again all day. So I felt like a saint out of a stained-glass window. I do Swedish exercises every morning now. Yesterday I told Ewan to cut me a whole lot of syringa for a bowl in my room, and he said it was not syringa but *Philadelphus singularis*. What a pig of a word! Gardeners can have no souls. Psyche, my cat, was lost for two days, came back thin and penitent, ate all she could get, and has slept almost continuously ever since. I have taken to writing poetry, but none of it is on show at present. As a rule I have to stop in the middle, because of some trouble about a rhyme. I can get something to rhyme, but the thing I can get is not just exactly what I mean to say. Of course, one may write poetry without rhymes, but it never seems to me to be quite cricket, though Milton did it. We have started goldfish in the basin of the fountain in the garden. Goldfish and ladybirds are mechanical toys, and not real live things. I think that is all, except that I am in a great state of excitement.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE just come back from Nita's. It is absolutely pathetic that Nita and Ambrose (six and seven years older than myself) should take all the trouble for me that they do. I enjoyed myself till I was almost tired of enjoyment, and I cannot even begin to write down all the lovely things I saw and heard. But Nita took me to one small dance, though I am not, strictly speaking, out, and I must write something about that.

For there I met the dancer of the world, the one and only, the dream-boy, the prince of fairyland! When I began the first dance with him I was glad our steps fitted so well. But quite soon we forgot all about steps, and there were no such things at all; we floated along guided by one will which belonged to both of us. The fact that there were still some people alive and dancing on the same floor with us made me a little contemptuous, but caused no actual discomfort. The band played for us only. It was glorious. After the first dance he said to me: "It looks as if this ought to go on."

So I said: "Yes?"

I danced ten dances with him, and I ought not to have done it; some of them were already promised. I believe I am getting really wicked.

If his name had not been Barker I should most certainly have fallen in love with him. I cannot and will not fall in love with anybody named Barker. As a dancer he is everything I said. Otherwise he is dead and buried. I was taken down to supper by the British Army. It seemed conscious of its worth but

was good-looking. I only had one bad dance all the evening. I do not think a man who is suffering from locomotor ataxy, paralysis agitans, housemaid's knee, cramp, and ignorance ought to ask nice people to dance with him at all.

I had made up my mind to buy clothes in London for the boy who wants to wander about at night. But it could not be done, for when I was out I was never alone. At least, the only time I was alone I was in Nita's car, and I could not bring myself to tell the footman to tell the driver to stop at the kind of shop I wanted.

None the less I have got the clothes. I got them on my way back. I had to change at Stavenham, where the local train here was waiting for me. But I decided to miss that local train and take one which went an hour later.

I found a tailor's shop that looked good enough but not too good. It made things to order, but it had ready-made things as well. The man in the shop was the politest man (except our grocer) I have ever met. I was not in the least embarrassed, and I did not attempt to give any explanation. If you offer an explanation you may not be believed, but if you offer none people believe that none is needed.

(It is a pretty good thing for a girl of sixteen to have discovered this, but I am very nearly seventeen.)

I gave the tailor the boy's height, and said he was rather slightly built. I wanted a nice country suit for him that he could go to church in on Sunday. After that the blessed tailor always alluded to him as my *protégé*. I got a dark blue serge suit of the normal male hideousness. Then I went into another shop and bought the *protégé* some collars and a dark blue silk necktie and a cap.

"I LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE CHEVAL GLASS."

After that I left it to fate. I made up my mind that if I were asked what was in those parcels I would tell the whole truth and say why I wanted them. If I were not asked I would go on with my secret. Fate decided that both Uncle Edward and Aunt Editha should be out when I arrived home. There were no questions at all.

Last night I tried these awful clothes on. Why do men make everything button the wrong way? My principal trouble was with my hair. I thought I could pack it all up very tightly under the cap, but there is too much of it, and that did not do a bit. The best way seems to be to wear it down, but fastened back and hidden between the coat and waistcoat. Luckily the collar of the coat comes up rather high. It is only at night that I shall be wearing these things, and so I think it will be all right. In the day-time it would be too risky. I never bought the little pig any shoes, and of course mine have high heels and won't do, but I can wear tennis shoes.

When I had quite finished my disguise I looked at myself in the cheval glass.

It was too absolutely appalling.

The boy in the glass looked smaller and

younger than I am. But he was not pretty, whereas I am really not bad. He looked insignificant. But the ghastly, grisly thing about it was that that boy was staring at me out of the glass with a girl's eyes. Nothing one can do would ever get the eyes right. Yet does it matter very much? I shall only have to look at the little horror in the glass once before I start out, and it will be too dark for anybody else to see him properly. (How glad very ugly people, like Sir John, must be in the night-time!)

It is done. The boy has been out into the night. I started at eleven and came back at half-past twelve, and I am all right, and my secret is my secret.

Some time ago I bought a little electric pocket-lamp. It was one of those ingenious things that you buy because they are ingenious and not because you want them. It did not give much light, but it was enough to guide me down the stairs and along the passages. I went out through the garden room. There are some big wickerwork chairs there, and as I was unfastening the door one of them squealed at me and frightened me horribly. All the time I was listening intently, and I suppose that is the reason why the sound seemed louder than it really was. The gravel path seemed to roar like the shingle on a beach when my feet touched it. But that was only for a moment. I soon skipped on to the grass. I went up by the lane into the high road, but I did not remain on the road. I was a little afraid of meeting people. But when I turned into the fields the cows were there. I said to myself very sternly: "Being a boy, you are not afraid of cows any more." As a matter of fact most of them were lying down, and two who were still at supper were in the far corner of the field and took no notice of me. Anyhow, I was not troubled with fears in the least. I climbed up through three fields and then turned back to look at the Thames.

I have seen that kind of thing in pictures before, but only in pictures. It was entrancing and quite new. Then I climbed into the plantation and wandered about there. It was very dark and mysterious, and queer little sounds came every now and then from things that were still awake and moving. It was just like being on a desert island. It was quite out of the world. When I came out on the other side of the plantation I was tired. So I lay flat on my back in the grass and looked at the stars, and saw at once that this was much the best way to look at the stars. Suddenly I found I was going to sleep, so I sprang to my feet and went home. I got back to my own room without any adventure. I must do this again. There is rapture mingled with fear in these night wanderings. But I must not do it too often, for at breakfast Aunt Editha said that my eyes looked tired, and asked if I had slept well.

Uncle Edward is a genius, really. I have been thinking about his portrait of Sir John. It was quite like him. You could not say it was flattered in any particular point, and yet what you saw in the portrait was principally the strength of the man. Looking at it, you quite forgot that he was really ugly. Now how is that done? I asked Uncle Edward, and he said he wished he knew. "I paint what I see, and no two people see the same things."

I suppose that is true, and it makes life very interesting. I seem one thing to myself and something a little different to everybody else who looks at me, so I am not one, but millions.

A queer dream last night. I was dancing with the dancer of the world (whose name is Barker) on a stretch of hard sand on the beach of a desert island. I suppose my wandering in the plantation put desert islands into my head, and now after some days my dream was using up the old thoughts. The music for the dance came from a gramophone, and very absurdly out of place it looked against the palm trees. The trouble was that the sun was setting and it would soon be dark, and we were all alone. I got horribly frightened, and ran away from him. The strange thing was that in my dream I did not know his name was Barker, and so I really loved him. He kissed me too, and I let him, which, in real life, I should not dream of doing. But I see now that it is not in the least his fault that his name is Barker, and I have made up my mind to like him very much in spite of it. One must treat a thing like that as the artist treats the ugly, strong head. If you get just the right way of saying it and looking at it and listening to it, Barker is distinctly virile.

It is extraordinary what a difference clothes make to one. In my boy's clothes I can walk through the fields where the cows are alone at night. In the day when I am a girl again I cannot do it unless someone is with me. I wonder if the wearing of boy's clothes will change me in other ways, too, and in what ways. I must watch this care-

fully next time I go out. It is such a pity that the nightingales are not singing now, but I shall hear them again next year. I read the "Ode to a Nightingale" for the first time to-day, and I see that I must learn it all by heart. It is so lovely that one cannot bear to part with it.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, it is too awful! I am in an agony of suspense and fear. I have been found out.

It is nearly a fortnight since I last wrote in my journal, and I have been out at night two or three times in my boy's clothes. Every time I got more confidence. I no longer avoided the roads. Sometimes, but very rarely, I met people on the roads, and found that they took no notice of me. Last night I went out again and was on my way home about a mile from the house. Coming suddenly round the corner I saw a motor-car standing still. It was quite a small car with quite mild lights—not those acetylene blazers that make you stagger after the car has passed. The man in the car had got down and was taking out one of the lamps. I tried to get past quickly, but he called to me. "Hi! boy! Just hold this lamp for me a minute, will you?"

I had always made up my mind if anything happened, or if anyone spoke to me, to do just what a boy would do. But this time it was very difficult, because I had recognized the voice. The man with the car was Sir John.

"Right," I said, in a husky sort of voice. I took the lamp from him and kept the light on him and away from myself. He opened the bonnet of the car, told me to hold the lamp lower, and did something or other to the works of the thing. He has got very strong hands. Then he started the engine again, thanked me, took the lamp from me, and said he would give me a lift on my way if I would tell him where to put me down.

The last thing on earth I wanted was to get into that car with him, but I had to do what a boy would do, and a boy would have got in for a certainty. So I thanked him and took my place. He sat beside me and off we went.

"Nice night, ain't it?" said Sir John, as we started off.

"Ripping," I said. That was pretty good. In girl's clothes I should have said that it was a lovely night.

"What school are you at?" he asked.

"Uppingham," I said, without the least hesitation. I had that name in my head because that was the school where the prince of dancers told me he had been.

"Why," said Sir John, "they haven't broken up yet."

"No," I said. "I had an illness and was sent home early."

"Sorry," said Sir John. "Are you a cricketer?"

"Rather," I said, which was an awful mistake, for he began to talk cricket, bringing in a whole lot of names I did not know. As a matter of fact, there is not one single thing that I do know about cricket. Luckily there was only a minute or so of it. We had now gone past the lane that led to our garden, and I asked him to stop.

I got down and said: "Thanks, awfully. Good night."

"Good night, Aura," said Sir John, and was gone in a flash, before I had time to say anything.

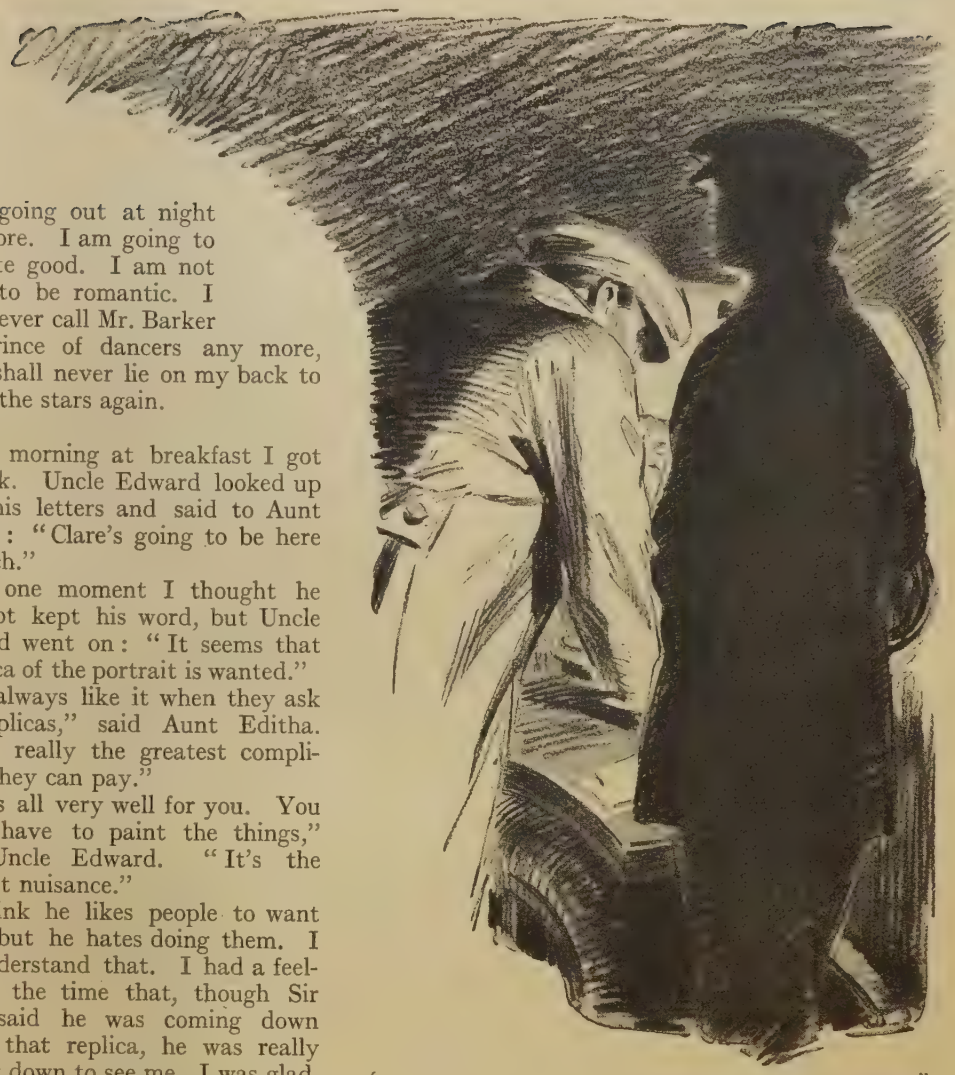
It was as if someone had hit me on the head. I nearly dropped in the road. I turned cold all over and shivered as I crawled back. When I got into bed I am ashamed to say that I cried, which is a thing that I hardly ever do.

And now what am I to do, please? He will tell, of course. He must tell. It is his duty to tell. Aunt Editha will be distressed, and I shall be distressed because she is. Nita will be disapproving and think I am quite mad. Ambrose will just laugh at me. Uncle Edward will be serious and severe, which he hates being. Nobody will ever, ever understand me. I think I should like to die.

Here comes relief at last. I had a perfectly wretched day yesterday, very depressed and miserable, and at night I only slept a little bit at a time. In the morning my tea and letters were brought in, and the letters were one from Nita and one with a typewritten address. I thought it was probably some advertisement, and opened Nita's letter first. It was quite interesting, and told me a good deal about the prince of dancers. Can it be possible that my dear sister wants me to marry a man named Barker? Then, in a perfunctory sort of way, I opened the other envelope, and there was a letter for me from Sir John—quite short, but full of heaven. He has got an artistic sort of handwriting.

"Don't be worried, Aura, dear," it began. "I'm not going to give you away to anybody. Your secret is quite safe. I ought to have told you that last night, and am very sorry I didn't. Yours ever, John Clare."

In my joy I kissed that letter. But I am



"I KEPT THE LIGHT ON HIM AND AWAY FROM MYSELF."

never going out at night any more. I am going to be quite good. I am not going to be romantic. I shall never call Mr. Barker the prince of dancers any more, and I shall never lie on my back to watch the stars again.

This morning at breakfast I got a shock. Uncle Edward looked up from his letters and said to Aunt Editha: "Clare's going to be here at lunch."

For one moment I thought he had not kept his word, but Uncle Edward went on: "It seems that a replica of the portrait is wanted."

"I always like it when they ask for replicas," said Aunt Editha. "It is really the greatest compliment they can pay."

"It's all very well for you. You don't have to paint the things," said Uncle Edward. "It's the greatest nuisance."

I think he likes people to want them, but he hates doing them. I can understand that. I had a feeling all the time that, though Sir John said he was coming down about that replica, he was really coming down to see me. I was glad. I wanted an explanation with him. I wanted to thank him, too.

He came by train and arrived just at lunch-time. For some reason or other I felt ashamed to meet him. I couldn't look at him at all when I shook hands. I thought he seemed rather grave at lunch. Directly after lunch Aunt Editha had to go out, and he went into the studio with Uncle Edward. I went into the garden and waited, knowing for certain that he would come.

He came out almost directly and sat down on the seat beside me. I could not look at him. I felt afraid. I think I blushed. But he seemed quite at ease, and began talking in a pleasant voice.

"I have refused to interrupt the great artist any longer, and I want to know if you will put up with me for a little while."

"I am glad you've come out. I wanted to explain."

"But why? You wanted to wander about alone at night and see what it looked like. To make it safer you dressed as a boy. You were not quite sure that your people would understand, and so you never told them."

This surprised me. "It's all absolutely perfectly true, but it's most wonderful that you know."

"I know because I know you."

"How did you find out who I was?"

"Your voice seemed to me curious. You had disguised it, of course, and yet there was something in it that I seemed to recognize. Then, as you came to take the lamp from me, the light fell on your foot. Now boys do curious things. It's hardly ever safe to say

there's anything that a boy will not do. But it is not very likely that a boy would wear very pale pink openwork stockings." (Oh, when I bought that pig of a boy his collars and necktie, why didn't I buy him reasonable socks as well?) "It struck me, too," Sir John went on, "that the foot was very small. I had had the same idea about the same foot before. Then I got a chance to see the back of your head. A boy's hair ends before his coat-collar and doesn't disappear underneath it."

I buried my face in my hands. "Oh," I said, "I did it awfully badly!"

"No," said Sir John; "I don't think you did. In any ordinary case the disguise would have been good enough. I think you showed lots of pluck and self-possession."

I liked him to praise me. "I believe," I said, "that the nicest thing you have ever done, Sir John, was to know for certain that it was not anything very wicked. It was wrong, of course, and I should have been in great trouble if the others had found me out. But it was only just a sort of adventure."

"I know, child," said Sir John. "You see, I know all about eyes, and I have looked into your eyes. There is no wickedness in them at all."

And after that I did not know what to say. I held out one hand to him. I don't know why. It was an impulse. He took it in his and pressed it gently and let it go again. And then for a moment or two neither of us said anything.

I had to go on talking, because when we were silent I could feel his eyes all over me. "I—I'm never going to do it again," I said.

"Better not, perhaps, without a safe companion."

"For one thing," I said, "I've nearly come to the end of the boy's collars. I could not send them to the laundry, of course, so I had to burn them after I had worn them. I might have got some more, but——" and here I stopped, because Sir John laughed. I looked at him as much as to say, "Are you laughing at me?" and he said: "You're splendid!" So I had to look away again and go on with anything—just the first thing that came into my head.

"You know everything about electricity, don't you?" I said. "I do wish you'd tell me all about it."

"I only know a little about electricity, but there wouldn't be time to tell you all I know, and it would be horribly dull if I did. Instead of that, tell me everything about yourself."

"No," I said. "You tell me everything about myself." I only wanted to see if he had made any more good guesses. I had no idea what was coming.

That man knew me by heart, just as I know "The Blessed Damozel" by heart. He remembered every word I had ever said to him—things of no importance that I had forgotten long ago. He made me understand that he loved beauty and that he thought me beautiful, without ever saying either of those things. Every now and then something whimsical came in, like his question about the nightmares. At the end he said: "You are you, and that ought to be enough for anybody."

I watched him while he talked. I cannot think why on earth I ever said he was ugly. I was a perfect idiot. He's not got any fairy-prince Barkeresque good looks, but then who wants them? I am sure I don't. And why do girls of my age call a man of thirty-eight old? I suppose all girls are idiots.

I like him much better than I had ever thought possible. I was sorry he had to go away. He says he is coming to see me again.

That boy is dead. I have killed him and got rid of the corpse. That is to say, I have packed up all his clothes and sent them anonymously to a home for waifs and strays. I shall never see him looking at me out of the cheval glass with his girl's eyes again—little beast that he was!

After all, it is much sweeter to be a girl, only—only—I simply daren't write what I am thinking.

CHAPTER V.

THIS is my seventeenth birthday. At the very moment that I write this I am getting on for eighteen. It is not a bit of good to grip one's life with both hands. It slips away. I have had the loveliest presents from everybody, and everybody was so charming that I had to be temporarily happy. But I believe that I am secretly not quite happy. I am afraid of the things that are coming, and yet I want them to come.

Yesterday I lunched at Nita's and met Mr. Ernest Barker again. He dresses extremely well. He has very good manners. He is very good-looking. He dances perfectly. And he is quite beneath contempt. I don't know why it should be so, but I know that it is. I wish he would not look at me as if he were on the point of saying his prayers to me. He found out that it was my birthday to-day, and said he should send me a

present. I stopped that. Afterwards Nita accused me of being stand-offish and proud. It was true, too, but there was no possible way of helping it. I am quite certain that I do not want to see Mr. Ernest Barker again.

What do I want? What is the use of wanting? What is the good of making sure that you will get a letter? When you don't get it it only makes you miserable. And very likely, though he seemed to know everything about me, he did not know what day my birthday was.

I wrote that this morning, and it was very foolish of me. I had hardly put my journal away when he drove up in his car. I was seized with a fit of terror and went and hid in the garden. It was some time before he came out. He had been talking to Uncle Edward and Aunt Editha, and he had been talking about me.

Why should he care? I am only a silly kid. Nita told me so only yesterday. It is too pathetic that a man like that should be quite humble and reverent when he is speaking to me. He was just as gentle as he could possibly be with me.

He told me that he loved me. I knew it before he told me. I may confess now that I had hoped it before I knew it. The one thing he had not seemed to know was how much I loved him. He only spoke of the possibility that one of these days I might gradually get to care for him, and—and then all of a sudden I was in his arms.

Good-bye, my journal. I began to write in you one day not very long ago because I was happy. And now I cannot write in you any more because I am far too happy to write. I have got the pearls that he brought for me round my neck. I have got the most perfect happiness in my heart for ever. To-morrow morning early he comes here again, and until then he will always be in my thoughts. I cannot think of anything else. I hope that I may not sleep to-night, so that I may go on thinking. Uncle Edward and Aunt Editha have talked to me about it, and I tried to make all the right answers, but really I hardly understood what they said. I am far, far away. I am out at sea. I am in heaven. I don't belong to this world any more. And none of the words that I have learned so far tell anything of what I feel.

So how can I write in you, my journal? I will kiss you and say good-bye.

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow! What music!

"HE TOLD ME THAT HE LOVED ME."

Keeping it from Harold

By P. G. Wodehouse
Illustrated by A. Leete

"MA!"

Mrs. Bramble looked up, beaming with a kind of amiable fat-headedness. She was the stupidest woman in Barnes, and one of the best-tempered. A domestic creature, wrapped up in Bill, her husband, and Harold, her son. At the present moment only the latter was with her. He sat on the other side of the table, his lips gravely pursed and his eyes a trifle cloudy behind their spectacles. Before him on the red tablecloth lay an open book. His powerful brain was plainly busy.

Mrs. Bramble regarded him fondly. A boy scout, had one been present, would have been struck by the extraordinary resemblance to a sheep surprised while gloating over its young.

"Yes, dearie?"

"Will you hear me?"

Mrs. Bramble took the book.

"Yes, mother will hear you, precious."

A slight frown marred the smoothness of Harold Bramble's brow. It jarred upon him, this habit of his mother's of referring to herself in the third person, as if she were addressing a baby, instead of a young man of ten who had taken the spelling and dictation prize last term on his head.

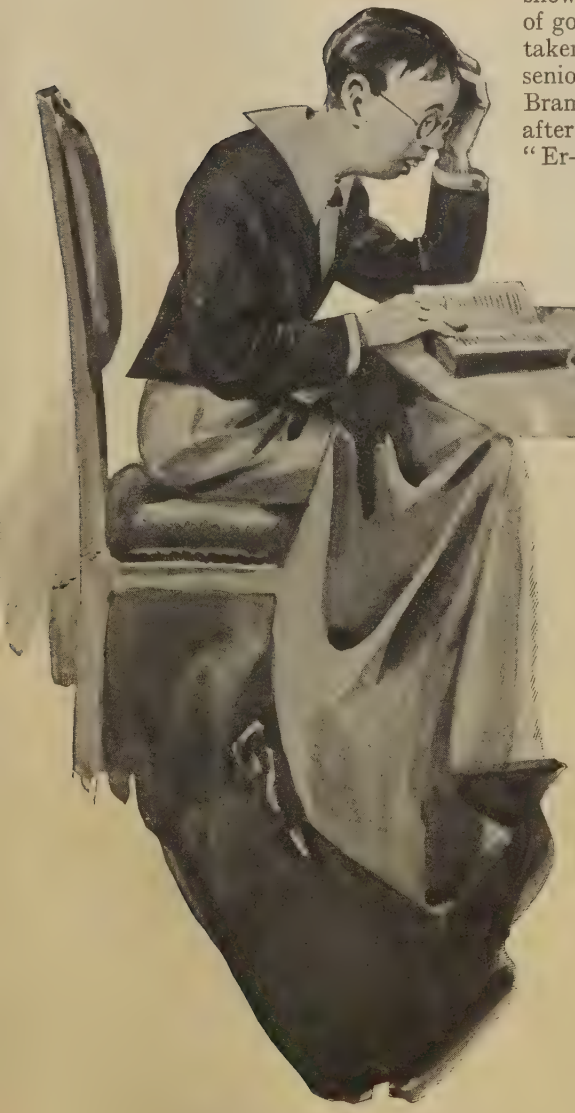
He cleared his throat and fixed his eyes upon the cut-glass hangings of the chandelier.

"'Be good, sweet maid,'" he began, with the toneless rapidity affected by youths of his age when reciting poetry, "'and let who will be clever'—clever, oh yes—'do noble things, not dream them'—dream them, oh yes—'dream them all day long; and so make life, death, and that vast f'rever, one'—oh yes—'one grand, sweet song.' I knew I knew it, and now I can do my Scripture."

"You do study so hard, dearie, you'll go giving yourself a headache. Why don't you take a nice walk by the river for half an hour, and come back nice and fresh? It's a nice evening, and you could do your Scripture nicely afterwards."

The spectacled child considered the point for a moment gravely. Then, nodding, he arranged his books in readiness for his return and went out. The front door closed with a decorous softness.

It was a constant source of amazement to Mrs. Bramble that she should have brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world. Harold was so different from ordinary children, so devoted to his books, such a model



"HIS POWERFUL BRAIN WAS PLAINLY BUSY."

f behaviour, so altogether admirable. The nly drawback was that his very perfection ad made necessary a series of evasions and ven deliberate falsehoods on the part of erself and her husband, highly distasteful o both. They were lovers of truth, but hey had realized that there are times when ruth must be sacrificed. At any cost the acts concerning Mr. Bramble's profession ıust be kept from Harold.

While he was a baby it had not mattered o much. But when he began to move about nd take notice, Mrs. Bramble said to Mr. Bramble, "Bill, we must keep it from Harold."

A little later, when the child had begun to show signs of being about to become a model of goodness and intelligence, and had already taken two prizes at the Sunday-school, the senior curate of the parish, meeting Mr. Bramble one morning, said, nervously—for, after all, it was a delicate subject to broach—"Er—Bramble, I think, on the whole, it would be as well to—er—keep it from Harold."

And only the other day, Mrs. Bramble's brother, Major Percy Stokes, of the Salvation Army, dropping in for a cup of tea, had said, "I hope you are keeping it from Harold. It is the least you can do," and had gone on to make one or two remarks about men of wrath which, considering that his cheek-bones were glistening with Mr. Bramble's buttered toast, were in poor taste. But Percy was like that. Enemies said that he liked the sound of his own voice, and could talk the hind-leg off a donkey. Certainly he was very persuasive. Once he had wrought so successfully with an emotional publican in East Dulwich that the latter had started then and there to give all that he had to the poor, beginning with his stock-in-trade. Seven policemen had almost failed to handle the situation.

Mr. Bramble had fallen in with the suggestion without demur. In private life he was the mildest and most obliging of men, and always yielded to everybody. The very naming of Harold had caused a sacrifice on his part. When it was certain that he was about to become a father he had expressed a desire that the child should be named John, if a boy, after Mr. John L. Sullivan, or, if a girl, Marie, after Miss Marie Lloyd. But Mrs. Bramble saying that Harold was such a sweet name, he had withdrawn his suggestions with the utmost good-humour.

Nobody could help liking this excellent man; which made it all the greater pity that his walk in life was of such a nature that it simply had to be kept from Harold.

He was a professional pugilist! That was the trouble.

Before the coming of Harold he had been proud of being a professional pugilist. His

ability to paste his fellow-man in the eye while apparently meditating an attack on his stomach, and *vice versâ*, had filled him with that genial glow of self-satisfaction which comes to philanthropists and other benefactors of the species. It had seemed to him a thing on which to congratulate himself that of all London's teeming millions there was not a man, weighing eight stone four, whom he could not overcome in a twenty-round contest. He was delighted to be the possessor of a left hook which had won the approval of the newspapers.

And then Harold had come into his life, and changed him into a furtive practiser of shady deeds. Before, he had gone about the world with a match-box full of press-notices, which he would extract with a pin and read to casual acquaintances. Now, he quailed at the sight of his name in print, so thoroughly had he become imbued with the necessity of keeping it from Harold.

With an ordinary boy it would have mattered less. But Harold was different. Secretly proud of him as they were, both Bill and his wife were a little afraid of their wonderful child. The fact was, as Bill himself put it, Harold was showing a bit too much class for them. He had formed a corner in brains, as far as the Bramble family was concerned. They had come to regard him as a being of a superior order. Bill himself could never think without getting a headache, and Mrs. Bramble's placid stupidity had been a byword at the A.B.C. shop in which she had served before her marriage. Yet Harold, defying the laws of heredity, had run to intellect as his father had run to muscle. He had learned to read and write with amazing quickness. He sang in the choir. He attended Sunday-school with a vim which drew warm commendation from the vicar. And now, at the age of ten, a pupil at a local private school where they wore mortar-boards and generally comported themselves like young dons, he had already won a prize for spelling and dictation, and was considered by those in the know a warm man for the Junior Scripture. You simply couldn't take a boy like that aside and tell him that the father whom he believed to be a commercial traveller was affectionately known to a large section of the inhabitants of London as "Young Porky." There were no two ways about it. You *had* to keep it from him.

So Harold grew in stature and intelligence, without a suspicion of the real identity of the square-jawed man with the irregularly-shaped nose who came and went mysteriously in their semi-detached, red-brick home. He was a self-centred child, and, accepting the commercial traveller fiction, dismissed the subject from his mind and busied himself with things of more moment. And time slipped by.

Mrs. Bramble, left alone, resumed work on the sock which she was darning. For the first time since Harold had reached years of intelligence she was easy in her mind about the future. A week from to-night would see the end of all her anxieties. On that day Bill would fight his last fight, the twenty-round contest with that American Murphy at the National Sporting Club for which he was now training at the White Hart down the road. He had promised that it should be the last. He was getting on. He was thirty-one, and he said himself that he would have to be chucking the game before it chucked him. His idea was to retire from active work and try for a job as instructor at one of these big schools or colleges. He had a splendid record for respectability and sobriety and all the other qualities which headmasters demanded in those who taught their young gentlemen to box; and several of his friends who had obtained similar posts described the job in question as extremely soft. So that it seemed to Mrs. Bramble that all might now be considered well. She smiled happily to herself as she darned her sock.

She was interrupted in her meditations by a knock at the front door. She put down her sock and listened. It was late for any of the neighbours to pay a call, and the knock had puzzled her. Martha, the general, pattered along the passage, and then there came the sound of voices speaking in an undertone. Footsteps made themselves heard in the passage. The door opened. The head and shoulders of Major Percy Stokes insinuated themselves into the room.

The major cocked a mild blue eye at her.

"Harold anywhere about?"

"He's gone out for a nice walk. Whatever brings you here, Percy, so late?"

Percy made no answer. He withdrew his head. His voice, without, said "All right." He then reappeared, this time in his entirety, and remained holding the door open. More footsteps in the passage, and through the doorway, in a sideways fashion suggestive of a diffident crab, came a short, sturdy, red-headed man with a broken nose and a propitiatory smile, at the sight of whom Mrs. Bramble, dropping her sock, rose as if

propelled by powerful machinery, and exclaimed, "Bill!"

Mr. Bramble—for it was he—scratched his head, grinned feebly, and looked for assistance to the major.

"A brand from the burning," said that gentleman.

"That's right," said Mr. Bramble; "that's me."

"The scales have fallen from his eyes."

"What scales?" demanded Mrs. Bramble, a literal-minded woman. "And what are you doing here, Bill, when you ought to be at the White Hart, training?"

"That's just what I'm telling you," said Percy. "I been wrestling with Bill, and I been vouchsafed the victory."

"You!" said Mrs. Bramble, with uncomplimentary astonishment, letting her gaze wander over her brother's weedy form.

"I been vouchsafed the victory," repeated the major. "It was 'ard work, but did I falter? No, I did not falter. There were moments when it didn't seem 'ardly possible I could bring it off, but was I down-hearted? No, I was not down-hearted. I wrote him letters, and I sent him tracts. I tried to wrestle with him in speech, too, but there was a man of wrath, a son of Belial in a woollen jersey and a bowler hat, who come at me, using horrible language, and told me to stand still while he broke my neck and dropped me into the river."

"Jerry Fisher's a hard nut," said Mr. Bramble, apologetically. "He don't like people coming round talking to a man he's training, unless he introduces them or they're newspaper gents."

"After that I kept away. But I wrote the letters and I sent the tracts. Bill, which of the tracts was it that snatched you from the primrose path?"

"It wasn't so much the tracts, Perce. It was what you wrote about Harold. You see, Jane——"

"Perhaps you'll kindly allow me to get a word in edgeways, you two," said Mrs. Bramble, her temper for once becoming ruffled. "You can stop talking for half an instant, Percy, if you know how, while Bill tells me what he's doing here when he ought to be at the White Hart with Mr. Fisher, doing his bit of training."

Mr. Bramble met her eye and blinked awkwardly.

"Percy's just been telling you, Jane. He wrote——"

"I haven't made head or tail of a word that Percy's said, and I don't expect to. All I want is a plain answer to a plain question. What are you doing here, Bill, instead of being at the White Hart?"

"I've come home, Jane."

"Glory!" exclaimed the major.

"Percy, if you don't keep quiet, I'll forget I'm your sister and let you have one. What do you mean, Bill, you've come home? Isn't there going to be the fight next week, after all?"

"The fight's over," said the unsuppressed major, joyfully, "and Bill's won, with me seconding him."

"Percy!"

Mr. Bramble pulled himself together with a visible effort.

"I'm not going to fight, Jane," he said, in a small voice.

"You're not going——!"

"He's seen the error of his ways," cried Percy, the resilient. "That's what he's gone and done. At the eleventh hour it has been vouchsafed to me to snatch the brand from the burning. Oh! I have waited for this joyful moment. I have watched for it. I——"

"You're not going to fight!"

Mr. Bramble, avoiding his wife's eye, shook his head.

"And how about the money?"

"What's money?" said the major, scornfully.

"You ought to know," snapped Mrs. Bramble, turning on him. "You've borrowed enough of it from me in your time."

The major waved a hand in wounded silence. He considered the remark in poor taste. It was true that from time to time a certain amount of dross had passed from her hands to his, but this harping on the fact was indelicate and unsisterly.

"How about the money?" repeated Mrs. Bramble. "Goodness knows I've never liked your profession, Bill, but there is this to be said for it, that it's earned you good money and made it possible for us to give Harold as good an education as any duke ever had, I'm sure. And you know yourself you said that the five hundred pounds you were going to get if you beat this Murphy, and even if you lost it would be a hundred and twenty, was going to be a blessing, because it would let us finish him off proper and give him a better start in life than you or me ever had, and now you let this Percy come over you with his foolish talk, and now I don't know what *will* happen."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Even Percy seemed at a loss for words. Mrs.

Bramble sat down and began to sob. Mr. Bramble shuffled his feet.

"Talking of Harold," said Mr. Bramble at last, "that's really what I'm driving at. It was him really what I was thinking of when I hopped it from the White Hart. There's a good deal in what Perce says about men of wrath and the primrose path and all, but it was Harold that really made me do it. It hadn't hardly struck me till Perce pointed it out, but this fight with Jimmy Murphy, being as you might say a kind of national affair, in a way of speaking, was likely to be written up in all the papers, instead of only in the sporting ones. As likely as not there would be a piece about it in the *Mail*, with a photograph of me. And you know Harold reads his *Mail* regular. And then, don't you see, the fat would be in the fire. That's what Percy pointed out to me, and I seen what he meant, so I hopped it."

"At the eleventh hour," added the major, rubbing in the point.

"You see, Jane——" Mr. Bramble was beginning, when there was a knock at the door, and a little, ferret-faced man in a woollen sweater and cycling knickerbockers entered, removing as he did so a somewhat battered bowler hat.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Bramble," he said, "coming in like this. Found the front door on the jar, so came in to ask if you'd happened to have seen——"

He broke off and stood staring wildly at the little group.

"'LET ME GET AT HIM!' BEGGED THE INTRUDER, STRUGGLING TO FREE HIMSELF FROM BILL'S RESTRAINING ARMS."

"I thought so!" he said, and shot through the air towards Percy.

"Jerry!" said Bill.

"Mr. Fisher!" said Mrs. Bramble.

"Be reasonable," said the major, diving underneath the table and coming up the other side like a performing seal.

"Let me get at him," begged the intruder, struggling to free himself from Bill's restraining arms.

Mrs. Bramble rapped on the table.

"Kindly remember there's a lady present, Mr. Fisher."

The little man's face became a battlefield on which rage, misery, and a respect for the decencies of social life struggled for the mastery.

"It's hard," he said at length, in a choked voice. "I just wanted to break his neck for him, but I suppose it's not to be. I know it's him that's at the bottom of it. Directly I found Bill, here, had cut his stick and hopped it, I says to myself, 'It's him!' And here I find them together, so I know it's him. Well, if you say so, Mrs. B., I suppose I mustn't put a head on him. But it's hard. Bill, you come back along of me to the White Hart. I'm surprised at you. Ashamed of you, I am. All the time you and me have known each other I've never known you do such a thing. You such a pleasure to train as a rule. It all comes of getting with bad companions. And your chop cooking on the fire all the while! It'll be spoilt now, and all the expense of ordering another. It's hard. Come along, Bill. Step it."

Mr. Bramble looked at his brother-in-law miserably.

"You tell him," he said.

"You tell him, Jane," said the major.

"I won't," said Mrs. Bramble.

"Tell him what?" asked the puzzled trainer. A sudden thought blanched his face. "You haven't been having a glass of beer, Bill?"

"No, no, Jerry. Not me. It's only that——"

"Well?"

"It's only that I'm not going to fight on Monday."

"What!"

"Bill has seen a sudden bright light," said Percy, edging a few inches to the left, so that the table was exactly between the trainer and himself. "At the eleventh hour he has turned from his wicked ways. You ought to be singing with joy, Mr. Fisher, if you really loved Bill. This ought to be the happiest evening you've ever known. You ought to be singing like a little child."

A strange, guttural noise escaped the trainer. It may have been a song, but it did not sound like it.

"It's true, Jerry," said Bill, unhappily. "I been thinking it over, and I'm not going to fight on Monday."

"Glory!" said the major, tactlessly.

Jerry Fisher's face was a study in violent emotions. His eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets like a snail's. He clutched the tablecloth.

"I'm sorry, Jerry," said Bill. "I know it's hard on you. But I've got to think of Harold. This fight with Jimmy Murphy being what you might call a kind of national affair, in a way of speaking, will be reported in the *Mail* as like as not, with a photograph of me, and Harold reads his *Mail* regular. We've been keeping it from him all these years that I'm in the profession, and we dursen't let him know now. He would die of shame, Jerry."

Tears appeared in Jerry Fisher's eyes.

"Bill," he cried, "you're off your head. Think of the purse!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bramble.

"Think of all the swells that'll be coming to see you. Think of the Lonsdale belt they'll have to let you try for if you beat this Murphy. Think of what the papers'll say. Think of me."

"I know, Jerry, it's chronic. But Harold——"

"Think of all the trouble you've took for the last weeks getting yourself into condition."

"I know. But Har——"

"You can't not fight on Monday. It 'ud be too hard."

"But Harold, Jerry. He'd die of the disgrace of it. He ain't like you and me, Jerry. He's a little gentleman. I got to think of Harold."

"What about me, pa?" said a youthful voice at the door; and Bill's honest blood froze at the sound. His jaw fell, and he goggled dumbly.

There, his spectacles gleaming in the gaslight, his cheeks glowing with the exertion of the nice walk, his eyebrows slightly elevated with surprise, stood Harold himself.

"Halloa, pa! Halloa, Uncle Percy! Somebody's left the front door open. What were you saying about thinking about me, pa? Ma, will you hear me my piece of poetry again? I think I've forgotten it."

The four adults surveyed the innocent child in silence.

On the faces of three of them consternation was written. In the eyes of the fourth, Mr. Fisher, there glittered that nasty, steely expression of the man who sees his way to getting a bit of his own back. Mr. Fisher's was not an unmixedly chivalrous nature. He considered that he had been badly treated, and what he wanted most at the moment was revenge. He had been fond and proud of Bill Bramble, but those emotions belonged

to the dead past. Just at present he felt that he disliked Bill rather more than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of Major Percy Stokes.

"So you're Harold, are you, Tommy?" he said, in a metallic voice. "Then just you listen here a minute."

"Jerry," cried Bill, advancing, "you keep your mouth shut, or I'll clout you one."

Mr. Fisher retreated and, grasping a chair, swung it above his head.

"You better!" he said, curtly.

"Mr. Fisher, do be a gentleman," entreated Mrs. Bramble.

"My dear sir," There was a crooning winningness in Percy's voice. "My dear sir, do nothing hasty. Think before you speak. Don't go and be so silly as to act like a mutton-head. I'd be ashamed to be so spiteful. Respect a father's feelings."

"Tommy," said Mr. Fisher, ignoring them all, "you think your pa's a commercial. He ain't. He's a fighting-man, doing his eight-stone-four ring-side, and known to all the heads as 'Young Porky.'"

Bill sank into a chair. He could see Harold's round eyes staring at him.

"I'd never have thought it of you, Jerry," he said, miserably. "If anyone had come to me and told me that you could have acted so raw I'd have dotted him one."

"And if anyone had come to me and told me that I should live to see the day when you broke training a week before a fight at the National I'd given him one for himself."

"Harold, my lad," said Percy, "you mustn't think none the worse of your pa for having been a man of wrath. He hadn't seen the bright light then. It's all over now. He's give it up for ever, and there's no call for you to feel ashamed."

Bill seized on the point.

"That's right, Harold," he said, reviving. "I've give it up; I was to have fought an American named Murphy at the National next Monday, but I ain't going to now, not if they come to me on their bended knees. Not if the King of England come to me on his bended knees."

Harold drew a deep breath.

"Oh?" he cried, shrilly. "Oh, aren't you? Then what about my two bob? What about my two bob I've betted Dicky Saunders that Jimmy Murphy won't last ten rounds?"

He looked round the room wrathfully.

"It's thick," he said, in the crisp, gentlemanly voice of which his parents were so proud. "It's jolly thick. That's what it is. A chap takes the trouble to study form and saves up his pocket-money to have a bit on a good thing, and then he goes and gets

et down like this. It may be funny to you, ut I call it rotten. And another thing I all rotten is you having kept it from me all his time that you were 'Young Porky,' pa. That's what I call so jolly rotten! There's a ellow at our school who goes about swanking n the most rotten way because he once got Bombardier Wells's autograph. Fellows look up to him most awfully, and all the time they night have been doing it to me. That's what makes me so jolly sick. How long do you suppose they'd go on calling me 'Goggles' f they knew that you were my father?

"BILL SANK INTO A CHAIR. HE COULD SEE HAROLD'S ROUND EYES STARING AT HIM."

They'd chuck it to-morrow, and look up to me like anything. I do call it rotten. And chucking it up like this is the limit. What do you want to do it for? It's the silliest idea I ever heard. Why, if you beat Jimmy Murphy they'll have to give you the next chance with Sid Sampson for the Lonsdale belt. Jimmy beat Ted Richards, and Ted beat the Ginger Nut, and the Ginger Nut only lost on a foul to Sid Sampson, and you beat Ted Richards, so they couldn't help letting you have next go at Sid."

Mr. Fisher beamed approval.

"If I've told your pa that once, I've told him twenty times," he said. "You certainly know a thing or two, Tommy."

"Well, I've made a study of it since I was a kid, so I jolly well ought to. All the fellows at our place are frightfully keen on it. One chap's got a snapshot of Freddy Welsh. At least, he says it's Freddy Welsh, but I believe it's just some ordinary fellow. Anyhow, it's jolly blurred, so it might be anyone. Pa, can't you give me a picture of yourself boxing? I could swank like anything. And you don't know how sick a chap gets of having chaps call him 'Goggles.'"

"Bill," said Mr. Fisher, "you and me had better be getting back to the White Hart."

Bill rose and followed him without a word.

Harold broke the silence which followed their departure. The animated expression which had been on his face as he discussed the relative merits of Sid Sampson and the Ginger Nut had given place to the abstracted gravity of the student.

"Ma!"

Mrs. Bramble started convulsively.

"Yes, dearie?"

"Will you hear me?"

Mrs. Bramble took the book.

"Yes, mother will hear you, precious," she said, mechanically.

Harold fixed his eyes upon the cut-glass hangings of the chandelier.

"'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever' — clever. 'Do noble things . . .'"

THE MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

by

H.R.H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

The Memoirs of the Infanta Eulalia—sister of the late King of Spain and aunt of the reigning Sovereign—will be found of unique interest. For the first time in history a Princess of the Royal Blood has told the story of her own life, with all her thoughts and feelings, from her earliest days. The Memoirs are brilliantly written, and provide a most striking picture of Court life as seen from the inside.

II.

IT is in life as it is in travelling, that you go sometimes with such unreflecting interest in the mere passing-by of the incidents of Time that you arrive unaware of your destination, and look back with dismay on the change and the distance. It was so I went from the democracy of our French class-room to the estate of Royalty in Spain. The mere journey itself was an excitement; and it was at once, even in France, almost a Royal progress, because of the number of Spanish ladies who had come to Paris to conduct my mother to the Court, to say nothing of the other people who had attached themselves to our suite for various reasons of their own.

At the seaport of San Jean de Luz a Spanish warship awaited us, with the sailors on the yards, the colours flying, and the cannon firing a salute. This seemed to me very jolly, and I watched with curiosity; but I must have been a little withdrawn from it in my mind, for I remember noticing with amusement how much more excited for us my governess was by the crowds and the spectacle. It is usually the looker-on who most enjoys these pomps. The Royalty must preserve the dignity of effigies to endure the stares. And I was disappointed because I was not free to move about and be unconscious; because I could not be spoken to by those who were outside the circle of attendants; because the personages who were allowed to greet me all made the same congratulations with a formality that wearied. Even on board the ship I could not go about and see the sailors. I had to remain in the Royal cabins, or move with the others among the standing salutes of officers who could not speak or be spoken to. We had lost the freedom of private persons; we had become like commanding officers in a world governed by the army regulations of Court etiquette; we could not go anywhere without sending

ord ahead so that life might be put on arade for us. Our meals were ceremonies. Ve attended a very long and formal mass hat was celebrated for us on board. And I emember, as my one real pleasure on the hip, that I had to sleep in a saloon on a illiard-table, where a mattress had been pread for me, because there were not enough Royal cabins to supply us all.

But as soon as we arrived at the Spanish ort of Santander I forgot everything in the xcitement of a reception that amounted to carnival. With a staff of officers and lignitaries in uniform, and a troop of cavalry s escort, we were driven in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, through streets of which could not see the fronts of the houses—they were so covered with the reds and yellows of flags and bunting that were dazzling in the vivid sunlight of Spain. There were crowds on the pavement, in the windows, on the balconies, and even on the housetops; and they pelted us gaily with flowers tied in nosegays with weighted stems so that they might be accurately thrown. They threw at us doves with their feet tied to long strings, so that they could flutter but not escape. And we warded off the flowers with our parasols; and standing up in the carriage I caught at the doves, while my mother, who feared nothing in the world, kept crying out, in a nervous terror, that she would faint if one of the birds touched her with its flutterings. She had the sort of horror of them flying that one has of bats. And this excited me. And the more excited I became, the more the crowd laughed and cheered and pelted us. If Spain were going to be all like that, I should be happy. It seemed impossible that these could be the same people who had driven my mother away with hisses. The realization that they were truly the same made it seem, for the moment, that we were all playing a part in a spectacle without sincerity. The thought worried me as it passed.

We were being driven to the cathedral of Santander, where a mass was to be celebrated and the *Te Deum* sung in thanksgiving for our return; and there, at the church door, the bishop in his robes waited for us under a canopy borne on poles by four young priests

THE PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL, OF WHICH THE INFANTA GIVES AN AMUSING DESCRIPTION.

—the sort of canopy that he walks under in processions of the *Corpus Christi*, when he carries the Host through the streets. My mother, my two sisters, and I were taken under this canopy with him, as if we were something sacred; and we were solemnly escorted, by priests and acolytes, with music and singing and candles and incense, up the aisle to the sanctuary, where four throne-like chairs had been prepared for us before the altar. And I watched the priests and the people, and wondered whether they were sincere in this appearance of accepting us as sanctified by some sort of divine right.

From the cathedral we were taken to an official reception at the Mairie, and then to the Royal train that my brother had sent to

"THEY THREW AT US DOVES WITH THEIR FEET TIED TO LONG STRINGS, SO THAT THEY COULD FLUTTER BUT NOT ESCAPE."

Drawn by W. E. Webster.

bring us to Madrid; and we were started on our railroad journey with cheering and congratulations, in great state, among officers of the Court and personages of the Government. It was a journey that lasted all night, and the train was stopped at every station so that we might smile and bow to the crowd. At first I enjoyed it; it was exciting. But when it grew dark and I was tired and wanted to sleep, I found I had to wake up to be shown to the people, who came even in the middle of the night to see us pass. I rebelled. My mother insisted. "Very well," I said, "I'll make silly faces at them, and they'll think you have an idiot for a daughter." And my mother was furious, but she knew that I would do it, so she left me alone, and I slept.

I had learned that we were not going direct to Madrid, but to the palace of the Escurial, in the mountains, a little distance from the capital. It was not considered wise that my mother should go to Madrid, because her presence there might encourage the formation of a party in her favour as a rival to her son, and because it was necessary to avoid any appearance that the King was taking directions from her in affairs of State—in short, because the men who had recalled my brother were willing to have my mother and her children in Spain, but were not willing to have her rule there. This fact, for me, rather took away the sweet odour of sincerity from the incense that had been burned for us; but it did not seem to make any difference to my mother, who accepted such considerations as matters of course.

My brother met our train at a station some distance from Madrid, and we had a little family reunion that was very happy. He was so glad to have us and we to have him. My mother insisted that he must scold me for threatening to make faces at the people, but he laughed and would not. He joked and chatted gaily with me, as we used to in the old school days that seemed already so far away; and he promised that in a little time he would be able to have us with him in Madrid, where we should be very jolly together.

He accompanied us to the Escurial, which we approached from the mountains, so that we looked down on it. It was built in a square, with a wing coming out of one side like a handle. "What a funny palace!" I said. "It is the shape of a frying-pan." My brother told me that this was intentionally so; that Philip II. had dedicated the palace to St. Lorenzo, who had been martyred on a gridiron; and the shape of the building was designed to remind the kings that if they were wicked they would be fried in hell. I enjoyed with him the charming *naïveté* of the symbolism. He was no more illiberal than I about his religion. Indeed, I think he was the only King of Spain who did not constantly go to confession.

Half of the Escurial was a monastery and a school, where the monks taught; for Philip II. had been fanatically religious, and he had lived here as "Brother Philip," even while he conducted the war in the Netherlands and sent the famous Armada against England. The tombs of the Royal family were all here—to make it more cheerful—and new tombs were waiting for us, the daughters of Queen Isabella, so that I might regard my own sepulchre. I regarded it with amusement, because it seemed to me a childishness to make a daily bugaboo of death.

It appeared that we were not put in our tombs immediately after dying. We were placed first in the crypt, in a chamber called the *pudridero*, until decay had reduced our bodies to bones; and my brother whispered to me that in the *pudridero* reserved for Infantas so little care had been taken during the revolution that the bones had been mixed up together, and he had had to have them sorted for burial as best he could, rather haphazard. The thought of the poor Infantas in their fine tombs, with the bones of each in the tomb of another, set us laughing again. I thought that the Escurial was a very pretentiously funny place, and I enjoyed the tour of it with my brother as a great joke.

Next morning, before I was up, an important-looking officer in a gorgeous uniform of red and gold came bowing with dignity into my bedroom, and spoke something in Spanish. I could not understand what he wanted, and I tried to make him understand that I did not want *him*. He kept repeating himself deferentially, but with the air of a dignitary who knew his rights, until I ordered him out of the room with a gesture that he could not mistake. He went, much offended, and I hurried to my mother's room to ask her who he was. She explained that he was an important Court official; that his sole duty in life was to carry slops from my washtable—which was upholstered in red and gold to match his uniform; that this was a privilege which he valued highly, and that I had probably hurt him very much by denying him the right. I was indignant that any man of intelligence should be doing anything so absurd. My mother did not sympathize;

it was an affair of Court etiquette. I refused to have a man coming to my room. She insisted that I must. "Very well," I said, "if he ever comes in there again, I'll beat him with something." And although my mother was angry with me, he never did come in again.

He proved to be a sample of much of the formality that made life difficult at the Escurial. We had not only, now, the ladies-in-waiting to be with us always; as soon as we came out of our bedrooms in the morning we had ushers also to precede us everywhere; and if we crossed a hall a guard accompanied us and waited at the door. The Escurial is one of the most magnificent of palaces, with huge rooms of state as high as chapels, richly furnished and hung with tapestries and paintings. I found these rooms excellent to skip in, since all the furniture was arranged along the walls, as in ball-rooms; but I had to make friends first with the ushers, to persuade them to stand aside and let me play, otherwise, I suppose, I should have had to skip in a procession, with an usher marching in his uniform solemnly ahead of me and a lady-in-waiting behind!

I had no studies here and no playmates; my sisters were older than I, and they did not like my active games. I soon found the Escurial depressing. It was chilly in the mountains after sunset, and there was no way of heating the palace in those days except with fireplaces, that might as well have been burning out of doors. The view from the windows was desolate, for there were no trees, and the hills were bare. I saw no visitors but personages, speaking Spanish, who came to see my mother formally; and to these we children were shown to satisfy curiosity. They all congratulated us on being back in the land where we had been born. I wondered why they expected *that* to make us so happy. After all, I did not remember being born there. As for the Escurial, it was picturesque, no doubt; it was magnificent; it was as historic as a public museum; and if I had been a tourist, sightseeing, I might have admired it as much as tourists do Versailles. But I do not think that even a tourist would be happy if he had to live permanently imprisoned in the magnificent discomforts of the palace of Versailles—especially if his only recreation was to skip in the Hall of Mirrors under the eyes of a uniformed museum guard.

Then there came to us a formidable relative, a Princess to whom her royalty was a religion; and a new trouble for me began. I offended her unconsciously with every word—and, when I was not speaking, with every action. It appeared to her that I had not at all the manners of a Princess, nor the mind. She set herself to instruct and counsel me, severely.

She tried to impress it on me that, with my brother on the Throne, every word I uttered had importance; that it would be weighed and studied and repeated. Therefore I must not express opinions of any sort about public affairs, or personages, for fear I should say something that might be used to make difficulties for my brother. It was a duty that we owed the Crown to have no opinions at all, except about matters that could have no public bearing or affect the popularity of the King. Similarly, we could have no special friends, for fear of arousing jealousies that might embarrass the Throne. And in order to avoid even the appearance of having favourites, we must not show any special sympathy for any person or any antipathy for any other. We must be the same to all, and unvarying in our manner from day to day, so as to avoid comparisons. It was a duty that we owed the Crown. We must perform all our social and religious duties and observe all the etiquettes of Court life to the same end—that no act of ours, either of omission or commission, should make difficulty for the King. We must not only avoid the occasion of scandal, but we must efface ourselves so smoothly that even the most innocent gossip could not find its source in us. It was a duty that we owed the Crown. I must not say that I found the view from the Escurial desolate; it might be construed into an offensive criticism of the country. I must like everything and everybody, unless the King expressed a wish to the contrary in a particular instance. It was a duty that we owed the Crown.

At first she bewildered me with the sort of fright that comes on a child confronted by a dictatorial schoolmaster and a new lesson to learn. She talked and talked, and I did not understand her. Then I began to think her absurd, because her pomposity was stupid, and her self-importance made me smile. When she told me that every word I uttered would be weighed and repeated, I thought to myself, "No! People can't be so silly as that! Or if there are such people, why worry about them? It isn't worth the thought." And the idea that I must not have opinions or friends was repulsive to me, because it was a restraint of spirit that would cramp me.

"BEFORE I WAS UP AN IMPORTANT-LOOKING OFFICER IN A GORGEOUS UNIFORM CAME BOWING WITH DIGNITY INTO MY BEDROOM."

Drawn by W. E. Webster.

A PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA TAKEN ABOUT 1896.

THE INFANTA EULALIA WITH KING ALFONSO.

THE ALCAZAR, IN SEVILLA, SPENT "ENDLESS,

After hearing it all from her, over and over, again and again, I decided that she was not a very clever person, and that she had exaggerated trifles. I knew that my brother would not expect such things of me, and I decided to pay no attention to her.

But the difficulty is that, no matter how liberal-minded a King may be, many of the people who devote themselves to the servilities of Court life are inevitably narrow; and though my brother had been recalled to the Throne because he was a Liberal, his Court could not be so. My sisters and I, having been educated in France,

WHICH THE INFANTA
LE, UNHAPPY DAYS."

were suspected of Republican tendencies of mind that would be as offensive as bad table manners in the Court. The clerical influence, though it was not strong with my brother, was very strong with my mother, and the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, and the nobility in general; and I suppose it was evident that I was not a pattern of young devoutness. I spoke Spanish so clumsily that my brother had laughed at it and advised me that it would be unwise for me to attempt to speak it to visitors until I was more proficient. I did not know what was going on about me, but I imagine it was for such reasons as these that it was decided my mother should take us to the palace of the Alcazar in Sevilla, where we could learn Spanish and be purged of foreign habits of thought. And there, too, my mother would be still farther away from influencing the politics of the capital.

So, within a few months, we left the Escurial for the Alcazar, and I went from the chilly monotony of a Northern Court to the oppression and *ennui* of an Oriental harem. Even yet, if the sun shines too brightly and the summer day is hot, I am overcome with melancholy —as a Russian who has been in prison in Siberia might be when he sees the snow fall. Those endless, idle, unhappy days!

As we drove to the palace from the railroad station I noticed that the street windows of the houses were all barred. Thieves,

A PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA FROM A PAINTING.

then, must be very bold in Sevilla? I was told: No; the bars were not in the windows to keep burglars out, but to keep the young girls in, and to allow them to speak safely with their future husbands, who came courting below in the streets. How picturesque! Since I had never been allowed to speak to a man alone, even through a grating—unless it was a priest in a confessional—I did not feel sorry for the young women of Sevilla. I did not understand that the bars were symbolical. I stared at the flat-roofed Southern houses and the barbaric colours of the costumes, and the crowds that did not cheer us as we drove by, but sang in chorus to the accompaniment of unseen guitars, and uttered sudden shrieks with sad, impassive faces, like Arabs, to express their joy. And the gates of the Alcazar closed on us without any ominous echo to my ears.

The Alcazar is a Moorish palace of great beauty, with walls and ceilings all covered with intricate patterns of carving and bright colours, so that it was like coming to live in a palace of the Arabian Nights. The inner courtyards were Oriental, cooled by fountains. The garden around the palace was Oriental, in tiny squares and flower-beds, with short paths, and no place for one to run. And around the garden the high wall was Oriental, a true harem wall, over which one could not see. In all the rooms of the palace there was not one door; and when we had hangings put up in the Moorish arches of our bedroom doorways the servants were surprised. They did not understand the desire for privacy. Sentinels and guards were on duty everywhere; a man even walked all night under my bedroom windows; and whenever we went into the gardens the trumpets were sounded—Heaven only knows why!

It was a life in which there was nothing to do, nothing to see—a life designed for Southern women who are content to loll about on cushions and grow fat. We were not expected to go out at all, except in carriages, with an escort, down staring streets, and, indeed, it would have been impossible to walk through the crowds that gathered. I could not ride horseback without a lady-in-waiting to go with me; and all the ladies were too fat to ride, even if they had known how. The best exercise I could get in the garden was to jump the flower-beds—to the amazement of everybody—or to skip up and down in one place mechanically. It was as much worse than the Escurial as the Escurial had been worse than the Palais de Castile; and when it came home to me that this, now, was to be my life for ever, I felt that I should go mad.

Every afternoon my mother gave audiences to the ladies of Sevilla; but what good was that? Even with us children they did nothing but curtsy, and kiss the hands, and look at us awed, as if we were not human. They could not say anything to us, and we did not know what to say to them. Generals came to salute my mother, and remained for dinner; and every day one officer of the guard had luncheon with us; but we girls were not allowed to speak to men, except to exchange formal words of greeting under the eyes of the governess.

One day, the governess being absent, I got into conversation with an officer at the table, innocently, when he had been speaking about "the bath of Maria Padilla" in our garden. It was a large stone bath that had been built by Pedro the Cruel for this Maria Padilla when she had lived at the Alcazar; and I had longed to have it filled with water so that I might use it. The officer told me that once, after Maria Padilla had bathed there, Pedro the Cruel, in a jest, had invited a courtier to drink some of the water to show his devotion, and the courtier replied, "I'm afraid if I tried the sauce, I might get a taste for the partridge." I thought this very clever of the courtier, and I repeated the story to my governess, after dinner, and she was horrified. It was the last opportunity I got to speak with the officer.

And I did not get the bath. Indeed, it was difficult to get a bath of any sort, except a sponge bath, piecemeal. The ladies-in-waiting declared that it was sinful to bathe; and when I laughed at that they argued that it was indelicate to take off all one's clothing at once. (I imagine that their antipathy to bathing must have come from the feeling against the Moors, who had so long been the conquerors in Sevilla, since it was part of their religion to bathe.) I finally got my way by persuading a doctor to give orders that I must have cold baths for my health.

These, then, were some of the material restrictions of our life. The mental restrictions were even more hopeless. There were no books to be had. If I wrote a letter, it had to be read by the lady-in-waiting to whom I gave it to post. We had an old professor to give us lessons in Spanish, and we studied painting and music, and acquired the ornamental accomplishments and fundamental ignorances of young ladies who are not expected to have minds and not allowed to develop any. Religious instruction went on

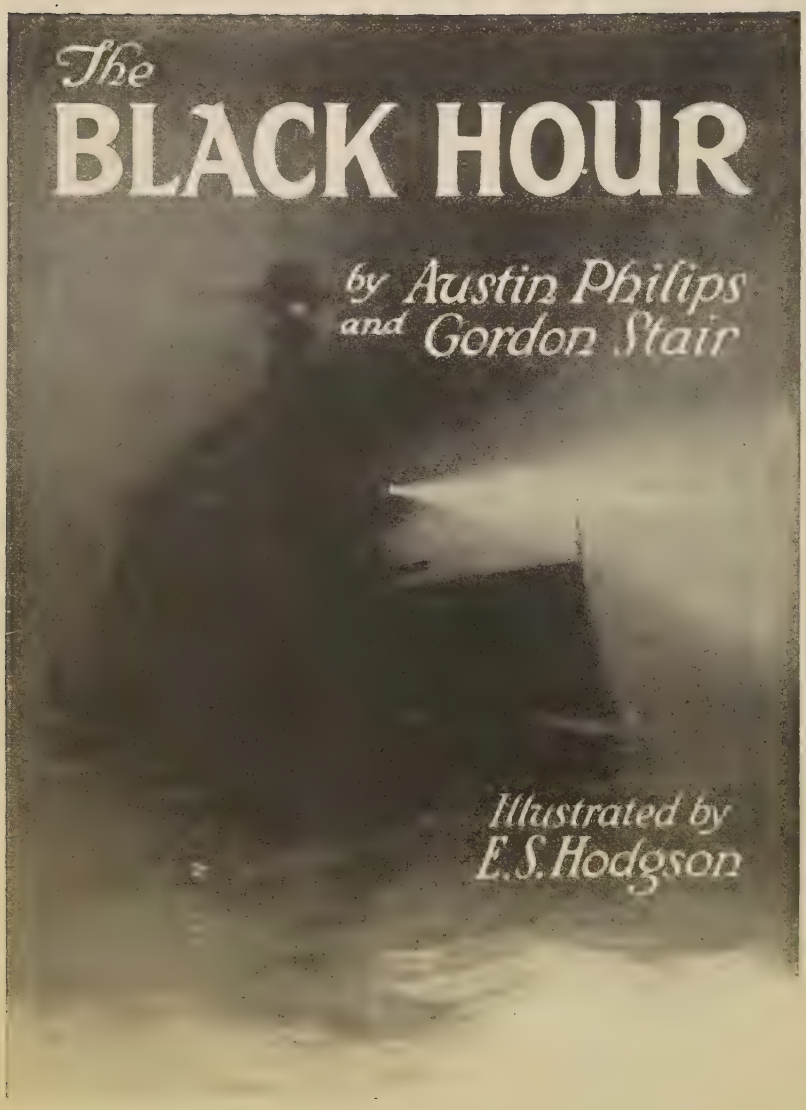
always. We heard mass in the palace every day, and we should have had to go to confession and communion every day, too, if I had not insisted that I would not go oftener than once a month. My sisters were both most devout, and they did not sympathize with my rebelliousness. And when I complained of the imprisonment of our lives, they counselled me, affectionately, to bow to the will of God and to accept with pious resignation the trials to which Providence had appointed us. I should have been happier, no doubt, if I could have done so; but Providence had also appointed for me a temperament that made resignation impossible, and I continued to obey the will of God by chafing and complaining and struggling to escape.

With the arrival of March came a new horror of heat; and as the summer progressed it seemed impossible to live through each new day. The sun was unendurable. The soldiers on guard had to be changed every quarter of an hour, and many of them were taken from their posts fainting. The birds fell dead from the trees in the garden. The air was full of an odour of melting asphalt, and even at night the pavements would be so hot that they would burn the soles of the shoes. Indoors, the sealing-wax would melt on your writing-desk. And the mosquitoes! To study, or to write, we had to sit under mosquito bars, or we would be so pestered that we could not work. I was unable to eat. I lived on lemon and water, ill with the heat and with longing for the cool, green freedom of our country summers in Normandy—with the grey-blue skies and the grey-green fields, and the shade of the deep, hedge-hidden byways. How I yearned for them! As one yearns for the comfort of health in the semi-delirious miseries of fever! I would say to myself, "Oh, if Spain would only have another revolution!"

THE GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, CONTAINING THE "BATH OF MARIA PADILLA," OF WHICH THE INFANTA RELATES AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

Then one of my sisters, who was less robust than I, became seriously prostrated. They were afraid that I, too, might collapse, because I would not let them give me food. My mother had quarrelled with my brother about some political differences, and she wished to take us to France; but since the King was unmarried, and one of us—or one of our children—might inherit the Throne, it was not permitted to us to leave Spain, for fear of foreign influences. We were prisoners for life! It was decided that we should join our brother in Madrid, and our mother should go away to France without us. I was never to live with her again, but I parted from her without anxiety, since at last I had my wish—to be with my brother.

(*To be continued.*)



WHO - O - O - O - OOP - P - P ! Who-o-o-o-oop-p-p !

"Confound that ruddy siren — it's the limit ! I shan't be able to sleep a wink all night at this rate ! "

"It's all right for you, 'Pay' —you've got the whole night in." Overton, one of the junior lieutenants, tapped out his pipe on the reeking ward-room stove. "What about me, with the middle watch and no sleep in the first ? "

"Fresh air's good for you young watch-keepers. Makes you grow ! By the way, the pilot's still on the bridge, I take it. *He* must want some sleep, if you like. Why, he's been up there since breakfast ! "

"Yes ; Meredith doesn't want to run risks. Seems to me they're only too glad to find someone to pass over, with so many in the running ! "

"If anyone deserves his promotion, Meredith does," chipped in the fleet surgeon. "He's done good work, and he's safe as houses, too. Also, for a navigator, he has this in his favour : he doesn't mind being asked where we are or when we shall get in ! "

"He wants to get married," said the commander, "and it worries him no end. His prospective father-in-law made promotion a condition — 'cos she'll have money of her own. Old Meredith hasn't a bean beyond his pay. Hence the trouble ! "

"'Marriage is the curse of the Service' ! " quoted Overton, the youthful cynic.

"It would be, O Solomon, in one so grossly young as yourself ! But "—the paymaster sat up to give point to his observation —"I know someone who doesn't intend to get cursed ! "

"The skipper ! "

"Precisely."

"I should say not——" the commander broke in again. "The skipper got married to the Service in his youth. And if the 'pay' were one of the youngest post-captains, with a fighting record and influence and a cool five thousand per annum—to say nothing of energy and

ability—*he* wouldn't worry much about the girls!"

"I suppose I shouldn't. Yes, you're right, Fraser. The owner's a future C.-in-C. By the way, where is he? Still up on the bridge?"

"Yes"—the commander nodded. "He doesn't believe in taking any risks. Not that Meredith's going to let him down!"

"I should say not. Why, he specially asked for him when he got this ship. Served together somewhere, hadn't they? I——"

"Commander, sir! The captain would like to speak to you on the bridge!"

"I'm coming!"

The sentry in the doorway saluted and wheeled quickly; the commander snatched his cap and followed in pursuit. And the fog rolled in, raw and choking, through the open door of the ward-room, and the siren up above sent out its shriek.

H.M.S. *Ponderous*, detached from the Battle Fleet, was making the land slowly and cautiously, feeling her course like a blind man, who, tap-tapping his way along a thoroughfare, hears the sound of footsteps meeting and passing him, and is compelled, now and then, to ease his pace's slowness because of unseen danger, which he guesses at or fears. Every other minute the siren went wailing; sending out shrieks ear-splitting and swelling; making a despairing effort to be heard yet farther, seeking to ask, to warn, to implore what lay ahead.

Between the shrieks the silence was full of little noises, over which the officer of the watch and the look-outs on the mast-head and the fo'c's'le strained their ears to get an answer from approaching craft. At regular intervals the wire from the sounding machines—those blind-man's sticks which tell, by touch and nature of the sea-bottom, the surest path to safety—went whirring into the sea. The bow and steaming lights were blurred and reflected back as the mist streamed past them; the dampness sent its chill through overcoat and oilskin above.

The bell struck. From fo'c's'le and mast-head the look-outs reported themselves. The ship, isolated home of nearly a thousand human beings, steamed on, unseeing and unseen. The fog closed ceaselessly over the lane that she carved for herself amid its endless gloom.

In the chart-house, leaning over the chart-table, stood the captain, with Meredith, the navigating lieutenant, at his side; they were making trebly certain that every allowance had been made for the treacherous current; that they had done all things humanly possible for the safety of the ship. Meredith was a man of about four-and-thirty, of middle height, dark and black-bearded, blue-eyed. He was by nature a merry soul and the life of the ward-room; but now he was haggard and pale. Intense as was his desire for promotion, eager as he was to get married, he had now no thought for these things. He wanted only to be safe in harbour, to get his clothes off—and to sleep.

Captain Falcon—barely two years older than his navigator—was a man of a different type. Spare of frame and short of stature, he carried himself exceedingly well. His face—a very striking one—was clean-shaven; he had a large, curved nose, thin, compressed lips, and a square, cleft chin. But it was the eyes that illumined the not uncommon type of features; that gave the man such personality and force; that glowed and burned under the big, broad brow. He had been nicknamed Napoleon on the *Britannia;* the name had stuck to him; nor was it wrongly bestowed. His star, too, shone brilliantly, and hung high to light his path. He had earned honours—justly earned them—in peace as well as in war. He was rich; his friends were powerful; he was smiled on by princes and by kings. And at barely six-and-thirty he had a battleship to command.

"Will you look here, sir?" Meredith was saying to him. "It was high water at Dover at 4 p.m. Now it's just nine. This is what I've allowed each hour for the tide. It's been setting us practically due south since four-thirty. My last fix at six-fifteen—immediately before the fog came on—was a good one. Will you just check this for yourself, and you'll see we shall be in ten fathoms shortly. What are you going to do, sir? Turn sixteen points—or anchor? We ought not to go on much longer!"

"Oh, anchor, Meredith, by all means—there's no sense in going on. One is never thanked for risking the ship, even if one gets into harbour safely, while, on the other hand, there are plenty of people to jump down one's neck if the ship piles up! How far, do you say? There—let's have the dividers a second—three—three and a half miles—we're going eight knots—twenty-six minutes, isn't it? Right you are. Here, messenger!"

"Sir!"

"Tell the commander I should like to speak to him again. Then tell the engineer-commander we shall be anchoring in about twenty minutes!"

"'STARBOARD WATCH, TURN OUT BOATS! PORT WATCH, FALL IN!' MEN TORE

SILENTLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, EACH ON HIS OWN PARTICULAR TASK."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The boy vanished down the ladder; the commander came running up. Captain Falcon stepped from the chart-house door.

"Oh, commander," he said, "I am going to anchor as soon as we get into ten fathoms. Get the watch on the fo'c's'le, will you—and tell the first lieutenant the port anchor—six shackles. That you, officer of the watch?" He peered at a figure in the mist.

"Yes, sir!"

"Inform the engine-room, and get leadsmen in the chains. Keep the machines going, though!"

The watch, mustered on the fo'c's'le, cleared away anchors and cables, their work helped by a yard-arm group of lights. The first lieutenant—in charge forward—appeared at the captain's side.

"Anchor and cables cleared away, sir! All ready for letting go!"

"Thank you, first lieutenant. We shall be a few minutes yet."

"Ting-ting! Ting-a-ling ting! Ting!"

The telegraph rang, first to "Slow!" and then to "Stop!" The ship lost way; "Stand by the port anchor!" came through a megaphone from the upper bridge. Silence reigned absolute, broken intermittently by the sonorous call of the leadsmen in the chains.

"A quarter less eleven—deep eleven"—the water slowly shoaled. Then, suddenly, there came a loud and agonized shout.

"Shoal water, sir! By the mark, five!"

Meredith leapt from the compass. Falcon yelled at the lower bridge.

"Full speed astern! Both engines! Full speed astern!"

But it was too late. The great battleship gave a heave to starboard, and a lesser one to port; there was a jar that shook her from stem to stern. Then she stopped dead. She was ashore.

There was a gasp from men thrown downward; a second's deathly pause to realize disaster; an order to close watertight doors, which the watch flew to obey before it could be piped.

And, as they ran, arose a murmur; then a clashing and a clanging and a thudding, as men came rushing up the iron ladders from the lower decks—men half-dressed, tumbling from their hammocks, stokers almost naked, unclothed figures hurrying from bath-rooms below. From end to end of the ship, up every hatchway, shot the human torrent, terribly awakened: its manhood stunned and sickened; its limbs obeying the first instinctive demand.

Then—above the din and the rushing, above the curses and the questions—rose the bugle's crisp, clear call:—

"Still! Still!"

And at the sound men were men again; brains cleared swiftly; discipline tightened its grip; the torrent became listening, motionless, even as the wife of Lot. Was there not work to do, duty to be performed without question—even if they were about to die?

"Cle-e-ar lower deck!" the pipe shrilled, and the order was swiftly repeated fore and aft. "Starboard watch, turn out boats! Port watch, fall in!"

"Carry on!" urged the bugle. "Carry on!"

The torrent was once more in motion; it split into little streams. Men tore silently in all directions, each on his own particular task. One watch fell in on the upper deck and awaited orders; the other rushed to the provisioning of the boats.

Meat, biscuit, and water, boat's compasses, lanterns and signal-boxes, life-belts and rifles, appeared magically in the gloom. Derricks were cleared away for hoisting out the heavier launches and the steamboats as soon as they should have steam.

A swift examination of the walls and compartments showed that the inner skin had not been penetrated; but the outer bottom had been crushed from right forward to the foremost stokehold bulkhead. Fires were drawn in this compartment; bulkheads were shored up; bags and hammocks were jammed into each smaller and feared-for space.

The work of lightening the ship was in train, too; the great lamps on the masts showing up in patches the striving gangs of men. Wireless messages for help were crackling harshly; signal guns were being fired. Anchors were got ready for laying out when the fog lifted and it was clear enough to get the ship afloat. Soundings showed that she rested on a sandy bottom; it would be high water at 4 a.m. She should come off easily; all hands worked like men possessed.

Directly he had seen that the engines failed to move her, and that there was no immediate danger, Falcon had gone below to examine the damage, to decide what must be done. He did not waste a second; he planned and ordered swiftly; he was here, there, everywhere, cheering, encouraging his men, who worked as at an ordinary evolution and as if, on a Monday morning in harbour, they were beating a sister ship. No sign of his dismay

had been visible ; with work to do, with the need to decide and order, he never thought of himself. At last, wishing to ask the navigator a question, and seeing no one handy to take a message, he made his way to the chart-house, where Meredith must be. He reached the door. What he saw made him pause a minute. He stood leaning against the frame.

The navigator was working feverishly with his note-book and his chart, as if again and again he were trying—vainly trying—to find if some wrong calculation had put the ship ashore. He looked absolutely ghastly ; he seemed a man without hope.

And Falcon, seeing him, did not go into the chart-room after all. He changed his mind and climbed slowly to the solitude of the upper bridge. He stood there, gazing into the darkness, reasoning out the steps to be taken when the fog should lift. He reached decision. Then his mind wandered ; his thoughts turned towards himself.

How were the mighty fallen! To think that this should happen to him—to him, the man who had " got there " : the envied, the admired—justly admired—for he had succeeded by merit alone. All had been before him, now everything was gone. His enemies would sneer at him ; even his friends would condemn, would say—hadn't he heard it scores of times ?—" Poor chap ! One of those brilliant theorists who so often come to grief ! " He ground his teeth ; he shook his fists—both fists—at the foggy heaven, seething with impotent rage. He had failed, he told himself—and forgot that there is no such word as failure when men have striven together honestly for the common weal.

He pictured the court-martial ; he heard the verdict ; he saw himself set aside, growing older—sitting, perhaps, by courtesy on some Commission ; writing occasionally for a public who would fast forget him ; lastly his obituary notice, giving the world the story of his early promise—of his subsequent vanishing from the stage.

That fool of a navigator—thinking of that girl of his—had ruined his career ! A bad mistake somewhere—a mistake in which he had equal responsibility and share. And he had asked the Admiralty for the fellow, trusted him, believed in him—almost he believed in him still. And he began to remember how Meredith's lot compared with his own. He himself had compensations ; he could retire to his estates, marry, hunt, shoot, fish—do all that the leisured Englishman holds dear. But Meredith—poor devil ! —what was left to him, save enforced retirement, a drab, exiguous existence on a retired lieutenant's pay ? He would lose his girl ; he would lose his occupation ; he would lose all that he had in life.

Then, still standing on the bridge, under the hidden heavens, Falcon thought again of himself. The past years, with their list of triumphs, spread themselves before him—and he knew that this was the end. He had sought the summit ; his hands had been outstretched to grasp it ; he was slipping down, down into the void. And the great clear spirit of the man, the vision and the purpose, which had lifted him above his fellows, hungered for a final deed. He might not lead a triumphant fleet to victory ; he might not ride through the streets of London, or perish gloriously as Nelson, or have burial in the temple of his race. But to him, about to die—it would be death—living death to him—one brave, clear deed was given him now to do. He could not save himself. He could save another whose need was greater than his own. And—his lot made easier by a noble determination ; his deep-set eyes glowing, burning with the refining fire of a passionate quixotism—he turned, climbed slowly down the ladder, and went into the chart-house on the bridge below.

Meredith was sitting on the settee. His body was bent forward ; his elbows were on his knees. His face was buried in his hands. He looked up despairingly as Falcon came in. The captain's voice was quiet and quite calm.

" Meredith," he said, " I shall be wanting you to sound round the ship as soon as it's light and the fog lifts. Go and get an hour or two's sleep—or you'll knock yourself clean out of time ! "

Meredith did not answer. But he got up mechanically, in obedience to the command. Falcon spoke again. His voice was quieter still.

" I take it you've been through everything. Compass all right, isn't it ? You've made no mistake ? "

" No, sir. I'll swear I haven't—but I'll just have another look ! "

" No, you don't ! " Falcon advanced quickly. " What in the name of goodness *you've* got to worry about, I can't think. You told me we ought to turn sixteen points long before we went aground—and the responsibility is mine from beginning to end. I'll see *that* gets to the proper quarter in plenty of time ! "

The navigator stared at his captain in blank amaze.

"HE GROUND HIS TEETH; HE SHOOK HIS FISTS AT THE FOGGY HEAVEN, SEETHING WITH IMPOTENT RAGE."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" he said.

"I said, Mr. Meredith, that since you, as navigating officer of the ship, warned me that I was running risks by standing on, I am, therefore, bound in honour to take the blame for what has occurred!"

Meredith retired a step, swayed slightly, and put a hand to his eyes.

"But I never said anything of the sort, sir!"

"Meredith"—Falcon came forward and touched the lieutenant's shoulder with his hand—"you are tired out and can't quite remember things. Now *do* go and get some sleep!"

Meredith straightened himself. But the puzzled look increased.

"I said nothing, sir—except to give you a choice between turning round and anchoring. Why are you trying to bluff me, sir? I don't understand!"

Falcon lifted his shoulders. Then he turned, re-turned, swung back, and faced the lieutenant once again.

"Meredith," he said, "for goodness' sake don't be an idiot. Think of your future. You must make up your mind *now*. Just think what it means to you if you let this chance go by!"

"This chance!" The navigator stared bewilderedly; then light came to him in a flash. "Then it *is* a chance—of your making; you're trying to screen me—at your own expense. Why, sir, it's your ruin—you must be mad!"

Falcon smiled silently. Then, as he spoke, the smile became a wry and curious laugh.

"No, I'm not mad," he answered. "On the contrary, I was never more sane. But I'm not a poor man—and I haven't a girl waiting for me—and we're both of us finished—in the ordinary course of events. There's a way of escape offered to you—I *do* offer it you, Meredith—and I ask you to take it! Why not?"

"Why not?" The navigator's voice was

indignant. "Because, sir, I couldn't be such a cur as to agree! But, sir, it's fine of you! I—I almost wish I'd *really* made a mistake!"

Falcon smiled a second time. Then his lips tightened; his quixotism had got hold of him; his purpose gathered strength, he meant to go out of the Service in a fashion that would help him afterwards in dark hours of the future when he remembered how he had failed. And, a man who brooked no contradiction, he was determined to get his way.

"Meredith," he said, slowly, "don't be such an idiotic fool—at any rate, give yourself an even chance; it's lunacy that two should suffer when one can take the blame. Suppose we draw lots!"

"Draw lots?"

"Yes."

Falcon took a match-box from his pocket and jerked out two of the matches. Meredith stared at him, like a victim at a snake.

Falcon turned his back for a second. Then he faced Meredith once more.

"I've broken one of the matches in half," he said, slowly. "Here they are. The one who draws the unbroken one will win. If I lose, I'll take all responsibility and get you acquitted of blame!"

As Falcon spoke he held out his hand, the wood of the matches hidden, the tips just visible to the eye. Meredith drew a breath. He advanced a pace. His fingers hovered above the captain's clenched fist.

Suddenly he started away.

"What of the oath, sir?" he cried.

"The oath?"

"Yes—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—at the court-martial!"

"My God, Meredith! I forgot!"

Falcon took a step backwards, his eyes upon the navigator's face. His hand opened unconsciously. And two *unbroken* matches fell to the deck.

"So we must face it," he said. "I am obliged to you for stopping me. I think this affair *has* made me a little mad!"

Meredith, as he answered, had eyes for the matches alone.

"I think it has, sir. But I shall never forget——"

"No, no." Falcon cut him short immediately. "I say, Meredith, shake hands!"

He put out his hand. Meredith took it; they stood there for a space, looking at each other, these two men, friends and old shipmates, united by a common doom. Then Falcon tore his hand away.

"We've wasted a lot of good time talking!" he said. "You go and get to sleep now and——"

"Flashing light on the port bow, sir!"

The cry from outside the chart-house cut Falcon's speech in half. He sprang to the door. Meredith followed him. Overton stood at the salute.

"The fog's lifting, sir. There's a flashing light on the port bow, and another—a red-and-white revolving light—on the starboard beam!"

"All right—thank you, Overton!" Falcon turned to the navigator. "Fix her quickly. I've got to tell the admiral where we are. Signalman—come on—a pad!"

Meredith—fatigue forgotten—sprang up the ladder to the compass, took bearings of the lights, and rushed down to plot them on the chart. Falcon stood watching him, signal-pad in hand. Meredith gave a smothered oath.

"There's something wrong!" he said. And he rushed up to the upper bridge once more. He came down again; a second time he plotted the chart. The result was the same. Falcon could wait no more.

"Man alive!" he cried. "Can't you fix her? What's wrong?"

Meredith turned to him, his note-book in his hand.

"Breakwater N 4 W; Leopard N 89 E; St. Marke N 55 W! St. Marke N 55 W! Leopard N 89 E! What does it mean, sir? What the——"

Then, even as he spoke, light dawned on him; his note-book fell upon the floor. He began to laugh loudly; dropped upon the settee. And went on laughing—wild, hysterical laughter—tears streaming from his eyes.

Falcon stared at him, then shook him roughly by the arm.

"Pull yourself together, man! Tell me where we are!"

Meredith made a monster effort, and pointed across at the chart.

"We're in Oyster Bay," he stammered. "And we've made the course we wanted, to a yard! Goodness knows how no one's piled up on it before now!"

"A *new* shoal?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then—then——"

Falcon stopped. He was afraid of Fortune as he had been brave in face of Fate. But Meredith gave him answer in a loud, triumphant shout.

"Then we're safe—safe as houses! They can't blame us. *No* one can blame us for running on a shoal that isn't on the chart!"

THE SECRET OF SMART DRESSING.

By GORDON MEGGY.

All the dresses illustrated are by Lucile, Ltd., of 23, Hanover Square, W., many of them having been specially created and posed for "The Strand Magazine" by Lady Duff-Gordon, who has taken a personal interest in the preparation of this article.

Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield, Schneider, and Rita Martin.

ONE gets a little tired of hearing that Englishwomen do not know how to dress, and, indeed, the average Englishman, for patriotic reasons if for no others, usually denies most stoutly this accusation, which is so constantly being made against us. He will contend most emphatically that our women are prettier and sweeter and more winsome than those of any other nation, and will point, justly and with pardonable pride, to the fact that they are universally admired.

Of course, this is really only an evasion of the question. Even though Englishwomen are universally admired, this is not to say that they dress well, for, while taste in dress may completely metamorphize a plain woman or an ugly figure, true beauty and grace can never be entirely marred by any effort of the dressmaker, however atrocious.

Dress, like everything else, is a matter of standard. When we talk about a thing as being perfect we really mean that it is more perfect than anything else of the kind that we know of. Directly some higher standard comes along our previous ideals are destroyed, and what seemed before to be the acme of perfection must take a second place in our esteem: merit is a question of comparison; but while there may be a score of widely-different ideals as regards beauty, the line which divides smartness in dress from dowdyism is well defined.

Walk down the Bois one Sunday, and in Hyde Park the next; visit the Magic City of Paris one evening, and one of our own Exhibitions the next; go to the races at Longchamp or Deauville, and then attend Ascot or Goodwood. And when you have done all this, try to make a comparison of your impressions about the women you have seen.

Let me tell you what some of them will be. Probably the very first thing that will strike you is the way Parisians "make up." In England this is apt to be regarded as a sign of "fastness." In Paris it is simply a question of necessity. Many Frenchwomen have such bad complexions that they simply must hide them. The plain woman and the beauty alike resort to the use of paint, powder, and lip-salve to an extent that is apt to disgust the healthy-minded Englishman who, applying a brutal but essentially man-like standard, asks himself, "What on earth would happen if I kissed her!"

The next thing you would probably notice would be that while in France all the women appeared to be beautifully dressed, in England many were obviously dowdy and ill-dressed. I do not mean by this that all Frenchwomen dress well, but that for anything in the nature of a social event Frenchwomen, and Parisians essentially, will either look smart or stay away altogether. Some Englishwomen go out looking dowdy and don't know it; others go out looking dowdy and know it! There is hardly a shop-girl in Paris who would make any mistake on this point, and not one that would shirk any trouble to make herself look *chic*.

In England some of the leading ladies in our aristocracy are hopeless frumps. They must be aware of it, but they do not seem to care a bit! And that is where the temperamental difference comes in.

The great point you will remark, and in a way it is the most curious of all, is that while in Paris and in London you may see the same or similar dresses, and the same or similar hats, they will be worn in an utterly different manner. Now while there are those who stoutly contend that the English manner

Miss Gertie Millar

IN A BEAUTIFUL DRESS OF SATIN HEAVILY EMBROIDERED WITH PEARLS. THE VELVET WAISTBAND HAS SASH ENDS IN FRONT, ALSO EMBROIDERED WITH PEARLS.

Miss Emmie Wehlan.

A CHARMING DRESS, EMBROIDERED WITH DIAMONDS. NOTE THE MANNER IN WHICH THE ROPE OF PEARLS IS ATTACHED TO THE WRIST AND HEAD-DRESS.

is the more becoming—at least, to Englishwomen—it would seem, nevertheless, that our women do not think so themselves, or why do they take the Parisians as their models and get all their frocks from Paris—or pretend they do!

Englishwomen may spend more money on dress than Frenchwomen, they may get their frocks and their hats in Paris or from Paris, but they lack something, possessed in a conspicuous degree by Parisians, which tells them how their clothes should be worn. Give a Parisian a new hat, and she will put it on at once in a way that

FOUR CHARMING LITTLE EVENING FROCKS, WITH SILK BINDINGS AND HEAVILY BUGLED SKIRTS, THAT ARE BEING WORN IN "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."

makes it look infinitely smart and becoming. The Englishwoman—given even the same type of face and figure—will too often put on that same hat in a way to spoil both it and herself! Half an inch may do it, but, however small the error, she will certainly make it, and very likely make it deliberately!

From all of which our main conclusion is that the Frenchwoman is smart by instinct, while the Englishwoman wants someone to show her how to be smart.

What *is* the secret of smartness? Can no one teach women how to dress? Is there no golden rule to be laid down? Or is it a question of money?

Smartness is almost entirely a question of temperament. Like art, it is something which is born in one. It cannot be taught, but it can be developed if the germs of it exist. Hardly any two women can dress alike with equal success, for dress should be merely an accompaniment to enhance beauty, not to dominate it. It is personality that should dominate dress, and who shall lay down one rule to govern a million personalities? Nor is it a question of money. Any woman may wear a costly frock, but the greatest compliment is to her of whom we say, not, "What a beautiful dress that woman is wearing!" but "How beautifully that woman is dressed!"

The secret of smartness may perhaps be defined as the cultivation of perfect taste in dress, and in this connection there are certain unwritten but well-defined laws to which all who would be "smart" must rigidly conform.

The smartest woman is she who is always dressed for the occasion. Whether she is in her motor, walking in the street, travelling, going out to lunch, entertaining friends to tea, or visiting the theatre, she must, in each case, be dressed "for the part." It is not simply a question of possessing many different frocks and putting them on in turn to show what a lot of money she spends on dress. Each must be in perfect keeping with the purpose for which it is intended.

The street, for instance, is the one place in the world where a woman may wear nothing to attract undue attention. She may don some frock of a fluffy description for lunch, she may change into a most elaborate toilette for tea, and at the opera she may wear a gorgeous evening gown and a diamond tiara, but in the street and for all ordinary outdoor costumes she can only strike the key-note of smartness by cultivating a severe simplicity.

Even here there are exceptions. You see some of the smartest women in the world wearing most elaborate dresses in the Bois in Paris, for instance, but it must be remembered that such a promenade as this is more of a social gathering. In the same way Church Parade in Hyde Park on Sundays is an occasion when a woman may show off a pretty frock.

But for all ordinary occasions plain tailor-made dresses are what

Miss Madeline Seymour.

COULD ANYTHING LOOK BETTER THAN THIS SIMPLE DRESS?

Mme. Pavlova.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF THE FAMOUS DANCER IN A GOWN OF MOUSSELINE VELVET TRIMMED WITH SKUNK.

should be worn in the street, and the woman who has not much to spend on dress need never despair while this is so, for a simple tailor-made can be worn right through the day, and will be in perfect taste.

With many women their first instinct, when they have money to

spend on dress, is to do so in some way that will advertise the fact to the world at large. How terrible are the results! The smart woman knows that the directions in which she may display wealth in her dress are strictly limited. Beautiful jewellery, the first outlet for money, must not be worn haphazard. Diamonds should *never* be worn in the daytime, except, perhaps, in a ring, or, when very small, as part of the ornamental setting for the purse, the *lorgnette*, or the cigarette-case. Pearls may be worn in the daytime with perfect taste, but let them be few and good rather than many and of indifferent quality.

To wear diamonds with a tailor-made dress is quite out of place, since every

The Right Way.
THE SAME COSTUME WORN CORRECTLY WITH A SUITABLE HAT.

adjunct to this costume should be as unobtrusive as the costume itself. This applies to the hat with equal force. It should be small, and as plain as possible. Aigrettes or elaborate plumes of any kind would never, in any circumstances, be worn with a tailor-made dress by a woman who knew what smartness meant. Yet walk down the fashionable London streets any morning and you will see scores of Englishwomen in tailor-mades wearing large and elaborate hats. One cannot blame the milliners. They are out to sell hats, not to tell their customers that they have bad taste!

The Wrong Way.
A STRIPED FLANNEL COAT AND SKIRT WORN WRONGLY WITH LARGE PEARLS, A PICTURE AIGRETTED HAT, AND TRIMMED PARASOL.

And even when she has a suitable hat the average Englishwoman

The Wrong Way.

AFTERNOON TAFFETA DRESS WITH DIAMOND NECKLACE, A TOO SMALL HAT WITH TOO MUCH HAIR SHOWING. SCARF AND PARASOL BOTH BEING BADLY WORN.

does not study sufficiently how to wear it to the best advantage. She usually perches it on the back of her head, as a "donah" does her feathers.

The head, the hands, and the feet are three points to which the smart woman devotes great attention. Her gloves will be of white kid in all probability. Black gloves she never wears unless in deep mourning, and coloured gloves are bad style except in very pale grey, tan, or lemon to match the tops of the boots.

Whole black boots are never seen among smart people to-day. Suède shoes are largely worn, or if boots, then the tops must match the costume (and are often made of the same material) or the gloves. With afternoon and evening frocks coloured heels are now very smart, too, but they must carry out some note in the dress.

So we may leave the question of the tailor-made and the morning's outing, which will bring us to lunch-time. If the tailor-made is changed it will be for a something more elaborate, which will also demand a more elaborate hat, but a little later in the day the smart woman has an opportunity to change into something even more elaborate still.

The introduction of the Tango has brought about extraordinary changes in the fashions. Tango teas are tremendously popular in Paris, where everybody

The Right Way.

THE SAME COSTUME CORRECTLY WORN WITH LARGE HAT.

dresses in very airy-fairy style for them. Imagine trying to dance the Tango in a tight skirt! All the *grandes couturières* now make special Tango dresses which give plenty of freedom to the wearers.

The present vogue for the small ha' is also due, in part at least, to the Tango. Large hats were doomed in Paris the moment women found how they impeded their partners.

As to evening dresses, the limits to their elaborateness are set by fashion more than by taste, and, however smart they may be, the effect will be spoilt if they are badly put on or if their accompaniments are in bad taste. An aigrette makes a very telling head-dress if it is properly worn, but it is not every woman who can wear one, and, of the few who can, still fewer know how to. It is far better not to wear one at all than wear one wrongly.

The Right Way.
THE SAME COSTUME LOOKS CHIC WITH A FELT HAT AND FURS AS WORN BY PARISIANS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The Wrong Way.
AFTERNOON DRESS WITH FURS WORN WRONGLY AND FLOWERED STRAW HAT.

Diamonds are always in place by artificial light, but a woman wants a rich if not an elaborate toilette to carry off any quantity of them, and it is easier to wear too many than too few. Mixtures of jewels should at all times be handled carefully. The smart woman usually keeps her pearls for other occasions, and if she wears diamonds in the evening, wears them alone or in conjunction with emeralds or sapphires.

and with afternoon dresses the stockings should match the dress or the shoes or the gloves, or at least some note in the general colour scheme.

The colour scheme! It brings us to the climax. Until the world ceases to revolve there will be some colours that do not suit certain women. Many people look hideous in one particular colour, while another will change their whole appearance! I do not believe there is one single Frenchwoman in Paris who is ignorant as to which colours do not suit her. And when once she has discovered them she never wears them in any circumstances.

But Englishwomen, in a very great number of cases, do not seem to study this question at all, or, if they do, pay small regard to it. One can

The Wrong Way.

EVENING DRESS WORN WITH A BADLY-PLACED AIGRETTE, UGLY EARRINGS, AND A BAD MIXTURE OF DIAMONDS AND PEARLS, AS WELL AS AN UNTIDY AND INEFFECTIVE FUR AND CHIFFON WRAP.

The Right Way.

THE SAME DRESS CORRECTLY WORN MINUS ALL TRIMMING SAVE THE PEARLS. NOTE PARTICULARLY HOW THESE ARE EFFECTIVELY WORN SO AS TO FORM THE ENTIRE DECORATION.

And what of stockings. Particularly in the evening smart women avoid black stockings like poison! They are not smart—not even with a black dress, as a rule. Pale, flesh-coloured stockings are the thing to-day. No matter what colour the dress may be, flesh-coloured stockings will always be correct with any frock which allows the throat and neck to be seen, since they carry out the same note of colour. With tailor-mades

Miss Sari Petrass.

A TANGO FROCK. THE TUNIC IS OF CHIFFON OVER LACE, THE SKIRT OF CHIFFON DRAPERY, AND THE BODICE TAFFETA WITH SLEEVES IN CHIFFON EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERS, THE TASSELS IN SILK CARRYING OUT THE COLOURS OF THE FLOWERS.

see score of pretty girls in London every day who would look ten times as pretty if they spent their dress allowances differently, and in nine cases out of ten the main fault is that somewhere about them they are wearing *the wrong colour*.

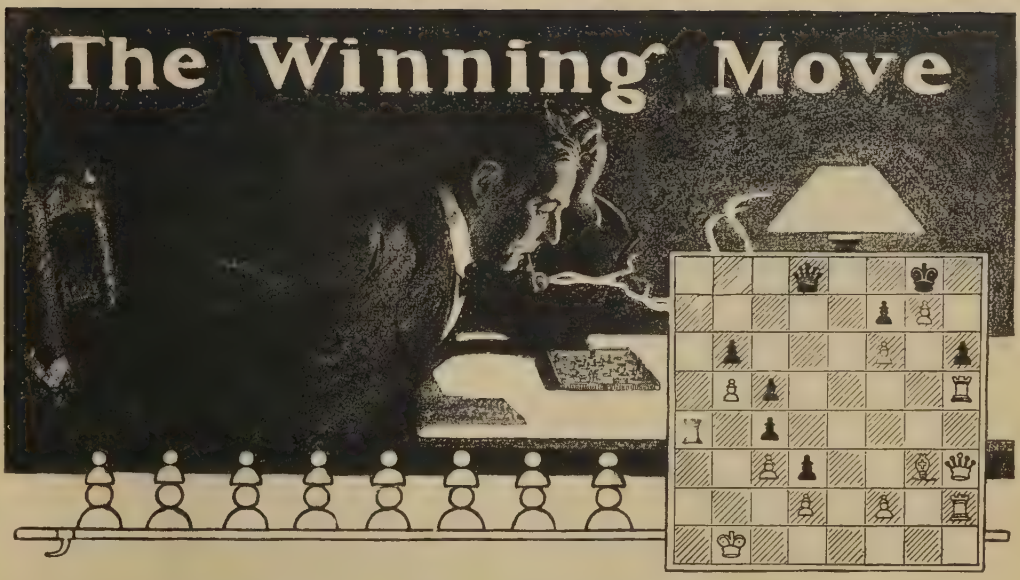
Money does not spell smartness. Quite the contrary: the woman who has unlimited means to spend on herself has more directions in which to make mistakes. It is well within the means of the ordinary English girl, with the average dress allowance, to be smart.

What should be remembered is that perfect, unassuming taste on all occasions is more nearly the key-note of smartness than to sacrifice all else for a display of unusual splendour to grace some particular event.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh

HER FROCK IS OF BROCADE AND THE COAT OF CHIFFON EMBROIDERED IN SILVER. THE TURBAN AND THE HEAVY ORNAMENTS IN TURQUOISES AND EMERALDS ACROSS THE CORSAGE GIVE A DECIDEDLY EASTERN EFFECT.

The Winning Move



By RAYMUND ALLEN.

Illustrated by Philip Baynes.

AS Grant passed along the hall of the Bull Hotel in the assize town where circuit business called him a young woman rose from the corner and came towards him with quick steps.

"I beg your pardon, but I think you are Mr. Grant." She spoke with an educated, distinct voice, and her manner betrayed a struggle between shyness and a certain eager anxiety. Her face struck Grant at once as beautiful, and there was a troubled appeal in her eyes that caught his attention.

"Yes, my name is Grant. Can I do anything for you?"

"Mr. Marlin tells me that you are going to defend my brother at the assizes. He is our solicitor."

"Mr. Marlin is coming to see me this evening about your brother's case, but I don't even know your brother's name."

"Robert Smaley is my brother's name," she replied. "Mr. Marlin will be able to tell you everything about the case, but I want you to know from the first that my brother *is* innocent, absolutely innocent."

There was a ring of passionate sincerity in her voice, and her eyes were fixed on his face with a steadfast gaze as though to compel him to recognize that she was speaking truth.

"What is the nature of the charge against your brother, Miss Smaley?" asked Grant.

"Embezzling a sum of sixty-three pounds," she replied. A deep flush of indignant shame spread over her face, and he could see that she was struggling to keep back tears as she turned away after thanking him for listening.

Grant had been waiting some minutes in his sitting-room when Jimmy Marlin entered. He was an old school friend of Grant's and his most faithful client among solicitors.

"I understand you are briefing me to defend one Robert Smaley for embezzlement?" Grant remarked. "His sister buttonholed me as I came into the hotel. I hope we are going to call her, for if she makes half as good an impression upon the jury as she did upon me she ought to get her brother off."

"Yes, we shall have to call her. In fact, I fancy the verdict will very largely depend upon whether or not the jury accept her evidence.

"She and her brother live together in a tiny little house, and they have no other people that I know of. They have always been considered thoroughly respectable, and she is devoted to him.

"The defendant Smaley is charged with embezzling sixty-three pounds odd of the moneys of the Radical Institute, of which he is assistant secretary and treasurer. Smaley gets a small salary, does all the clerical work, keeps the accounts, and collects the members' subscriptions and hands them over perio

cally to a man called Johnston, who is the honorary secretary and treasurer. Then there is a caretaker, a German called Fritz Rosenau, who is what people call 'a bit of a character.' He is general handy-man about the place, not a bad gymnastic instructor, can cook a bit, mark a game of billiards, and is intelligent and apparently well educated. Well, now, Johnston had made an appointment to meet Smaley at the institute on the 27th of June, last month, in the morning, to audit his accounts and take over from him the funds he held. Smaley had mentioned a day or two before that he had about sixty pounds in hand. Johnston and Smaley arrived in company at the institute and were let in by Fritz Rosenau, who is the only person left on the premises at night. Smaley used to keep his papers and do his secretarial work at a roll-top desk in what was called the games room, which, when not in use, was generally kept locked.

"On this particular morning Johnston and Smaley found the door of the games room unlocked, the lower half of one of the windows was open, there was an unfinished game of chess left standing on one of the tables, two chairs were drawn up to the table, there were cigarette-ends lying on the floor by each chair, the roll-top desk was open, and the cash-box was gone. Fritz was sent for, and declared that he had not been into this room since Smaley had handed him the key after locking the door at a little after nine o'clock on the previous evening. Smaley agreed that he had locked the door at about that time and had given the key to Fritz, but he was certain that when he had left the room all the windows were fastened, that all the chairs were arranged in tidy rows against the walls, and that none of the chessboards or men were left about. He was equally certain that he had left the cash-box on the roll-top desk."

"So far," Grant interjected, "it looks more like a case against Fritz Rosenau."

"Johnston seems to have suspected both of them. He sent at once for the police-detective, and with his permission Smaley telephoned for me to come and watch the investigation on his behalf. I got there before the detective, and it occurred to me that I might possibly require your services later on, so, knowing your love of the minutiæ of a case, I made a sketch plan of the games room showing the position of all the furniture and everything I could think of, including the cigarette-ends, and I jotted down on a diagram the position of the chess pieces. The room is on the ground floor, but the windows are barred. I ought to have mentioned, by the way, that the roll-top desk was set from nine to ten feet away from the open window. When the detective came he made a search, but found nothing incriminating. Then he proposed to search Smaley's private house. Smaley seemed rather taken aback at the suggestion, but it would have looked suspicious for him to refuse, and he and I went with Johnston and the detective. In a cupboard in the sitting-room there was a cash-box precisely similar to the one in Smaley's possession at the institute, and inside it fifty pounds in gold in a bag and some odd shillings loose. There is the further circumstance that Smaley was hard up at the time, and the prosecution have a letter of his to his landlord asking for time for the payment of his rent. That is the case for the prosecution."

"And a nasty, awkward case to meet, too," Grant muttered. "But what has Smaley himself got to say?"

"He says that the cash-box found at his house was one of two that he bought at the same time, one for his own use and one for the purposes of the institute. As to the fifty pounds, the account is this. Miss Smaley had been employed until lately as an assistant at the public library, and while there she had been persecuted by the persistent attentions of a man who, it seemed, had conceived a sort of crazy passion for her. She always refused to let him talk to her, and she doesn't even know his name, but shortly after she had given up the library a parcel containing fifty pounds in gold was left at the Smaleys' house. There was nothing inside to indicate from whom it came except a bit of card, on which were the printed words, 'From a devoted admirer.' Miss Smaley will swear to all this part of the story, and she says that the money was put away in the cash-box for safety until there should come an opportunity of returning it. Smaley's suggestion, made in answer to cross-examination in the police-court, was that two members of the institute must have come in to play a game of chess between the time when he left and eleven o'clock, when the place would ordinarily be closed, and that one or both must have committed the theft."

"The suggestion of the prosecution," Grant observed, "will, of course, be that Smaley himself disarranged the furniture and set out the chess and so on in order to have a plausible theory all ready in case he should be accused."

"Yes, that was put to him point-blank in the police-court."

When Marlin had gone Grant took up the brief and read it carefully through. The vision of Miss Smaley's earnest, tearful eyes had pricked his conscience to a more than usually acute appreciation of counsel's obligation towards the prisoner he defends. He filled two pipes and, with Marlin's sketch plan of the games room in front of him, settled down to think out the possibilities of the case.

Grant was himself a keen chess-player, and it occurred to him that the actual position of the pieces, as recorded by Marlin, might possibly throw some light upon the matter. The chance was rather slender, but made it just worth while to get out the little folding chessboard that was his inseparable travelling companion.

He had the rather bad habit, not uncommon among chess-players, of talking to himself while studying a position, and an unseen auditor, had there been one, might have overheard something like the following soliloquy, punctuated by reflective puffs of smoke from his pipe: "White is a rook and bishop up and has an overwhelming attack. Black ought to have resigned at this point, whether he did or not. If it is White's move he simply takes the pawn and Black can only delay mate for a move or two by some useless checks. Hold on, though; wait a bit. If White takes the pawn Black escapes with a stalemate—by a stalemate or else perpetual check, which comes to the same. Well, then, White mustn't take the pawn. He is two clear pieces ahead, and needn't be in any hurry." He had become interested in the position for its own sake, and for the moment almost forgot that it formed part of the brief for the defence of a man charged with a serious crime. It looked as though White must be able to win without any difficulty, but whatever move he tried seemed always to lead to that baffling alternative of stalemate or perpetual check. He tried one move after another, only to find himself led always to the same futile drawn game. Suddenly he sprang from his chair and paced about the room in the excitement of a sudden illumination.

"That might just save us! Thank God for a judge who plays chess and has a logical mind! Only, does the position give me the foundation for the argument?"

He sat down again, and with his hands to his head concentrated all his mind on the chessboard. The more difficult it was to find a move that would win the game for White, the more certain he felt that such a move was there, and the more determined he grew to find it.

It was twenty minutes past two when at last he threw himself back in his chair with a cry of triumph.

"Very neat, very subtle," he said aloud, as he stood on the hearthrug stretching his cramped limbs. "The rottenest-looking move on the board, but the only one to win, and leading up to three distinct sacrifices of the queen. Properly handled, it ought to win for Smaley, too, and his sister with the fine eyes."

"That is the case for the Crown, my lord," and Meggitt-Hartley sat down.

"I call the prisoner," Grant said, and a warder opened the door of the dock for Smaley to pass out to the witness-box. He did not make an impressive witness. He fidgeted with his hands, pulled nervously at his moustache, and had to be told more than once to keep his voice up, so that the jury might hear what he was saying. He looked still more uncomfortable when Meggitt-Hartley began to cross-examine in a loud and aggressive voice.

"Now, I am not going to beat about the bush. I am going to put it to you quite straight. Wasn't it you who disarranged the furniture of the games room and set out the chessboard and the rest, and didn't you do it for the express purpose of making it appear as though someone else had been in that room after you left? You won't accept that? Very good. Now, will you kindly tell my lord and the jury who you suggest did do all this?"

"I suggest that most probably two members of the institute came in to play chess, and that one of them committed the crime which you are trying to fasten upon me."

Grant smiled as he hastily took down the last answer in his note-book before he rose to re-examine. He did this very shortly, and then called Dorothea Smaley. Her hand trembled as she took the book to be sworn, but she answered every question without the least hesitation or fencing, and if there was a slight quaver in her voice it only enhanced the effect of perfect frankness.

The cross-examination was superficial and almost apologetic in tone. Meggitt-Hartley knew his business better than to attempt to bully a dignified and beautiful woman when half the jury were leaning forward in their seats to observe her more closely.

The judge glanced up at the clock.

"Have you many more witnesses, Mr. Grant? I should like to finish this case to-day if possible, but if not I propose to rise shortly after five o'clock."

"I have only two more witnesses, both very short, my lord. James Marlin!

"Were you in the games room of the Radical Institute about nine-twenty on the morning of June 27th last?"

"Yes."

"Was there a chessboard on one of the tables, with chessmen standing upon it?"

"Yes."

"Did you make a note at the time of the position of the chessmen on the board?"

"Yes."

Grant passed up to the witness a pencil diagram.

"Is that the note you made?"

"Yes."

"I put that in, my lord."

Meggitt-Hartley had been too much puzzled to know what Grant could be driving at to think of objecting to the leading form of his questions, and the judge, looking inquiringly at Grant, addressed him in a tone of silken suavity.

"I am sure, Mr. Grant, you would not have called this evidence unless you had some entirely adequate purpose to subserve in so doing, but I confess that for the moment I am greatly puzzled to divine what possible bearing it can have upon the case."

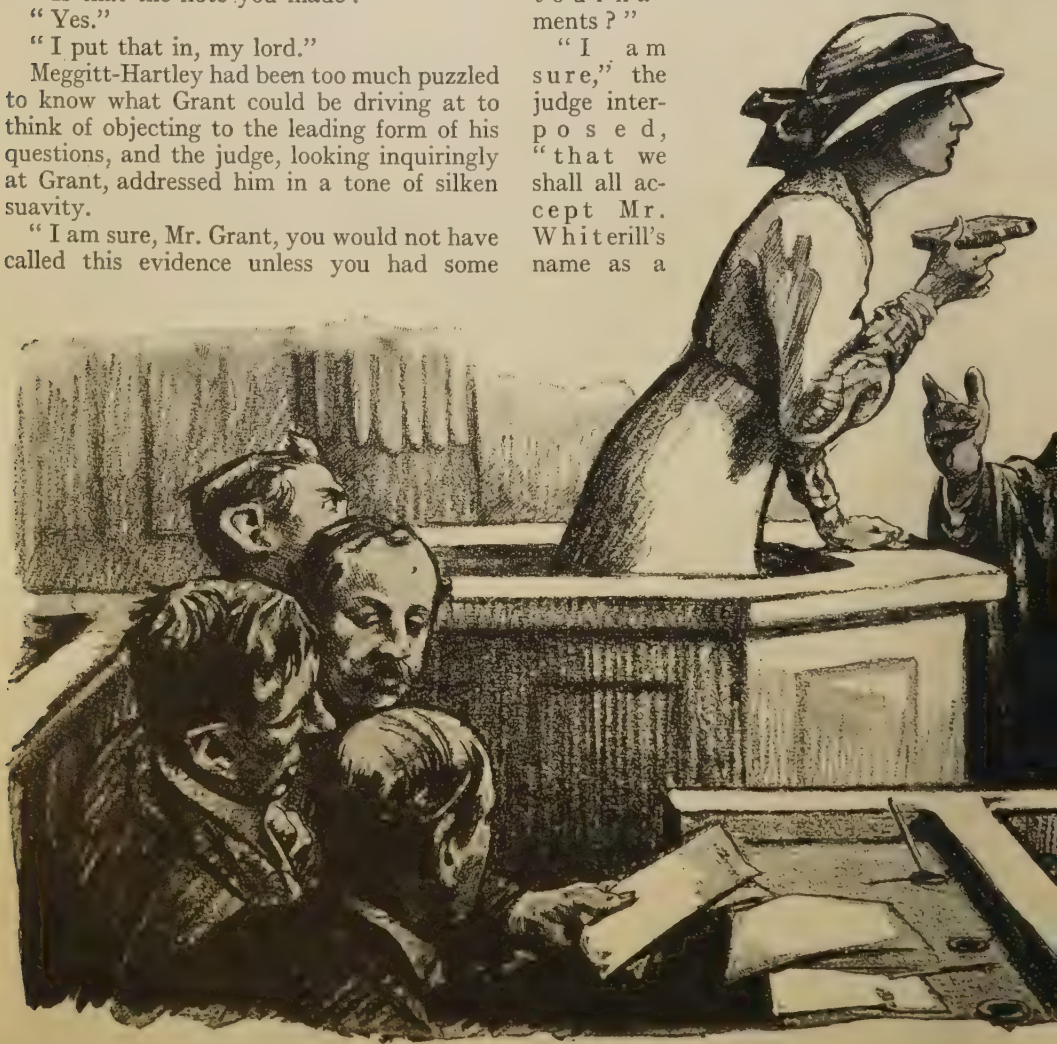
"I think, my lord, the next witness will make the matter quite clear to your lordship. Mr. Whiterill!

"I think it may assist your lordship," he continued, as the witness went into the box, "if I may be allowed to hand up this chessboard, on which the pieces are arranged according to the diagram produced by the last witness."

There was a moment of quite dramatic suspense as Grant rose to examine his witness.

"Is your name James Whiterill? Are you the chess champion of England and have you won prizes in a large number of international tournaments?"

"I am sure," the judge interposed, "that we shall all accept Mr. Whiterill's name as a



"HER HAND TREMBLED AS

sufficient guarantee of authority upon the particular branch of knowledge in which he has attained to such eminence."

"Now, Mr. Whiterill, speaking as one of the greatest living authorities upon the game of chess, will you tell us whether or not in your opinion the position set up on that board could have been arrived at in the course of an actually played game of chess?"

"No, it certainly could not."

"Can you tell us how it is that you can say that so confidently?"

"Because the position is clearly an elaborately-constructed chess puzzle. There is only one first move by which White can win, and afterwards White must sacrifice the queen in three different ways, according to the moves played by Black. The position is undoubtedly artificial and could not have occurred in actual play."

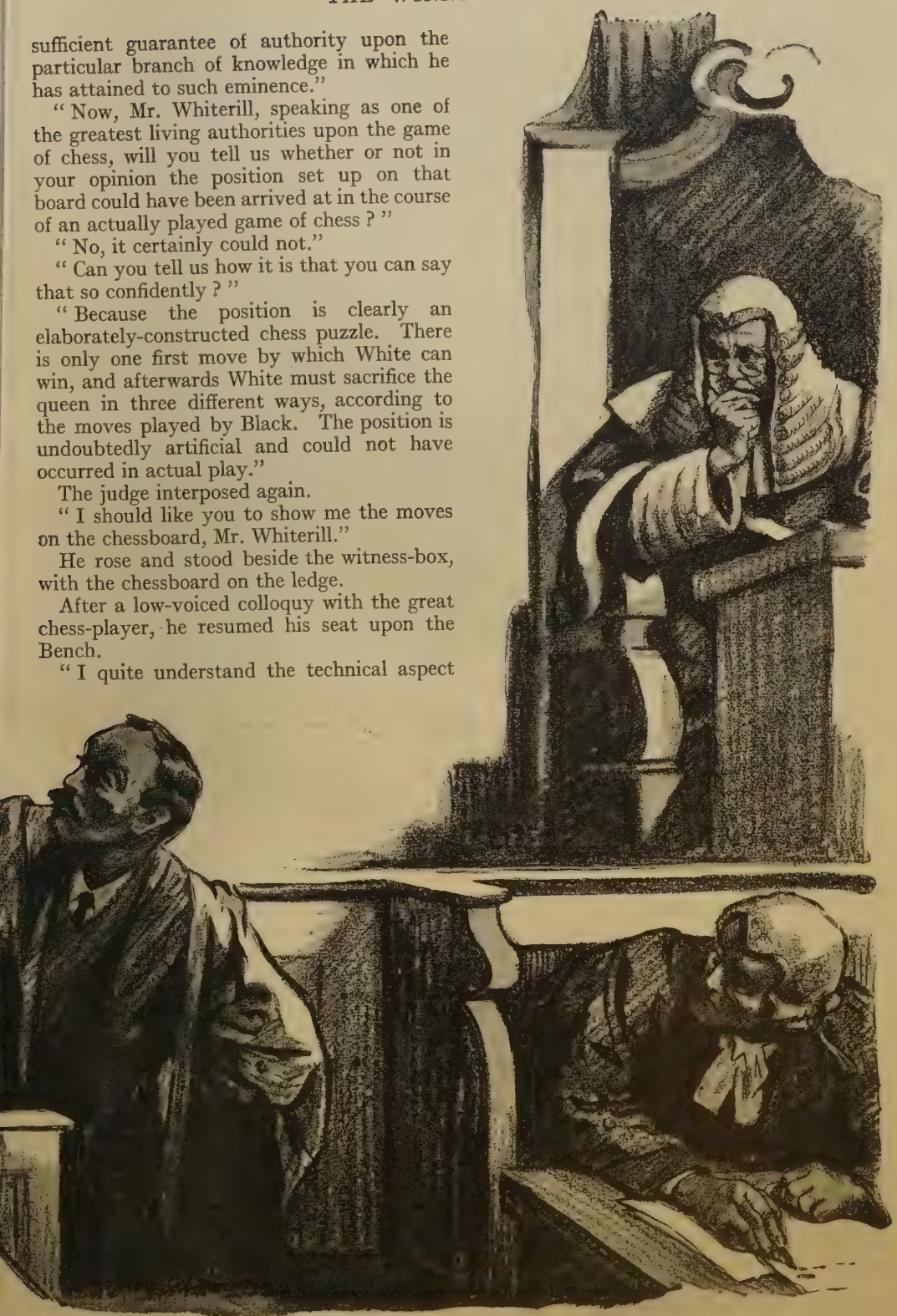
The judge interposed again.

"I should like you to show me the moves on the chessboard, Mr. Whiterill."

He rose and stood beside the witness-box, with the chessboard on the ledge.

After a low-voiced colloquy with the great chess-player, he resumed his seat upon the Bench.

"I quite understand the technical aspect



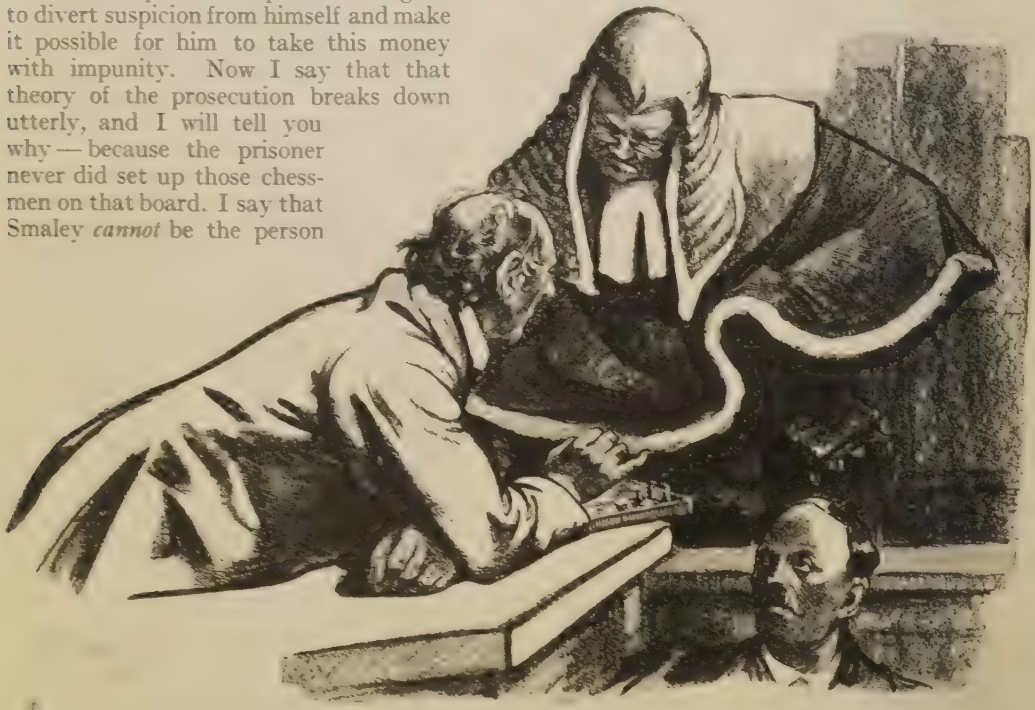
SHE TOOK THE BOOK TO BE SWORN."

of this evidence now, Mr. Grant, and I think I can anticipate the point you propose to make upon it with the jury."

When Grant rose to address the jury on behalf of the defendant he saw that the jury had settled down to serious attention. . . . .

"The theory of the prosecution is this, that the chessboard and the two chairs drawn up to the table and the cigarette-ends on the floor were all part of an elaborately-arranged sham on the part of the prisoner designed to divert suspicion from himself and make it possible for him to take this money with impunity. Now I say that that theory of the prosecution breaks down utterly, and I will tell you why — because the prisoner never did set up those chessmen on that board. I say that Smaley *cannot* be the person who arranged those pieces, because his own theory of how they came there is clearly founded on a mistake. I dare say some of you gentlemen are chess-players and can see it for yourselves, but, at any rate, we have got it now upon the authority of Mr. Whiterill, the chess champion of England, that the position of the pieces on that chessboard is an elaborately-constructed puzzle, and quite certainly is not part of a game actually played by two real players. Now, what is the suggestion of Smaley? Just let me read you one of his answers to my learned friend: 'I suggest that most probably two members of the institute came in to play chess, and that one of them committed the crime which you are trying to fasten upon me.'

"That suggestion of the prisoner is founded on what we now know to be an entirely erroneous assumption. If the theory of the prosecution were true, Smaley must have deliberately dug a pitfall in front of his own feet and then walked into it with his eyes wide open. I ask you to follow this rather closely, gentlemen, because I think you must see (and I venture to think that his lordship will tell you) that it does really knock the bottom out of the case for the prosecution. According to the theory of the prosecution, the whole point of Smaley's plot from the outset was that in case he should be accused he should be able to say, 'This crime must have been committed by one or other of two people who had been playing chess. Here are their two chairs and their cigarette-ends, and here's their game as they left it.' And that being the defence which, according to the prosecution, he must, so to speak, have had up his sleeve the whole time, he sets up, not a game of chess, but an elaborate problem. Either he would have set up a chess problem and suggested that someone had been in that games room studying a problem, or he would have set up a game and suggested that there had been two players; but to set up a problem in order to support the idea that a game had been played would be an act of gratuitous folly, an act simply inconceivable on the part of a man who had the ingenuity to devise such a plot as the one the prosecution attribute



"HE STOOD BESIDE THE WITNESS-BOX WITH THE CHESSBOARD ON THE LEDGE."

to my client. No, gentlemen, I suggest to you that the prosecution have found a mare's nest, that the prisoner never invented any plot at all, that the hand that stole the cash-box was the same hand that set up the chess-men, and that, whoever's hand that may have been, it was not that of the prisoner."

Grant passed on to a review of the other facts, and then worked up through the subject of the fifty pounds and the sister's evidence towards a peroration. As he turned his head for an instant towards the part of the court where Miss Smaley was sitting he saw her fine face, pale and set with suspense, following intently his speech to the jury, with her lustrous, troubled eyes fixed upon his face. He turned round again to the jury with a throb of excitement and let himself go. For some palpitating minutes he held his whole audience in the grip of real oratory, and then sank back in his seat with a flushed face.

It needed a sharp tug at his gown to call his attention to a little note that had been tossed up to him from the reporters' table. A moment later he was on his feet again.

"My lord, I have this moment received a communication which I think I ought at once to pass on to your lordship."

The little scrap of paper was handed up to the judge, who turned towards the reporters' table when he had read it.

"I should like the gentleman who wrote this note to step forward. Come into the witness-box, sir.

"Mr. Grant, I shall call this witness myself, and I shall allow the learned counsel on both sides to cross-examine if necessary."

An alert-eyed little man stepped briskly into the box. He was a reporter on the *Daily Dispatch*, the leading local newspaper, and he produced a proof of the chess column that was to appear on the following Saturday. At the top of the column was a printed chess diagram, showing the identical position that had been produced by Marlin. It was headed "End Game by Vaterland," and underneath, "White to play and win."

"Can you tell us the real name of the contributor who writes under this pseudonym?" the judge asked.

"No, my lord, but I could find out by sending to the office."

"Please get the information as quickly as possible. And now let the witness Rosenau come back into the box."

But the witness was not in court. His name was passed from constable to constable till the corridors outside reverberated with shouts of "Fritz Rosenau."

"My lord," reported the superintendent of police, "I am informed that the witness was seen to leave the court in a great hurry about an hour ago. The police have telephoned to the Radical Institute, but he has not returned there."

The judge turned to the jury.

"I am afraid, gentlemen, this case will have to be adjourned until to-morrow, in order that further inquiries may be made and the attendance of Fritz Rosenau obtained if possible. Of course, gentlemen, if you should have already concluded upon the evidence that you have heard that it would not be safe to convict the prisoner, it would be competent for you to say now that the prisoner is not guilty. It is a matter entirely for you."

There was a short consultation among the jurors, and then the foreman, with a face singularly devoid of intelligence, rose and said, "My lord, we are all agreed that the guilty party is the German, Rosenau."

The judge smiled a little sarcastic smile.

"I am afraid, gentlemen, it is hardly within your province to return a verdict against a person who so far has not even been charged with any offence. Your verdict, however, as regards the prisoner whom you have got in charge, amounts to one of 'Not guilty.' The prisoner may be discharged."

The buzz of approval that rose in court was broken by a cry of relief going off into hysterical laughter, as Miss Smaley slid from her seat and fell with a thud to the floor in a dead faint.

It was at the next assizes, about four months later, that Grant again found himself sitting in the same court, when a warder leant over the edge of the dock to touch his shoulder and hand him a little envelope. From its weight and metallic clink Grant recognized at once the guinea of a "docker" who desired his services for the defence. He looked at the name on the envelope, "R. v. Fritz Rosenau."

"Good lord!" he ejaculated, and then made his way to one of the cells below. Here he had his interview with the prisoner, while a constable stood motionless but watchful outside the open door. "I understand you want me to defend you?"

"Yes, I want you to defend me," the man replied, with a guttural German accent. "I asked for you because I knew from the last trial that you play chess, and would understand how I came to do it."

"How you came to do it?" Grant exclaimed. "Do you mean that you are going

to plead guilty and want me to say something for you in mitigation of sentence ? "

" Ach, no ! I am not guilty. I mean how I came to set up the chessboard."

" Well, if you have a defence you had better tell me as shortly as you can what it is."

" I will tell you how it happened. I have known the chess all my life. I care not so much to play with another ; I like better to make problems. One day I think I send a problem to the paper here, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and I put it in the post. That night I lie in my bed in the dark, and I see the chess pieces move in my head. Suddenly I think I see that I have made a mistake, that my problem is all wrong. I cannot sleep. At last I can bear it no more. At three o'clock in the morning I get up and I go to the games room to look at it on a board. The room is close, stuffy. I open the window. I stare long time at the board. I smoke cigarettes."

" Why were there two chairs drawn up to the table ? " Grant asked, sharply.

" Ach, ja ! that is quite simple. I sit down at one side of the table. I find the light not good. I am in my own shadow. I change to the other side of the table, and I take a fresh chair because it is less trouble than to carry the other one round. I finish my cigarettes, but I must smoke. I go to my bedroom to get some more. I am away three, five minutes. When I come back the verdammte cash-box is gone. I had seen it when I went into the room, but only with half my mind. I was too excited about my problem. I rush to a window to look down the street. It is daylight, but there is nobody there. I go all over the building. There is nobody there. Then I think, ' Fritz, you are only a fool, but the police will say you are a thief, and you will go to prison.' Then I wonder who can have taken the box, and how he can have got in. Then I say to myself, ' It is that Smaley ; he have some way of getting in that I know not, and he think to put the blame on me, the common dog, but how can I prove it ? ' Then I think I had better leave the room just as it is, and the police will think there has been someone else. I never think that anyone will pay any attention to the position of the pieces ; it never entered my mind. I will just tell the police I was never in the room at all. I just close the door again, and I go back to bed. And the problem was all right after all," he concluded.

" I am afraid it will be very much against you that you didn't tell the truth about being in the room that night, and you ran away, you know. Why did you do that ? "

" I ran away when I found Mr. Marlin had copied down my problem, and I knew it would come out in the *Weekly Dispatch*."

" Well, I will get you off if I can, but I must get back to court now."

As Grant went up the steps from the cells a sudden inspiration flashed upon his mind.

" By Jove, what a dullard I am ! Sherlock Holmes would have got there in five minutes. Sherlock Holmes ! I don't believe Watson himself could have missed it. However, better four months late than never."

He hurried back into court, and at the first convenient pause rose to make an application.

" Will your lordship allow me to mention the case of Fritz Rosenau ? It is number ten in your lordship's calendar. I have just been instructed for the prisoner, and I think it is important in his interest that the police should make certain inquiries. My application is that the case should not be taken to-day."

" Very well, Mr. Grant, I will take it first to-morrow morning, subject to any part-heard case."

The next morning Grant was in court, with Meggitt-Hartley, who was again for the prosecution, sitting next to him.

" I think we have got hold of the right man this time," Meggitt-Hartley remarked.

" The odd thing is that you are prosecuting the wrong man again," Grant replied. " I'll bet you my docker's guinea to a threepenny-bit you don't get a conviction."

" Then you must have faked up an even bigger surprise than you did at Smaley's trial."

" I have," Grant answered. " You wait."

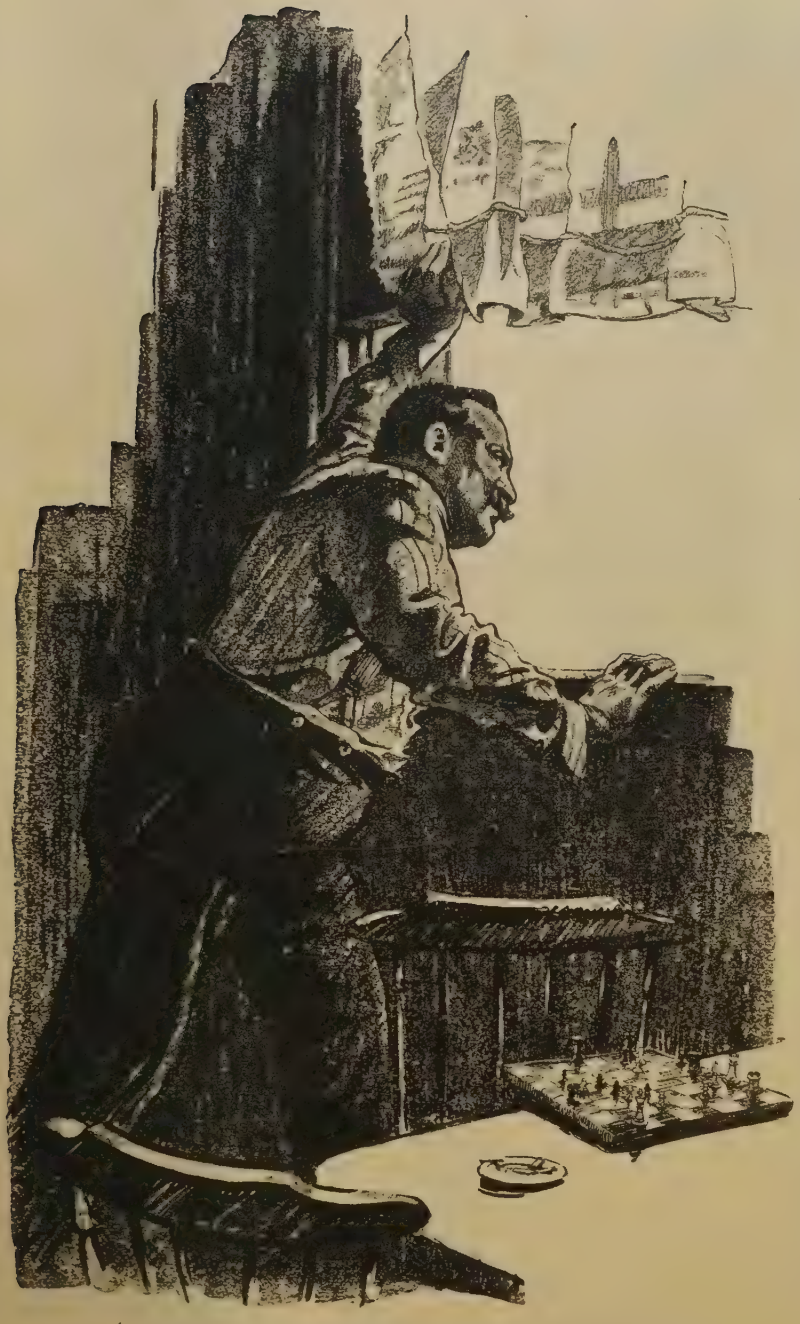
Meggitt-Hartley began to think that Grant had been merely " rotting " him as witness after witness left the box without any cross-examination from Grant, and when the prisoner gave his account he felt certain the jury did not believe a word of his defence.

" Mary Sullivan ! " A little wizened Irish-woman, dressed in black, went into the box in obedience to Grant's call. She looked a depressing, scared little figure, but she gave her evidence with the volubility and the accent of her race. She lived at 97, Potter Street, and was the widow of Timothy Sullivan, who had died only a few weeks before.

" Will you look at that cash-box, Mrs. Sullivan ? " Grant said, as, at a sign from him, a constable placed one on the ledge of the witness-box.

" Had that cash-box been in your husband's possession for some time before his death ? "

" Yes, mee lorrd."



"THE ROOM IS CLOSE, STUFFY. I OPEN THE WINDOW."

"Did your husband ever tell you how he came into possession of that cash-box?"

"I object, my lord," Meggitt-Hartley cried, before the witness could answer. "How can a statement by this good lady's husband be evidence?"

"What do you say to that, Mr. Grant?" the judge asked "Isn't it mere hearsay, and, therefore, inadmissible?"

"The statement of the deceased husband, my lord, may tend to show that he had no title to property which was in his possession, and, if so, that would be a declaration against interest, and the declarant having deceased, the statement would be admissible on the authority of Higham *v.* Ridgway."

The judge considered for a few moments.

"Yes, Mr. Grant, I think you are entitled to get the answer of the witness, but it will depend upon the tenor of that answer whether or not it is admissible, and I may have to tell the jury to disregard it."

"If your lordship pleases. Now, Mrs. Sullivan, will you tell my lord and the jury what your husband told you as to the manner in which he became possessed of that cash-box?"

"Mee lorrd, me husband was a lamplighter, and he stole it out of the institute with a long pole that he used to put the lamps out with av a marning, and, mee lorrd, he drank himself to death in a fortnight wid the money."

[*At the head of this story is shown the position as set up on the board. No doubt many of our readers will like to try to solve the problem for themselves, noting the clue given by Grant's observations. We shall print the solution next month.*]

Humours of the Musical Profession.

STORIES TOLD BY EMINENT MUSICIANS AND SINGERS.

MME. CALVÉ'S LAUGHABLE DEBUT.

WHEN I went to the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels in 1881 I made my *début* as Marguerite. My second performance was to be Cherubino. At that time I was very slight. My neck and arms were thin, and so, of course, were my legs. I did not think I could possibly appear in breeches without something to make me look a little plumper, so I went to the costumier of the theatre and told him I wanted some pads. He made them according to his own ideas of what beautiful legs should be, and sent them to me so late that I had no time to try them on. I don't know what I must have looked like when I stepped on the stage thin and girlish from the waist up, and provided with the most enormous calves.

After the first act the manager rushed around to my dressing-room. "My heavens!" he exclaimed, "where in the world did you get those legs? They certainly are not your own." I admitted that they were not, and said I thought I was too thin to dispense with pads. "Don't you know," he said, to me, "that a young girl with straight, slender legs is far better suited to the part of a page than when she disfigures herself with such things as these? Take off the pads and go out in your own legs." I decided to follow his advice. When I came on the stage again I was thin, but at least symmetrical. The effect on the audience was startling. The conductor of the orchestra stared at me as if his eyes would pop out of his head. After a moment or two the cause of the astonishing alteration in my looks seemed to be understood, and there was a titter of laughter through the audience. Since that time I have never worn pads.

MR. LANDON RONALD.—"I DISLIKE UGLY THINGS."

Here is a little story very much against myself of a recent incident. I went into my club one day, looked into the reading-room, and saw a great friend of mine talking to one of the ugliest men I have ever seen in my life.

My friend called me over, and much to my regret, as I dislike ugly things in life, introduced me to the man in question. He turned out to be quite a decent fellow, and paid me the usual

silly compliments which all professionals receive. I conversed with him some five minutes, and when I had had enough he reiterated the statement that he was delighted to have met me, being one of my greatest admirers, and added :—

"In any case, Mr. Ronald, I was most anxious to know you, because I am always being mistaken for you."

Neither is the following incident without its humour. During a provincial tour with Mme. Melba, when I was acting as accompanist to the famous *prima donna*, she sang one of my songs during a certain performance. She was encored, and then sang the Mad Scene from "Lucia." Another encore followed, and I again took my seat at the piano without any music. I then heard an indignant voice from among the enthusiasts sitting quite near me on the platform, "Oh, goodness ! he is going to play some more of his own stuff.".

MME. MELBA.—CARUSO'S JOKE.

Signor Caruso has a penchant for practical jokes, and sometimes, when I was playing the death scene in "La Bohème," he made it very difficult for me to refrain from laughing. I remember on one occasion at Covent Garden

Signor Tosti was sitting in the front row of the stalls, wearing a false moustache, and every time I looked his way he waggled it at me in a most grotesque manner. Signor Caruso saw this, and tried to imitate him. You can understand how I felt when, as Mimi, I was supposed to be dying to Puccini's heartrending strains.

One American experience recurs to me at the moment. I had been appearing in "Faust" at Washington, and, getting into the train after the performance rather tired, was not unnaturally annoyed at finding my state-room unprepared. I called the coloured attendant, who kept me waiting a long time before he condescended to appear. "Why is my berth not ready ?" I began. He looked me up and down indifferently. "I saw you play Margaret (Marguerite) this mornin'," he said, defiantly, "an' I thought you weren't a bit o' good. You'll hev to wait. But Plankon (Plançon) was fine," he added, as an afterthought. Two years afterwards I received a letter from this same ebony critic. "I heard you last night as Manon Lescaut," it ran, "and it was real fine. You beat the band. I take it all back."

MISS MARIE HALL (MRS. EDWARD BARING). — CHEWING-GUM ENTERPRISE.

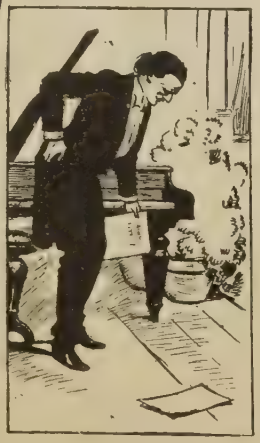
Nothing has impressed me on my travels so much as the enterprise and resourcefulness of the Yankee Pressman. Wherever I went I found the ubiquitous Pressman ready with

hundreds of pertinent questions to extract the information which duly appeared the following day. The American will never admit himself beaten. Many of them displayed the ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes in getting at the news they required. One man, for instance, actually bribed my coachman and secured his place for a time, in order to be among my household and learn my movements more accurately than he otherwise would have done. I must confess that the duties of the post have never been more efficiently performed.

One reporter in America inquired of me, when I landed, as to my views on the chewing-gum habit. Never having chewed gum in my life, I naturally said I had no views. Imagine my surprise when, next morning, his paper came out with the statement that I had chewed gum all my life, and thought it was the finest thing for the voice and throat. As a result I was bombarded at my hotel by men who wanted me to buy chewing-gum. Sample packets flowed in by every post, and firms from all over the Continent sent offers of large quantities of chewing-gum at half-price, if I would announce from the platform that it was their particular brand that I patronized.

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI'S (BARONESS A. CACCAMISI) STORY OF THE MISFIT TROUSERS.

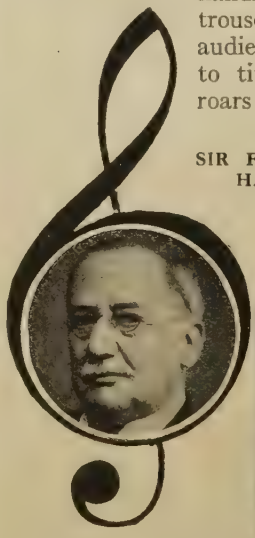
A few years ago I was on tour with a well-known tenor, a very popular pianist, and several other clever artistes. One day we had to appear at a certain



town, but on arriving found that there had been considerable delay in the delivery of our dress baskets and luggage, on account of a breakdown on the line. As a matter of fact, it was not until shortly before the concert began, when we were at our wits' end to know what to do, that the luggage turned up. We had begun to breathe freely again when suddenly the pianist rushed into the room where we were assembled, pale and desperate, with the alarming intelligence that his trunk had not arrived at all.

Here was a lively predicament—a pianist without a dress suit! What were we to do? It was impossible for him to go on the platform in his travelling suit of check brown and fawn. For a few moments we thought the concert would have to be abandoned, and then my husband, who was the only one of the whole travelling company who had not to appear, decided that the pianist must wear his best evening suit. The gentleman disappeared, but soon we heard sounds of loud laughter and expressions of distress, demands for safety pins being shouted through the door. I must explain that my husband is rather stout, while the pianist friend at that time was very slim. However, with the aid of many safety pins the trousers were adjusted, and the pianist went on the platform to play as beautifully as ever. Unfortunately, carried away by the fire of his execution, he burst open several of the safety pins, and felt that an accident would assuredly happen if he were not careful when he got up from the stool.

We were watching him from behind the door leading to the artistes' room, and could not help laughing at the painful expression on his face as he realized his predicament. Rising from the stool, he clutched the back of his trousers, bowed, and retired backwards; but an incorrigible member of the company, seeing that nothing would make the pianist turn his back to the audience, cruelly held the artistes' door so tightly that the unfortunate pianist had to turn round for a moment in order to open it, and as he clutched the handle in one hand and his trousers with the other, the audience, who at first began to titter, burst into loud roars of laughter.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.—A HANDEL TRAGEDY.

A few years ago a certain committee drew up a new

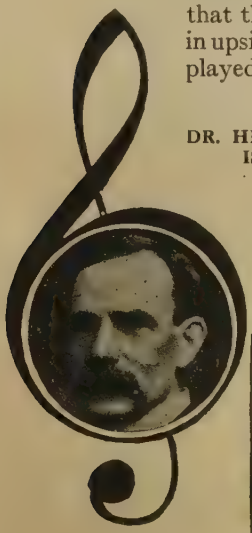
Wesleyan hymn-book, the tunes for which I edited. It was an "artful committee." They submitted to me a tune which they

declared was by Handel. It was so bad, however, that I sent it back, with the intimation that if it were included in the book, every time it was rendered in the new Wesleyan Church House Handel would turn in his grave in the Abbey. The committee submitted it again, this time with the promise that if only I would include it it should be marked to be sung "pianissimo" at the Wesleyan Church House so as not to disturb Handel in the Abbey.

Equally amusing, perhaps, was an incident which occurred in connection with an automatic piano which I once listened to. It had played one or two records quite well. At least, everybody was able to identify the tunes without difficulty. But one piece we could not make head or tail of. The others sat round with that rapt attention peculiar to people who are listening to classical music—particularly if they don't understand it. I whispered to one of the ladies, "What is it playing?"

"Bach's Fugue in G minor," she whispered back.

Then it was discovered that the record had been put in upside down and was being played backwards!



DR. HENRY COWARD.—WHAT IS A QUARTETTE?

Apropos of my early days in Sheffield, I remember an amusing incident concerning a quartette I organized in a warehouse. Anxious to make money, I approached a showman who was visiting the place, and suggested to him that a party of singers would be a decided attraction to his show.

"Kin ye sing?" asked the showman.

"Yes, sir, very well."

"Have ye dress suits? Them's necessary."

"Yes, sir."

"How much will it cost for such an engagement?"

"Five shillings each per night I think will do it," I replied.

"I know," said the entertainer, "but how much will it cost? How many are ye in this 'ere quartette?"

MME. TETRAZZINI.—MY GREATEST TRIAL.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the greatest trial of my life should at the same time afford me the greatest amusement. I refer to my daily correspondence. Every morning I am inundated with letters from people I have never heard of before. The least exacting of them simply ask me to send them money. Sometimes they ask for small amounts, and it is occasionally rather difficult to refuse these, but others again ask for small fortunes.

Then there are people who write very charmingly to ask if I can send them tickets to hear me sing. "Madame," wrote a correspondent, "I love a good singer, and you apparently are good. If you will send me a season ticket for the opera, I will go to hear you every time you sing, and applaud as loudly as I can."

One lady wrote a long poem about me, and, of course, I was greatly pleased and flattered. But it was rather disheartening to find this note at the end of the poem: "If Madame likes the poem, will she please send the writer some opera tickets?"

Another lady was rather funny. She wrote asking for my autograph, and in a weak moment I scribbled my name on a visiting

card and sent it to her. A day or two later she wrote to me again. "Dear Madame,—I have presented your card at the box-office at Covent Garden for two seats, but they would not give them to me on your card alone. I herewith enclose card you sent me. Will you please write, 'Oblige my good friend with two seats,' and we will try again?"

Perhaps, however, the most amusing incident in my career was that which occurred in my younger days, when my sister and myself were touring and sharing rather humble rooms. After thanking a landlady who had been more considerate and kind than most, the good lady astonished us by looking up from her wash-tub and saying, with benign condescension, 'That's all right, my dears. I'm always good to theatricals, for I never know what my own children may come to."

MR. JOHN McCORMACK.—AN OPERATIC BOXER.

This is a story of my early days. As a college boy my voice was in demand for the college concerts, and it was after singing at one of these that I received my first and never-to-be-forgotten lesson in clear enunciation. Being by birth an Irishman, I, with true patriotic spirit, sang an Irish song. Later I interviewed Biddy, the Irish cook, to whom I had given a ticket for the entertainment.

"Well, Biddy," I said, "how did you like the concert?"

"Oh, sure, sir, you did sing beautifully," she replied; "but why ever did you sing in a foreign language? What ever was it? I did not know a word of it."

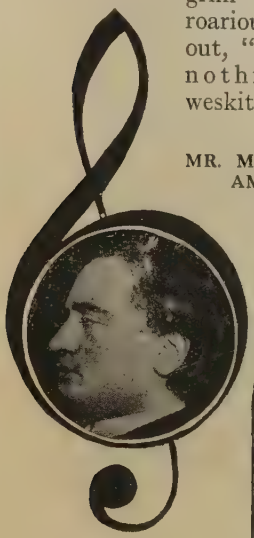
Crushing criticism indeed! but it was a forcible lesson in elocution, and one that I have laid to heart.

Perhaps some readers will be interested in the following incident. I am passionately fond of boxing. In my opinion it is the greatest sport in the world. I remember that when Iron Hague and Langford met at the National Sporting Club some time ago, I was singing in "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden. I was so interested in the fight that I made arrangements with the fireman to let me know how it was going. I was singing when the fireman appeared after the first round and beckoned me to the wings. I kept on singing, and backed across the stage where I could hear him without the audience knowing. "Hague was knocked down in the first round," whispered the fireman, hoarsely. Then he sped back to the ring-side again. It so happened that every time he reached the wings I was singing, and we went through the same performance. Hague was knocked down five times in the second, half-a-dozen times in the third, and so often in the fourth and last round that everybody lost track of the number. All this was whispered to me during the time I was on the stage, the knock-out blow coming appropriately enough when Rigoletto drags the sack containing the body across the stage.

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.—"UNBUTTON HIS WESKIT."

The facetiousness of the "gods" has provided many an amusing incident during my career, one of the funniest, perhaps, being that which happened when I made my *début* in Dublin as Valentine in Gounod's "Faust." It was the scene of Valentine's death

after the duel. Martha had rushed in at the head of the crowd and raised my head, and was holding me in her arms. There was the usual deathlike silence in the house, and the audience gazed expectantly at the stage, which was shadowed in darkness. Suddenly a voice from the gallery turned grim seriousness into uproarious mirth by yelling out, "Don't sit there doing nothing. Unbutton his weskit!"



MR. MARK HAMBOURG'S AMUSING EXPERIENCES.

The intrusion of the ubiquitous photographer is often a source of annoyance to me.

On my journey home from South Africa some time ago I made myself very friendly to two little twins, and I happened to be holding them up, one under each arm, when someone took a snapshot of the scene. Much to my relief, the photograph has as yet appeared in only one paper.

A very similar situation was that in which I found myself when our ship arrived at Cape Town on the way out. A lady standing next to me was looking out for her husband, and handed her baby to me to hold while she waved a greeting to him. Unfortunately for me, I got separated from her in the crush, and when my manager came up, with a large party to introduce me, I had to face them with the child in my arms. I leave the reader to picture the humour of the scene and the sly grins upon their faces as I haltingly explained that the child did not belong to me.

It will surprise many to learn that I found the rough miners of South Africa thoroughly appreciative of the best classical music. One does not usually associate Beethoven and Bach with the life of a mining camp, but I have only known one occasion when a member of the audience has left my performance, and this although my manager invariably announced that anyone who did not like the music was at liberty to leave the room.

The case I refer to occurred at Kronstadt, where a big miner got up to go out at the end of the first part. My manager pointed out that the second was much better, and that there would be played in it particularly the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn. "I don't want to 'ear no 'Wedding March,'" responded the miner. "Me an' my old 'ooman fell out long ago, bless yer!"

Not very flattering, but equally amusing, was the remark made by a visitor to a friend at whose house I was stopping when the lady in question happened to call. As luck would have it, I was practising away for all I was worth, when this lady was shown into the adjoining room, where she was received by my hostess. The visitor listened to my playing for a few moments, and then remarked, with a seraphic smile: "Why, Mrs. Blank, how your little girl is improving on the piano!"

SIGNOR CARUSO.—A BOGUS INTERVIEW.

As an illustration of the imagination of the American reporter, the following account of an interview with myself, published in a New York journal, would be hard to beat. It is very amusing. The only fault I have to find with it is that the conversation never took place. I quote as printed:—

"'What time do you get up in the morning?' was the first shot fired.

"'Eight o'clock.'

"'And then?'

"'Shave.'

"'Yourself?'

"'You bet,' laughed the tenor, with fervour, which made it plain that he was not trusting such a tuneful throat out of his sight.

"'After which?'

"'I wash.'

"'And iron?'

"'No, no, no! You make mistake. I wash myself. What you call dip. Then I look through my mail.'

"'Do you get much every day?'

"'Great big pile like this,' said Mr. Caruso, stretching out both arms and working them like a concertina-player.

"'What about breakfast?'

"'Then come breakfast. Grape fruit, eggs, and coffee. No more.'

"'Are you fond of eggs?'

"'Very much. Can't afford much longer. Too dear. Like them when they are fresh.'

"'How can you tell?'

"'I sing to them before I knock hat off. If sing back, I no touch.'

"Having said which, Mr. Caruso begged to be excused for a few seconds while he shook about half-a-dozen laughs out of his system. He loves a joke and doesn't spare his face when the laugh comes.

"'After breakfast I dress for my walk,' he continued.

"'Which shoe do you put on first?'

"'The one nearest me,' was the merry response. 'I walk five miles. Maybe up town, maybe down town. Maybe Fifth Avenue, maybe Broadway. Get back at one o'clock and have lunch.'

"'Eat big lunch?' He had the reporter amputating his queries now.

"'Anything I like. Oysters, soup, salad, macaroni, or spaghetti maybe.'

"'Like spaghetti?'

"'You bet. Everybody like it. Americans eat it too fast in one big bunch. That's bad.'

"'How do you eat it?'

"'I separate it. Eat one behind the other. More taste that way.'

"'Couldn't you make better time if you ate it two by two?'

"'Never hurry when I'm eating. From two to four o'clock I write—answer letters.'

"'All of them?'

"'Not no more. Tried it first year, and spent most of my money for ink. Carried my right arm in a sling from doing it. I got hundreds of letters begging money, advice, and tickets. Got tired trying to keep up with them. Now I pick out so many every day and answer them. I try to encourage beginners. You can tell by their letters if they deserve it. I give a certain sum to charity each year, and look after a few worthy families, but that's all.'

"'Do the same persons write more than once?'

"'Many times, some of them. One man write me his wife sick. I send him five dollars. A few days later he say his daughter sick. I send three dollars to him. When he says his son is sick that's too much. I write and say I'm sick. I ask him if he want me build a hospital for his family. He make me mad.'

"'Take another walk then?'

"'No. Study for an hour if I'm going to sing that night. From five to six play briscolone with friend.'

"'Is that an opera?'

"'No, no, no! Cards. Play with regular cards. Exciting. Win twenty-five or thirty cents. I win nearly all the time. From six to seven I dress for dinner. On a night that I sing I don't eat until after the show. I ride to and from the opera-house in a taxi-cab.'

"'But it's only two blocks.'

"'I know that; but when I look at the register I think I've been out riding all day. I never saw a machine with such a splendid register.'

"'Does it take high notes easily?'

"'It takes some of mine.'

"Recess of five minutes to permit of laughter.

"'What do you do after the show?'

"'Back to the hotel and play briscolone. I have many invitations, but I can't accept them. Have to talk too much. I never talk when I can avoid it. I get to bed about one o'clock every night and sleep soundly.'

"'Do you snore?'

"'I'm not supposed to,' said Mr. Caruso. 'It's not in my contract. If I thought I did I'd keep a phonograph in my room.'

"'And make money while you sleep?'

"'Sure. Good-bye. I go for my walk now.'"

Sir C. Santley, Mme. Marchesi, and Miss M. Hall, Photos. by E. H. Mills; Mr. John McCormack and Mr. L. Ronald, Photos. by Dover Street Studios; Mme. Tetrazzini, Photo. by W. & D. Downey; Mme. Calvé, Photo. by Aimé Dupont; Dr. Coward, Photo. by Elliott & Fry; Mme. Melba, Photo. by G. Delaille; Sir F. Bridge, Photo. by Illingworth; Caruso, Photo. by C. Vandyk; Mark Hambourg, Photo. by Hoppé.

I. THE TREE-HYRAX.
From a Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

The Strangest of Pets.

By Dr. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, F.R.S.,

Secretary of the Zoological Society of London,

Author of "The Childhood of Animals," etc., etc.

IT was a hyrax, of the species known to naturalists as *Hyrax dorsalis*, because of a white stripe along the back, one of a tribe of little animals living in Africa and Syria (Fig. 1). The cony of the Bible, "a feeble folk, but exceeding wise," is one of them; they are known as "rock-rabbits," or "dassies," in South Africa and East Africa, and those of the same species as my pet are called tree-bears because of their shape, and because they live more in the trees than do the others.

I was often asked what it was, very clever persons suggesting that it must be a mongoose or a lemur, more humble-minded persons being content with their view that it was a strange kind of large rat. Naturalists divide mammals, the warm-blooded, hairy creatures which suckle their young, into great divisions, most of which contain many kinds of animals united by features that we all recognize. Everyone knows monkeys, and finds little difficulty in appreciating that we ourselves at one end of the series and the bright-eyed, long-snouted lemurs at the other end are closely related to them. Carnivores we easily associate in our minds by their furry bodies, clawed feet, rounded heads with snapping jaws and powerful tearing and flesh-cutting teeth, and their general air of swift and predatory aggressiveness. Bats we can be in no doubt about, and rodents, from the big capybara to the smallest mouse, all ostentatiously display the curved front teeth used for gnawing. The innumerable tribe of ruminating animals, from the tall giraffe to the smallest deer, chew the cud, display a cloven hoof, and are usually armed with horns or antlers. Horses, asses, and zebras are plainly akin, and,

although we should not guess so readily that the tapir and the rhinoceros belong to the same assemblage, at least we are not likely to mistake them for anything else. "Pigs are pigs" whether they are wild boars or peccaries, and even the officers of His Majesty's Customs have perceived the affinities of the hippopotamus and have made difficulties about allowing one to be landed, on the ground that "any fool could see that it was a pig."

Besides such large and familiar groups of mammals there are some orders as well-marked and distinct, but containing very few species. Thus the elephants, or *Proboscidea*, comprise only the African and Indian elephants; the *Sirenia*, or sea-cows, contain only the aquatic dugong and manatee. The order *Hyracoidea* contains only the hyraxes or conies, and little is known as to their relationships. Their fossil ancestors were much larger, and some writers have thought that they show affinities with big non-ruminating ungulates like the rhinoceros, and others, including myself, think that they have kinship with elephants and sea-cows.

Conies are small, heavily-built animals less than a foot in length, and weighing a few pounds at most. Seen from a little way off they are rather like rodents, but the pair of long incisor tusks in the upper jaw, and the horizontally protruding lower incisors, especially seen in a cleaned skull, much more closely suggest a miniature edition of the elephant, a resemblance which is heightened by the flexible and hairless ears, and the long, naked, and slightly mobile muzzle. There is no tail, and the legs are short, with long, flat feet with naked soles. The fore paws have each four digits, one of which is very small, and the hind legs have each three toes. Each digit has a strong flat nail, somewhat intermediate between a true nail and a hoof, but the inner toe of each hind limb has a sharp curved claw instead of a nail, and it is with these that the animals scratch themselves. Conies are extremely alert, muscular, and lively. They can run at a great pace, and are able to leap over a yard in height. Their power of climbing is most astonishing, as their appearance does not in the least suggest that kind of activity. Some of the Cape conies, which live chiefly on the rocks, were put in an enclosure protected by sheet metal, but got out by choosing the corners and climbing up the smooth vertical face, almost in the fashion in which a rock-climber ascends a vertical "chimney." They were foiled by turning in the edge of the fence, but then walked up the smooth trunk of a mulberry tree, passed along a slippery branch, and then dropped outside the fence. The tree-hyraxes are even better climbers, ascending surfaces that seem to be quite impossible for any animal that cannot dig sharp claws into a yielding surface.

My own pet liked to climb up the slippery leg of a polished mahogany chair and to stand on the narrow, smooth edge of the back. It also used to climb up the door-posts, holding on to the smooth curves of the mouldings, and as soon as it had reached any position which seemed completely dangerous it would raise one of the hind legs and proceed to scratch its head vigorously. Some rumour of these powers has reached the persons who write Natural History books, where it is often stated that the conies have suctorial or sticky feet. This is not so; the palms and the soles are smooth and naked, and it is by muscular strength and power of balance, by untiring patience and intelligent selection of the best ways, that they succeed so well.

The skin of the conies, except on the ears and the naked muzzle, is almost white, but is covered by a thick coat of short, rather harsh fur, with some long, stout bristles, like the whiskers of a cat, placed round the mouth and dispersed all over the body. The colour is nearly uniform; in the different species it varies from a greyish brown to a very dark brown, with a stripe along the back, white in some, black in others. They keep themselves exquisitely clean, scratching off any particles of grit with the sharp claw of the hind foot, or with the teeth, and rubbing themselves vigorously on a carpet, or against any soft, dry material.

My own pet was brought to me in the end of April, 1912, by a mining engineer just arrived from the West Coast of Africa. He had bought it from a native before sailing, under the name of a tree-bear, and as it was new to him he determined to try to bring it home to the Zoological Gardens. It was rather over two pounds in weight, about six inches long, and could not have been more than a few weeks old. He did not know on what it ought to be fed, and as it refused bananas, raw meat, and anything else he could think of trying, he wisely resolved that if it were going to die anyhow, it should not die of starvation, and he crammed it at least once a day on bread and milk and fish. As it belonged to a species which we had had before, but which had never lived in captivity for more than a few weeks, and as it was small

and helpless and not taking food of its own accord, I decided to keep it in my own charge for a few days. The little animal was kind enough to adopt me at once, the flattering nature of which behaviour I came to realize only later, when I found that of all the persons with whom it came in contact there were only four or five to whom it was not either indifferent or actively hostile. The days became prolonged into weeks, and the weeks into months, and for nearly a year and a half, during which I happened to be much overworked and a good deal worried, it was my constant companion, day and night, until one sad morning, after a few days' severe illness, when it was sitting on my arm, being fed on milk and brandy, it suddenly threw back its head, and died without a sound or struggle, leaving me distressed to a degree of which I do not care to write.

Apart from the affection which I came to have for my little hyrax (which I named Daniel, although it was a lady), I was deeply interested in studying it, as I believe that more real information is to be gained by observing tame examples of wild animals than by the easier method of noting the character of domesticated animals. In a book which I wrote on "The Childhood of Animals" about a year ago, I showed that there was a great difference, usually neglected, between tame animals and domesticated animals. The latter, like the horse and the dog and cat, have been in the possession of man from remote, prehistoric antiquity, and we do not even know the wild stock from which they came, or the date or manner in which mankind first adopted them. In the course of these long generations man has modified them very greatly by selective breeding. We know some of the changes that he has produced, and still is able to produce, in their structure and appearance; but we forget that their emotions, habits, and instincts have been modified by killing off the individuals which were unsuitable and breeding from those which were suitable.

We require a horse to be docile, not to think for itself, either to have its senses of sight, touch, and hearing a little dull, or to be so patiently slow in its response to strange sights, contacts, or sounds that it behaves as if its senses were dull. Surviving relics of the quick response to anything unfamiliar that was necessary to the existence of a wild animal we call vice, and we shoot the horse, or sell it to a friend. We demand of a dog that it should be faithful and affectionate, if not to all human beings, at least to its owners; that it should not defend itself by biting, that it should be the guardian and not the oppressor of the other domestic animals of man, that it should observe rules of cleanliness alien to its natural disposition, and a thousand other qualities useless or dangerous to a wild animal fighting its own battle in an unfriendly world. We have had less success in changing the stubborn mental characteristics of the cat, which is still the willing guest rather than the slave of man; but we know, at least, that the tabby is a creature very different from its aggressive and dangerous wild relations. Domesticated animals are sophisticated creatures, moulded by man to a pattern of his own liking, with the result that they are misleading material for the investigation of the natural capacities, intelligence, and emotions of animals. Their mere docility is one of the greatest sources of error; we have made them into pale mirrors of ourselves, and in studying them we often see little more than our own distorted images. And we have been able to do this chiefly by selective breeding, partly consciously and partly unconsciously. In the long generations that domestic animals have been bred by man, the individuals that showed qualities to his liking have been preferred, and those that retained most of the wild nature have been discarded. Tamed examples of wild animals are in a different case. They learn from man by intelligence, and they retain their natural instincts and emotions.

There was no doubt as to Daniel having come from a genuinely wild stock; her ancestors had lived in the tall trees of Nigerian forests from time immemorial, and her kind has never been domesticated. African natives, as a rule, are not friendly to animals, and care little for them except to eat or to use in mysterious and cruel rites. Conies are extremely alert, suspicious, and watchful, and seldom descend from their trees except at night. They are said to have a natural fondness for alcohol and to be captured occasionally when they have found a store of palm toddy and have drunk not wisely but too well. Daniel was very young indeed when she was captured, and had simply transferred to her first owner the natural affection that she would have had for her mother. Hyraxes have very small litters, two to four in the case of the ground forms, and one, or occasionally two, in the case of those that live in trees. The young ones remain long with the mother and are carried on her back, not holding on by claws or

2. "THE YOUNG ONES REMAIN LONG WITH THE MOTHER AND ARE CARRIED ON HER BACK."
From "The Childhood of Animals," by permission of Mr. W. Heinemann.

teeth, but simply balancing themselves, in the fashion shown in the drawing (Fig. 2).

A few minutes after Daniel was left with me she climbed up my leg and settled down on my lap. Afterwards, when she became more familiar, she preferred the feeling of a piece of naked skin, and would climb up the back of my chair and settle down on my neck. Another favourite place was my wrist, and nothing pleased her better than to sit on that and go to sleep while I was actually typing. When she went out with me, as she very often did, she preferred to sit on my shoulder, or, if it were raining, on the wrist under the umbrella. She would go in the London streets through traffic, in taxi-cabs, buses, or trains, always with complete confidence and with no effort to escape and indifference to unusual sights or sounds, so long as she was in contact with me. But if she were put on the ground and I left her, she would rush after me with little squeals of displeasure, or, if it were in a strange room, make for the darkest corner.

I must now describe the daily routine of her life. She slept on my arm, first pushing away the sleeve of my pyjamas to secure contact with my skin, and with her head just protruding from the bed-clothes; if the night were very cold she burrowed down and perched on my ankle; if, as sometimes happened, she suffered from a laboured breathing rather like asthma, her favourite position was with the hind paws on my face and the fore paws on the top of my head. If I were restless, she would change her position several times, and then, if not allowed to settle down in peace, would go to a favourite corner of the room where a hot-water pipe passed through to the bath-room and settle on that. She was very fond of sitting on a hot place, inside the fender, or on the top of a radiator, and when the hearth was really hot would flatten herself out against it. She learned the advantage and danger of a fire at once, and never repeated a single unfortunate experience when she singed her face.

When I was called in the morning, she got out of bed at once, went to her corner until my dressing-gown was on, and then came to the door and waited to be picked up, or followed me to where my coffee was waiting, and at once climbed to a stool in front of the fire. There she waited until the time came for her own breakfast, which she had sitting on my arm. After breakfast she followed me to my dressing-room and climbed to a favourite place in a little forest of pipes leading to the taps. There she stayed until I was dressed, when she usually came down and was waiting for me at the door. Some-

times she refused to come and kept dodging my efforts to lay hold of her, but I had only to leave the door open and walk along the passage a few yards when she rushed after me. She learned quickly that I could not give her any attention in my office in the mornings, and as soon as we got there she settled down near the fire, if it were cold, or roamed about, climbing tables or bookshelves and generally amusing herself, or sleeping. But, wherever she was, if I sat down for a moment in an arm-chair she climbed on to me at once and expected attention. I had a box made for her with two compartments—a large flap by which it could be opened to be cleaned, and a very small aperture just large enough for her to squeeze through—and with this in the room she could be left in complete safety, as she could always retreat to it if any alarming stranger appeared.

But Daniel was not easy to alarm. She could give a sharp bite, quite painful to a human being, but, I should think, wholly ineffectual against a cat or dog. She was able to assume an air of resourceful ferocity, erecting the fur, stiffening the body, stamping with the fore-feet, and marching straight at any intruder with mouth open in such fashion that the stranger was not disposed to take any chances. I never allowed her to run the risk of an encounter with a bull-terrier or sporting dog, but she actually routed every dog to which she was introduced, chivvied every cat out of the room, and made a palm-civet many times her own size try to bolt up the chimney. In the course of her life she took to very few persons, half-a-dozen at most, and these from the very first, and learned to tolerate a few others, but in most cases stamped and snapped at people who, from seeing her gentle manners with her friends, assumed that she was anyone's animal. It was really a case of bluff, of the dominance of mind over matter, for her bodily power of offence or defence was small.

At one o'clock Daniel went to lunch with me, if I were at home, sitting on my ankle or on the back of my chair until her turn came, and after lunch followed me to my office as before, usually sleeping most of the afternoon, but from five to eight, when I usually am doing work of my own, she insisted on being with me, as I have already said, even when I was using a typewriter. When I dined at home she was always with me, and as often as it was possible went out with me. Here, out of its place, I may mention a very remarkable trait. Before dinner she went to my dressing-room with me and sat in a corner almost out of sight, but very fully cognizant of what was going on. If I were simply washing, or if I had put on a dress-jacket and black tie, she came out and waited at the door for me, but if I had put on a dress-coat and white tie, invariably, at the last moment, she hid in an almost inaccessible place under a chest of drawers. At first I thought this conduct was only part of that order of Nature by which toast always falls with the buttered side downwards, and that I had to grovel for her when it was most necessary to keep tidy, but I came to be certain that it was more than such a chance.

Daniel was on quite friendly terms with the maid who attended to her when I was out for the evening, but she disliked not passing the evening with me, and especially the dreary time after ten o'clock, when she would be left alone in my office to sit up for me, and she came to associate full evening dress with such a tiresome prospect. On an ordinary evening at home she accompanied me back to my office after dinner, and, unless I was in the arm-chair, was usually content to lie in front of the fire, apparently asleep. But if I got up she was on the alert, and here again she made a remarkable mental association. If I kept on my reading-glasses (which have dark rims) she stayed in her place, although I moved about in search of a book, or to light a cigarette. But if I put on the glasses which I wear except when I am actually at work (and which have light-coloured, thin rims), Daniel would cross the room and wait at the door lest I should go upstairs without her. She was so plainly distressed that, when I knew what was in her mind, I always took her with me when I left the room. At bed-time Daniel came with me, and never made a mistake. If it were bed-time she took no interest in my toilet, but at once climbed into bed and took her usual place. What impressed me, and what I wish to impress on my readers, is that none of these habits were in any fashion tricks that were taught her. It has never interested or amused me to try to train animals. Daniel was in constant association with me; she observed my habits, drew inferences from my conduct, and acted accordingly. The more one reflects on it the more astonishing it is. These feeble little creatures maintain their existence in the wilds of Africa, not by strength or by blind instinct, but by so quick and alert an appreciation of their environment that they can at once fall into a fashion of life inconceivably different from anything

to which they or their ancestors have been accustomed.

One side of Daniel's character was so curious and remarkable that prudery will not restrain me from relating it. It is essential to our comfort that our domestic pets should respect the proprieties of the house, and it is difficult for us to believe that any animal can be cleanly without training. Daniel was extraordinary. She neither required nor obtained any training. If one reflects how much trouble there is with the civilized human child, the heir of all the ages, the natural cleanliness of a little wild animal is amazing.

I had great difficulty with Daniel's food, partly, I think, because she had been taken from her mother too soon and accustomed to an unnatural diet, and partly because I spoiled her. She was always capricious, a small and dainty feeder; but almost invariably refused to eat at all unless I myself, or one or two other persons whom she liked, actually put the food in her mouth, and she very much preferred to take morsels that I had pretended to chew myself first. I knew that her diet ought to be chiefly, if not wholly, vegetarian, and in the first few months I got her to eat green leaves, chiefly hawthorn and willow, by putting them leaf by leaf in her mouth. Lettuce, cabbage, carrots, turnip, apples, and bananas she refused; if I ate a grape she would take a portion of the skin from me, but not unless she saw me eat it first, and in the same fashion she would take rather readily small fragments of orange, lemon, and grape-fruit. However, of such suitable food she would take so little that she would have starved, and she soon came to take it only on rare occasions. In the morning she had a little toast dipped in hot milk flavoured with coffee and strengthened with Sanatogen; but this she would take only when sitting on my arm and having it put in her mouth scrap by scrap. In the middle of the day she would take in the same way a little milk pudding, or vegetables, and in the evening similar scraps of whatever might be going. But she had a passion for bread dipped in wine, particularly in claret. She knew the red colour when she saw it in the glass or decanter, and would eagerly stretch out her mouth for it. She learned to like Moselle almost equally well, and was excessively fond of champagne. Her palate was admirable. I have tried her again and again with bread dipped in sparkling cider, which she rejected; but immediately afterwards eagerly took it dipped in champagne.

At night, before going to bed, she always had a little hot water. I used to wash her face and paws in the lavatory basin, she standing on a towel and giving them to me in turn to be soaped and dried; she then climbed up my arm and gave her face a final rub against my cheek, and then had her water out of a tumbler. But the water had to be mixed to the exact temperature she liked.

It was only gradually that I came to understand the various fashions in which Daniel expressed her emotions. For the most part she was a silent animal, but her voice had many different notes and sounds. When she was pleased, as, for instance, when I came back after a few hours' absence and picked her up, or when she was lying in comfort on my arm in a warm bed, she uttered a continuous musical chirp almost like a bird, low and soft, and stopped instantaneously if any stranger came near. When she was sitting alone, but in a contented frame of mind, she made a rather louder smacking noise with the lips, not unlike the sound of an animal chewing the cud, and possibly the origin of the erroneous Eastern idea that conies chew the cud, although from not "dividing the hoof" they were regarded as "unclean." When she was discontented and petulant, as, for instance, when she thought that I had been brushing her rather too hard or too long, and she was trying to wriggle away, her note was a broken whinny. Once or twice, and always at night, when from some chance I had left her for a time, she gave utterance to wild and unearthly yells, extremely loud and rising and falling in the weirdest manner. All residents in Central and Tropical Africa have heard the conies yelling in the night, and speak of the noise as strange and unearthly, and the natives believe that demons are making the darkness still more hideous. Occasionally, when she was startled by the sudden appearance of a dog, or cat, or stranger, Daniel would give a rather loud grunt, whip round to face the enemy, and either rush at it or move backwards a few paces, watching intently. But she had quite a different note when she wished to warn me of danger, as, for instance, when we were sometimes awakened at night by an unexpected noise in the next room, or a belated motor-barge on the canal under my window. Daniel shrank back into my arms, bristling, and making an almost silent bark, very low but extremely arresting. So in her native woods you can imagine her warning her friends, but in such a stealthy way that the sound would not reach the possible enemy.

Daniel showed pleasure by a means that was quite novel to me. Her eyes were dark and rather beady and expressionless, but, in addition to the upper and lower eyelid, she possessed a third horizontal eyelid, a light-coloured flap of skin called the nictitating membrane, which could shoot out across the eye from its inner corner (Fig. 3). This membrane is familiar in birds, exists in many of the lower mammals, and is represented in our own eyes by a little fleshy, unmovable fold. One of its chief uses is to prevent damage to the eye in the case of creatures that live in trees or brushwood. Daniel used it to express pleasure, and as it shot slowly across it was astonishingly like a familiar wink. She "gave you the glad eye" in this fashion when she had her favourite bread and wine put in her mouth, always blinking the eye nearest to you. She winked also when I spoke to her affectionately or took her up and tickled the side of her face. Several times when I was nursing her through an illness and she was too weak to respond in any other way, she used to feebly lean over towards me and wink, and just after I had given her her last spoonful of brandy and milk, which she actually did not swallow before she leaned back and died, she gave a final wink of recognition as I wiped her lips.

When she was quite well and vigorous, her favourite mode of showing pleasure and affection was to rub her head and face vigorously against my cheek. When I came in at night, and once or twice after an enforced absence of several days, it seemed as if she went almost mad with pleasure. She showed displeasure by pushing away the food or drinks she did not wish, or the wet sponge or brush or towel, with her fore-paws exactly like one of the higher apes or human beings. A greater degree of displeasure, as at the attempt of a stranger to touch her, she showed by vigorously stamping the fore-feet, producing a loud, smacking sound. Still higher displeasure or anger was revealed by the bristling of the hair, and especially by spreading out the white patch along the back, revealing a black and naked, probably glandular, patch of skin. The photograph on the next page (Fig. 4) was taken from above as she was stamping at and preparing to try to attack a badger in a cage. The patch was similarly opened if I put her on the ground and pretended to run away. As she was never hurt, scolded, or punished (indeed, there was never any conceivable reason for even reproving her), and as I do not think that she suffered more than discomfort in any illness, I do not know how she would have expressed the feeling of pain. My impression, however, is that most wild animals, although they may scream from a sudden shock, or from the sense of helplessness, fright, or rage, generally endure pain silently.

3. "HER EYES WERE DARK AND RATHER BEADY AND EXPRESSIONLESS."
From a Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith

Daniel's sense of hearing was extremely acute and discriminating. At any strange noise she at once ceased whatever she might be doing, chewing, drinking, or moving, and

held herself in alert and poised attention. At first the noise of my typewriter, the telephone bell, the striking of the clock, the passing of a cab, or the distant howling of the wolves or the roaring of the lions in the Gardens, set her on the alert, and she had a disturbed and restless time. But one by one she learned to discount noises that she had heard before and found to be harmless, and, if she were touching me, went peacefully to sleep even through the rattle of an express train. In the telephone bell she took a great interest, and always climbed up to the receiver to wait until I came to it.

She learned her name at once, and would answer to it however gently I spoke. Several times when I did not know where she was—once when she had climbed behind some books on a high shelf, once when by mistake I had shut a drawer in which she had been exploring and could not get out—she let me know by squeaking when I called. She knew the word "No," and would stop at once when I shouted it to her if she were climbing dangerously against a flower-vase, or on the rail of the balcony, or if she were only pulling about the papers on my desk. She understood perfectly "Water," "Come to bed," "Bite," "Open your mouth," "Go to your box," and many other simple phrases, spoken without any interpreting gestures. She also knew my footstep coming along the corridor or through the library to the room in which she was, and would always be at the door to meet me, although she would not do that for any other footstep. She disliked my reading in bed very much, chiefly, I think, because she was less comfortable when I was holding a book, and after enduring it more or less patiently for a little time she would almost every night proceed to tug or push at my spectacles, until I had to give in and turn out the light.

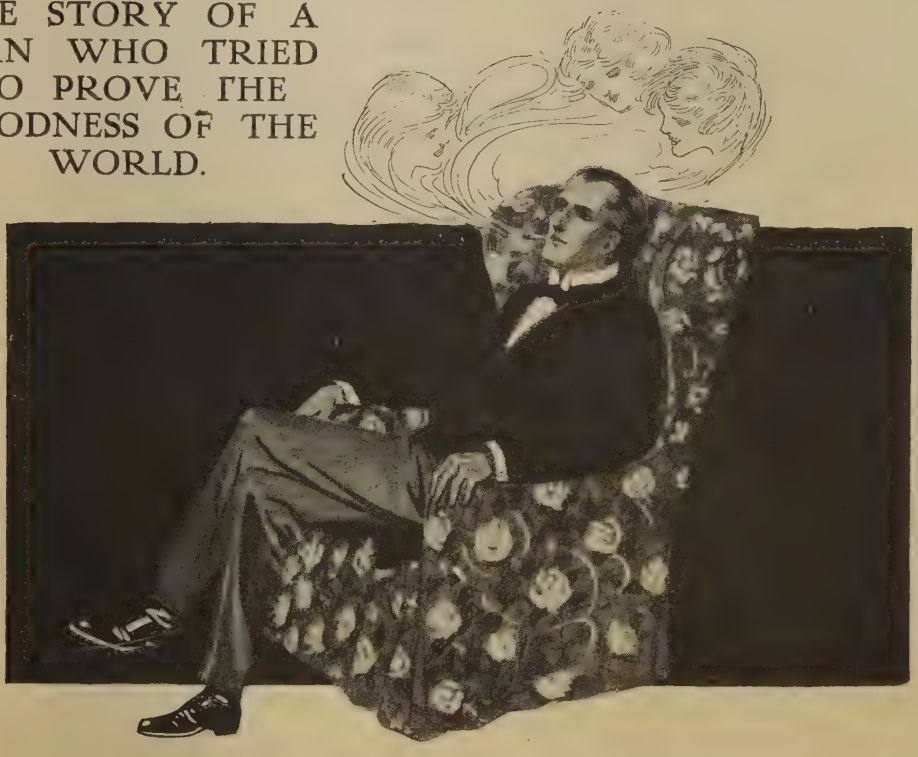
It would be more interesting to me than to my readers if I were to go on giving examples of the intelligence and affection of this little animal. I hope, however, that I have said enough to establish my point. This particular wild animal, not bred and shaped to the service of man, showed a power of reasoning, of adaptation to new conditions, of affection and intelligence, that to my mind greatly exceed what is displayed by the familiar domestic animals. I have no doubt that parallel, although different, qualities would be displayed by many wild animals, had we the opportunity and the patience to discover them. It is a distressing and revolting thought that man is the greatest enemy of wild animals, and that the most vital lesson these have to learn is to use their intelligence to avoid him, and to train their emotions to hate him. But it is even more revolting to me that many of us who are professed zoologists, students of life, think of animals chiefly or wholly as things to be caught and skinned and put in drawers in a museum, in the alleged interest of science. By making animals fear us, and by using them only as the counters of anatomy and classification, we cut ourselves off from one of the most valuable sources of knowledge and one of the greatest pleasures of life.

4. "ANGER WAS REVEALED BY THE BRISTLING OF THE HAIR AND ESPECIALLY BY SPREADING OUT THE WHITE PATCH ALONG THE BACK."

From a Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

OH! JAMES!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.



By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

CHAPTER I.

THE James Brights travelled West on the Hampstead Tube, alighting at Charing Cross, and stopped a moment at the exit for a short conference on taxi-cabs. As Catharine and he were dressed for the evening, James would have saved the satin shoes from pollution by the street, on which a light summer rain had fallen, although the distance to Gatti's was inconsiderable—and he said so. Catharine replied, with her pleasant, good sense :—

"Thank you, dear, but I have put on my goloshes."

"Dear, dear!" said James, with disappointment, which, however, he had foreseen, just as an hour earlier he had foreseen that his excellent wife would put out for him a dress shirt which had been worn once before. "Why did you do that?"

"I know you," replied Catharine, shaking her head at him, tolerantly; "I know you!"

And she picked up her skirt, took his arm, and led him out of the station. As she picked up her skirt, by a surreptitious glance he became aware of the identity of her petticoat.

When a man takes a lady—whether she be his wife or not—out for the evening, one may be tolerably sure that her petticoat is a matter for his critical eye. Many women wear no petticoat at all. Many affect for day-wear a slinky little silk or satin thing that is more beautiful by far than the gown which covers it. Good women like Catharine remain faithful to sateen or moirette. But beneath an evening dress a man surely expects to see one of those slim, ephemeral gossamer skirts that could be passed through a wedding-ring almost, and which hold lace, ribbon, or tiny silk flowers on a foundation of extraordinary mysticism.

Such a petticoat had James recently given

to Catharine, yet, glancing down with an eye feverish in its hunger for the dainty, he perceived that Catharine wore her moirette.

"Catharine," he said, as they threaded the Strand, "you haven't got it on."

She shook her head at him tolerantly, and replied :—

"Not on a wet evening like this!"

"There's only been showers," said James, a little bitterly.

"It is really not a suitable petticoat," said Catharine, with a little air of judgment.

"It cost four guineas," replied James.

Now when he mentioned that a mere petticoat had cost four guineas, a savage joy crept into his voice.

"Good gracious!" said Catharine.

He continued, "I didn't tell you, because I thought perhaps you'd wear it."

"I will, on a fine day. Four guineas!" said Catharine, and walked on, visibly perturbed.

"But you look very nice, my dear," said he, when they were seated at Gatti's.

Catharine was distinctly pleased, and when she was pleased she glowed. He thought, sadly, what a very pleasant woman she was.

The dinner was ordered—with a little deprecation from Catharine—and James leaned back in his chair and said :—

"Bring a wine list."

The waiter came, armed with his book and a look of homage for James. James chose surreptitiously, without consulting his lady, but she, good, sound woman, leaned over to ask, brightly :—

"What is it going to be, dear?"

"A bottle of George Goulet," he replied, with the sad defiance that characterized him when excuse was necessary but not forthcoming.

"Oh, *no!*" cried Catharine, earnestly; "oh, *no!*"

Then she recalled the waiter, and said, so charmingly, "Dear James, really I'd prefer red," and she ordered a half-bottle of a medium burgundy. When she had done this—having been absorbed in a rapid survey of prices—she looked up again to see James in an attitude of profound dejection, his brow in his hands and his eyes seeking the tablecloth.

"Headache, dear?" asked Catharine.

"No," he said, rather dryly; "no."

Hors-d'œuvre came, disappeared, were replaced by soup, before he made his next remark, wistful with a budding hope :—

"That is a pretty scarf. New?"

"New," said Catharine, in pretty apology. "Eleven-three the yard. It took two. The fringe was four-three at that fancy-work place in Sloane Street. Eva Hunter made it for me. She advised me to have one."

She settled the scarf complacently, looking very fine and admirable.

"Catharine," said James, a little hoarsely, "you madden me!"

He sank his brow into his hands again, and the waiter came, again with that air of thoroughly enjoying his service, to substitute fish for the soup plates.

Catharine smiled at James tolerantly.

"I am so rich," he said, like a dirge, "and you won't spend. You won't help me. Every day the burden increases. You know what I think about a rich man's duty of expenditure. Money should circulate—build up trade—make work for workers. Eleven-three! Fringe at four-three! Half-a-dozen scarves at five guineas apiece do not reach the level of your duty. Eleven-three! Four-three!——"

Catharine laid her cool and pleasant hand upon his, across the table. Her arm was pretty, and it set James thinking of the diamond bracelets she refused so often.

"You are growing morbid, dear, on the subject," she said, with dignity.

"I am going mad," replied James.

"No, no!" said Catharine, indulgently.

"I suppose, at least," said James, his eye again glistening in a forlorn hope, "that you paid poor little Eva Hunter well for her trouble?"

"Paid?" replied Catharine. "Rubbish! Trouble! I should like to know what trouble it was to sew a couple of yards of fringe on the ends of this ninon?" Her kind but superior laughter floated over the table.

"There was the idea," James insisted. "It seems to me a clever idea. In the commercial world ideas are valuable."

"Eva Hunter is indebted to me for a good many little things," said Catharine, eating her fish with an appetite. "I frequently bring her up shopping, and give her tea."

"And where do you shop?" he cried, in a vibrant half-whisper. "At the Stores! Fun for a young girl, that! Where do you take her for tea? To a Lyons, or an A.B.C.! Fun for a young girl, that! Oblige me, my dear, by giving her half a guinea for her trouble over the scarf, or by bringing her up to a *matinée* and giving her tea at the Carlton. I would meet you both at the theatre, and take you on to the Carlton."

After Catharine had negatived and explained away all these suggestions, the unhappy man

finished his dinner almost in silence. Mrs. Bright displayed a healthy enjoyment, refusing nothing on the *menu* that had to be paid for. The question of coffee called for some hesitation, but a small sort of haggard despair in James's face made her assent. That, too, she drank healthily. James left his, and dropped cigarette ash into it.

"It was a pity to order it, dear, if you did not want to drink it," said she.

He did not answer.

When the cigarette taken from his own case was finished, he beckoned the waiter, and ordered more. Catharine trod upon his foot with the action of a piano-player at pedal work for two minutes, but lingering over the selection, he, at length, bought a whole packet. A little flushed and worried, she stilled her foot with a sigh, and when the waiter had gone said, very kindly and quietly: "You know you pay much more for them like that. Didn't you feel me touching your foot to remind you?"

"Yes," said James.

Suddenly he pushed aside his coffee-cup and signalled for his bill. Catharine was quite ready. The waiter came, received a sovereign, withdrew, and came again. Nearly ten shillings remained on his salver with the receipt. The waiter smiled trustfully, and James waved it aside. Without looking at Catharine he rose abruptly from the table and turned away, leaving the cigarettes on the table behind him. She preceded him, with smiling dignity, down the room, donned her rain-coat, head-wrapper, and goloshes, and gave her cloak-room attendant twopence. She said no word of reproach until they emerged together into the street, and she

"SHE ORDERED A HALF-BOTTLE OF A MEDIUM BURGUNDY."

had forestalled his order for a taxi-cab by refusing it—and then the word was only: "A shilling would have been ample, dear."

He did not answer.

They walked to the Playhouse, and, taking her arm, James led Catharine firmly into the second row of the stalls. Again, good, sound woman, she uttered no reproach save, "I stipulated for dress circles, dear." She knew that with men one must be tactful, so that was all she said.

But she refused a programme and chocolates presently, to punish James for taking stalls.

Between the second and third acts James went out to the bar, and looked piercingly for someone he knew. Heaven sent such a one in the person of Tonbridge, a man with a great gift of receptivity. James went to him.

"Tonbridge," he said, "have you any friends here?"

Tonbridge looked round the bar, and owned acquaintance with half-a-dozen.

"I want to spend some money," said James, rather feverishly.

Tonbridge collected his friends, introduced them, and gave James a nice ten minutes. He would accept no return of hospitality. He spent about fifteen shillings in brandies and sodas and liqueurs before he went back to Catharine.

The modest house at Hampstead was quite still when they let themselves in. A light burned in the dining-room, and sandwiches, a tantalus, and a siphon were on the sideboard. James sat down at the table, and fell to brooding. His wife mixed him a drink, brought it with sandwiches to his side, and thanked him for such a nice evening.

"I always enjoy my little treats so," and she smiled tenderly.

"Your little treats are rare," said James.

"Naturally," said Catharine, with that graceful and virtuous resignation so becoming in a wife; "one cannot be always going out."

"Why not?" he asked.

"There is, for one thing," said Catharine, considering, "expense. And then, when one manages with two rather cheap maids, one must look carefully into things. And it takes time. You may not think it, James, but it takes time. Another sandwich?"

"No, thank you," James replied.

She carried the plate to the sideboard, counted the sandwiches that were left, wrapped them in a piece of grease-proof paper which had been placed ready, and locked the tantalus.

James crammed the remains of his sandwich into his mouth, gulped down his whisky, rose up, and spoke.

"Catharine, there is no need for you to 'manage.' You can have twelve servants. I do not wish you to wear one evening dress three years. You can be dressed by Worth and Paquin. I do not wish you to live in Hampstead and carefully preserve this accursed furniture. You can have a flat in town, and a place in the country.

"All this I have said before.

"I do not want you to choose Gatti's as a place to dine. I want the Savoy, the Carlton, the Ritz, and Dieudonné's. I want you to have a car for your own use—two cars. I want you to have a yacht. I want you to spend—spend—spend!

"I don't want you to finish the ham to the bone, and count the sandwiches.

"I'm a busy man, Catharine. I haven't time for furnishing new houses, ordering frocks, engaging servants, and so on. I look to you to do that. I make the money, you should help spend it. It's our *duty* to spend it. I want you to come to me every morning and say, 'James, hang it! Gimme some more money. I've over-run my dress allowance of a thousand a year. You must give me more. I want my car re-lined to match my new frock. And I want a week-end oftener on the Continent.' That is what I would like, Catharine."

"But I have said all these things before."

To all of it she, good and sound, answered:—

"You know perfectly well that I should never be silly enough to listen to you, James."

Then she took from her bag a packet of cigarettes, and added:—

"You left these at Gatti's."

"I don't *want* 'em," cried James.

"Bought and paid for," said Catharine, putting them on the table.

"I left 'em for the waiter," said James, bitterly.

"My dear," she replied, "the waiter had enough. You tip excessively."

James went to his writing-table in the bow window, found a new cheque-book, signed all the cheques, blotted them methodically, and handed the book to her.

"Catharine, that's for you. Whenever you feel inclined to buy something, fill in a cheque. Begin. The habit'll soon grow on you," said James, persuasively. "When that book's empty, ask for another."

Catharine adopted the roguish air that sits unhappily upon such estimable women.

"James," she replied, "when you want a new cheque-book, remember I have this in safe keeping for you."

There was something sweet as well as

roguish in this answer. She left it—and James—at that.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Edmund Tonbridge called upon James in his Gracechurch Street office a few days after the excursion to the Playhouse Theatre, and this is what he was spitting into the telephone:—

"... if Baker can't sell the saucepans, there's no sale with us for Baker. Give him the hoof at once. What? Been on the road for five years? Wha's that got to do with it? He hasn't learned anything. Give him the hoof ...

"Are you there ...?

"With regard to the new Glasgow branch—I said, with regard to the new Glasgow branch—I am fairly pleased. Let Mortimer know that he can engage twelve more travellers for Scotland, and his advertisement expenses for the next two months he may consider as unlimited. I've got a new advertisement scheme that I shall talk over with you this afternoon ..."

"IF BAKER CAN'T SELL THE SAUCEPANS, THERE'S NO SALE WITH US FOR BAKER. GIVE HIM THE HOOF AT ONCE."

When he had hung up his receiver he became aware of Edmund Tonbridge standing just inside the room, and immediately James changed and shrank from the bristling, plotting, ruthless master-man into the quarter-wistful, quarter-timid, half-ecstatic James that his few friends knew.

"Halloa!" said Tonbridge, advancing.

"Halloa!" replied James.

Tonbridge observed that business brightness still lingered in his friend's eye.

He sat down, after pulling up each well-creased trouser-leg. "What did I hear about Glasgow?"

"Our new branch," said James, playing with a paper-weight, with his brightness sinking.

"New branch!" cried Tonbridge.

James leaned his head on his hand.

"New branch," he repeated, doubtfully. Then, "I've opened six. Why confine our business to the Metropolis? We take in now Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Oxford, Glasgow, and Bombay. I don't mind saying to you, Tonbridge, that they've opened with a bang. We're improving on Bright's double-lined bottoms, and we'll have an extender on the market directly that will lick any other cooking arrangement — roast *and* boil — into nothing. People *will* have 'em. We've advertised everywhere—buses, tubes, hoardings, monthlies, weeklies, dailies, and the travellers can live like princes on their commissions alone. Advance orders, Tonbridge! Lord! The advance orders!"

But he lapsed into silence, and greyness fell on him amidst Tonbridge's congratulations.

"But, Tonbridge," he said, "think of the money!"

"Cheer-o!" cried Tonbridge.

"It's awful!" said James.

"Awful?" cried Tonbridge.

James said, "Heavens! Why do I do it? Why open six more sources of an already burdensome income? Why? Why?"

He rose up, walked about, and replied to himself, "Because I am justified in doing it. I am not justified in not doing it. Two years ago I could have given up my business and remained a rich man. A very rich man. I

nearly did it. The responsibilities, the burden of unspent riches, my undone duty—these things nearly broke me down. But I knew myself entirely unjustified in giving up. Labour statistics are too awful—the number of unemployed too great. My duty is to build, expand, grow; to pay wages, to multiply employment, to spend money, to prosper trade in all branches. So I increased my Metropolitan business. I had twenty shops instead of one—more agencies. Now, after those two years, I turn to the provinces. My success is assured. I meet with so many advance orders that I have engaged a thousand more hands in both my factories. I have given six men good managerial berths. The clerical staff is enormous. Regarding the giving of employment, I am doing my duty, my whole duty to my fellow-creatures and the State. I think I may say, Tonbridge, that I am doing my duty on that score? Just calculate," he said, eagerly, "the insurance money I pay, alone!"

Tonbridge replied it was too much for him altogether.

"But as for other things," said James, and paused before he went on; "as for other things, I seem helpless."

Tonbridge asked him to explain. James did so.

"Think of the house I live in. Rent, rates, and taxes cost me a bare hundred a year. My wife, as you may have guessed from her dinners, is a splendid manager."

"Lucky man!" replied Tonbridge.

James's despair deepened. "She spends, on an average, three pounds a week on all housekeeping, including coal and gas. She won't have more than two servants, at low wages. She has a jobbing-gardener once a week. She won't buy clothes. She won't have a car. She won't—she won't help me. I realize, Tonbridge, how magnificent she is. She assisted me, by her economies, to my success earlier in life. I am quite sure, Tonbridge, that she is a most magnificent woman," said James, faithfully, "but she won't help me now. Our conceptions of our duty are widely at variance."

"Well, I suppose," said Tonbridge, considering the question judicially, "that you are comfortable at home? You are not kept short of anything? She wouldn't, for instance, turn off the gas at the main every night if you wanted to sit up, or anything like that?"

"She turns it off," James confessed. "But," he added, loyally, "there is always a candle put ready, and she gave me a nice reading-lamp on my last birthday."

"You ought to feel yourself lucky," said Tonbridge; "a woman like that is a holy treasure."

Ignoring this, James proceeded, "And when I take her out to dinner, she always chooses Gatti's."

"There's no place where I'd rather take my wife, if I had one," said Tonbridge, beginning to laugh, mellowly.

"You don't understand!" James cried, stopping in his walk to beat his fists upon the desk with terrific earnestness. "I tell you I make money with such devilish ease. Regularly I sit down at this desk every morning, and regularly I come away at night a goodish deal richer. I've got a taste for business, an eye for a deal. I don't understand myself. When I get talking into that cursed instrument"—he indicated the telephone, maignantly—"it's surprising what I do. I came in two hours ago, and was called up at once. In half an hour I'd sold ten thousand pounds' worth of the double-lined for the Colonies, with samples of the extender. After that I booked a big Paris order. France! *France*, with her sniffy notions about our cookery, buying up British saucepans! It's always the same. I've had such awful luck! And I go on making—making—making what I haven't time or encouragement to spend. Look at my six new branches! Each one'll roll in a sheer five thousand profit. I can see it ahead of me, clear as I see you. And I pay rent for one house, rates in one district, buy clothes for one woman! I am not doing my duty as a householder, Tonbridge."

"It is a problem," replied Tonbridge, becoming very mellow.

"Everything is wrong!" cried James. "According to a man's capacities, so should his expenses be. If things were right, each of those new branches would be supporting a home, in luxury, paying rates and taxes, finding clothes for some delightfully extravagant woman, who, both in her housekeeping and in her person, would prosper trade at large."

Tonbridge regarded his friend with the dawn of an understanding dimmed by scepticism.

"Surely," he said, "I have not been wrong in thinking of you as a monogamist."

"It is not a question of monogamy," James answered, not without dignity.

"Quite so," said Tonbridge, mellower still. "Were I in your case, there would be no suggestion of monogamy either."

James looked at him rather coldly.

"I quite appreciate the difficulty of your position," Tonbridge added, after what seemed to be a sharp struggle with his face.

"You laugh at me," said James. "You think I am a fool. Allow me to correct you. If anyone is a fool, my dear Tonbridge, it's you. In fact, the whole world, barring, possibly, some exceptions whom I have so far not been fortunate enough to meet, is a fool!"

Tonbridge asked for a cigar, made all to his liking, and continued to give attention.

"The whole world," said James, roused to a kind of fractious anger, with which a jubilance of discovery mingled, "is a fool. It has seemed to me, during twenty business years, that the world is one mass of Suspicion. Everybody suspects everybody else. Yet the great majority are more than estimable—splendid. You believe in yourself, but not in the first man you meet in the street. If he asks you the time you will, nine times out of ten, look round for a street clock, rather than show him the quality of your watch?"

Tonbridge owned, "Yes."

"But," continued James, with profundity, "he is probably as honest as yourself. You know nothing at all of him, therefore the assumption should be that he is estimable."

"Ideally," agreed Tonbridge, "it should."

"Well, we should aim for the ideal," said James, walking about.

Tonbridge smoked gravely.

"Suppose, for instance," resumed James, "that I were seen walking out of this office with a revolver in my hand? Or a blood-stained knife? What would be assumed?"

"The worst," replied Tonbridge.

"Yet," James insisted, with fervour, "there might be an innocent explanation. And until the worst is proved, the innocent explanation should be assumed. Ideally. The world is looked upon as a hotbed for crime, whereas its predilections are of a most amazing innocence. It is even innocent of its own goodness."

He stopped, and pointed at Tonbridge.

"*You* are good!" he cried.

"No, no!" said Tonbridge, modestly.

"But I know by appearances," said James, "and I trust in them because I have no proof to the contrary. Yet——" He walked about again, and looked at Tonbridge, slyly. "Yet," he said, "you don't believe in me? Do you? Hey? If you found out to-morrow that I was leading a double life, you wouldn't be surprised. Your attitude to me is the world's attitude, one of preparation for the worst. You're like most other people who think their own souls saved and their neighbours' damned. *You* don't believe in *me!*"

Tonbridge gave him a summary look, which passed the idealist by like a butterfly. He cried:—

"Everybody in the world is good, and nobody knows it. Except me."

"James, you're a business man," said Mr. Tonbridge, with a puzzled air. "You sacked that traveller as I came in this morning without a qualm. And yet you talk——"

"Ah!" said James. "Baker!" He frowned profoundly. "I should have given that chap another chance. It was my duty to make a job for him." He struck one palm into the other. "My *duty!* But when I get to that infernal instrument I'm not myself. I can't be answerable."

He glanced malignantly at the telephone.

"You keep business uppermost, James," Mr. Tonbridge advised.

James played again with his paper-weight, and his friend stole glances at him. Presently:—

"James," he said, with dreadful suspicion, all mellow laughter, "you've got something up your sleeve."

"No, no!" James denied. "No!"

"While you were talking just now," Tonbridge pursued, leaning over the desk to flick his ash into the tray thereon, "you suddenly thought of something. I don't mean the innocence of the world——"

Tonbridge stopped on this, and waited significantly.

"I may," James confessed, playing with the paper-weight and turning on him eyes as gentle as a child's, "have had an idea. One often has an idea. In this case I am indebted to you for one. It is only a germ as yet, but it may evolve. Anyway, I thank you for it." He glanced at his watch. "Twelve o'clock. I wonder—would you do me a favour?"

"To the limits of half an hour."

"Half an hour will do it, thanks," said Mr. Bright, reaching for his hat and stick. "It is just—I have to choose a bracelet to-day."

Tonbridge divested his face of all expression, while he hoped that Mrs. Bright would be pleased with the choice made.

"It is not for Mrs. Bright," said James, with perfect candour; "she won't let me buy her jewels, you know. That is why I'd like your help in choosing to-day; I've never had any practice worth speaking of."

"Delighted!" said Tonbridge, smiling.

They went out, hailed a taxi-cab, and directed it to a Bond Street jeweller's. James watched the fare mounting, looked happy when they were blocked three times in the Strand, and calculated the size a tip might take, incompatible with eccentricity. They entered the exclusive sh p.

"Bracelets," James ordered. "Diamonds," purring over the word.

A tray came, that glistened like a waterfall in sunlight. Tonbridge said, in his friend's ear :—

"Good Lord! Beauties! I hope she's worth it all!"

James replied, "I am sure she is!" And he beamed with excitement. But Tonbridge laughed like a man who knows his world.

They inspected bracelet after bracelet, and had nearly made a decision when the prospective buyer was struck by a sudden thought.

"Diamonds," he said. "Diamonds? Bit heavy for a girl, perhaps?"

"Decidedly," replied his friend, promptly; "if she is quite young."

"She is quite young," said James, beginning to look harassed. And he asked, "Is there any other stone as expensive as diamonds?"

"I could show you some pearls," replied the shopman. He took the tray away.

"Are pearls as expensive?" James asked Tonbridge.

"Real ones are," his friend replied. "More expensive."

The harassed look left James's face. Tonbridge hummed lightly.

"Is she pretty?" he asked.

"I should say, quite pretty," said James. "Fair, you know. Tall."

"Pearls should look rather well on her skin," said Tonbridge.

Pearls came.

They chose carefully, the most beautifully simple and costly little bangle a girl could wish for, price eighty-five pounds. James wrote a cheque, put the case in his pocket, and left the shop with his head in the air.

"Tonbridge," he said, "sometimes things seem insupportable, and sometimes too simply beautiful. This morning I—I'm a happy man."

It was the riot with eighty-five pounds, of course, but Tonbridge was a worldling.

"Lunch with me somewhere?" James invited.

"Booked, thanks."

Then James saw Tonbridge's mouth curling at the corners, and heard his more than ever mellow laughter.

"Tonbridge," he demanded, "what is the matter with you?"

And he was no undignified figure as he stopped their progress, and confronted his friend with a steady eye.

"What's the matter?" Tonbridge exclaimed. "What's the matter? You are, James. You are. The innocence of the world, James, is the matter——"

James stopped him.

"Tonbridge," he said, undisturbed, "you are a colossal fool. I tell you, everybody in the world is good, but nobody knows it." He added, supremely, "Except me."

"Oh, good-bye!" cried Tonbridge, and away he went, rocked by laughter.

CHAPTER III.

RETURNING home as usual at five-thirty that afternoon, James found visitors with Catharine in the drawing-room. They were her greatest friend in Hampstead, Mrs. Hunter, a widow—and Mrs. Hunter's daughter Eva.

Eva's clothes were a tragedy for any soulful young girl, but she was fair and tall, and her skin was lovely. Pearls would have looked delightful on it.

When James had received a cup of tea from Catharine's kind and capable hands, she said to him, briskly :—

"My dear, Mrs. Hunter is asking for a subscription for her fancy-work stall at the parish bazaar in June."

"I am just delighted," replied James, with real feeling.

Mrs. Hunter said, "It is simply too kind of you, Mr. Bright. With my little means, it is a struggle to fill a stall, even helped by the kind contributions of my very few friends."

And Eva pouted, "I'm sure we've both slaved enough to fill the stall cheap for the old bazaar. Anyway, I am sick of the bazaar. And it's the only thing that happens to me in the whole year, too."

James looked very kindly at Miss Hunter.

"I'm sure, Eva," said her mother, "that you have all my little means can give you."

"I am tired of little means," said Eva, and she stared gloomily into her tea-cup.

"My dear child," said Catharine, "young girls of your age can't have the world."

"The world is very hard on young girls like me," replied Eva, nearly sniffing.

James said, quite suddenly, "I entirely agree with Miss Hunter. A young girl is made for happiness, for luxury, to possess pretty clothes, and to wear them joyously. Ahem!"

It was Mrs. Hunter and his wife who caused the cough of conclusion. They looked at him quickly, and then at each other, and while only reproachful tolerance was expressed by Catharine, suspicion was rife in Mrs. Hunter.

"She knows she is a good woman," said James, to himself, "but she does not know that I am a good man. Yet she has never received any proof to the contrary. How extraordinary all this is!"

While this was passing in his mind Catharine was relieving the slight tension by saying, pleasantly;—

"I was sure you would help the bazaar, James."

James felt for his cheque-book and fountain-pen, and a sudden hope took him.

"Catharine," he said, jocularly, "there is no time like the present to form good habits. Have you used *your* cheque-book yet?"

She smiled tolerantly, and shook her head. He knew her inexorable, fixed; he wrote a cheque for five guineas in silence, stubborn in a resolve not to lessen it, whatever Catharine might say. She was telling her guests, playfully:—

"James has given me a cheque-book, which I positively refuse to use. The extravagance—the recklessness of him!"

"I wish some man would give *me* a cheque-book," complained Eva.

"'EVA!' SAID MRS. HUNTER. 'E—VA!'"

"Eva!" said Mrs. Hunter. "E—va!"

"You don't know what you are saying, my dear," added Catharine.

"I think Miss Hunter's wish very natural," said James.

His palliative for this remark was the cheque which he now handed to Mrs. Hunter. Catharine peered over that lady's shoulder.

"James," she said, reprovingly, "you are *very* generous, dear!"

"I should like to be," replied James.

His heart beat against a velvet case containing woman's eternal delight.

"Really," Mrs. Hunter said, "I don't know how to thank you."

He took a second cup of tepid tea, with a glow of pleasure.

"Mrs. Hunter has also been advising me to get rid of cook," Catharine remarked.

James gave attention.

"Of course," said Mrs. Hunter, giving every evidence, by slight oscillating movements, of preparing for an informal speech, "I wouldn't like to *say* anything. But my back garden is only third from yours, and the walls are low, and, really, the *way* that girl goes on with every man who passes! The milk-man, the parcel-post man, the second delivery, the masons working opposite—— I absolutely *should*, Mrs. Bright; I absolutely *should*—not that I can really *say* anything—but I absolutely *should* get rid of that girl, before"—the lady looked into her tea-cup—"anything happens."

"What," James inquired, anxiously, "do you suppose may happen?"

Mrs. Hunter raised her eyebrows, smiled faintly, glanced at her daughter's youth and innocence as a hint of caution, and said she must be going.

"I shall certainly watch her," said Catharine, "and thank you for the warning. She may be giving things away."

The elder guest said good-bye, and went through the hall, talking to her hostess. For a moment James was left behind with youth and innocence, fair hair, slim height, lovely skin, wanting a cheque-book.

"Miss Hunter," he said, rapidly, "do you ever come to town alone?"

She glanced at him, dimpled, nearly giggled.

"Next week, on Wednesday, I shall go to the Stores."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

Miss Hunter looked at her shoe-tip, and made a movement, demurely, for the door.

"Lunch with me," he begged, swiftly.

"Delighted!" said youth and innocence. Afterwards, recalling the incident, James was nearly staggered by her natural aplomb. Business training now carried him quickly and competently on with the matter in hand.

"I'll meet you, grocery department, Stores, one-thirty, next Wednesday. Will that do?"

"Very well," Miss Eva replied.

As he piloted her out in the wake of her mother and Catharine, who were still talking, volubly, he whispered: "I have something particular to say to you."

His heart beat benevolently against woman's eternal delight. She gave him one glance, and was gone with her sour mother, embodiment of Youth and Innocence dragoned by The World.

He came back into the drawing-room with Catharine, took up his half-empty tea-cup, and sipped meditatively. Catharine, cutting cake for him, was pleased to see his eye bright, his air hopeful, his general appearance at once smooth, sleek, and well content.

She said, playfully:—

"What a different James to the gloomy boy who took his wife to dinner at Gatti's the other evening!"

And she coquetted, tolerantly, with the situation.

"I've had a pretty good day," replied James.

"Made money?" asked Catharine.

James's lips said, after a little hesitation, "Yes, my dear"; but his heart, like an unrepentant old sinner, cried, "Spent it, by Gad! Ninety pounds in one day, and taxis everywhere!" So his heart calculated joyously, while he bit into the seed cake of honest texture.

"I hope, Catharine, my dear," said James, presently, "that you are not thinking seriously of noticing Mrs. Hunter's allegations against cook?"

"I have missed a good deal lately," replied Catharine.

"Indeed!" James murmured.

"You remember those sandwiches," Catharine pursued, "those nice ham sandwiches that were left after our little festivity the other evening? I wrapped them up as carefully as possible, and at tea-time next day I asked for them. Cook replied that there were none."

"Indeed!" James murmured.

"And the salt," said Catharine; "I do *not* know what she does with a sixpenny tin of Cerebos."

"I am sorry to hear that the salt has gone," said James, "otherwise we might have taken some with Mrs. Hunter's story."

Catharine looked down, smiled painfully, and replied:—

"I think you don't know enough of housekeeping, dear, to talk about it."

"Perhaps not," said James.

"Surely," Catharine asked, "you can't think Mrs. Hunter untruthful?"

James thought a moment before he replied, "I should call her merely misguided. Very misguided."

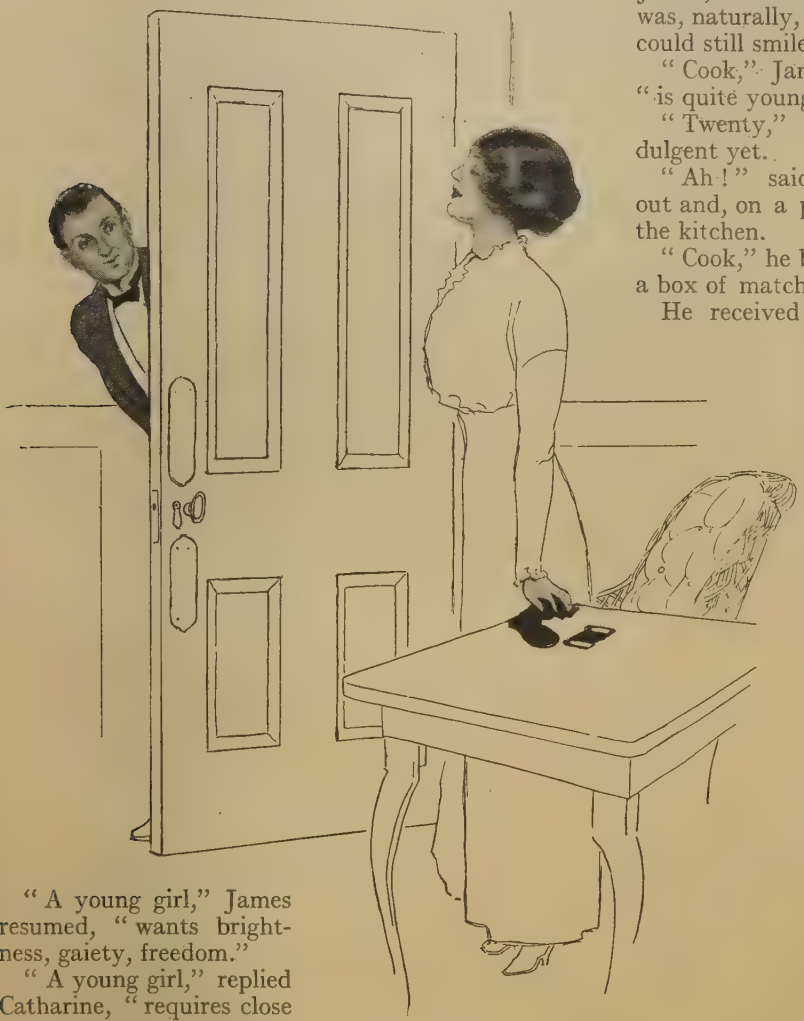
Catharine's smile was most tolerant.

"That young thing, her daughter," James continued; "what a sad life!"

"Sad!" exclaimed Catharine.

"So grey," James murmured.

"Nonsense, my dear!" said the sensible woman.



"JAMES, I GUARD THE INTERESTS OF YOUR HOUSE BETTER THAN YOU CAN. MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

"A young girl," James resumed, "wants brightness, gaiety, freedom."

"A young girl," replied Catharine, "requires close watching and guiding, or one never knows what may happen."

"What may happen?" James inquired.

"Really, one hardly likes to say," replied Catharine, very gravely.

James said, on an interrupted progress to the door:—

"You are such a good woman, Catharine, but you are just like all the world—so innocent. The world is so innocent that it does not even know its own goodness. All a young girl's natural propensities are pure and charming, but no one believes it. Everyone's natural propensities are pure and charming, but no one believes it. You must not dismiss cook, dear, for alleged offences of a minor character."

"Leave housekeeping to me, my old James," answered Catharine. She was, naturally, so amiable that she could still smile.

"Cook," James asked, earnestly, "is quite young, is she not?"

"Twenty," said Catharine, indulgent yet.

"Ah!" said James. He went out and, on a pretext, softly sought the kitchen.

"Cook," he begged, "may I have a box of matches?"

He received them, looking earnestly at her the while.

"Let me see," he said, with his invariable courtesy, "you have not been here long. I don't seem to have become really acquainted with you. May I ask your name?"

It was Dorothy Dormer.

James thanked her and withdrew, to seek Catharine. He put his head into the drawing-room where she sat, now darning a stocking, and spoke almost with authority.

"Catharine, I have been to look at her, and I consider she has a good face."

"Who?" asked Catharine.

"Dorothy Dormer."

"Oh!" replied Catharine, like an enigma.

"She certainly should not be dismissed," said James, with fanatic firmness.

Still showing infinite patience, the sensible woman rose, laid down her stocking, and said:—

"James, I guard the interests of your house better than you can. Mind your own business."

James went to his poor den to mind it.

He sighed very heavily. "It is an amazing world," he said. "So elaborately suspicious!" He took from the brief bag which he always carried to and from his office various matters for the evening's consideration. There were columns of figures, pages of statistics from the six new managers of the six new branches, three advertisement schemes, and the sketches for a new poster. There was also a little captious correspondence from retail dealers about the improvements destined for Bright's double-lined bottoms. James dealt with this correspondence first, capably and commandingly, making shorthand notes for his replies. Then he improved the design for the new poster, and after a while came to the figures. They amazed, they alarmed, they disheartened him, for the relentless profits crept so high. Wages had been raised, prices of goods lowered, but income flourished and grew and increased. Each new branch was already shooting out firm and strong from the parent trunk. It was clear to Mr. James Bright, as he sat there totting up his figures, that in the first year of its enterprise each new branch would show a clear profit of between two and three thousand. After that there was, at present, no gauging the amount. The Glasgow and Bombay houses, sole representatives of James Bright in their respective countries, would probably make returns nearly equal to the Metropolitan business, and the net income from the Metropolitan business had been, for the last three years, something like ten thousand per annum.

James put his hands over his face.

Sinister things said by Edmund Tonbridge occurred to him. The germ implanted began to swell, watered, though, by the entire chivalry, honour, and poesy of James's spirit, so that its growth, as he conceived it, was a thing of extraordinary beauty. After an hour's mature deliberation he picked up the manager's letters. He read them through, and said:—

"It is time I looked round. I'll start to-morrow and do Bristol, Oxford, and Birmingham; come back for a week or so, and then go North. About Bombay, though——"

CHAPTER IV.

It was with a spirit soaring to Adventure that James saw Catharine pack his bag in the morning. Nothing damped him. He would take no demur about having a dress shirt fresh from the laundry, although, as Catharine explained, packing ruined them, and he might have given the one he wore to Gatti's—hardly rumpled, really—a third wearing. Indeed, she disapproved altogether of the inclusion of evening clothes, saying, with a hint of reproach:—

"I thought business, not frivolity, was my old James's object!"

James said, "Sometimes I've got to dine a man at the best places, don't you see, my dear? A deal often includes that sort of thing."

"Men are very extravagant," Catharine sighed.

James put a new cheque-book into his breast-pocket, kissed Catharine, thanked her for packing his bag, and departed.

James was looking his best this morning—fresh, rosy, alert. He wore, in spite of Catharine's advice to the contrary, a perfectly new blue serge suit of the type known as "lounge," and his eyes had all the clear brightness of a man who at last sees that for which he has long looked.

When he arrived in town he looked in at the Gracechurch Street office and fired off many orders with that greedy keenness in the interests of money-making which had, hitherto, astonished and dismayed himself. This morning he did not recollect himself with a start and a quiver; no bitterness touched him; no agonies enveloped his soul. There lurked, amazingly new and real, a strange complacence with his increasing fortunes. He ran out of the office, lunched, was particular in choosing a carnation for his button-hole, and took a taxi-cab all the way to Paddington.

There, after buying a first-class ticket, he encountered Tonbridge.

"Where are you going?" said Tonbridge, seizing James's lapel.

"Business," James explained. "Oxford, one-forty."

"You're nearly late," said Tonbridge. "You'll have to run. Train's in. I'll see you off. I'm not going till the one-fifty. Carry your bag, sir?"

Tonbridge, the light-hearted, ran beside his friend to the waiting train.

"I've got a carriage for you, James," he said, as they went. "Lucky I happened to see you. She's awfully pretty. I know you have an eye. Here you are——"

Tonbridge pulled open the door of a third-class carriage in which were two occupants and pushed James in.

"But I have a 'first' ticket," said James, resisting slightly; "and, anyway, I'd prefer a smok——"

"You incorrigible old pretender, you!" cried Mr. Tonbridge, in a whisper, all genial beam and mellow laughter. "Get in! You know you'd like to. Directly I saw you, I remembered her. I saw"—he closed the door, and had to walk alongside the moving train—"saw her get in. Ticket for Worcester. Said good-bye to tart aunt. Tears. Mopes. Aunt cross. Other passenger is only booked to Ealing. I heard her say it. Did the bracelet please? Bye-bye. Best o' luck!".

A porter stopped Tonbridge, and he stood on the platform waving his hat in an attitude of cheer, rocked by laughter.

Fate and Mr. Tonbridge having precipitated matters thus, James took a corner, and looked a little cautiously at his two fellow-travellers. One—certainly she who was to alight at Ealing—could be dismissed at once from the mind. The other, an exceedingly trim and attractive girl, of any age under thirty, was noticeable also for her woe-begone air, the stains of recent tears beneath her eyes, and a rebellious curve, that was nearly a pout, of her little mouth. These things James, rosy, alert, and inspirited with the New Idea, observed keenly, though with perfect inoffensiveness. He marked her clothes with the summary eye of a married man, and found them poor, though they kept up appearances proudly; he marked the absence of chocolates, magazines, or any other favourite feminine impedimenta of travel; he noted the presence of a very small basket containing, perhaps, a few biscuits or sandwiches provided by the tart aunt, and of a penny novelette, possibly also from the same source. She took her gloves off, and affirmed his conjecture that she was unmarried, not even engaged.

James put it to himself: "I wonder——"

He wondered all the way to Ealing. There the third passenger left them, and there James might have changed into his first-class smoking-carriage, but he did not do so. Providence—in the guise of the lamentable ribaldry of Edmund Tonbridge—had put into his path too great a piece of luck. He was tempted above his strength to stay. Instead of changing his compartment, then, he leaned from the window and bought chocolates and some ladies' papers.

When he had settled into his seat, and the train had left the station, he perceived, to his passionate pity, that the girl was crying quietly over her novelette. Moreover, she was not reading.

"Now," said James to himself, "or never!"

He approached her with chocolates, ladies' papers, and infinite delicacy.

"Madam," he began, "excuse me."

The girl looked up. She appeared perfectly willing to excuse him. His appearance, indeed, was calculated to inspire absolute trust. He proceeded, with a thorough delicacy of manner:—

"I thought you would excuse my offering these sweets and papers."

"Certainly," she said, and she smiled, and the smile made her eyes like stars looming through a misty night.

James sat down now in the corner opposite hers, and maintained a respectful silence while she nibbled a chocolate croquette, and looked, in a desultory way, through a few fashion pages. Time passed.

"How fashions change!" said James, at last, by way of breaking the ice impersonally.

"Yes," said she, "don't they? For lucky people, and in the papers."

Then a droop came to the corners of her mouth, and her eyes filled with tears, and she looked long and hard through them at a Paris toilette.

"You're thinking that a pretty dress?" James hazarded.

She agreed.

After a little more silence: "I have something to say to you," said James, with perfect simplicity. "Will you have the kindness to take my card?"

He handed it. She read his name; then, with an equal simplicity which he found charming, answered:—

"Thank you. My name is Gwen Raymond."

"May I say what I like?" James asked.

She gave permission. His manner became that of an uncle, if not a father.

"I don't know," he said, "what kind of person you are. Do you, for instance, believe in the goodness of the world?"

The young lady answered that she had experienced very little of it.

"Just listen a moment," said he. "It is a fact that most people have their troubles—you have yours, about which I shall ask you presently. I have mine, which I shall try to explain to you. But apart from personal troubles, inevitable in the nature of things, the world is full of an astonishing goodness. Everybody—with singularly few exceptions, so few that we need not keep them in mind—is good. Only nobody knows it except"—he tapped his chest—"except me."

He smiled.

"The world is full of Suspicion, which in nearly every case is unfounded. An unbounded and universal trust should take its

place. I can give you an instance of what I consider this unhappy state of things when I say that two strangers can seldom speak casually to each other without a mutual caution and suspicion."

"I follow you," replied Miss Raymond.

James glanced at her hopefully.

"Do you trust me?" he demanded.

righteousness. However, you trust me. Then you have not the weak point. If you trust me, tell me of these troubles of yours."

His attitude of faith and expectation, as he proposed this test, was so touching, so ingenuous, that it left her for the moment breathless. When she had recovered:—

"Very well," she said. "I will. It will

"I THOUGHT YOU WOULD EXCUSE MY OFFERING THESE SWEETS AND PAPERS."

"Yes," said Miss Raymond, "and myself."

"Ah!" he said, with a shade of disappointment; "that is natural. We all trust ourselves. Our weak point is that we don't trust our neighbour. We each think, as it were, that we've made a corner in

break the tedium of the journey, anyway. I have, then, no parents, no one to help me but an aunt who grudges help, and who has found me a very badly-paid situation as nursery governess in Worcester. I am going there to-day."

James had taken out his note-book, and was rapidly taking this down in shorthand.

"The salary?" he questioned.

"Sixteen pounds a year."

"Monstrous!" cried James, briefly, looking up.

"I expect," said Miss Raymond, "that I am worth no more."

"You are worth," replied James, "what every good and attractive woman is worth—plenty of money, a comfortable home, all the pretty clothes you want, little luxuries like scents, and bath salts, and chocolates, and fires in bedrooms, and cushions, and Buszards' cakes for tea, and a car or carriage."

He looked out of the window, and seemed to dream.

"You mean," said his alluring *vis-à-vis*, "that I must marry well?"

"Ultimately," agreed James. "Oh, certainly, we hope so—ultimately." He drummed on his knee.

"I will now tell you my own great trouble."

Simply, but not without pathos, he explained to her his unhappy situation—the lashings of his conscience, a man's duty to the State and the community—duty of expenditure of the rich—the well-meaning but lamentable parsimony of an amiable wife.

"You understand," said James, "that she is magnificent."

It was not without some trepidation—though unshaken in his beliefs—that he unfolded the Idea to so sympathetic, so trustful a fellow-traveller. His plan was, he said, for each new branch to support a home, and within the home some deserving woman, in luxury. He added, he said, to his other senses of duty, a sense of duty to women in especial, considering their majority in this country, and considering that his wife's principles were such that they could not allow him to do his duty by her.

James drummed on his knee.

"Is this Temptation?" said Miss Raymond, with her hand on her novelette.

James flushed to his temples.

"Can you not understand me?" he cried.

"I don't know," said Miss Raymond. "But, considering what is in front of me at Worcester, I've a good mind to try you!"

"It will be perfectly simple," said James, with as great a candour and delicacy as a young woman so extraordinarily circumstanced could wish, "Get out at Oxford with me. Arrange—I will arrange for you—for your aunt to receive a letter from you soon, post-marked Worcester. I am afraid a little deception of the harmless sort is unavoidable, supposing your aunt—like, alas! most good women—to have been inoculated with the disease of suspicion at birth. The world, I am aware, is unprepared for this idea of mine. To proceed: We shall also cancel the engagement. Then I will take a house immediately, about which there will be no difficulty, since expense is really no object. We will furnish it together to-morrow morning; engage servants at the nearest registry office; you will, if you please, accept carte blanche for clothes; before I leave Oxford on Monday I will choose a car or a pony-cart for you—which you wish—and the whole thing will be easily arranged thus during the week-end. I have the same programme to go through at Bristol and Birmingham before Wednesday midday, when I have an appointment in town, so you can judge that I have very little time to waste. We can arrange for you to have as one of your two servants an elderly woman to satisfy local propriety, if necessary"—he was really more of a father than an uncle now—"and when I come to Oxford on business, and call on you, as it will be a great pleasure to do, I can pass, for the same absurd and criminal reason, as a relation."

"An uncle?" Miss Raymond murmured.

It had been in James's mind. "An uncle," he agreed.

"It is an extraordinary proposition," she pondered.

"It is only extraordinary because perfectly pure and perfectly simple," said James. "You will accept it?"

"I will accept it," she hesitated, "for a probationary period."

"Thank you," said James, feeling deeply. He looked curiously, respectfully, and admiringly at Miss Raymond, all traces of whose tears had disappeared, who was sparkling and blushing with adventure, and the delightful impropriety of it all.

She handed his own chocolates to him impulsively.

"Have some," she invited.

They ate them together.

That was a week-end of unadulterated joy. The house was taken immediately, with no difficulty, in the Banbury Road. Two maids (one elderly) were induced, by tempting terms, to begin work at once. Furniture was chosen between five and seven o'clock that very day at Celliston and Avell's in the Cornmarket, and James took his pretty charge to the Randolph Hotel for the night, and gave her a dinner that took her breath away.

It occurred to him that it gives a man a

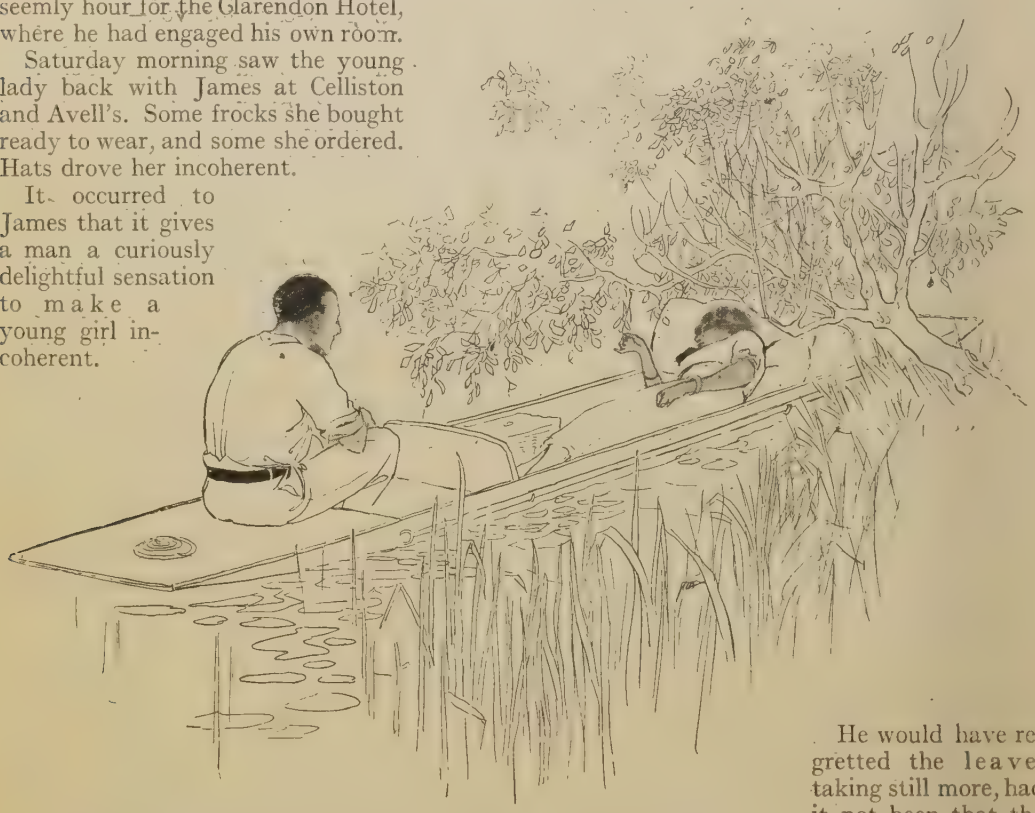
curiously delightful sensation to take a pretty girl's breath away.

After dinner they wrote together the letter that was to be posted at Worcester the next day. In it Miss Gwen Raymond told auntie about her young charges—their ages, sizes, and the diversities of their characters; described also their parents, the furnishing of the house, and the house itself.

And they cancelled, in the same breath, the Worcester engagement. It was the greatest fun. He departed at a seemly hour for the Clarendon Hotel, where he had engaged his own room.

Saturday morning saw the young lady back with James at Celliston and Avell's. Some frocks she bought ready to wear, and some she ordered. Hats drove her incoherent.

It occurred to James that it gives a man a curiously delightful sensation to make a young girl incoherent.



"IT OCCURRED TO JAMES, WHEN HE SAW HER LYING IN A PUNT, THAT IN NO SITUATION CAN A PRETTY GIRL LOOK MORE ENTICING."

They left Celliston and Avell's for the best ladies' tailor in Oxford; went on to a boot-maker, and lunched at Buol's.

In the afternoon Miss Raymond asked to be taken upon the river.

It occurred to James, when he saw her lying in a punt, that in no situation can a pretty girl look more enticing.

They moored in the quiet backwater, and she made tea in the punt, from the picnic hamper which Buol's had provided.

Evening saw them actually dining in the new house. Miss Raymond had already put on the second of the ready-to-wear gowns, and, whereas on the river she had been cool and fresh in linen, she was now ravishing, mysterious, in pale silks.

She saw him off on Monday morning. He regretted going, and he said so, not without a sigh.

"But you will come again, uncle?" said she, at his carriage window.

"Soon, and often," James replied.

He would have regretted the leave-taking still more, had it not been that the enchanted chariots of the Great Western Line were bearing him rejoicing on to another city of adventure. As it was, he had several sighs for Miss Raymond, but also smiles for reminiscence.

"I am doing," he said to himself, "the ideal thing. I wish that I had begun before. There must be many women wanting homes—real Homes of Rest."

The idealist dreamed, and in the dream this occurred to him, all fresh and new:—

"What lovely rogues women are! What lovely rogues!"

(To be continued.)

A DOLL'S PALACE.

THE MOST FAMOUS DOLL'S HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

The Work of Celebrated Artists.

By MRS. HERBERT VIVIAN.

1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOLL'S PALACE, WHICH IS SEVEN FEET HIGH AND SIX AND A HALF FEET WIDE.

OF all the treasures Utrecht possesses first and foremost is its world-famous doll's house. Every small child privileged to see it will be awestruck at the sight of such undreamed-of splendour. As to the grown-up, and particularly the collector of Queen Anne furniture, his breath will simply be taken away by the enchantments of the Poppenhuys. For here you find the purest Queen Anne abode, complete down to the tiniest detail, and who does not know that Queen Anne is the very last

2. BABY AND HER NURSE IN THE HALL, WITH A PAGE IN ATTENDANCE.

3. THE DRAWING-ROOM, THE WALLS OF WHICH WERE PAINTED BY ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS OF THE DAY.

4 AND 5. TWO OF THE BEAUTIFULLY-DRESSED DOLLS WHICH GIVE SUCH AN AIR OF REALITY TO THE ROOMS.

love of the properly-brought-up collector? Ordinary houses can never give the entire idea of her period as this little one can. For, naturally, in the process of time the arrangement of everything alters; the structure is rebuilt, furniture and hangings wear out and are discarded and later styles are introduced. Whereas our doll's house, made not later than the end of the seventeenth century, has remained behind closed glass doors, lovingly cherished by Dutch house-wives, the most careful and conservative of their kind, and it shows us just how the Dutchman of those days lived, and very much how the Englishman of a rather later date arranged his home.

And now to come to the doll's house and its history.

It has evidently always been considered a masterpiece, for so long ago as 1738 we find literature on the subject. The chronicler says that it owes its existence to a noble lady of Amsterdam, but does not give her name. Not only did she lavish years and the utmost loving care upon her hobby, but it cost her a small fortune beside, certainly over one thousand pounds. And one thousand pounds in those days was a very different thing from the same sum in the twentieth century. What the doll's house must be worth nowadays I would

rather not be asked to guess! It was probably begun towards 1675, when King Charles II. was reigning, and finished about 1690.

We know that in the early days of the eighteenth century it belonged to a rich Amsterdam tobacco merchant, from whom it passed to his daughter, who married a man with the romantic name of Slob. Mrs. Slob bequeathed it to her daughter, who also left it to a daughter. This lady died at a very great age in Utrecht, leaving the doll's house as a legacy to the city.

Not only this, but it had also gone through a crisis that few doll's houses can boast of. It has actually been burgled. One dark night in 1831, when it was temporarily located in a country village, thieves broke through and stole not only the gilt chandelier, the pride of the drawing-room, but also the silver fire-irons, a tortoiseshell inlaid cabinet, a chest of amber, inlaid with gold and ivory, and the plate-chest full of baby spoons and forks. Luckily the house was so amply provided that the furniture was not missed, but the owner, distressed that the dolls should be driven to eat with their fingers, at once ordered a similar set to be made as quickly as possible.

The house itself (Fig. 1) is made of olive wood, inlaid with king wood, and it was formerly enclosed by big glass doors, now replaced by silk curtains. For the benefit of tiny folks a pair of steps stand in front so that they may climb up and peep into the top rooms, for the building is seven feet high and six and a half feet wide. It consists of fifteen rooms altogether, and the hall stands in the very middle, from which a little staircase leads to the storey above. There are no stairs leading to the ground floor, so you must conclude that the dolls keep a fire-escape or an aeroplane on the premises when they want to take the air. It is also strange that in this little palace, provided with every luxury and necessity the heart could wish, the builder has entirely forgotten the existence of doors or windows. You may see in the hall the nursemaid, who has, evidently, brought the baby downstairs, while a page in livery waits with a basket under his arm ready to go an errand (Fig. 2).

To the left of the hall is the drawing-room (Fig. 3), which is a perfect gem. Tiny Persian rugs cover the matting floor, whilst the walls are painted by one of the best-known artists of the day, whose name is still famous, F. de Moucheron. Delicious little figures in satin and laces (Figs. 4 and 5) sit round, listening graciously to the two gorgeous gentlemen in fuzzy wigs and brocaded coats who are giving a little concert. At the back of the room is the loveliest spinet with legs of wrought gold, littered with carefully-printed music (Fig. 6).

6. A TINY SPINET WITH GOLDEN LEGS AND OTHER BEAUTIFULLY-MADE FURNITURE FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM.

All the furniture, although so tiny, is just as carefully fashioned as a big piece, indeed much more so, for it must have required endless care and patience to make those cabinets of ebony or tortoiseshell, inlaid so charmingly and so

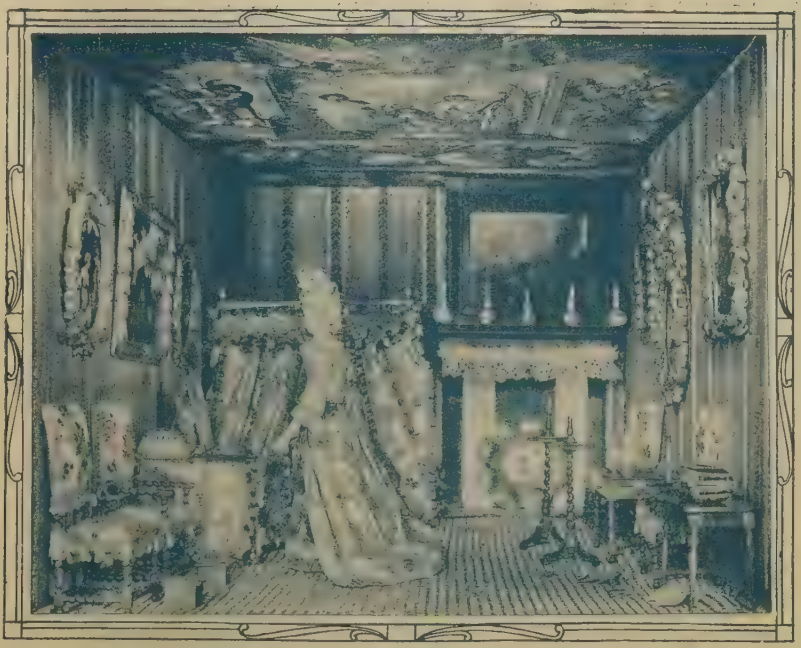
7. THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE—ABOVE IS ONE OF THE IVORY CARVINGS ADORNING THE WALLS, AND BELOW IS AN EBONY CABINET WITH IVORY FIGURES IN THE HOLLOWS OF THE DOORS.

The floor is of parquet, most beautifully inlaid with ivory, and the ceiling is painted as gorgeously as a Roman palace. In contrast to that are the plain whitewashed walls, reminiscent of old Holland, which show off to the best advantage the fine pictures.

Above the mantelpiece there hangs the most wonderfully wrought piece of ivory inlay work by some famous master. All round it are tiny medallions showing the sorrows of Christ, and in the centre is a panel portraying the Last Judgment, the whole framed in amber.

elaborately with ivory, silver, and gold. There is nothing jerry-built about the Poppenhuys.

Delightful as the drawing-room is, I am not certain that the sitting-room (Fig. 7) is not even nicer. One knows instinctively that the careful old Dutch ladies only used the reception-room for smart occasions, specially-honoured visitors, and evening parties. The rest of the week it stood cold and empty. The sitting-room was the headquarters of the master of the house. Here he and his cronies smoked their long pipes and drank their schnapps. It looks so comfortable and lived in, and the three little men evidently think themselves in clover.



8. MY LADY'S CHAMBER—THE WALLS ARE HUNG WITH BROCADE, AND A SILK-CURTAINED FOUR-POSTER STANDS IN THE CORNER.

My lady's chamber (Fig. 8) is a nest fit for an empress, and almost good enough for the lovely doll who stands there before her toilet-table. Evidently beauty culture was not unknown in those days. Pomades and lotions for the dolls are considered a necessity, and the little dressing-table is set out with an ample array of cosmetics. On the other hand, the washing apparatus is so tiny that you almost want a microscope to discover it. I must sadly confess, too, that you will not find a trace of a bath in the whole house.

Fresh air must have been at a premium in Queen Anne's time. The beautiful four-poster bedstead with its low roof and too generous supply of brocade curtains would certainly have cut off not only draughts but every breath of air as well. And two candles is all that the poor dear is allowed to dress by.

Another room shows us the lady of the house sitting in great state, attended by three nurses beside the cradle of her son and heir.

One of the quaintest of the rooms is the nursery (Fig. 9), where the doctor is paying a visit to a little girl perched up on her high chair. She does not seem to possess very many toys, but two birdcages hang on the wall, in one of which is the smallest stuffed bird known. The little girl has her own cage, too; we can see it to the right of the picture. Tiny Dutch children are put into these little prisons, which run on wheels, so that they can amuse themselves moving about without getting into very serious mischief.

Many people will think the kitchen (Fig. 10) the most interesting place in the house. Here

9. THE DOCTOR PAYING A VISIT TO A LITTLE GIRL IN HER NURSERY.

you will find everything the heart of a cook can wish for. But where, in a grown-up house, these articles would be of mean materials, such as tin or copper, for our doll's use they must be made all of silver. A silver cupboard stands in the middle of the picture, containing the plate-chest and every sort of silver dish and cover.

Much more ornamental than our commonplace kitchen dresser is the set of shelves where the dolls keep their crockery. They eat off the daintiest plates, and their service of glass is quite exceptionally beautiful. As one would expect in a Dutch household, there are brooms and brushes of every sort and description, the pride of the housemaid's heart.

A very characteristic room, too, is the laundry. Near the ceiling hangs a ladder-like contrivance for drying the clothes. The laundry-maid is seen in a great white hood ironing some garments.

In those days every house had its store-room, and you can see the maid here standing among the barrels of flour, jars of pickled eggs, bottles of preserved fruit, and piles of dried fish. Beyond her is the servants' bedroom, shut off by a wooden paling.

Evidently neither maids nor housewives were as fastidious then as now. I can't imagine an English mistress lodging her servants in a railed-off corner of her store-room nor a superior parlourmaid consenting to sleep in a narrow, dark little space like a cage.

A funny little room is dovetailed in at the top of the hall. Here an old man sits in a sort of thick brocade dressing-gown, doing accounts. This must be the steward of the establishment. Small as the room is, there is everything necessary on the writing-desk—silver inkstand, paper, pens, sealing-wax, and amber hour-glass. The books belonging to the house are also to be found here.

The architect of the Poppenhuys was seized with the rather original idea of arranging a garden in one of the rooms of the house. It is divided into four flower-beds surrounded by a green lawn. It is amazing how much vegetation is squeezed into the little space. Flowers, trees, a vine, well-grown espalier fruit trees, all seem to flourish, and at the back stands an arbour among orange and lemon trees in tubs. And to give it still more dignity and importance, four statues are placed among the greenery. A handsome peacock is seen sunning itself on the painted wall, and a flight of swallows are skimming across the sky.

Those who wish to know more about the doll's house must read the very interesting book ("Holländische Patrizierhäuser," Verlag A. Oosthoek, Utrecht) on the subject by Professors Müller and Vogelsang, to whom I am greatly indebted, both for information and for illustrations. A whole book about a doll's house! It gives one a real insight into the marvellous ingenuity set to work on the little building. Indeed, nothing has been neglected that could find its place in a real mansion, and it must have required far more time and trouble to furnish this tiny nest than most large ones.

I am sure the great lady who lavished such infinite pains on her Poppenhuys would feel rewarded could she know how grateful later generations are to her for such enchanting pictures of her country and her times.

10. THE KITCHEN, IN WHICH MOST OF THE COOKING UTENSILS ARE MADE OF SILVER.

"HE ALWAYS BOUGHT TWO LOAVES OF STALE BREAD."

Bits of Life

By O. Henry

Illustrated by A. K. Macdonald.

VII.—Witches' Loaves.

MISS MARTHA MEACHAM kept the little bakery at the corner—the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door.

Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of four hundred pounds, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart. Many people have married whose chances to do so were much inferior to Miss Martha's.

Two or three times a week a customer called, in whom she began to take an interest. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard trimmed to a careful point.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places, and wrinkled and baggy in others. But he looked neat, and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread cost more than stale. Never did he call for anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. No doubt he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh, and wish that the gentle-mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that draughty attic. Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

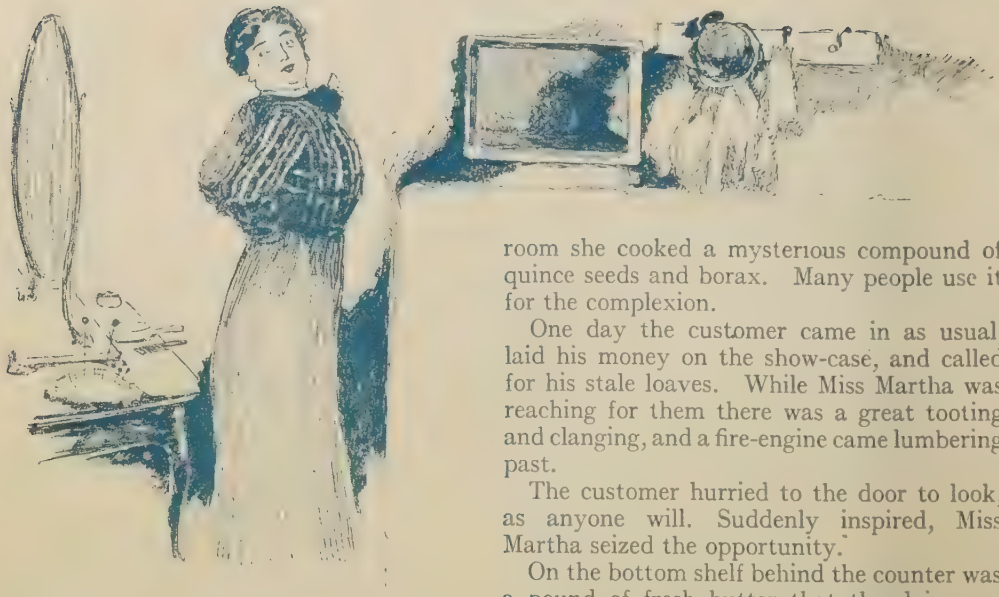
In order to test her theory as to his occupation, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale, and set it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble *palazzo* (so it said on the picture) stood in the foreground—or rather forewater. For the rest there were gondolas (with a lady trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky, and chiaroscuro in plenty. No artist could fail to notice it.

Two days afterwards the customer came in.

"Two loafs of stale bread, if you blease. You haf here a fine bicture, madame," he said, while she was wrapping up the bread.

"Yes?" says Miss Martha, revelling in her own cunning. "I do so admire art and——"



"MISS MARTHA TOOK TO WEARING HER BLUE-DOTTED BLOUSE."

(no, it would not do to say "artists" thus early) "and paintings," she substituted. "You think it is a good picture?"

"Der balace," said the customer, "is not in good drawing. Der bairspective of it is not true. Goot morning, madame."

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had! To be able to judge perspective at a glance—and to live on stale bread! But genius often has to struggle before it is recognized.

What a thing it would be for art and perspective if genius were backed by four hundred pounds in the bank, a bakery, and a sympathetic heart to—— But these were daydreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came he would chat for awhile across the showcase. He seemed to crave Miss Martha's cheerful words.

He kept on buying stale bread. Never a cake, never a pie. Never one of her delicious Sally Lunns.

She thought he began to look thinner and discouraged. Her heart ached to add something good to eat to his meagre purchase, but her courage failed at the act. She did not dare affront him. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha took to wearing her blue-dotted silk blouse behind the counter. In the back room she cooked a mysterious compound of quince seeds and borax. Many people use it for the complexion.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his money on the show-case, and called for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was reaching for them there was a great tooting and clanging, and a fire-engine came lumbering past.

The customer hurried to the door to look, as anyone will. Suddenly inspired, Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairyman had left ten minutes before. With a bread-knife Miss Martha made a deep slash in each of the stale loaves, inserted a generous quantity of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again.

When the customer turned once more she was tying the paper round them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself, but not without a slight fluttering of the heart.

Had she been too bold? Would he take offence? Surely not. There was no language of edibles. Butter was no emblem of unmaidenly forwardness.

For a long time that day her mind dwelt on the subject. She imagined the scene when he should discover her little deception.

He would lay down his brushes and palette. There would stand his easel with the picture he was painting in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf—ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he——

The front-door bell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe—a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the

back of his head, his hair was wildly rumpled. He clenched his two fists and shook them, ferociously, at Miss Martha. *At Miss Martha!*

"*Dummkopf!*" he shouted, with extreme loudness; and then, "*Tausendonfer!*" or something like it in German.

"'COME ON,' HE SAID, 'YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH.'"

The young man tried to draw him away.

"I vill not go," he said, angrily, "else I shall told her!" He made a bass drum of Miss Martha's counter.

"You haf shpoilt me!" he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. "I *vill* tell you! You vas von *meddingsome old cat!*"

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue-dotted silk blouse. The young man took the other by the collar.

"Come on," he said, "you've said enough." He dragged the angry one out at the door, and then came back.

"I think you ought to be told, ma'am," he said, "what the row is about. That's Blumberger. He's an architectural draughtsman. I work in the same office with him. He's been working hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished inking the lines yesterday. You know, a draughtsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it's done he rubs out the pencil lines with handfuls of stale breadcrumbs. That's better than indiarubber. Blumberger's been buying the bread here. Well, to-day—well, you know, ma'am, that butter isn't — well, Blumberger's plan isn't good for anything now except to cut up into railroad sandwiches."

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue-dotted silk blouse and put on the old brown serge she used to wear. Then she poured the quince seed and borax mixture out of the back window into the dustbin.

The Comedies and Tragedies of Golf.

By F. R. BURROW.

Illustrated by Tom Wilkinson.

THE real tragedies connected with golf are, fortunately, few; for what appears to be a truly tragic misfortune to one player not infrequently seems so comic to his opponent as to cause him to turn away, ostensibly to light a pipe, but in reality to conceal his mirth. I shall leave my readers, therefore, to disentangle the comic from the tragic in the incidents which I am going to recall.

It is a common complaint that there are no new golf stories; everything seems to have happened before.

The main portion of the humours of golf lies in the horrible things that happen to one or other of the parties to a match entirely as a result of their own inefficiency. Is is scarcely necessary to say that the inefficiency is never recognized by the player as the real cause of the disaster. There is practically nothing that cannot be called upon to make an excuse for a bad shot—the club, the ball, the caddie, the wind, the very lark singing in the sky, and the ship sailing on the sea; all of these and a hundred others are daily utilized by golfers. Some players are certainly well enough equipped with them to qualify them to write a "Golfer's Manual of Excuses"; and I rather wonder that such a useful book has never been compiled. Various sudden and unapparent illnesses, such as sciatica and lumbago, are, of course, everyday excuses, and we can all sympathize with the man who said to his opponent on the first tee:—

"Is there anything the matter with you?"

"No. Why?" returned the other.

"Well, I thought I'd just ask. I haven't beaten a well man for nearly a fortnight!"

I once knew a golfer whose partiality for excuses was the means of temporarily breaking up quite an old friendship. A man with whom he often played, after beating him one day, received in the dressing-room the following explanation:—

"Just look here. I've buttoned my waistcoat up to the wrong button. No wonder I couldn't follow through a bit to-day!"

"No wonder, indeed," said the other, looking straight at his man. "I know what it's like. Yesterday I simply couldn't get my stance comfortable anyhow, and when I came in I found I'd been and put a right-hand lace into my left-hand shoe!" They didn't play, or even speak to, one another again for weeks.

There is also the historic case of the man playing in the amateur championship against an opponent who happened to be a keen lepidopterist. Entering the club-house, he was heard to exclaim:—

"Never again, my boy! No more championships for me. You'll never believe it, but

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY ORIGINAL
MY GRANDFATHER TOLD IT MUCH BETTER
NOAH ALWAYS LIKED THAT ONE
BURIED 1066 A.D.
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HIM
HATS OFF TO A GREAT ANCESTOR

"IT IS A COMMON COMPLAINT THAT THERE ARE NO NEW GOLF STORIES."

the chap I was taking on actually kept on stopping to catch moths! If that isn't enough to put you off I don't know what is. *Moths!* When he was two down!"

You know, probably, the reason why the invariable lunch drink of caddies is ginger-beer. No? Well, I'll tell you. It is to enable them to hiccough just as you are in the act of putting for the match in the afternoon round. They are, of course, trying in other ways as well. One day—and it was a medal day, too—Robinson, a middle-aged and mediocre golfer, was producing his "real game." Everything went well. And this in spite of the fact that his caddie was of the worst type; apparently deaf and dumb, a flag-waggler, a hiccougher, a hander of the wrong club, and possessing an unequalled inattention to and lack of interest in his master's prowess that on any other occasion would have called forth the horridest objurgations.

"I THOUGHT I'D JUST ASK. I HAVEN'T BEATEN A WELL MAN FOR NEARLY A FORTNIGHT!"

After holing out the seventeenth Robinson was six or seven strokes better than he had ever been before, and felt the medal as good as in his pocket. The last hole, a drive and mashie over a high clay-walled bunker, alone remained for conquest. By some nasty work of the green committee, the tee had been put forward about twenty yards. Robinson, in his elation, unluckily failed to notice this. Taking his driver, he hit the ball of his life, so straight, so low, so far did it fly. Too far! for Robinson's pride changed to dismay as he saw, and soon heard, it finish up by pitching hard into the wet clay at the very foot of the wall of the bunker.

Turning to his caddie with an exclamation of wrath, he beheld that youth's dull countenance slowly expanding into a grin, while his eyes lit up for a moment with a gleam of something resembling intelligence as he uttered this one word—his sole comment on the game—"*Ponk!*"

One of the best golfing yarns I ever heard deals with an old gentleman who, in the old days when the red coat had not yet become the hall-mark of incompetence, had a great desire to clothe himself in this garment, but modestly resolved not to do so until he had done something which should really entitle him to this distinction. The standard he had set himself was the beating of the hundred—not perhaps a high one, but it is just as well, when setting an object before you, to select one that is at any rate within the bounds of possibility. When it is further noted that our hero was rather a shaky counter, it will be seen that he had a fair chance of realizing his ideal. His ambition was not unknown to his many friends, and when, one afternoon, he entered the clubhouse in a state of evident and extreme satisfaction, one of them asked, "Is it a case of the red coat at last?"

"It is, indeed," replied the elated golfer, and proceeded to enter with great detail on to an account of his round.

"What was your score, then?" interrupted one of the crowd.

"Oh, about ninety-nine," airily explained the triumphant one, and he never knew why the rest of the history of his round should have been drowned in shouts of laughter.

An old golfer up in the north, who was rather parsimonious in the matter of balls, once received a lesson which I dare say he remembers to this day. He was playing in a foursome with a good partner to whom the sight of an unclean ball happened to be particularly displeasing. On the second tee a very ancient and weather-beaten ball was placed by our old friend, his partner having, as usual, put down a new ball at the first hole to start the match. Having done his share, he remonstrated as to the condition of his partner's ball, and naturally expected it to be changed at the first opportunity. At the fourth tee it *was* changed, but for one,

if possible, more paintless and disreputable than the first. The old man got a good drive, leaving his partner a short chip on to the green. He walked up, took careful aim, and—missed the ball! The old man stared in amazement, but made no comment, and laid the ball with his mashie a foot from the hole in three. The other side holed in four, and the good player had the twelve-inch putt for the half. He looked long and anxiously at it, slowly drew back his putter, and missed the ball again!

"What on earth——" began the old boy, furiously; but was interrupted by his partner with, "Awfully sorry, old chap, but I really *can't see the ball*."

It worked like a charm.

I have not played much golf in Scotland, the home of the game, but I remember having pointed out to me, with some national pride, a man playing on a Fifeshire links whose claim to fame was that he had evolved a method of overcoming the difficulties of the stymie for himself, and at the same time increasing them for any unwary opponent with whom he might be playing. Well aware that not one golfer in a hundred carries a six-inch stymie measure about with him, this man had marked out two stymie measures on the shafts of his iron and putter respectively.

"Why two?" you will ask. Well, one of them measured five inches and the other seven, and the canny Scot produced the one which suited the exigencies of the case!

I think this ingenuity was quite equal to that of the old-time professional players, who, in the days when you might brush the line of your putt with your hand, used to seize this opportunity to stick one of a small packet of pins, painted green, which they carried about with them, straight in the line their opponent's ball must take to get to the hole. This trick, I think, still survives; at any rate, I have seen a green pin on a London green within the last year. But I hardly think this can be one of the "traditions of the game" which English golfers are so frequently told they ought to observe.

Unthinking conduct often gives rise to baseless but horrible suspicions. A friend of mine, the soul of straightness, once got into a very bad place in a bunker with his tee-shot. He hacked away at it for some time (his opponent being away on the other side of the course), but couldn't get it out, and at last picked it up and threw it on to the fairway on the hole side of the hazard, thereby, of course, giving up the hole. Desirous of playing a practice shot on the way to the next tee, he said to his caddie, "Give me the brassie." The boy handed him the club, but with a knowing air of caution remarked, "I think they was a-looking, sir." It was useless to explain; my poor friend had to play the remainder of the round with the full knowledge that his caddie regarded him as a rather clumsy cheat, and is probably still of that opinion.

Among other crimes commonly laid to the charge of golfers is their habit of relieving their feelings by explosions of violent language. It must be admitted that there is some truth in the accusation, but those who are in the habit of coruscating in expletive might do worse than follow the course adopted by the hero of the following story. Jones (I will call him) was the possessor of a vocabulary as varied as his temper was terrible. One day he happened to be playing with a parson, who, being moreover a schoolmaster, was utilizing the services of one of the small boys in his house as a caddie. Jones was having an "off" day, and plunged madly from bunker to bunker, the flow of his language increasing with every disaster. At last the parson remarked:—

"YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT, BUT THE CHAP I WAS TAKING ON ACTUALLY KEPT ON STOPPING TO CATCH MOTHS!"

"Well, Jones, if you don't respect my cloth, you might at any rate respect my caddie."

Jones, the best-hearted chap in the world,

apologized profusely, and, though it was obviously pain and grief to him, refrained from further outbreaks for several holes. At last he missed quite a baby putt to save the match on the sixteenth green. His opponent turned away and walked to the seventeenth tee, teed up, and hit a beauty. Looking round to see where Jones was, he beheld him

"HE UTTERED ONE WORD—HIS SOLE COMMENT ON THE GAME—'PONK!'"

stretched on his face on the sixteenth green, with his hands forming a sort of screen round the hole, into which he was releasing his long-restrained wrath in such terms as appeared to be demanded by the occasion!

The power of suggestion is as great on the golf-course as in any other place. They tell a tale of a very great cricketer whose golfing style, if not full and free, nevertheless enables him to drive a very long ball. One day he was sitting in the smoking-room at a seaside club after his morning round and lunch, when he overheard one man say to another:—

"I say, do you know S—— (naming the cricketer) is playing down here? They say he drives a devil of a ball."

"What, do you mean the cricketer?" returned the other.

"Yes, that's the chap. Why, by Jove! There he is, just going to drive off the first tee now. Come and look!"

They went to the window, and S——, anxious to see his reputed self perform, went to another window, and perceived upon the tee a man not unlike himself in general appearance.

"Plenty of beef, hasn't he?" continued the first man. "He ought to drive a good ball."

S—— watched the preliminary waggles of his double with some anxiety, hoping that his fame would not be blasted for ever by an abject foozle. His fears were unnecessary; with a long, rapid, and very full swing, his representative hit a screamer.

"There! What did I tell you?" the first of the mistaken men inquired; and S——, feeling his reputation established, listened for the expected encomium with some complacency.

"Well," returned the other, "it was a good enough ball; but I don't care what you say, it was nothing more nor less than just a cricket shot!"

Surprised at this verdict, S—— made inquiries, and found that his double was none other than one of the finest living golfers, who, moreover, had never handled a cricket bat in his life.

I will end with my one little bit of real tragedy. A dear old gentleman, who had only taken up the game very late in life, spent some months endeavouring, under the tuition of a professional and the care of a special caddie, to hit the ball. When he succeeded in doing so at all, it was never more than a few yards, and every bunker on the course was his daily doom. Still, his caddie, having an eye to the main chance, always encouraged him to think that he would soon become a player, and the old man, with the hope that springs eternal even more in the hearts of golfers than in other people, firmly believed him. One day it happened that his special caddie was absent, and a ruffianly-looking person appeared on the first tee with the old gentleman's clubs. He took his normal fourteen shots to the first hole, to the unconcealed but unnoticed disgust of the caddie; but on the second tee the miracle happened, and the old boy for once hit a beauty.

"That was a good one, wasn't it?" he asked, turning to the bearer of clubs.

"Good one?" retorted the ruffian, in tones of the bitterest contempt. "Why, I could play better than that *with me left fut!*"

This unexpected verdict so upset the poor old man that he walked straight back home, and has never touched a club since. But I hope that, in the dreams induced by his Christmas dinner, he may recall only that glorious and final effort which made him feel entitled to the name of "golfer."

A Present for

By J. J. BELL.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

I.

"IS that all?" The Prime Minister lay back in his chair, a man utterly exhausted. In less than twenty-four hours Parliament would reassemble for the autumn session—a session that promised to be more troublesome, laborious, and acrimonious than any within the memory of the oldest member. In less than one hour he was due to preside at a big political dinner-party.

"Still more, Phillips?" he wearily asked the junior secretary, who, laden with documents, written and printed, had hesitated at the first question.

"Only this, sir." The secretary held out an envelope of the poorest quality, whereon was inscribed in awkward, childish characters: "The Rev. Prime Minister, c.o. the King, London."

"Perhaps," the secretary added, "I ought not to have troubled you, but somehow the letter——"

He halted.

The Premier, who was used to queer modes of address, had already taken the letter from the envelope. His frown gave place to a faint smile, which quickly faded. He read:—

Privet. Aster Cottage,
Fairport, Scotland.
Oct. 3th.

The Prime Minister, London.

REVERENT SIR,—This comes hopping you will excuse the libberty I take of writting to you.

But Jean is in her bed with the lumbagoe and with the sore heart of thinking about our son John, and she connot write. She is telling me what to say. Reverent sir, you will have heard about John. He has been in London for near a year. He was with Martibans, the grate ingineers. They make mostly ships bilers. It was a good job for him, and he was geting on well. He was always a good lad, but now he has got into disgrace. It must have been bad company, for he was always a good lad. Reverent sir, we do not tell you lies. John was always a good lad. There was a strike at the works, and there was fiting, and John hit a man, and they put him in the goal for thirty days, and the thirty days are nearly past, and we do not know what to do. For there is a letter from John, and he says he has ruinned his life, and is black ashamed, and we will never see his face no more. Reverent sir, Jean and me are not angry at the gujge. John had to have his punnishment. But he was always a good lad, and we are sore affraid of what will happen to him when he comes out of your goal, and we do not know a freind in London, and I connot leave Jean to go to London. And we was thinking of John in his dispare and thinking if you would speak soft to Mr. Martiban to give John another chance and save him from his dispare. Jean was for writting to the King at first, but we seen in a paper the King was away from London, and so this libberty of writting to you, for it is a secret and privet, for nobody in Fairport kens about Johns disgrace. It is but a word from you that will save our son John, and it is the only hope Jean and me have got. He is our only child, and he was always a good lad. Hopping you will forgive the libberty, Reverent Sir,

Yours respectfully,

PETER MASON.

P.S.—Jean says I must tell you I did not vote for your side at the last ellection, but John was always a good lad.

At the postscript the faint smile dawned again, but only to die out, leaving the somewhat grim countenance cold and weary as before.

"It's a pathetic case," he murmured, "but I do not see that I can do anything."

"You would not wish me to make inquiries?" the young secretary asked, tentatively.

"To what end? We cannot interfere in the affairs of a private firm. That would be creating an extraordinary and dangerous precedent, Phillips. Besides, there are so many Johns who were always good lads—in the past."

The secretary allowed a second to pass ere he said: "Then I had better merely send a formal reply?"

The Prime Minister nodded as he rose.

"A formal reply hurts least in the end."

He was leaving the room when the other said, not without diffidence:—

"One moment, sir, but one of the Martibans happens to be member for Battersbury."

"Opposition, and one of our bitterest enemies—though that is not the point. No, Phillips, we cannot create precedents of this sort. Good night."

As the door closed the secretary took a step forward, then checked himself. The Prime Minister had inadvertently carried away the letter under discussion.

The letter had the honour of lying upon the Prime Minister's dressing-table until nearly two o'clock on the following morning, at which hour the Prime Minister, tired to death and filled with the bitterness of temporal power, read it for the second time.

Presently his lips relaxed, and he muttered, "Unofficially—strictly unofficially."

II.

SAM, the postman, on his evening round, tramped past Aster Cottage in his usual leisurely fashion. The old man, peeping through the window-screen, suppressed a sigh, and went slowly back to the fireside.

"Is he no' comin' here, Peter?"

The old woman sitting by the hearth, wrapped in blankets and shawls, put the question gently, though she had distinctly heard the postman go by.

"No' this time, Jean. But we'll ha'e word in the mornin', maybe." Peter Mason seated himself and brought out his pipe. He fingered it, but did not light it. "Aye, we'll ha'e word in the mornin', surely. Are ye no' for gaun back to yer bed?"

"I'm fine here for a wee while. It's no' bodily pain that's troublin' me noo."

"That's guid," he said, with an effort towards cheerfulness. "For I'm thinkin' the other pain'll be relieved when Sam comes roun' in the mornin'. We couldna expec' a reply by return o' post, Jean. He's a busy man, the Prime Meenister, an' he would be extra busy the last few days gettin' his Parliament set goin' again. So we'll jist ha'e patience an' trust in——"

"It's four days since ye wrote, Peter, an' John'll be set free the morn." She shivered. "Oh, I wish ye had made the journey to London the day," she cried. "Ye could ha'e met John an' comforted him."

"But I couldna leave you, wife."

"Oh, I could ha'e managed someway—I could ha'e managed. But it's ower late noo." The clasp of her hands tightened. "I wish—I wish we had told the meenister a' aboot it at the beginnin'. He might ha'e been able to dae something. Or the laird might——"

"But, wife, ye mind we agreed no' to tell even Maister Carlisle, in case John might be comin' back to Fairport. We wanted to be able to say to John that naebody in Fairport kenned aboot his—his trouble. Was that no' the case, Jean?"

"Aye, aye," she returned, the least thing impatiently. "Oh, dearie, I'm no' blamin' you—I'm no' blamin' the Prime Meenister—I'm no blamin' onybody. But—but—oh, ma son, ma son!"

In a moment he was beside her, patting her shoulder, touching her greying hair.

"Whisht, wife, whisht!" he whispered. "Dinna gi'e up hope in the Prime Meenister. Dinna gi'e up hope, Jean. I—I canna bear it."

"'Sh!" she said, suddenly.

Footsteps lighter than the postman's were approaching the door to the accompaniment of a cheery whistling. Ere Peter quite recovered himself there came a brisk knock.

"A telegram!" muttered Jean, her hand leaping to her heart. "Quick, Peter!"

He almost ran to the door and back.

"Gi'e it to me," she demanded. "I can read quicker than you."

A rending of the flimsy envelope, and her eyes devoured the message.

"What?" he cried, wildly.

"I canna," she sobbed, and laughed, and put her hands to her face.

He snatched the paper from her lap and read for himself—first his own name and address, then:—

"*Everything arranged. Situation safe. Don't worry.*"

He seemed to grope his way to his chair.

"Oh, wife," he said, unsteadily, "Go bless the Prime Meenister!"

III.

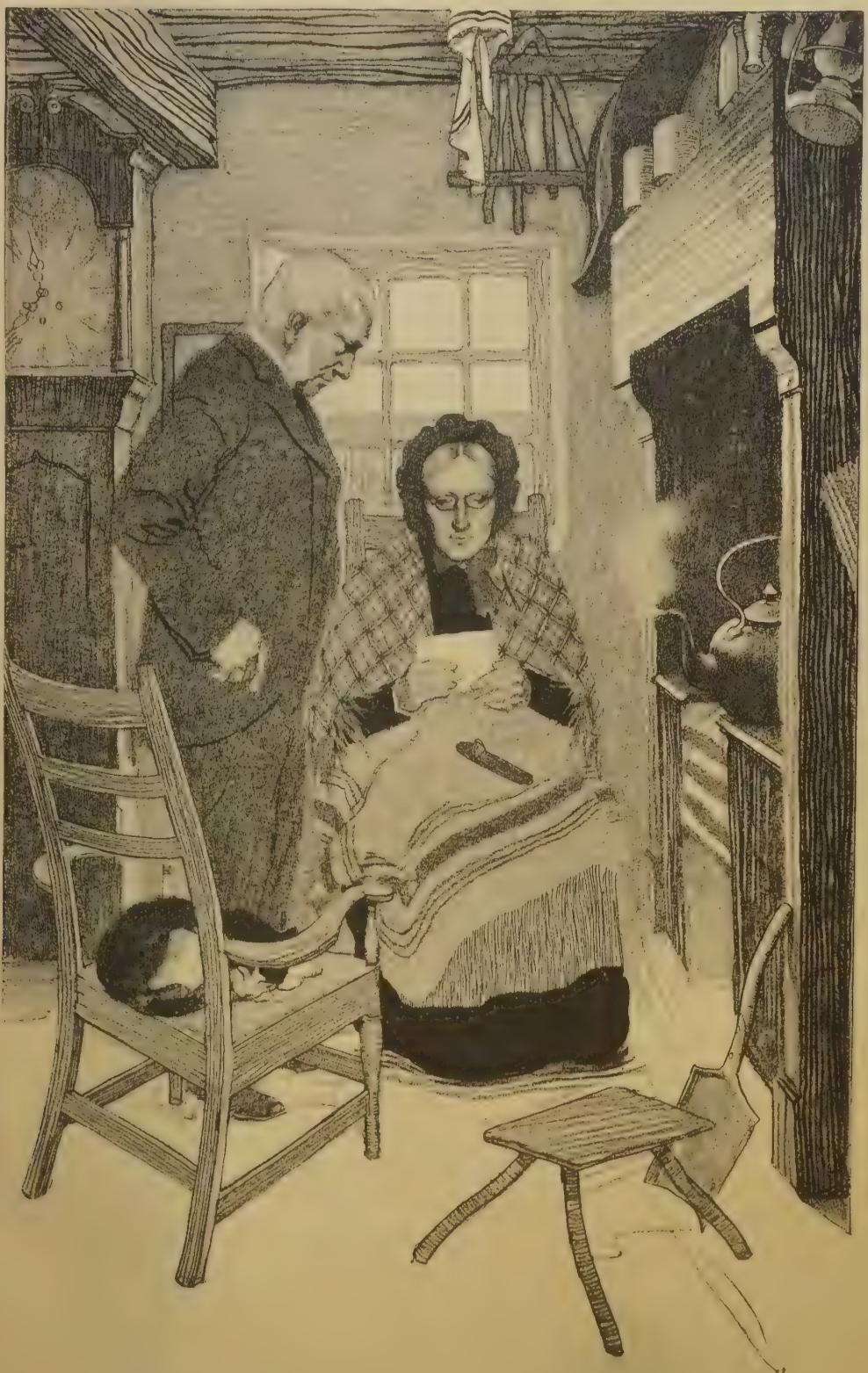
Two days later the old couple's joy brimme over, for their last doubt and anxiety ha evaporated. Came a letter from John whi proved him still a good lad at heart, whi it told of his miraculous deliverance fro despair. The young man wrote in a whirl remorse, gratitude, and mystification. On th morning of his liberation the governor of th prison had handed him a note which informe him that his old place at Martiban's awaite him and requested him to occupy it forthwit Nay, more, the manager of the departmer had received him pleasantly and witho reference to the past. John could not unde stand his good fortune, but his letter made evident that he was subdued rather tha elevated by the leniency of his employers.

Seated in the cottage porch, warmed b the sunshine of early afternoon, Jean rea her son's letter for the twentieth tim Surely she was not that trembling old woma of two days ago, huddled at the fireside nursing a dying hope. The greyness had gon from her sun-tanned countenance, the redne from her eyes; she looked fit and alert, an less than her sixty odd years. She and Pete had not married in their first youth—duty t her invalid mother had delayed their unio for many years—and they had been almos middle-aged people when John came. I would seem as though the love lavished upo the only child had been accumulating throug all the long years of waiting. And so Jea read her son's letter—read it between th lines—yea, and between the words.

Peter paused in the task of tying up som heavy yellow chrysanthemums. He ha been a gardener all his working days, an until a year ago had wrought in the servic of the laird, whose gardens were famou beyond his county. Then Peter had retire on savings augmented by a small pension—just sufficient to provide the necessaries o life. For the defraying of any extra expense or for purchasing some modest luxury h depended on getting an odd job by the da or even hour. He was not a loafer, but h was past roughing it.

"My, but that sun's fine an' warm!" h exclaimed. Then, noticing his wife's occu pation, "Ha'e ye got it by heart yet?" h inquired, with a chuckle.

She smiled. "I ha'ena wore a hole in i like ye've done to the Prime Meenister' telegram!"



"'GI'E IT TO ME,' SHE DEMANDED. 'I CAN READ QUICKER THAN YOU.'"

This was something of an exaggeration, though, to be sure, the pinkish paper, which Peter had insisted on keeping as his share, was considerably the worse for wear.

He brought it from his pocket now, preserved in an old seed-packet, and proceeded to read it aloud with undiminished pride and affection.

"Ye'll observe," he went on, "that the Prime Meenister's a vera discreet man. He didna put his name to the telegram."

"Ye've said that afore," she replied, good-humouredly. "I've nae doobt he's got to coont the bawbees like other folk," she added, to tease him.

"Tits, wife!" he cried, indignantly. "He didna want to create a scandal in Fairport—that's why he didna put 'Prime Meenister' at the end. An' forbye that, he was daein' a guid deed in secret, an' he didna want the folk in London to ken onything aboot it. That's why I forbid ye to tell John the truth. Maybe we'll tell John some day, but no' the noo."

She nodded. "Aye, it would hurt John to think we was in sic a state aboot him that we had to write to the Prime Meenister."

"Aye," said Peter, the least thing dryly, "an' it's maybe best for John to feel humble in the meantime. But the question noo is, what are you an' me gaun to dae for the Prime Meenister?" He folded the telegram carefully, and put it away. "What are we gaun to dae, Jean? Last nicht I couldna sleep for the question."

"What *can* we dae?" she asked, gently. "When I wrote to him yesterday I said ye would vote for his side at the next election, if ye was spared."

"An' so I will, conscience or nae conscience," he cried, warmly. "There's nae politics in gratitude. But—but that's no' enough, Jean. We maun *gi'e* something to the Prime Meenister. Ye see?"

"I see, dearie. But what can folk like us gi'e a great man? An', besides, he'll no' be expecting onything."

"Oh, I ken that. But a' the same we maun gi'e him something to show what we think o' him."

Mrs. Mason looked thoughtful and finally shook her head.

"We couldna buy onything nice enough. There's ma granny's brass candlesticks," she said, suddenly. "I've heard that rich folks are whiles crazy for auld things made o' brass."

"Na, na," said Peter. "Ye canna part wi' *them*." He pushed back his cap and scratched his head reflectively. "It's go to be something he can use. Oh, my! ca ye no' think o' something, Jean?"

At that moment a handsome turkey-coc strolled round the corner of the cottage.

Peter's hands shot into the air.

"Weelyum!" he gasped, excitedly.

"What's ado?" cried Jean, in amazement "What's wrang wi' Weelyum?"

"Wumman," he almost screamed, "d'y no' see the answer to the great question We'll gi'e Weelyum to the Prime Meenister!

"Weel, I never!" said Jean, in a collapse voice.

IV.

Now William the turkey had been destine for the laird. For a good many years th Masons had fattened a turkey to grace one o the feasts given by that hospitable gentlema during the Christmas and New Year season and for each turkey Mrs. Mason had in variably received a guinea.

Naturally, if unnecessarily, Jean reminde her man of this, though, possibly, she wa more concerned about the laird's feelings tha the loss of the guinea, for had not the lair declared on more than one occasion that n other tenant supplied so fine a turkey? Ye Peter refused to see any difficulty; he wa quite prepared to tell the laird—very respect fully, of course—that circumstances woul prevent him supplying a turkey that year At the same time, he remarked, there wa no hurry about telling the laird. On tha point, however, Jean differed. The laird mus be told at once.

"My! ye're a terrible wumman," said Peter. "Ye made me tell the Prime Meenister that I didna vote for his side, an' noo ye want me to risk offendin' the laird a couple o months afore it's necessary."

As fortune would have it, on the very next morning he met the laird in the village, and blurted out the shameful announcement. Whereupon the laird, having speedily grasped the significance of his old servant's stumbling words, pretended to be so deeply shocked and grieved that Peter all but confessed the whole truth. Nevertheless, Peter went home to inform Jean, rather cockily, indeed, that he had successfully arranged matters with the laird, and that Weelyum the Fourteenth, as he dubbed the turkey, was as good as belonging to the Prime Minister.

It was from this date that Weelyum began to have, as the phrase goes, the time of his life. To the more sensitive mind there is doubtless solace in the reflection that the

principal course of our Christmas dinners has had its own season of festivity. But never, surely, did turkey experience the lavish attention bestowed upon William the Fourteenth. In every possible way he was disgracefully pampered.

"I'm sorry I canna feenish this, Jean," Peter would say, regarding his dinner plate with ill-feigned regret. "Maybe Weelyum would like it."

And without meeting his wife's eye he would rise from the table and convey the plate to the garden.

At times Jean remonstrated, yet not very effectively, for her conscience would remind her of certain surreptitious personal offerings to Weelyum—tit-bits dropped from the kitchen window during Peter's absence.

But for the next few weeks the old people were happy, and their pride and satisfaction increased as Weelyum grew fatter and fatter.

"They'll no' see turkeys like Weelyum in London," Peter remarked one morning towards the end of November. "He's fit for the King's table. A' the same, he's nae mair than the Prime Meenister deserves."

"I hope the weather's no' gaun to be severe," said Jean, with an anxious look out of the window. "Weelyum didna seem to ha'e his usual hunger this mornin'. It would be terrible if he was to gang into a decline."

"Whisht, wife!" cried Peter. "Dinna speak aboot sic a thing. I never see Weelyum lookin' healthier."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Mason, "I'm thinkin' it'll be an awfu' risk sendin' him to London."

"Risk?"

"He'll maybe get lost on the road. He'll maybe get stolen."

"Havers!" said Peter, with a laugh.

"He's that handsome, he'll be a sair temptation to folk."

"Havers!" said Peter again, but without the laugh. And presently he, too, became a prey to doubts and fears. "Aye," he muttered, despondently, "as ye say, he'll be a sair temptation to folk."

He thereupon fell into so gloomy a state of mind that his wife stifled her own forebodings and endeavoured to cheer him.

"Maybe," she ventured—"maybe we could disguise Weelyum in a parcel so as naebody would ken he was a turkey."

"An' what if the Prime Meenister was extra busy, as doobtless he'll be at the New Year——"

"Ye mean Christmas."

He nodded impatiently. "What if he forgot to open the parcel in time—eh?"

"I would write 'Perishin'' on the parcel, an' that would mak' him open it quick."

"An' would that no' betray the turkey to onybody on the road?"

"Man, ye're terrible suspeecious o' yer fellow-creatures, Peter!"

"I wasna the first to be suspeecious. It was you started the notion o' risk, an' noo I'll ha'e nae peace in ma mind."

"Maybe I was wrang," she said, hopefully.

He shook his head. "It's ten to one against Weelyum ever seein' the Prime Meenister," he muttered, and went out into the garden.

An hour's work did much to relieve his depression, and he came back to the cottage a little ashamed of himself and determined to reassure his wife. But no sooner did she perceive his reviving confidence than she was seized afresh by her forebodings, which were only interrupted by a frantic "gobbling" from Weelyum in the garden. She instantly assumed him to be in a starving condition, and fled incontinently to the rescue.

The couple's conversation during the ensuing fortnight consisted chiefly of absurdly cheerful utterances. Both were convinced that Weelyum was going to get "lost in transit," yet each bravely pretended to have put away all earlier doubts and fears. But neither could wholly conceal the melancholy feelings that deepened as the day of Weelyum's execution drew near. This was the Masons' annual tragedy. To sacrifice the creature that had cost so much care and anxiety gave them many a pang. As a matter of fact, when the dismal hour arrived, the old people went out for a walk, and a good-natured neighbour performed the dire office. And later Jean shed tears over the plucking while Peter murmured little eulogies on the departed.

But never, oh, never had there been a turkey like Weelyum the Fourteenth, and when Peter came to weigh the carcass he all but broke down.

"Twinty-wan pound three an' a half ounce!"

"An' to think," sobbed Jean, giving way, "he'll likely never see the Prime Meenister."

On the morning of the twenty-third Peter was preparing Weelyum for the journey. Weelyum was to be dispatched, not from the local station, but from one several miles up the line. To forward a turkey directed to the Prime Minister from their own village, argued Peter, would give rise to much comment if

not positive scandal; besides, it might offend the laird. Peter had conceded a point to Jean, and she was engaged in addressing three labels, each superscribed with the word "Perishing" writ large.

"That'll surely mak' him open the parcel—if he gets it," she said at last, taking the labels to the fire to dry the ink.

"If he gets it," groaned Peter.

And just then came the postman with a letter from John.

The first part of it was a sore disappointment. John was not coming North for the holidays. A man was wanted to look after certain things in the works during the holidays, and John had volunteered. The pay was good, and he was anxious to stand well with his employers after all their kindness to him.

"Everything's gaun against us this year," muttered Peter.

Jean paused in her reading, peered into the envelope, and brought out a little piece of bluish paper. She cleared her throat and resumed reading.

Having now no use for the money he had put by for his holidays, John enclosed it—a money-order for five pounds—wishing his parents a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

After a short silence, "He was always a guid lad," said Peter. And then the red rushed to his face. "Jean!" he cried. "D'ye no' see what this means? We'll gang to London wi' Weelyum an' hand him ower to the Prime Meenister, an' gi'e him oor blessin', an' then we'll surprise John, an'—an'——"

"Peter! What are ye sayin'?"

He began to chuckle. "It's Providence! There's an excursion train this vera night. I seen the bill at the station. Put yer labels in the fire; ye'll no' need them noo." He began to tear the careful wrappings from the turkey. "Weelyum'll see the Prime Meenister yet! Aye, it's Providence! Ye best be gettin' things ready for the journey, an' I'll awa' to the post-office an' get the siller. John was always a guid lad."

Mrs. Mason dropped upon a chair. "Weel, I never!" she gasped.

V.

STIFF and weary, they emerged from King's Cross Station in the first greyness of the wintry dawn. Happily the weather was dry. Long years ago Peter had spent some days in London, attending a flower show, but all recollection of routes and localities had gone from him.

"I thought ye said ye kenned the way?" said Jean, not crossly, but anxiously.

"I'll be mindin' it in twa-three minutes," he returned, trying to look confident. "But it would dae nae harm to speak to yon polisman."

Presently Jean, waiting at the edge of the pavement with her share of the luggage, was astonished to behold her man seize the constable's hand and shake it warmly, and then proceed to hold him in earnest and apparently confidential conversation. Within a few minutes he rejoined her, overflowing with satisfaction.

"Providence again, wife! The polisman comes frae Dundee, an' he'll be off duty in a jiffy, an' he'll show us where to get oor breakfast, an' after that he'll show us the road to the Prime Meenister. I had to tell him aboot John an' Weelyum, but he'll never let bug to a soul. He thinks we shouldna gang to the Prime Meenister afore ten-thirty, so we'll ha'e time to tidy oorsels. Eh, my! But we're the lucky pair, you an' me! Are we no', Jean?"

She smiled faintly. "I'm thinkin' I'll feel luckier after a dish o' tea, Peter. I hope ye've no' forgot yer bit speech for the Prime Meenister."

"Oh, ye needna distress yersel' aboot that," he replied, with a chuckle. "I got it a' by heart in the train, an' every word is ready to spring to ma tongue. Listen!"

He was in the midst of it when the friendly constable joined them.

And so at last it came to pass that they stood on the doorstep of the Premier's residence.

"Jist like ony other hoose," whispered Peter, reassuringly, "an' no' half the size o' the laird's. But I suppose he tak's his meals at the Palace."

"Whisht!" murmured Jean. "I hear somebody comin'."

The man who opened the door waited gravely for them to speak, but his eye wandered to the big turkey.

Jean gave her man a little nudge.

With less confidence than might have been expected, Peter said: "If ye please, sir, we was wantin' to see the Prime Meenister."

The man was somewhat taken aback, but he answered, kindly enough:—

"I'm afraid that is not possible. The Prime Minister is just leaving town."

At the same moment a fine motor-car drew up at the step.

Somehow the possibility of failing to see the

"PETER, GRASPING THE TURKEY, ROSE. HE WAS PALE AND TREMBLING, BUT DETERMINED TO MAKE HIS SPEECH."

Premier had never occurred to the old people. Their countenances fell like children's under a bitter disappointment; their lips were dumb.

"What is it, Simmons?"

A young man, silk-hatted and carrying a dispatch-box, appeared in the doorway.

Simmons explained.

"Stay," cried the young man, with a good-natured smile.

The old people halted.

"I'm so sorry," said the young man, "but the Prime Minister is just going to catch a train. His car is waiting, you see. Can I give him any message? And perhaps you will tell me your names?" The young man had a peculiarly sympathetic voice.

"Oh, sir," said Jean, "we jist wanted to see him, an' thank him for his great goodness, and gi'e him Weelyum."

"This is Weelyum," said Peter, finding his voice and some of his wits.

"Oh!" The young man bit his lip. Then he said, quite gravely: "You wish to present that splendid turkey to the Prime Minister?"

"Jist that," said Peter. "An', seein' he hasna time to speak to us, maybe you, sir, would kindly——" He held out the turkey.

"But what are your names, please?"

"Peter an' Jean Mason."

"Oh!" said the young man again. "I remember something. What is your address?"

"Aster Cottage, Fairport."

"Have you come all the way from Scotland?"

"We couldna trust Weelyum to come by hissel' to the Prime Meenister."

For the third time the young man said, "Oh!" Then he spoke rapidly. "Now, don't be disappointed if I fail, but I'm going to see if the Prime Minister cannot spare one minute. Simmons, ask them to step in." And he ran into the house.

In the library the Prime Minister was drawing on his gloves. He was going to join his wife in the country for a few days. Physically he was worn out, and his soul was sick and sad. His greatest schemes had miscarried, his Cabinet was full of dissensions, the people had apparently ceased to believe in him; his fall from that high place was imminent. His failures and mistakes were noised abroad; his victories and honest endeavours seemed utterly forgotten.

The young man had difficulty in recalling to his chief's memory a certain strictly unofficial episode of nearly three months ago.

"And they have come all the way from Scotland, sir," he concluded.

The Premier glanced at the clock and nodde to his secretary.

When the Prime Minister offered his han to Jean, Peter let his burden fall.

"Tits, Peter!" she whispered, and wer scarlet with confusion.

The secretary placed chairs for them sid by side while the host seated himself at th writing-table.

There was a short pause. Jean gave he man a little nudge to remind him that th Prime Minister was in a hurry.

Peter, grasping the turkey, rose. He wa pale and trembling, but determined to mak his speech. And this is what he said:—

"Reverent sir—this is Weelyum—may th Lord bless ye always."

He stood, looking very frail and helpless until the Prime Minister took the gift an gently pressed him back upon his chair.

It was to the secretary that the Prim Minister spoke. "Isn't there another trai in about two hours?"

"There is, sir."

"Then you might send a wire, and also te Simmons to prepare some—er—lunch"—h glanced at Mrs. Mason—"and some tea a once. And you might join us, Phillips."

The old people had departed, happy, a ease, and very, very proud, in the compan of one of the Prime Minister's servants, fellow-countryman, who had instructions t see them comfortably lodged at his master' expense and to put them into communicatio with their son.

And once more the Prime Minister wa drawing on his gloves.

"Have you any special instructions to giv about the turkey, sir?" the secretary gravel inquired.

"We will take it with us. But I wish could have had it stuffed, Phillips," said th Prime Minister, with a short laugh.

"I think you may count on its gettin stuffed, sir," the other replied, smiling "That usually happens to turkeys at thi season."

"I wasn't thinking of sage and onions, o whatever they call it," said the Premier lighting a cigar.

The secretary's smile broadened. "In a glass case, sir? Wouldn't it be rather a nightmare?"

"To me, Phillips," said the Prime Minister putting the match carefully on the tray, "it would be one of the most beautiful things in the world."

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW.

XIII.—Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree.
XIV.—Sir Robert Baden-Powell.
XV.—Archdeacon Sinclair.

In this striking series of articles a number of eminent men and women have consented to describe "the most impressive sight" they have ever seen. Their stories, as will be realized by the following examples, are of the most varied and, in many cases, thrilling kind.

The Prussian Troops Advancing to the Battle of Langensalza.

By Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM-TREE.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

I HAVE to carry my memory back through a long tale of years to enable it to reach the most impressive sight I have ever seen in my life. To be accurate, I must go back just over forty-seven years, for I was sent, as a boy, to school in Germany. On the morning of June 27th, 1866, I saw the Prussians advancing to the Battle of Langensalza, which, if my memory serves me, was contested between some twelve thousand Prussians and the Hanoverians in about equal strength under George, King of Hanover, in what was known as the Seven Weeks' War.

That was, to me, a wonderful morning. The evening before, full of excitement at the news which we boys learnt of the happenings at the Front, I had gone to bed dreaming of battles, pondering what heroes men were to kill each other in thousands, and yet how wicked it was to kill one man. At sunrise I awoke with a start by hearing the noise of cannon. Of course, it was against all rules for boys to leave the school-house at so early an hour, but my excitement was so great that, hastily slipping on my clothes, in company with several of my schoolmates, I softly crept down the dormitory stairs and rushed out into the grey, misty dawn to see what there was to be seen.

For June, I well remember, the morning was a dark one, but, as I hurried through the old garden and clambered up a hill near by, far down in the valley I could see the Prussian soldiers, a thin, tortuous line, moving like a snake to meet their foes. The morning was so still that I could hear them plainly singing the old battle hymn as they marched along :—

> Morning red, morning red,
> Thou lightest me to my early death.

I stood there watching with admiration these men singing solemnly as they went to battle—perhaps to death. As they sang I could hear the fitful roar of the cannon in the distance. And to me it seemed that the louder the cannon roared, the more cheerfully did the Prussian soldiers chant their well-loved hymn :—

> Morning red, morning red,
> Thou lightest me to my early death.

Fainter and fainter grew the strains of the hymn, until, at last, only an occasional officer's word could be heard in the distance.

When, a few days later, we schoolboys learnt that no fewer than fourteen hundred of those gallant Prussians had been killed or wounded, the sorrow I felt was a personal one, for had not I, a mere schoolboy, seen those gallant soldiers advancing so light-heartedly to their death as they chanted the old battle-hymn ?

> Morning red, morning red,
> Thou lightest me to my early death.

"I COULD SEE THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS, A THIN, TORTUOUS LINE, MOVING LIKE A SNAKE TO MEET THEIR FOES."

Many years have elapsed since I heard these lines, but I think the fact that I still remember so vividly the occasion on which I heard them is, in itself, conclusive proof of the deep impression that scene I witnessed on that June morning made upon me.

The Royal Rally of Boy Scouts at Windsor.

By Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

Illustrated by John Cameron.

IT is true that in my time I have seen many impressive sights, and not the least impressive that occurs immediately to one's mind is the scene when we stood round the grave-side of one of our bravest and best officers in the South African Campaign. It was in the dead of night, without even a glimmer of a lantern that might draw upon us some of the shells which were flying near. There was a dark, silent crowd of men dimly seen in the starlight, shuffling round the body of one who, only six short hours before, had been full of life and strength, the soul and spirit of those who were now carrying him to his grave, who had led them on to face the death which he himself had met. After they had lowered him into the hastily-prepared grave, a husky voice broke the silence and growled out, with a sob, "Well, good-bye, Captain"; from those around there was a murmured response in the shape of—"That's it," "Hear, hear," which, though nearing the comic, was at that moment deeply pathetic, coming, as it did, from hardy, rough campaigners, and was more impressive than any "amen" of a cathedral service.

Then, too, I remember being present with a great Zulu *impi* about to make its attack upon an enemy's stronghold. It was an inspiring sight to see this mass of savage warriors, decked out in war-paint, with the blood lust in their eyes, squatting round in a vast circle, straining eagerly to hear that chief giving them orders for the battle. It reminded one of nothing so much as a great bronze serpent, lying coiled ready to spring, for, although almost silent and motionless, there was a rhythmic heaving and sob amongst the men during the whole of their leader's address, which, together with their straining eyes and twitching muscles, showed their whole-hearted earnestness in grasping every word that came from him, and at the same time their eagerness to be off to work his bidding. Then when the leader gave the word to go, the whole force rose as one man, for a moment in silence, and then, with a hiss from every one of the thousand mouths which gave a keen, cruel meaning to their move, they started to run. The young warriors sped out to either flank at top speed, racing each other for the place of honour which meant first blood to the winner. Then from the dense mass in the centre there came forward, in serried ranks, the older warriors, the reserve or "chest" of the force, and as they strode forward to support the whole move, there broke out like an organ pealing the deep chorus from a thousand throats:—

> If we go forward we die,
> If we go backward we die;
> Better go forward and die.

Many other stirring scenes crowd on my memory, but in the end they revert to that great day two years ago, when, in the Great Park, under Windsor Castle, the King reviewed the Boy Scouts.

One of the impressive features of that day was the army of young men working earnestly and cheerfully in the cause of the movement.

At the railway station one met with familiar faces of men well known in London society, but dressed in very different uniform to their society clothes, just the khaki and cow-boy hat of the Scout Army. They were doing the work of the railway staff officers, receiving trains, telling the scoutmasters what to do and the boys where to go, and getting them quickly away, ready for the immediate arrival of troop upon troop of other boys coming or returning by rail. The work of these men, peers of the realm some of them, was of the most arduous and harassing description, since it went on hour after hour without relief and without notice, for they were working behind the scenes; but they were working away, keeping a cheery face on it and good-natured tongue the whole time, and that in itself was an impressive sight.

Then out on the great grass plains under the shade of the oaks was arrayed an immense crowd of thousands upon thousands of boys, all dressed alike—all the same type—all working under suppressed excitement, though many of them had been travelling the whole of the previous night. Go where you would it was the same sight; after going through one enormous division of them you only realized that there were still three more similar divisions to be seen. All preparing themselves

"THE WHOLE MIGHTY HORSESHOE OF THIRTY THOUSAND BOYS WITH ONE IMPULSE LEAPT FORWARD."

for the great moment when they were to see the King.

A few hours later these same boys were all massed in solid ranks in a vast horseshoe in the open park, and facing them was a great crowd of spectators, watching and waiting for what they might do.

What struck one at that moment was the mysterious hush which seemed to pervade the whole scene where these thousands of human beings were quietly waiting for something, and ready at any moment to burst out —no one could tell quite in what direction. Expectation had reached a kind of climax when at last the King and his Staff arrived upon the scene. He had arranged that he himself should be seen by every boy—that was what they came for all these hundreds of miles. This would not be possible if they marched past him in the usual fashion where only those on the flank could see him—the only way would be for him to ride round and show himself to all. It was his own idea, and when carried out proved how truly he had fathomed the wishes of the whole of the parade. For, steady as they were in their ranks, the King had not gone half-way round when the boys could no longer restrain themselves. A sudden tornado of cheers broke out where the King was—like a prairie fire, and it spread all round the great concourse in a moment so that the whole scene was a mass of cheering lads and tossing hats—their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and that, no doubt, was a sight which impressed itself on all who were there.

The King himself remarked on another feature of the scene which also, in its way, impressed a thoughtful onlooker, and that was the massed body of men formed in rear of the boys. These were the scoutmasters—the men who pulled the strings—the men who did the work—the men who were behind the scenes, in the background, and had done so much to train these boys and to bring them for their Sovereign's inspection. There were men among them of every kind—young and old, rough and smooth, high and low, rich and poor—all shoulder to shoulder in one great cause—the cause of the future generation of their country. Here was a distinguished colonel with cavalry bearing, many medals and orders on his breast. Alongside him was a pale curate of an East-end slum, rubbing shoulders with an old bluejacket and a bank clerk from Canada. The same kind of thing might be seen anywhere along that wonderful line. It was an indication of what there is in our fellow-countrymen of patriotism and good will for voluntary work where it is often not suspected.

But these and many other impressive incidents were swallowed up in the great moment of the day, when the King took his place under the Royal Standard at the saluting-point. There was a minute's dead-silent pause, and then a sudden scream rent the air, and the whole mighty horseshoe of thirty thousand boys with one impulse leapt forward from either side, rushing as only boys can rush, gathering speed and force as they came, a mighty roaring torrent of humanity, screaming out rallying cries of their different patrols as they came in a whole kaleidoscopic mass of colour, with flags fluttering, hats waving, knees glinting, in the great charge when they flew in towards the King.

Then, at a sign, the whole mass suddenly stopped its rush, up went a forest of staves and hats, and higher into the skies went the shrill, screaming cheers of the boys that gripped the throats of all onlookers—"God Save the King"—that apogee of patriotic fervour in young Britain, that surge of enthusiasm to do anything that might be demanded of them in the cause of their country and King. That was the most impressive sight that I have ever seen.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.

By ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

THERE is a passage in Thackeray which says, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom and beauty. Sweet and beautiful! The fairest and the most spotless! Is it not a pity to see them bowed down or devoured by grief inexorable, wasting in disease, pining with long pain, or cut off by sudden fate in their prime? We may deserve grief, but why should these be unhappy? Except that we know that Heaven chastens those whom it loves best; being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure."

These very true sentences describe with all the authority of a great writer what I have chosen as my most impressive scene; and I will add a sentence from Addison:—

"There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty."

It must have been, I think, in the year 1868 that I saw four sisters of unusual and super-eminent beauty; they were Elizabeth, Empress of Austria; Marie Sophie, ex-Queen of Naples; Matilda Louisa, Countess of Trani; and Sophie Charlotte, Duchesse d'Alençon. But it is of the Empress alone that I wish to write, as her radiant appearance made the others at once complements of her own beauty.

We do not, in the present day, hand the Apple of Trojan Paris to any individual; probably there would be little to choose between the Empress Elizabeth, Queen Alexandra, and others who might be named. But, at any rate, in 1868, the Empress, who was then about thirty, was a vision of loveliness to which the most insensate could not fail to pay tribute. The general radiance, the sparkle of the dark eyes, the magnificent crown of dark chestnut hair, the perfect features, brilliant with animation and intelligence, the air of grace, dignity, and perfect culture, formed a picture which could not be forgotten. And when, with that supreme beauty, you combine some idea of all the good she did, her almost unparalleled sorrows, and her tragic fate, you get a perfectly unique impression.

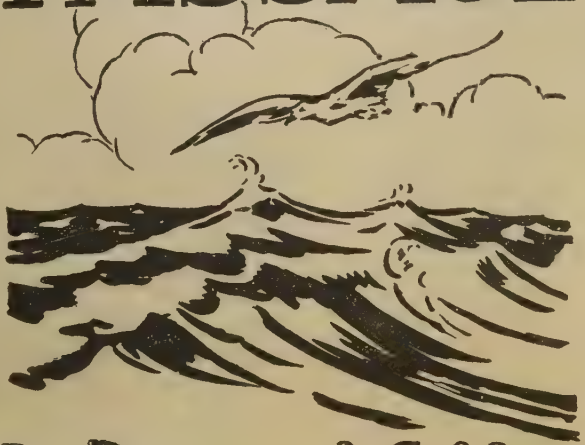
ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

When I first saw the Empress Elizabeth none could foretell the long series of tragedies which were destined to add the supreme gift of dignity and pathos to her memory. Nor had her ceaseless and lifelong activities for the oppressed and suffering become widely known, for she worked unobtrusively.

"Without her," said the Emperor, "I never could have done the work that God has given me to do." Perhaps, however, it is the memory of her many sorrows, sorrows which have only served to make her beauty the more sympathetically human, the more graciously tender, which charges me now with the remembrance that I was, indeed, gazing on one of the "loveliest flowers that bloom under heaven."

Even when her energies became weary, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, "never failed to plant a flower where she knew a flower would grow." Her mission in life, she felt to the end, was to do good. And what higher mission can any of us undertake? Can you wonder, then, how lasting the impression would become, made by so fine a character in so noble a form? Can you wonder that I look back across the years at "her silent grace, her pure fragrance, and her delicate bloom and beauty" with unfading interest? As I recall that vision of a true and rarely-gifted "messenger of love and kindness" I realize with an emphasis derived from illusive probabilities of unbroken happiness surrounding that illustrious lady how true it is that "Heaven chastens those whom it loves best, being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure!"

The SHANGHAI PASSAGE



By Perceval Gibbon

Illustrated by Wilton Williams

IN Tom Mowbray's boarding-house the sailors who sat upon the narrow benches round the big room ceased their talk as the door opened and Tom Mowbray himself entered from the street. The men in the room, for all the dreary stiffness of their shore-clothes, carried upon their faces, in their hands shaped to the rasp of ropes, in every attitude of their bodies, the ineradicable hall-mark of the sea which was the arena of their lives; they salted the barren place with its vigour and pungency. Pausing within the door, Tom Mowbray sent his pale, inexpressive glance flickering along the faces they turned towards him.

"Well, boys," he said, "takin' it easy fer a spell?"

There was a murmur of reply from the men; they watched him warily, knowing that he was not genial for nothing. He was a man of fifty or more, bloated in body, with an immobile grey face and a gay white moustache that masked his gross and ruthless mouth. He was dressed like any other successful merchant, bulging waistcoat, showy linen, and all; the commodity in which he dealt was the flesh and blood of seamen, and his house was eminent among those which helped the water-front of San Francisco—the Barbary Coast, as sailors call it—to its unholy fame. He stood among the sunburnt, steady-eyed seamen like a fungus in fresh grass.

"An' now, who's for a good ship?" he inquired. There was a sort of mirth in his voice as he spoke. "Good wages, good grub, an' a soft job. Don't all of ye speak at once."

The sailors eyed him warily. From the end of the room a white-haired American looked up wryly.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Name?" Tom Mowbray kept his countenance, though the name was the cream of the joke. He paused, watching the faces of those who had been ashore a week and were due to ship again when he should give the word. "Oh, you don't want to be scared of her name; her name's all right. She's the *Etna!*"

Somebody laughed, and Tom Mowbray gave him an approving glance; the others interchanged looks. The *Etna* had a reputation familiar to seamen, and a nickname, too; they called her the "Hell-packet." Of all the tall and beautiful ships which maintained their smartness and their beauty upon the agony of wronged and driven seamen, the *Etna* was the most terrible, a blue-water penitentiary, a floating place of torment. To enhance the strange terror of her, the bitter devil who was her captain carried his wife on board; the daily brutalities that made her infamous went on under the eyes and within the hearing of a woman; it added a touch of the grotesque to what was otherwise fearful enough.

Tom Mowbray stood enjoying the dumb consternation of his victims.

"Well, who's for it?" he inquired. "Ain't there none of you that wants a good ship like that—Noo York an' back here, an' eighteen dollars a month? Well, I s'pose I'll have to take my pick of yer."

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They knew he had proposed the matter to them only in mockery of their helplessness; they were at his mercy, and those he selected would have to go. He would secure an advance of three months of their wages as payment for their week or so of board; and they would desert penniless in New York to escape the return voyage. There was no remedy; it was almost a commonplace risk of their weary lives—so commonplace a risk that of all those men, accustomed to peril and violence, there was none to rise and drive a fist into his sleek face. But from the back of the room one, nursing a crossed knee, with his pipe in his mouth, spoke with assurance.

"*I'm* not goin' aboard of her," he said.

"'OH, YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ABOARD OF HER?' HE QUERIED, SLOWLY."

Tom Mowbray's heavy brows lowered a little; he surveyed the speaker. It was a young man, sitting remote from the windows, whose face, in the shadows of the big, bare room, showed yet a briskness of colouring. His name—Tom remembered it with an effort—was Goodwin, Daniel Goodwin; he had been paid off from a "lime-juicer" little more than a week before.

"Oh, *you're* not goin' aboard of her?" he queried, slowly.

"No," answered the young man, calmly; "I'm not."

It was defiance, it was insult; but Tom Mowbray could stand that. He smoothed out his countenance, watching while the young man's neighbour on the bench nudged him warningly.

"Well, I gotta find a crowd for her," he said, in tones of resignation. "I dunno how I'm goin' to do it, though."

He sighed, the burlesque sigh of a fat man pitying himself, and passed through the room to the door at the far end. Not till it had closed behind him did talk resume. A man who had been three weeks ashore leaned back against the wall and let his breath escape in a sigh which was not burlesque. For him there was no hope; he was as much doomed as if a judge had pronounced sentence on him.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "Wonder if he'll let me have a dollar to get a drink 'fore I go aboard of her?"

The others turned their eyes on him curiously: whatever happened to them, he was a man who would sail in the *Etna;* already he was isolated and tragic.

The neighbour who had nudged young Goodwin nudged him again.

"Come out," he breathed into the ear that the young man bent towards him. "Come out; I want to speak t' ye."

In the street, the mean, cobbled street of the Barbary Coast, he who had nudged him took Goodwin by the arm and spoke urgently.

"Say, ain't ye got no sense?" he demanded. "Talkin' like that to Tom Mowbray! Don't ye know that's the way to fix him to ship ye aboard the 'Hell-packet'?"

"He can't ship me aboard of any 'Hell-packet,'" answered Goodwin, serenely. "When I ship I ship myself, an' I pay my board in cash. There ain't any advance note to be got out o' me."

The other halted and drew Goodwin to halt facing him at the edge of the sidewalk, where a beetle-browed saloon projected its awning above them. Like Goodwin, he was young and brown; but, unlike Goodwin, there was a touch of sophistication, of daunting experience, in the seriousness of his face. The two had met and chummed after the fashion of sailors, who make and lose their friends as the hazard of the hour directs.

"You don't know Tom Mowbray," he said, in a kind of affectionate contempt. "He's—he's a swine—an' he's cute. Didn't you hear about him shippin' a corpse aboard o' the *Susquehanna*, an' drawin' three months advance for it? Why, you ain't got a show with him if he's got a down on ye."

Goodwin smiled.

"Maybe I don't know Tom Mowbray," he said, "but it's a sure thing Tom Mowbray don't know me. Come on an' have a drink, Jim. This thing of the *Etna*—it's settled. Come on!"

He led the way into the saloon beside them. Jim, growling warningly, followed him.

At twenty-six—it was Goodwin's age—one should be very much a man. One's moustache is confirmed in its place; one has the stature and muscles of a man, a man's tenacity and resistance, while the heart of boyishness still pulses in one's body. It is the age at which capacity is the ally of impulse, when heart and hand go paired in a perfect fraternity. One is as sure of oneself as a woman of thirty, and with as much and as little reason. Goodwin, when he announced that he, at any rate, would not be one of the crew of the *Etna*, spoke out of a serene confidence in himself. He knew himself for a fine seaman and a reasonably fine human being. He had not squandered his wages, and he did not mean to be robbed of his earnings when he shipped himself again. It was his first visit to San Francisco; the ports he knew were not dangerous to a man who took care of himself, who was not a drunkard and could fight at need. He showed as something under six feet tall, long in the limb and moving handily, with eyes of an angry blue in a face tanned russet by wind and sun.

In the saloon he laughed down Jim's instances of Tom Mowbray's treachery and cunning.

"I reckon Tom Mowbray knows when he's safe," he said. "Why, if he was to do any o' them things to me, I'd get him if I had to dig for him. Yes, *sir!*"

From thence the course of events ran as anyone familiar with the Barbary Coast might have prophesied. They returned to the boarding-house for supper and joined their fellows at the long table in the back room, and were waited on by Tom Mowbray's "runners." Mowbray himself, with his scared lean wife and his wife's crippled brother, had a table apart from the men. As he ate he entertained himself by baiting the unhappy cripple, till the broken man, whose face-muscles were drawn with paralysis, stammered tearfully across the table at him, shaking and grimacing in a nervous frenzy which Tom Mowbray always found comical. The woman between them sat with her eyes downcast and her face bitter and still. They made a picture of domesticity at which the sailors stared in a fascination of perplexity while the hard-faced "runners" in their shirt-sleeves carried the plates to and from the kitchen and the ritual of the evening meal proceeded to its finish.

If there was in Goodwin a quality more salient than his youthful force and his trust in his own capacity, it was the manner he had of seeing absorbedly the men and things that presented themselves to his eyes, so that even in dull and trivial matters he gathered strong impressions and vivid memories. The three people at the little table made a group from which, while he ate, he could not withdraw his eyes. The suffering passivity of the woman, the sly, sinister humour in Tom Mowbray's heavy grey face, the livid and impotent hate that frothed in the crippled man and his strange jerky gestures, the atmosphere of nightmare cruelty and suffering that enveloped them like a miasma—these bit themselves into his imagination and left it sore. He saw and tasted nothing of what he ate and drank; he was lost in watching the three at the other table. The "runner" who re-filled his cup with coffee winked across his head to one of the others as though in mirth at his abstraction.

In the ordinary way he would have gone for a walk up-town with his friend after supper, but he was not in a mood for company that evening, and found himself sleepy besides. He went upstairs to the bedroom he shared with two other men to get some tobacco

he had there, and discovered in himself so strong an inclination to slumber that he decided to go to bed forthwith. He lit his pipe and sat down on his bed to take his boots off. He had one boot unlaced, but still on his foot, when his pipe dropped from his lips. Across his drugged and failing brain there flickered for an instant the blurred shape of a suspicion.

"What's the matter with me?" he half cried, and tried to rise to his feet.

He knew he had failed to stand up and had fallen back on the bed. With his last faculties he resisted the tides of darkness that rushed in upon him; then his grasp upon consciousness loosened, and his face, which had been knitted in effort, relaxed. When, half an hour later, Tom Mowbray and two of his "runners" came to find him, he lay, scarcely breathing, in the appearance of a profound and natural sleep.

It was thirty-six hours later when a vague consciousness of pain, growing upon his poisoned nerves, sharpened to a climax and he opened his eyes, lying where he found himself without moving. It took him some minutes before he brought his mind into co-ordination with his senses to realize what he saw. Then it was plain to him that he was lying upon the bare slats of a bunk in the narrow forecastle of a ship.

Slowly the sailor within him asserted itself. "This hooker's at anchor!"

By degrees he began to account for himself. Recollection returned; he had waked in a bare and bedless bunk, but it was at Tom Mowbray's he had fallen asleep. He remembered going up to his room and the sleepiness that had pressed itself upon him there. And there was a thought, a doubt, that had been with him at the last. It eluded him for a moment; then he remembered and sat up, in an access of vigour and anger as he recalled it.

"Knock-out drops," he said. "Yes, by Heaven! Tom Mowbray's shanghaied me!"

His head ached, his skin and his mouth were parched as by a fever. Stiffly he swung himself over the edge of his bunk and went on feet that were numb and uncertain through the door to the deck. He was sore all over from lying on the bare slats of the bunk, and the dregs of the drug still clogged his mind and muscles; but, like the flame in a foul lantern, there burned in him the fires of anger.

"Shanghaied!" he repeated, as he reeled to the rail and caught at a backstay to steady himself. "Well, the man that did it wants to hide when I get ashore again."

He cast his eyes aft over the ship on which he found himself, summing her up with an automatic expertness. An American ship, it was plain, and a three-skysail-yarder at that, with a magnificent stature and spread of spars. Abeam of her San Francisco basked along its shore; she was at anchor well out in the bay. What ship was it that he had viewed from a dockhead lying just there? The answer was on his lips even before his eyes discovered the boat she carried on top of the forecastle, with her name lettered upon it. Tom Mowbray had proved his power by shanghaing him aboard the *Etna!*

He said nothing; the situation was beyond mere oaths, but wrath surged in him like a flood.

Around the for'ard house, walking with measured steps, came Mr. Fant, the mate of the *Etna*, and accosted him.

"Sobered up, have ye?" said Mr. Fant.

"Yes, sir," said Goodwin.

"That's right," said Mr. Fant, mildly, surveying him with an appearance of gentle interest. "Knock-out drops?" he inquired.

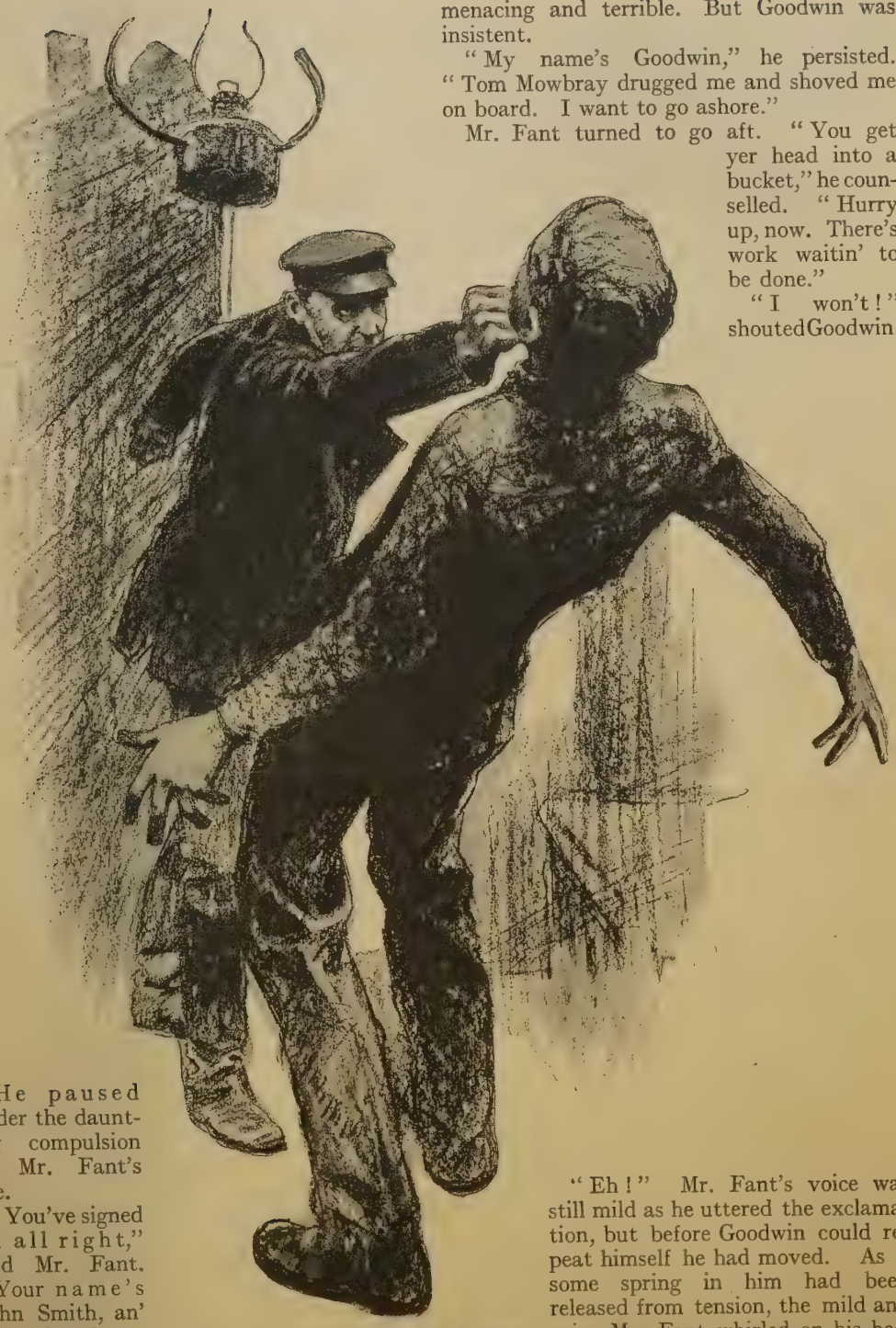
"Yes, sir," answered Goodwin again, watching him.

"Ah!" Mr. Fant shook his head. "Well, you're all right now," he said. "Stick yer head in a bucket an' ye'll be ready to turn to."

Mr. Fant had his share in the fame of the *Etna;* he was a part of her character. Goodwin, though his mind still moved slowly, eyed him intently, gauging the man's strange and masked quality, probing the mildness of his address for the thing it veiled. He saw the mate of the *Etna* as a spare man of middle age, who would have been tall but for the stoop of his shoulders. His shaven face was constricted primly; he had the mouth of an old maid, and stood slack-bodied, with his hands sunk in the pockets of his jackets. Only the tightness of his clothes across his chest and something sure and restrained in his gait as he walked hinted of the iron thews that governed his lean body; and while he spoke in the accents of an easy civility, his stony eyes looked on Goodwin with an unblinking and remorseless aloofness. It was not hard to image him when the *Etna,* with her crew seduced or drugged to man her, should be clear of soundings and the business of the voyage put in shape, when every watch on deck would be a quaking ordeal of fear and pain, and every watch below an interval for mere despair.

The vision of it made Goodwin desperate.

"I haven't signed on, sir," he protested. "I've been shanghaied here. This ain't——"



"A FIST TOOK GOODWIN ON THE EDGE OF THE JAW AND SENT HIM GASPING."

He paused under the daunting compulsion of Mr. Fant's eye.

"You've signed on all right," said Mr. Fant. "Your name's John Smith, an' you signed on yesterday. You don't want to make any mistake about that, Smith."

He spoke as mildly as ever, and yet was menacing and terrible. But Goodwin was insistent.

"My name's Goodwin," he persisted. "Tom Mowbray drugged me and shoved me on board. I want to go ashore."

Mr. Fant turned to go aft. "You get yer head into a bucket," he counselled. "Hurry up, now. There's work waitin' to be done."

"I won't!" shouted Goodwin.

"Eh!" Mr. Fant's voice was still mild as he uttered the exclamation, but before Goodwin could repeat himself he had moved. As if some spring in him had been released from tension, the mild and prim Mr. Fant whirled on his heel and a fist took Goodwin on the edge of the jaw and sent him gasping and clucking on to his back; while, with the precision of a movement rehearsed and

practised, Mr. Fant's booted foot swung forward and kicked him into the scuppers. He lay there on his back, looking up in an extremity of terror and astonishment at the unmoved face of the mate.

"Get up, Smith," commanded Mr. Fant. Goodwin obeyed, scarcely conscious of the pain in his face and flank in the urgency of the moment. "Now you get the bucket, same as I told you, and when you've freshened yourself come aft an' I'll start you on a job. See?"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Goodwin, mechanically, and started for'ard. The *Etna* had absorbed him into her system. He was initiated already to his *rôle* of a driven beast; but tenacious as an altar-fire, there glowed yet within him the warmth of his anger against Tom Mowbray. It was secret, beyond the reach of Mr. Fant's fist; the fist was only another item in Tom Mowbray's debt.

From his place on the crossjack-yard, to which Mr. Fant sent him, Goodwin had presently a view of the captain's wife. She came to the poop from the cabin companion-way and leaned for a while on the taffrail, seeming to gaze at the town undulating over its hills dwarfed by the distance. It was when she turned to go down again that Goodwin had a full view of her face, bleak and rigid, with greying hair drawn tightly back from the temples, as formal and blank as the face of a clock. It was told of her that she would sit knitting in her chair by the mizen fife-rail while at the break of the poop a miserable man was being trodden and beaten out of the likeness of humanity, and never lift her head nor shift her attitude for all his cries and struggles. It was her presence aboard that touched the man-slaughtering *Etna* with her quality of the *macabre*.

"But she won't see me broken up," swore Goodwin to himself as her head vanished in the hood of the companion. "No, not if I got to set the blessed ship alight!"

He made the acquaintance, when work was over for the day, of his fellows in ill-fortune, the owners of the three occupied bunks in the forecastle. As if the *Etna* had laid herself out to starve him of every means of comfort, they proved to be "Dutchmen"—that is to say, Teutons of one nationality or another—and therefore, by sea-canons, his inferiors, incapable of sharing his feelings and not to be trusted with his purpose. One question, however, they were able to answer satisfactorily. It had occurred to him that since even Tom Mowbray could only get men for the *Etna* by drugging them, her officers would probably take special precautions to guard against desertions.

"Do they lock us in here at night?" he asked of the three of them when they sat at supper in the port forecastle.

They stared at him uncomprehendingly. For them, helots of the sea, the *Etna's* terrors were nothing out of the way. All ships use them harshly; life itself was harsh enough.

"Log us in!" answered one of them. "No—for what shall they log us in?"

"That's all right, then," said Goodwin, and let them continue to stare at him, ruminating his reasons for the question.

There was a fourth Dutchman who slumbered through the day in the starboard forecastle and sat all night in the galley, in the exercise of his functions as night watchman. His lamp shed a path of light from the galley door to the rail when, his fellows in the forecastle being audibly asleep, Goodwin rose from his bunk and came forth to the deck. In the break of the poop there showed the light of Mr. Fant's window, where he lay in his bunk, relaxing his grisly official personality with a book and a cigar.

In deft haste Goodwin stepped to the fore side of the forecastle, where he would be hidden should the watchman take a fancy to look out of his galley. In him a single emotion was constant: he had a need to find Tom Mowbray. It was more than an idea or a passion: it was like the craving of a drug maniac for his poison. The shore that blinked at him across the black waters was not inaccessible under the impulse of that lust of anger. He was at all times a strong swimmer. Under shelter of the deckhouse he stripped his clothes and made of them—it was only his shirt and trousers—a bundle which the belt that carried his sheath-knife fastened upon his head, descending under his chin like a helmet-strap. With infinite precaution, to be unheard, he went in this trim across the deck to the rail.

The *Etna's* chain-plates were broad as a frigate's; he had but to let himself down carefully and he was in the water without a splash. A dozen strokes took him clear of her, and presently he paused, up-ending and treading water to look back at her. She stood up over her anchors like a piece of architecture, poising like a tower. The sailor in him paid tribute to the builders who had conceived her beauty. They had devised a ship; it needed Mr. Fant and his colleagues to degrade her into a sea-going Tophet and give aptness to her by-name of "Hell-packet." He was clear of her now; he might fail to reach the

shore, and drown, but at least the grey woman aft would never see his humiliation and defeat. He turned over, setting his face to the water-side lights of the city, and struck out.

It was a long swim, and it was fortunate for him that he took the water on the turn of the tide, so that where the tail of the ebb set him down the first of the flood bore him back. The stimulus of the chill and the labour of swimming cleared the poison from his body and brain. He swam steadily, with eyes fixed on the lights beading the waterside and mind clenched on his single purpose to find Tom Mowbray, to deal with him, to satisfy the anger which ached in him like a starved appetite. How he would handle him, what he would do to him, when he found him, did not occupy his thoughts ; it was a purpose and not a plan which was taking him ashore. He had the man's pursy large face for ever in his consciousness ; the vision of it was a spur, an exasperation. He found himself swimming furiously, wasting strength, in the thought of encountering it.

Good luck, and not calculation, brought him ashore on the broadside of the Barbary Coast, in a small dock where a Norwegian barque lay slumbering alongside the wharf. Her watchman, if she had one, was not in sight; it was upon her deck that he dressed himself, fumbling hurriedly into the shirt and trousers which he had failed, after all, to keep dry. He jerked his belt tight about him and felt the sheath-knife which it carried pressing against his back. He reached back and slid it round to his right side, where his hand could drop on it easily ; it might chance that before the night was over he would need a weapon.

He had no notion of the hour nor of the length of time he had been in the water. As he passed bare-footed from the wharf he was surprised to find the shabby street empty under its sparse lamps. It lay between its mean houses vacant and unfamiliar in its quietude ; it seemed to him as though the city waited in a conscious hush till he should have done what he had come to do. His bare feet on the sidewalk slapped and shuffled, and he hurried along close to the walls ; the noise he made, for all his caution, appeared to him monstrous, enough to wake the sleepers in the houses and draw them to their windows to see the man who was going to find Tom Mowbray.

An alley between gapped and decrepit board-fences brought him to the back of the house he sought ; he swung himself into the unsavoury back-yard of it without delaying to seek for the gate. The house was over him, blank and lightless, its roof a black heap against the night sky. He paused to look up at it. He was still without any plan ; not even now did he feel the need of one. To go in—to break in, if that were the quickest way—to stamp his stormy way up to the room where Tom Mowbray was sleeping, to wrench him from his bed and then let loose the maniac fury that lurked within him—all that was plain to do. He cast a glance at the nearest window, and then it was that the door of the house opened.

He was standing to one side, a dozen paces from it ; a single noiseless step took him to the wall, against which he backed, screened by the darkness, and waited to see who would come forth. A figure appeared and lingered in the doorway, and he caught the sibilance of a whisper, and immediately upon it a dull noise of tapping, as though someone beat gently and slowly against the door with a clenched hand. It was a noise he had heard before ; his faculties strained themselves to identify it. Then a second figure appeared, smaller than the first, moving with a strange gait, and he knew. It was the cripple, Mowbray's brother-in-law, and it was his leather-shod crutch which had tapped on the floor of the passage. The two figures moved down the yard together, and presently, as they passed from the shadow of the house and came within the feeble light of a lamp that burned at the mouth of the alley, he saw that the taller of the two was Tom Mowbray's wife. They found the gate in the fence and opened it, manifestly hesitating at the strident creaking it made, and passed through. At no moment were they clear to see, but to Goodwin's eyes their very gait was in some way expressive of a tragic solemnity that clad them.

He remained silent in his place as they went along the alley towards the street, passing him at arm's length on the other side of the fence. Their footsteps were muffled on the unpaved ground of the alley, but there was another noise which he heard—the sound of the woman weeping—weeping brokenly and openly. Then the cripple's harsh, hopeless voice spoke.

" Anyway, we're alone together again for a bit, Sally," he croaked.

The woman checked her sobs to answer. " Yes, honey," she replied, gently, as though she answered a child.

Goodwin waited till the tapping of the crutch had receded. " So they've quit him at last," he reflected. " And "—he stepped

forth from his hiding-place briskly—" they've left the door open. Now for Tom Mowbray ! "

Once within the door he was no longer careful to be silent. The house was dark, and he had to grope his way to the stairs, or he would have run at and up them at the top of his speed. The place seemed full of doors closed upon sleeping people ; someone on an upper floor was snoring with the noise of a man strangling. He moved among them awkwardly, but he knew which was the room that harboured his man. The door of it was before him at last. He fumbled and found the handle.

" Now ! " he said, aloud, and thrust it open.

His vision of vengeance had shown him the room that was to be its arena, but this room was dark and he could not see it. He had not allowed for that. He swore as the door swung to behind him.

" Mowbray ! " he shouted. " Mowbray, you blasted robber ! Wake up an' get what's comin' to you ! "

There was no answering stir to tell him the direction in which to spring with hands splayed for the grapple. The room had a strange stillness ; in spite of himself he held his breath to listen for Tom Mowbray's breathing. His right arm brushed the hilt of his sheath-knife as he stood, tense and listening. There was no sound of breathing, but there was something.

It was like the slow tick of a very quiet clock, measured and persistent. He could not make it out.

" Mowbray ! " he called once more, and the only answer was that " pat-a-pat " that became audible again when he ceased to call.

" I bet I'll wake you," he said, and stepped forward, feeling before him with his hands. They found the surface of a table, struck and knocked over a glass that stood upon it, and found a box of matches. " Ah ! " grunted Goodwin, triumphantly.

The match-flame languished ere it stood steady and let the room be seen. Goodwin had passed the bed and was standing with his back to it. With the match in his fingers and his eyes dazzled by its light he turned and approached it. The face of Tom Mowbray showed wide-open eyes at him from the pillow. The bed-clothes lay across his chest ; one arm hung over the edge of the bed with the hand loose and limp. And about his neck his night-clothes and the linen of the bed were sodden and dreadful with blood that had flowed from a frightful wound in the throat. What had sounded like the ticking of a clock was now the noise of its dripping. " Drip," it went ; " drip-drip ! "

The match-flame stung his fingers and went out.

" Heaven ! " cried Goodwin, and out of the darkness panic swooped on him.

There was a moment when he tried to find the door and could not, alone in the blackness of the room with a murdered man. He caught at himself desperately to save himself from screaming, and found the match-box in his hand. He failed to light two matches, standing off the lunatic terror that threatened him. Somewhere out of sight he knew that Tom Mowbray's eyes were open. The third match fired, and he had the door by the handle. It restored him like the grip of a friendly hand.

He was able to pause in the door while the match burned and his mind raced. There leaped to the eye of his imagination the two stricken figures he had seen slinking from the house, the weeping of the woman, the muffled tap of the man's crutch. There followed, in an inevitable sequence, the memory of them in their torment as they sat at meat with Tom Mowbray.

" I wonder which of them done it ? " he thought, and shuddered. Where he stood he could see the still face of the dead man, with its shape of power and pride overcast now by the dreadful meekness of the dead. He could not pursue the thought, for another came up to drive it from his mind.

" Supposin' somebody woke and come out and saw me here ! "

To think of it was enough. Drawing the door to behind him, he went down the stairs. He had been careless of noise in ascending ; now, each creak of the warped boards was an agony. The snorer had turned over in bed ; the awful house had a graveyard stillness. He held his breath till he was clear of it and again in the hushed and empty street.

" The *Etna* for mine, if I can make it ! " he breathed to himself, as he went at a run in the shadow of the silent houses. " But if anyone was to see me ! "

And thus it was that the first pallor of dawn beheld the incredible and unprecedented sight of an able seaman, with his clothes strapped upon his head, swimming at peril of his life in San Francisco bay, to get aboard of the " Hell-packet."

"HE WAS ABLE TO PAUSE IN THE DOOR WHILE THE MATCH BURNED AND HIS MIND RACED."

Sayings of "Strand" Children.

It will be remembered that in our October number we published, under the title of "The Sayings of Marjorie," a character study of a child, and at the same time invited our readers to send us anecdotes or sayings of their own children, of which we promised to publish a selection. We have now much pleasure in giving a first instalment, and hope to publish a further selection next month.

I HAVE a niece named Maisie, one of whose last pronouncements was as follows. She fell and cut her knee badly and was very much upset about it. As her mother was washing and dressing it, she said, "Shall I die?" "Die," said her mother, "of course not—only the good die young!" She stopped crying to consider that, and then announced, rather tearfully, "Well, I'll be as bad as I can."

Miss HELEN FRASER, 42, Garturk Street, Crosshill, Glasgow.

A little girl I knew had her own way of getting rid of things she did not want. She would turn to her neighbour and, putting a cabbage-stump on his plate, ask, "My *dear* friend, would you like some nice cabbage?"

Miss R. C. SMITH, 26, Alconbury Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.

Being very fond of sweets, a friend of mine always used to keep some on his dressing-table. Upon retiring one night he found that the paper round the sweets was very wet, which he could not account for. Next morning he made inquiries, and asking his little sister if she had taken any of them, she put her hands behind her and; twisting herself about, said, "No, George, I have not taken any of your sweets; I only had a lick at them."

Mrs. G. S. GUY, 47, Clayton Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.

"WELL, I'LL BE AS BAD AS I CAN."

A rather good story was of a small girl who, while at her devotions, was rudely interrupted by an impish brother slapping her. "Oh, Lord," prayed the child, "please 'scuse me a minute." With that she jumped up, dealt her persecutor a resounding smack, and went back with a relieved mind to her devotions.

A young lady was much troubled by a small boy of the *enfant terrible* variety. He took a violent fancy to her and was always wanting to kiss her. At last, in company, she said, laughingly, "Oh, run away, Bertie; you know I can't be troubled kissing little boys." "Would you rather kiss *big* boys?" queried the precocious infant.

Miss MARGARET YUILL, Hillside, Partickhill, Glasgow.

We call our little girls the "Optimist" and the "Pessimist." The Pessimist arrived first, six years ago, on a miserably cold and foggy day, and she has taken life seriously from that day to this; she has really a sweet disposition, but she always sees trouble ahead. The following is characteristic of her. After each child had been given a penny, Gwen, the Optimist, smilingly said, "Thank you," but the Pessimist looked thoughtful. "Say 'Thank you,' Joyce," I prompted. and she answered, "Oh! I *know* Gwen will lose hers and want mine!"

Mrs. BERTHA HAVIOUR, Bel Air, Ellesmere Road, Stockton Heath, Warrington.

Zoe, a fat child of four, loved looking after other people's babies. She said to a girl friend, "Harrie, when you get married you are to have twenty children—I'll look after them for you." We teazed her, saying she would never be able to keep them all clean. "Why, yes, I could," she maintained. "I should put nineteen in soak while I washed the other."

"HARRIE, WHEN YOU GET MARRIED YOU ARE TO HAVE TWENTY CHILDREN."

Mrs. W. F. Craies, 33, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, W.

A friend who made much of our daughter Kathleen during babyhood left England soon after she was two years old—returning after seven months' absence. She was soon on his knee dimpling and smiling up at his face. "You don't remember me," he said. "I do; you are Goodam," using the children's abbreviation of his name. "And you still have your dimple?" "Oh, yes," with a nod of assurance that made him smilingly say, "Why, you don't know what a dimple is!" "I do," said she; "a dimple sticks in and a pimple sticks out."

Mrs. Godfrey, Church View, New Barnet.

My small brother Harry (at the time about eight years of age) had a small friend in to tea one afternoon. He also had a very bad cold in his head which caused him to sniff very badly. Whilst playing hide-and-seek Harry ran into the drawing-room and asked his father to hide him. This was done—the hiding being behind a large chair. Clarence (the small friend) came to find him and, instead of looking, lay full-length on the rug in front of the fire. Father said, "Come, Clarence, look about." But Clarence answered, "No fear; *I'm waiting till he sniffs.*"

Mr. E. Lowndes, 31, Prince Edward St., Queen's Park, Glasgow.

I was very fond of gardening (in fact, it was my great hobby) and had a good gardener; but his appearance was not his strongest point—his arms were much too long for grace, and his face bore a strong resemblance to a gorilla. A little girl of my acquaintance said to him, "George, did God make you?" "Yes, miss, I suppose so." "Well," she said, gravely, "He's made me since, and I think He's improved."

Miss Mary E. Sendey, 67c, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath.

Though my son Olly was only three years of age, he had a great love for music, could sing little songs and hymns, and often caught up a taking air played by the regimental band and sang it about the house. One day as he sat with us at a meal, we didn't notice that his plate was empty. We were so busy talking that his plaintive appeal, "I want something to eat," was not attended to. Suddenly we were startled to hear a very high treble voice singing a child's hymn. The words he sang were:—

Oh, supply my every want!
Feed the young and tender plant!

So we fed the young and tender plant without more ado.

Rev. A. H. Lash, 31, Sandringham Gardens, Ealing, W.

Little Nancy came crying to her mother, and in a pathetic voice said, "Mamma, Evie's tweading on all the worms in the garden." Her mother condoled with her, saying that he was a horribly cruel boy. "Yes," sobbed Nancy, "and he won't let me twead on one!"

"HE WON'T LET ME TWEAD ON ONE!"

Mr. R. Jameson Buchanan, Judde House, Tonbridge, Kent.

When my boy was six years old he attended a kindergarten school, and, as is not uncommon at that age, he strongly objected to soap and water. After the usual objection to wash himself before going one afternoon, he got as far as the door and began to howl dismally. When I asked him what was the matter he said, "I have washed myself, and I needn't have

done it." It was the usual Wednesday half-holiday.

Mrs. F. WARREN, 34, Valentines Road, Ilford, Essex.

Most children say or do something unexpected on their first appearance in church. When my little girl, Gabrielle, was first taken she was two years old. I happened to be staying with my father, who was rector of a country parish. Gabrielle behaved wonderfully well, solemnly watching her grandfather's movements as he went to the lectern, etc.; but, at the close of the service, as we left the church, she tugged at my hand, saying, "Oh, don't go yet, mummy; I want to see what grandfather's playing at now!"

"I WANT TO SEE WHAT GRANDFATHER'S PLAYING AT NOW."

When Gabrielle was about four she went to a wedding, and, naturally, after that she and her brother played at weddings. I heard the following conversation one day:—

Gabrielle: "I'm a bride, Tollie."

Tollie: "Who am I?"

Gabrielle: "You? Oh! You're the man the bride married, that's all."

Mrs. E. E. SEVIER, The Grove, Heacham, Norfolk.

Grandad had come to see us. He had been seated in his usual place for a few minutes. Greetings had been exchanged and still my little boy looked on, expectantly. Presently he inquired, "Brought any apples, grandad?" "No, my sonny," he replied. "Any oranges?" "No," came the reply. "Any sweets, grandad?" "No, Denis, nothing at all this morning." "Then whatever have you come for?" came the surprising inquiry.

"YOU'RE THE MAN THE BRIDE MARRIED, THAT'S ALL."

Mr. P. PRENTICE, 24, Sanforth St., Newbold Moor, Chesterfield.

I have a little friend named Freda, whose most famous saying dates from a day when her mother discovered her, a very small girl, in tears. "Why, darling, what's the matter?" "Lost mine ha'penny," was the choked answer. "Oh, poor baby! How did you lose it?" "Lost it to the old woman at the sweet shop!"

Clement is a doctor's son of five, who came to see me one day, and examined with interest most of the objects on my dressing-table. "What's this?" he demanded. It was an ordinary medicine bottle, as I proceeded to explain. "You know what medicine is, Clement. You know your father gives it to people who are ill and makes them well again." "Oh, no"—and his tone was indescribably mournful—"he tries to, but he *never* does."

Marion, aged six, was watching her mother making cakes one day with great interest. "When you grow up, Marion," she was told, "you'll have to learn to cook." "Oh, *please!*" said Marion, ecstatically, with clasped hands of entreaty, "please, mummie, I'd rather learn to be a mother!"

Miss RUTH M. BEDFORD, care of The Bank of New South Wales, 29, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

My little son Pat was a very popular young man at the age of five. One day he was invited with his mother to a large picnic of ladies. When plate after plate of dainties was being unpacked for future *handing round* to the party, Pat put on a forlorn face, and, to the great amusement of all, was heard to exclaim, with a deep sigh, "And only *one man!*"

Mrs. HEBBLETHWAITE, Danemore, Bexhill-on-Sea.

KEEPING WATCH

BY W. W. JACOBS

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

"HUMAN natur'!" said the night-watchman, gazing fixedly at a pretty girl in a passing waterman's skiff. "Human natur'!"

He sighed, and, striking a match, applied it to his pipe and sat smoking thoughtfully.

"The young fellow is pretending that his arm is at the back of her by accident," he continued; "and she's pretending not to know that it's there. When he's allowed to put it round 'er waist whenever he wishes, he won't want to do it. She's artful enough to know that, and that's why they are all so stand-offish until the thing is settled. She'll move forward 'arf an inch presently, and 'arf a minute arterwards she'll lean back agin without thinking. She's a nice-looking gal, and what she can see in a tailor's dummy like that, I can't think."

He leaned back on his box and, folding his arms, emitted a cloud of smoke.

"Human natur's a funny thing. I've seen a lot of it in my time, and if I was to 'ave my life all over agin I expect I should be just as silly as them two in the skiff. I've known the time when I would spend money as free over a gal as I would over myself. I on'y wish I'd got all the money now that I've spent on peppermint lozenges.

"That gal in the boat reminds me o' one I used to know a few years ago. Just the same innercent baby look—a look as if butter wouldn't melt in 'er mouth—and a artful disposition that made me sorry for 'er sects.

"She used to come up to this wharf once a week in a schooner called the *Belle*. Her father, Cap'n Butt, was a widow-man, and 'e used to bring her with 'im, partly for company and partly because 'e could keep 'is eye on her. Nasty eye it was, too, when he 'appened to be out o' temper.

"I'd often took a bit o' notice o' the gal; just giving 'er a kind smile now and then as she sat on deck, and sometimes—when 'er father wasn't looking—she'd smile back. Once, when 'e was down below, she laughed right out. She was afraid of 'im, and by and by I noticed that she daren't even get off the ship and walk up and down the wharf without asking 'im. When she went out 'e was with 'er, and, from one or two nasty little snacks I 'appened to overhear when the skipper thought I was too far away, I began to see that something was up.

"It all came out one evening, and it only came out because the skipper wanted my help. I was standing leaning on my broom to get my breath back arter a bit o' sweeping, when he came up to me, and I knew at once, by the nice way 'e spoke, that he wanted me to do something for 'im.

"'Come and 'ave a pint, Bill,' he ses.

"I put my broom agin the wall, and we walked round to the Bull's Head like a couple o' brothers. We 'ad two pints apiece, and then he put his 'and on my shoulder and talked as man to man.

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"SHE LAUGHED RIGHT OUT."

"'I'm in a little bit o' difficulty about that gal o' mine,' he ses, passing me his baccy-box. 'Six months ago she dropped a letter out of 'er pocket, and I'm blest if it wasn't from a young man. A young *man!*'

"'You sur-prise me,' I ses, meaning to be sarcastic.

"'I surprised her,' he ses, looking very fierce. 'I went to 'er box and I found a pile of 'em—a pile of 'em—tied up with a piece o' pink ribbon. And a photygraph of my lord. And of all the narrer-chested, weak-eyed, slack-baked, spindly-legged sons of a gun you ever saw in your life, he is the worst. If I on'y get my 'ands on him I'll choke 'im with his own feet.'

"He washed 'is mouth out with a drop o' beer and stood scowling at the floor.

"'Arter I've choked 'im I'll twist his neck,' he ses. 'If he 'ad on'y put his address on 'is letters, I'd go round and do it now. And my daughter, my only daughter, won't tell me where he lives.'

"'She ought to know better,' I ses.

"He took hold o' my 'and and shook it. 'You've got more sense than one 'ud think to look at you, Bill,' he ses, not thinking wot he was saying. 'You see wot a mess I'm in.'

"'Yes,' I ses.

"'I'm a nurse, that's wot I am,' he ses, very savage. 'Just a nursemaid. I can't move 'and or foot without that gal. 'Ow'd you like it yourself, Bill?'

"'It must be very orkard for you,' I ses. 'Very orkard indeed.'

"'Orkard!' he ses; 'it's no name for it, Bill. I might as well be a Sunday-school teacher, and ha' done with it. I never 'ad such a dull time in all my life. Never. And the worst of it is, it's spiling my temper. And all because o' that narrer-eyed, red-chested—you know wot I mean!'

"He took another mouthful o' beer, and then he took 'old of my arm. 'Bill,' he ses, very earnest, 'I want you to do me a favour.'

"'Go ahead,' I ses.

"'I've got to meet a pal at Charing Cross at ha'-past seven,' he ses; 'and we're going to make a night of it. I've left Winnie in charge o' the cook, and I've told 'im plain that, if she ain't there when I come back, I'll skin 'im alive. Now, I want you to watch 'er, too. Keep the gate locked, and don't let

anybody in you don't know. Especially that monkey-faced imitation of a man. Here 'e is. That's his likeness.'

"He pulled a photygraph out of 'is coat-pocket and 'anded it to me.

"'That's 'im,' he ses. 'Fancy a gal getting love-letters from a thing like that! And she was on'y twenty last birthday. Keep your eye on 'er, Bill, and don't let 'er out of your sight. You're worth two o' the cook.'

"He finished 'is beer, and, cuddling my arm, stepped back to the wharf. Miss Butt was sitting on the cabin skylight reading a book, and old Joe, the cook, was standing near 'er pretending to swab the decks with a mop.

"'I've got to go out for a little while—on business,' ses the skipper. 'I don't s'pose I shall be long, and, while I'm away, Bill and the cook will look arter you.'

"Miss Butt wrinkled up 'er shoulders.

"'The gate'll be locked, and you're not to leave the wharf. D'ye 'ear?'

"The gal wriggled 'er shoulders agin and went on reading, but she gave the cook a look out of 'er innercent baby eyes that nearly made 'im drop the mop.

"'Them's my orders,' ses the skipper, swelling his chest and looking round, 'to everybody. You know wot'll 'appen to you, Joe, if things ain't right when I come back. Come along, Bill, and lock the gate arter me. An' mind, for your own sake, don't let anything 'appen to that gal while I'm away.'

"'Wot time'll you be back?' I ses, as 'e stepped through the wicket.

"'Not afore twelve, and p'r'aps a good bit

"WHILE I'M AWAY BILL AND THE COOK WILL LOOK ARTER YOU."

later,' he ses, smiling all over with 'appiness. 'But young slab-chest don't know I'm out, and Winnie thinks I'm just going out for 'arf an hour, so it'll be all right. So long.'

"I watched 'im up the road, and I must say I began to wish I 'adn't taken the job on. Arter all, I 'ad on'y had two pints and a bit o' flattery, and I knew wot 'ud 'appen if anything went wrong. Built like a bull he was, and fond o' using his strength. I locked the wicket careful, and, putting the key in my pocket, began to walk up and down the wharf.

"For about ten minutes the gal went on reading and didn't look up once. Then, as I passed, she gave me a nice smile and shook 'er little fist at the cook, wot 'ad got 'is back towards 'er. I smiled back, o' course, and by and by she put her book down and climbed on to the side o' the ship and held out her 'and for me to 'elp her ashore.

"'I'm so tired of the ship,' she ses, in a soft voice; 'it's like a prison. Don't you get tired of the wharf?'

"'I'M SO TIRED OF THE SHIP,' SHE SES, IN A SOFT VOICE; 'IT'S LIKE A PRISON.'"

"'Sometimes,' I ses; 'but it's my dooty.'

"'Yes,' she ses. 'Yes, of course. But you're a big, strong man, and you can put up with things better.'

"She gave a little sigh, and we walked up and down for a time without saying anything.

"'And it's all father's foolishness,' she ses, at last; 'that's wot makes it so tiresome. I can't help a pack of silly young men writing to me, can I?'

"'No, I s'pose not,' I ses.

"'Thank you,' she ses, putting 'er little 'and on my arm. 'I knew that you were sensible. I've often watched you when I've been sitting alone on the schooner, longing for somebody to speak to. And I'm a good judge of character. I can read you like a book.'

"She turned and looked up at me. Beautiful blue eyes she'd got, with long, curling lashes, and teeth like pearls.

"'Father is so silly,' she ses, shaking her 'ead and looking down; 'and it's sounreasonable, because, as a matter of fact, I don't like young men. Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't mean that. I didn't mean to be rude.'

"'Rude?' I ses, staring at her.

"'Of course it was a rude thing for me to say,' she ses, smiling; 'because you are still a young man yourself.'

"I shook my 'ead. 'Youngish,' I ses.

"'Young!' she ses, stamping 'er little foot.

"She gave me another look, and this time 'er blue eyes seemed large and solemn. She walked along like one in a dream, and twice she tripped over the planks and would 'ave

fallen if I hadn't caught 'er round the waist.

"'Thank you,' she ses. 'I'm very clumsy. How strong your arm is!'

"We walked up and down agin, and every time we went near the edge of the jetty she 'eld on to my arm for fear of stumbling agin. And there was that silly cook standing about on the schooner on tip-toe and twisting his silly old neck till I wonder it didn't twist off.

"'Wot a beautiful evening it is!' she ses, at last, in a low voice. 'I 'ope father isn't coming back early. Do you know wot time he is coming home?'

"'About twelve,' I ses; 'but don't tell 'im I told you so.'

"'O' course not,' she ses, squeezing my arm. 'Poor father! I hope he is enjoying himself as much as I am.'

"We walked down to the jetty agin arter that, and sat side by side looking acrost the river. And she began to talk about Life, and wot a strange thing it was; and 'ow the river would go on flowing down to the sea thousands and thousands o' years

"SHE GAVE ME ANOTHER LOOK, AND THIS TIME 'ER BLUE EYES SEEMED LARGE AND SOLEMN."

arter we was both dead and forgotten. If it hadn't ha' been for her little 'ead leaning agin my shoulder I should have 'ad the creeps.

"'Let's go down into the cabin,' she ses, at last, with a little shiver; 'it makes me melancholy sitting here and thinking of the "might-have-beens."'

"I got up first and 'elped her up, and, arter both staring hard at the cook, wot didn't seem to know 'is place, we went down into the cabin. It was a comfortable little place, and arter she 'ad poured me out a glass of 'er father's whisky, and filled my pipe for me, I wouldn't ha' changed places with a king. Even when the pipe wouldn't draw I didn't mind.

"'May I write a letter?' she ses, at last.

"'Sartainly,' I ses.

"She got out her pen and ink and paper, and wrote. 'I sha'n't be long,' she ses, looking up and nibbling 'er pen. 'It's a letter to my dressmaker; she promised my dress by six o'clock this afternoon, and I am just writing to tell her that if I don't have it by ten in the morning she can keep it.'

"'Quite right,' I ses; 'it's the on'y way to get things done.'

"'It's *my* way,' she ses, sticking the letter in an envelope and licking it down. 'Nice name, isn't it?'

"She passed it over to me, and I read the name and address: 'Miss Minnie Miller, 17, John Street, Mile End Road.'

"'That'll wake her up,' she ses, smiling. 'Will you ask Joe to take it for me?'

"'He—he's on guard,' I ses, smiling back at 'er and shaking my 'ead.

"'I know,' she ses, in a low voice. 'But I don't want any guard—only you. I don't like guards that peep down skylights.'

"I looked up just in time to see Joe's 'ead disappear. Then I nipped up, and arter I 'ad told 'im part of wot I thought about 'im I gave 'im the letter and told 'im to sheer off.

"'The skipper told me to stay 'ere,' he ses, looking obstinate.

"'You do as you're told,' I ses. 'I'm in charge, and I take full responserbility. I shall lock the gate arter you. Wot are you worrying about?'

"'And here's a shilling, Joe, for a bus fare,' ses the gal, smiling. 'You can keep the change.'

"Joe took off 'is cap and scratched 'is silly bald 'ead.

"'Come on,' I ses; 'it's a letter to a dressmaker. A letter that must go to-night.'

"'Else it's no use,' ses the gal. 'You don't know 'ow important it is.'

"'All right,' ses Joe. ''Ave it your own way. So long as you don't tell the skipper I don't mind. If anything 'appens you'll catch it, too, Bill.'

"He climbed ashore, and I follered 'im to the gate and unlocked it. He was screwing up 'is eye ready for a wink, but I give 'im such a look that he thought better of it, and, arter rubbing his eye with 'is finger as though he 'ad got a bit o' dust in it, he went off.

"I locked the gate and went back to the

"'I SHA'N'T BE LONG,' SHE SES, LOOKING UP AND NIBBLING 'ER PEN."

cabin, and for some time we sat talking about fathers and the foolish ideas they got into their 'eads, and things o' that sort. So far as I remember, I 'ad two more goes o' whisky and one o' the skipper's cigars, and I was just thinking wot a beautiful thing it was to be alive and 'ealthy and in good spirits, talking to a nice gal that understood wot you said a'most afore you said it, when I 'eard three blows on a whistle.

"'Wot's that?' I ses, starting up. 'Police whistle?'

"'I don't think so,' ses Miss Butt, putting her 'and on my shoulder. 'Sit down and stay where you are. I don't want *you* to get hurt, if it is. Let somebody I don't like go.'

"I sat down agin and listened, but there was no more whistling.

"'I can't find the key of my box,' she ses, 'and it's in there. I wonder whether you've got a key that would open it. It's a padlock.'

"I put my 'and in my pocket and pulled out my keys. 'Shall I come and try?' I ses.

"'No, thank you,' she ses, taking the keys. 'This looks about the size. What key is it?'

"'It's the key of the gate,' I ses, 'but I don't suppose it'll fit.'

She went back into the state-room agin, and I 'eard her fumbling at a lock. Then she came back into the cabin, breathing rather hard, and stood thinking.

"'I've just—remembered,' she ses, pinching her chin. 'Yes!'

"She stepped to the door and went up the companion-ladder, and the next moment I 'eard a sliding noise and a key turn in a lock.

"'I KNOW,' SHE SES, IN A LOW VOICE. 'BUT I DON'T WANT ANY GUARD—ONLY YOU.'"

"'Boy in the street, I expect,' ses the gal, going into the state-room. 'Oh, I've got something to show you. Wait a minute.'

"I 'eard her moving about, and then she comes back into the cabin.

I jumped to the foot of the ladder and, 'ardly able to believe my senses, saw that the hatch was closed. When I found that it was locked too, you might ha' knocked me down with a feather.

"I went down to the cabin agin, and, standing on the locker, pushed the skylight up with my 'ead and tried to look out. I couldn't see the gate, but I 'eard voices and footsteps, and a little while arterwards I see that gal coming along the wharf arm in arm with the young man she 'ad told me she didn't like and dancing for joy. They climbed on to the schooner, and then they both stooped down with their hands on their knees and looked at me.

"'Wot is it?' ses the young man, grinning.

"'It's a watchman,' ses the gal. 'It's here to take charge of the wharf, you know, and see that nobody comes on.'

"'We ought to ha' brought some buns for it,' ses the young man; 'look at it opening its mouth.'

"They both laughed fit to kill themselves, but I didn't move a muscle.

"'You open the companion,' I ses, 'or it'll be the worse for you. D'ye hear? Open it!'

"'Oh, Alfred,' ses the gal, 'he's losing 'is temper. Wotever shall we do?'

"'I don't want no more nonsense,' I ses, trying to fix 'er with my eye. 'If you don't let me out it'll be the worse for you.'

"'Don't you talk to my young lady like that,' ses the young man.

"'Your young lady?' I ses. 'H'mm! You should ha' seen 'er 'arf an hour ago.'

"The gal looked at me steady for a moment.

"'He put 'is nasty fat arm round my waist, Alfred,' she ses.

"'*Wot!*' ses the young man, squeaking. 'WOT!'

"He snatched up the mop wot that nasty, untidy cook 'ad left leaning agin the side, and afore I 'ad any idea of wot 'e was up to he shoved the beastly thing straight in my face.

"'Next time,' he ses, 'I'll tear you limb from limb!'

"I couldn't speak for a time, and when I could 'e stopped me with the mop agin. It was like a chained lion being tormented by a monkey. I stepped down on to the cabin floor, and then I told 'em both wot I thought of 'em.

"'Come along, Alfred,' ses the gal, 'else the cook'll be back before we start.'

"'He's all right,' ses the young man. 'Minnie's looking arter 'im. When I left he'd got 'arf a bottle of whisky in front of 'im.'

"'Still, we may as well go,' ses Miss Butt. 'It seems a shame to keep the cab waiting.'

"'All right,' he ses. 'I just want to give this old chump one more lick with the mop and then we'll go.'

"He peeped down the skylight and waited, but I kept quite quiet, with my back towards 'im.

"'Come along,' ses Miss Butt.

"'I'm coming,' he ses. 'Hi! You down there! When the cap'n comes back tell 'im that I'm taking Miss Butt to an aunt o' mine in the country. And tell 'im that in a week or two he'll 'ave the largest and nicest piece of wedding-cake he 'as ever 'ad in his life. So long!'

"'Good-bye, watchman,' ses the gal.

"They moved off without another word—from them, I mean. I heard the wicket slam and then I 'eard a cab drive off over the stones. I couldn't believe it at first. I couldn't believe a gal with such beautiful blue eyes could be so hard-'earted, and for a long time I stood listening and hoping to 'ear the cab come back. Then I stepped up to the companion and tried to shift it with my shoulders.

"I went back to the cabin at last, and arter lighting the lamp I 'ad another sup o' the skipper's whisky to clear my 'ead, and sat down to try and think wot tale I was to tell 'im. I sat for pretty near three hours without thinking of one, and then I 'eard the crew come on to the wharf.

"They was a bit startled when they saw my 'ead at the skylight, and then they all started at the same time asking me wot I was doing. I told 'em to let me out fust and then I'd tell 'em, and one of 'em 'ad just stepped round to the companion when the skipper came on to the wharf and stepped aboard. He stooped down and peeped at me through the skylight as though he couldn't believe 'is eyesight, and then, arter sending the hands for'ard and telling 'em to stay there, *wotever 'appened*, he unlocked the companion and came down."

SAVAGES' STRING FIGURES.

"STRING Figures; A Study of Cat's-Cradle in Many Lands," by Caroline Furness Jayne, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, to whom we are indebted for permission to make the following extracts, is one of the most extraordinary models of patience that exist in the world of books. It will be news to most readers that the savage nations in almost all parts of the world, including even such a low type of civilization as the Batwa pigmies, have invented string figures which would appear to have baffled the ingenuity of the most ingenious, yet this book contains nearly a hundred of such figures and is illustrated by nearly a thousand drawings. These figures are not only interesting as throwing a light on the mind of the savage, but are extremely fascinating in themselves, appealing as they do to young and to old and to those debarred from all pastimes demanding physical exertion. Moreover, they are not unduly difficult; and, capable as they are of infinite variation, their charm ought to be inexhaustible.

In the illustrations which accompany the descriptions we have the first serious attempt to show the successive steps in string games by pictures of the fingers picking up and arranging the strings and of the result produced by each movement. Heretofore, as a rule, only finished patterns have been drawn, or stretched out on cards for exhibition in a museum. Moreover, the illustrations represent the various steps *as they are seen by the person making the figure.* Great care was observed to have the strings and the loops and their manner of crossing one another accurately drawn.

It should be added that string figures are made with a piece of string about six feet long, the ends of which must be tied together to form a single loop about three feet long.

We now proceed to give some examples, which the reader will have no difficulty in working out for himself.

FIRST POSITION.

The following movements put the loop on the hands in what for convenience may be called the First Position. Very many string games begin in this way; and the movements should be learned now, as the description will not be repeated with every figure.

First: Put the little fingers into the loop of string and separate the hands. You have now a single loop on each little finger passing directly and uncrossed to the opposite little finger.

Second: Turning the hands with the palms away from you, put each thumb into the little finger loop from below, and pick up on the back of the thumb the near little finger string; then, allowing the far little finger string to remain on the little finger, turn the hands with the palms facing each other, return the thumbs to their extended position, and draw the strings tight (Fig. 1).

In the First Position, therefore, there is on each hand a string which crosses the palm and, passing behind the thumb, runs to the other hand to form the near thumb string of the figure, and passing behind the little finger runs to the other hand to form the far little finger string.

Every finger loop has, of course, two strings, and as a rule both these strings pass between the hands to form the strings of finger loops on the opposite hand; but sometimes one or both strings of a finger loop, before crossing to the other hand, pass across the palm of the hand or around other fingers, and is a string or strings common to two finger loops of the same hand. When you have arranged loops on the fingers, and the hands are held in the usual position, the loops are named from the fingers on which they are placed—thus: *right index loop, left little finger loop,* and so on. Whenever a loop or string is changed to another finger, of course its name is changed to that of the new finger on which it is placed.

The strings of the finger loops which leave the finger from the side nearest you are called *near strings*, and the strings which leave the finger from the side of the finger farthest away from you are called *far strings.* Hence we have a *right near middle finger string* or a *left far thumb string*, etc. A finger may have two loops on it, in which case they are called *upper* and *lower loops;* and we have *upper* and *lower near strings* and *upper* and *lower far strings.* A string crossing the palm is a *palmar string.*

OPENING A.

Many of the string figures to be described open in the same way; to avoid constant repetition, therefore, we will call this very general method of beginning Opening A. It should be learned now, because in the descriptions of the figures in which it occurs the first movement will be simply noted as Opening A. It is formed by three movements.

First: Put the loop on the hands in the First Position.

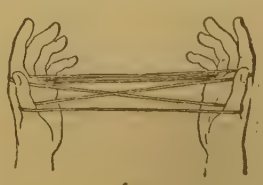
Second: Bring the hands together and put the right index up under the string which crosses the left palm (Fig. 2), and draw the loop out on the back of the finger by separating the hands.

2.

Third: Bring the hands together again, and put the left index up under that part of the string crossing the palm of the right hand which is between the strings on the right index (Fig. 3), and draw the loop out on the back of the left index by separating the hands.

3.

You now have a loop on each thumb, index, and little finger (Fig. 4). There is a near thumb string and a far little finger string passing directly from one hand to the other, and two crosses formed between



4.

them by the near little finger string of one hand becoming the far index string of the other hand, and the far thumb string of one hand becoming the near index string of the other hand.

"AN APACHE DOOR."

The writer learned this figure from an Apache girl, Lena Smith, from Jicarilla, New Mexico, at the St. Louis Exposition in September, 1904. Lena spoke very little English and touched a door to signify the name of the figure.

First: Opening A.

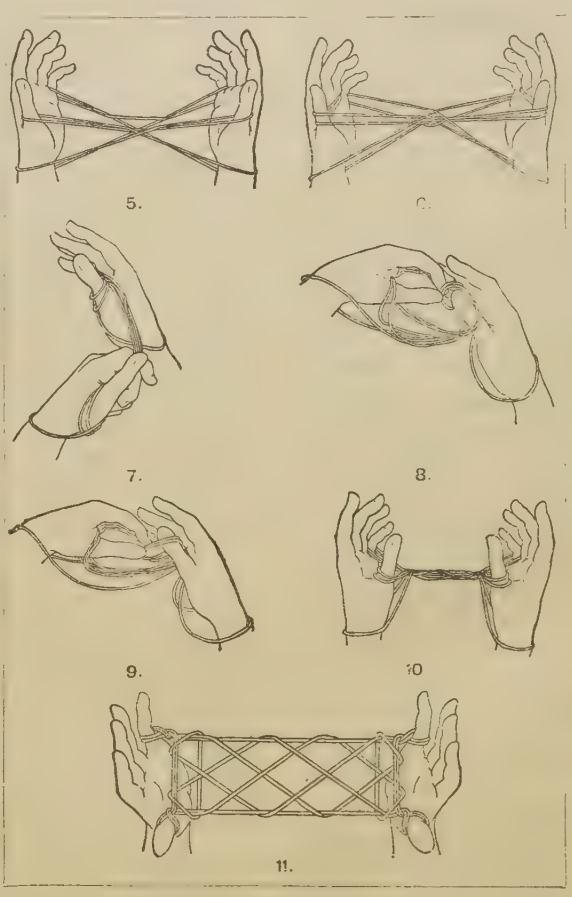
Second: With the right thumb and index pick up the left near index string close to the left index, and lift the loop entirely off the left index; then put the loop over the left hand and let it drop down on the left wrist. With the left thumb and index pick up the right near index string close to the right index and lift the loop entirely off the right index; then put the loop over the right hand and let it drop down on the right wrist. Separate the hands and draw the strings tight. You now have a loop on each thumb, a loop on each little finger, and a loop on each wrist (Fig. 5).

Third: With the right thumb and index pick up the left near little finger string (not the whole loop) close to the left little finger, and, drawing it toward you, pass it between the left index and thumb, and release it. With the right thumb and index pick up the left far thumb string close to the left thumb, and, drawing it away from you, pass it between the left ring and little fingers and release it.

With the left thumb and index pick up the right near little finger string close to the right little finger, and, drawing it toward you, pass it between the right index and thumb and release it. With the left thumb and index pick up the right far thumb string close to the right thumb, and, drawing it away from you, pass it between the right ring and little fingers and release it.

You now have a loop on each wrist, and two strings crossing each palm in the First Position (Fig. 6).

Fourth: Keeping all the loops in position on both hands, with the left hand grasp tightly all the strings where they cross in the centre of the figure, and pass this collection of strings from left to right between the right thumb and index—that is, from the palmar side to the back of the hand, and let them lie on the back of the hand midway between the thumb and index finger (Fig. 7). Then with the left thumb and index take hold of the two loops already on the right thumb and, without pulling them out, draw them over the tip of the right thumb (Fig. 8). Now, still holding the loops, let the collection of strings lying low down between the right index and thumb slip over the right thumb to the palmar side. The right thumb is now entirely free. Without untwisting the two original right thumb loops, which you are still holding with the left thumb and index, replace these loops on the right thumb exactly as they were before the collected strings were placed between the right index and thumb (Fig. 9). Separate the hands and draw the strings tight. Now repeat exactly the same movement on the left hand, as follows:—



"AN APACHE DOOR."

Keeping all the loops in position on both hands, with the right hand grasp tightly all the strings where they cross in the centre of the figure, and pass this collection of strings from right to left between the left index and thumb — that is, from the palmar side to the back of the hand —and let them lie on the back of the hand midway between the index and thumb; then with the right thumb and index take hold of the two loops already on the left thumb and, without pulling them out, draw them over the tip of the left thumb. Now, still holding these loops, let the collection of strings lying low down between the left index and thumb slip over the left thumb to the palmar side. The left thumb is now entirely free. Without untwisting the two original left thumb loops, which you are still holding with the right thumb and index, replace these loops on the left thumb exactly as they were before the collected strings were placed between the left index and thumb. Separate the hands and draw the strings tight.

You now have a loop on each wrist, two twisted loops on each thumb, and two twisted loops on each little finger (Fig. 10).

Fifth: With the right thumb and index lift the left wrist loop from the back of the left wrist up over the tips of all the left fingers, and let it fall on the palmar side. With the left thumb and index lift the right wrist loop from the back of the right wrist up over the tips of all the right fingers, and let it fall on the palmar side.

Sixth: Retaining the loops on the thumbs and little fingers, rub the palms of the hands together; then separate the hands and draw the figure tight (Fig. 11).

This is a beautiful figure, and not at all difficult. Moreover it retains its shape no matter how tight you may pull it. It contains several interesting move-

ments: In the *Second*, the method of transferring the index loops to the wrists is unusual. In the *Third* movement the changing of a string from one finger to another by means of the thumb and index of the other hand is a process not often observed. Indeed, one may easily believe that the methods given in these two movements are short cuts peculiar to the individual who taught me the figure, and that some day other Indians will be seen doing these movements in the usual elaborate style, whereby the strings on either hand are shifted and arranged by the fingers of that hand only. As far as I know, the *Fourth* movement has not been observed in any other string figure. The rubbing of the hands together in the *Sixth* movement is, of course, only for effect; it has no bearing on the success of the figure. The manner of showing the finished pattern—what we call its "extension"—is of the most simple type; indeed, the figure practically extends itself when the hands are drawn apart.

"A LITTLE BOY CARRYING WOOD."

This figure was obtained by Mr. John L. Cox at Hampton, Virginia, from Emma Jackson, a Klamath Indian from Oregon.

First: With the right thumb and index turn one string of the loop toward you about ten times, loosely, around the last joint of the left thumb. Then put the left index and the right thumb into the rest of the loop and separate the hands. Now put the right index, from above, behind the string which passes from the left thumb to the left index, and pull the loop out, at the same time turning the right index away from you and up to its usual position (Fig. 12).

Second: Pass the middle, ring, and little fingers of each hand from below into the index loop (Fig. 13), and draw the near index string down on the palm, then bring the hands together and pass the left middle finger to the far side and the left index to the near side of the right far index string (Fig. 14), and draw this string to the left, between the fingers, through the left index loop and put it around the tip of the left index by turning the left hand with the palm away from you. During this movement the original left index loop slips from the finger (Fig. 15).

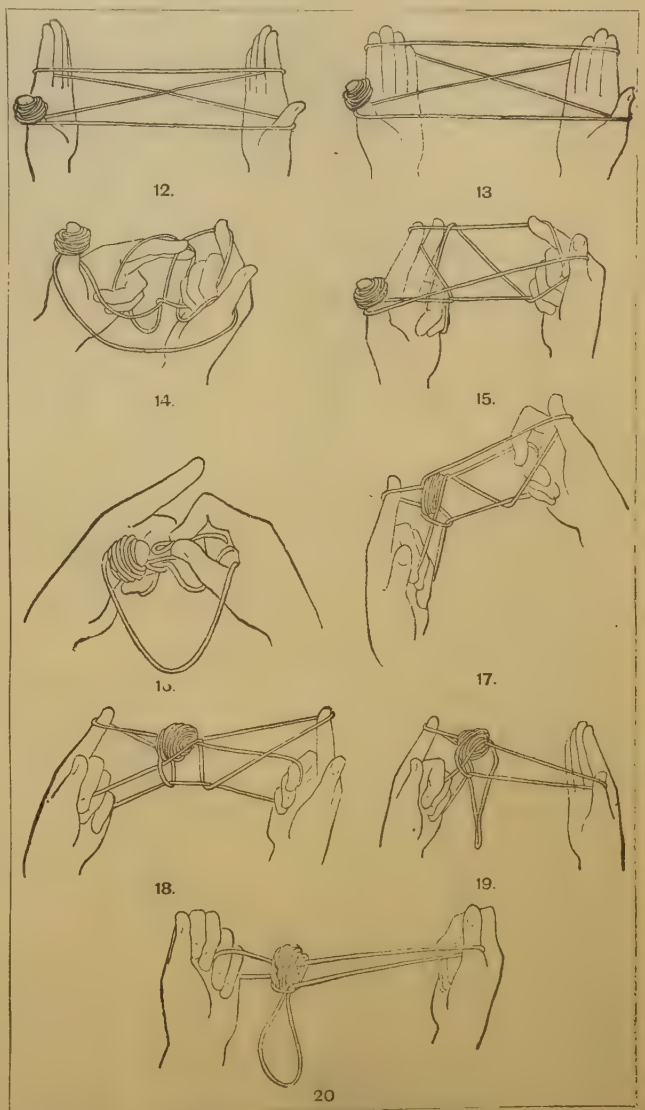
Third: Release the loop from the right index. With the right thumb and index take hold of the two strings of the left index loop (close to the index) and lift the loop from the finger; then thread this loop from above downward through the turns on the left thumb (Fig. 16), and put it back on the left index, withdrawing the left thumb from the turns (Fig. 17).

Fourth: Transfer the right thumb loop to the right index, by picking up from below on the back of the index the near thumb string, returning the index to position and withdrawing the thumb (Fig. 18).

Fifth: Pass the right thumb away from you into the right index loop, and, pulling down the near index string, pick up from below on the back of the thumb the upper string of the loop held to the palm by the right middle, ring, and little fingers. Return the right thumb to its position. Release the right index loop and the loop held down to the right palm (Fig. 19). Draw the hands apart, and pull the hanging loop up into the ball of string by drawing on the right lower thumb string (the one which passes under the little and ring fingers of the left hand). Release the loops held down to the left palm, and transfer the left index loop to the left ring and little fingers, and close these fingers on the palm (Fig. 20). The loop hanging down represents the "boy" and the ball of string "the bundle of wood" he is carrying on his head. The "boy" can be pushed far to the right, and then made to walk to the left by pulling on the right upper thumb string.

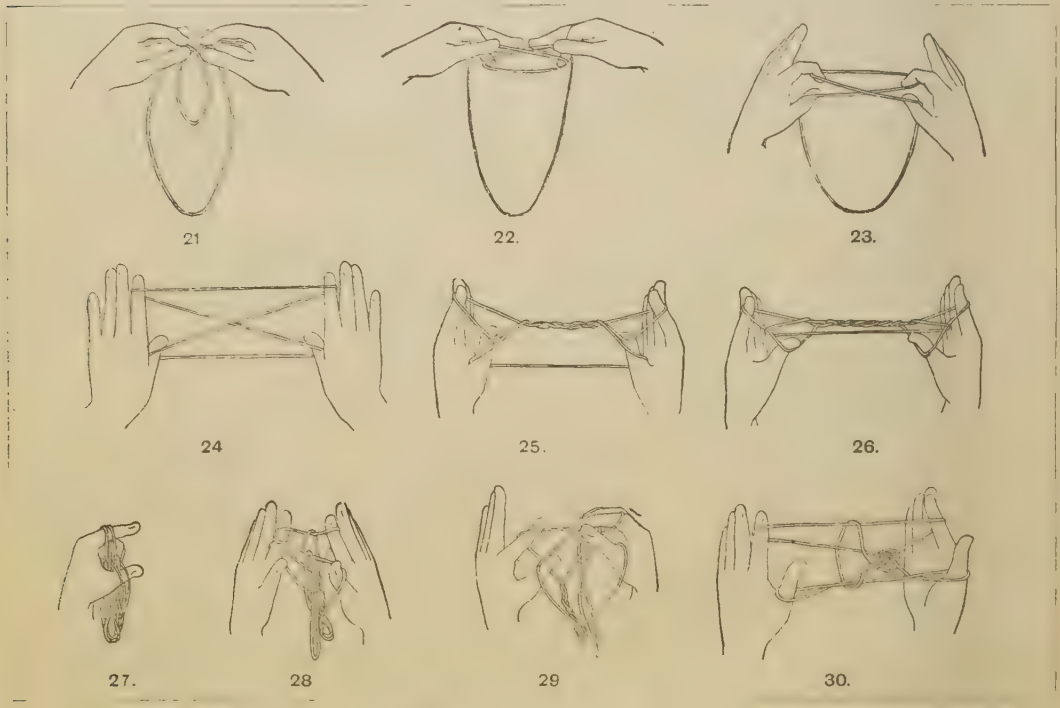
"A BUTTERFLY."

Two Navaho girls, Zah Tso and her sister, showed this figure to the writer at the St. Louis Exposition in November, 1904.



"A LITTLE BOY CARRYING WOOD."

First : Hold the string between the tips of the thumb and index of each hand, so that a short piece passes between the hands and a long loop hangs down. Make a small ring, hanging down, in the short string, putting the right-hand string away from you over the left-hand string (Fig. 21). Insert the index fingers into the ring downward and toward you (Fig. 22), and, putting the thumbs away from you into the long hanging loop (Fig. 23), separate the hands ; and, turning the index fingers upward and outward, with the palms of the hands facing away from you, draw the strings tight (Fig. 24).



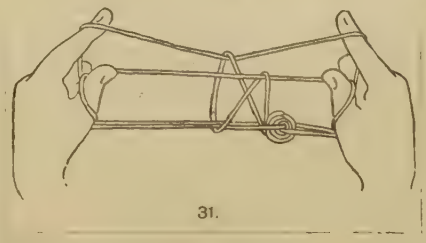
Turn the hands so that the palms face each other, and the thumbs come toward you and point upward. You have now a long crossed loop on each thumb and a single cross in the centre of the figure.

Second : Twist each index loop five times by rotating each index down toward you, and up again five times.

Third : Put each thumb from below into the index loop, and, without removing the index, separate the thumb from the index (Fig. 25).

Fourth : On each hand in turn, with the teeth slip the lower (the original) thumb loop over the loop passing around both thumb and index, then entirely off the thumb, and let it drop to the palmar side. Separate the hands (Fig. 26).

Fifth : Bring the hands close together, with the index finger and thumb of the one hand pointing toward the index finger and thumb of the other hand ; then hang the right index loop on the left index, and the right thumb loop on the left thumb (Fig. 27). Take up with the right index, from the left side, the loop you have just put on the left thumb, and take up with the right thumb, from the right side, the loop which was originally on the left thumb (Fig. 28) ; then with the right thumb and index lift both loops from the left index, and put the left index away from you into the loop just hung on the left index, and put the left thumb toward you into the loop originally on the left thumb (Fig. 29). Now, placing the hands with the thumbs up and the fingers pointing away from you, draw them slowly apart, and when the strings have partially rolled up in the middle of the figure (Fig. 30), pull down with the middle, ring, and little fingers of each hand the far index string and the near thumb string (Fig. 31), and the wings of the butterfly will be held up by the strings extended between the widely separated thumbs and index fingers, and the proboscis will appear rolled up on the strings held down by the other fingers.



"A BUTTERFLY."

This is a charming figure, and unlike any of the others. It is very easy to form ; if the *Fifth* movement be done properly, the finished pattern always appears. If you twist the index loops more than five times the proboscis will not roll up nicely ; if less than four times it will not be sufficiently large.

"A MAN."

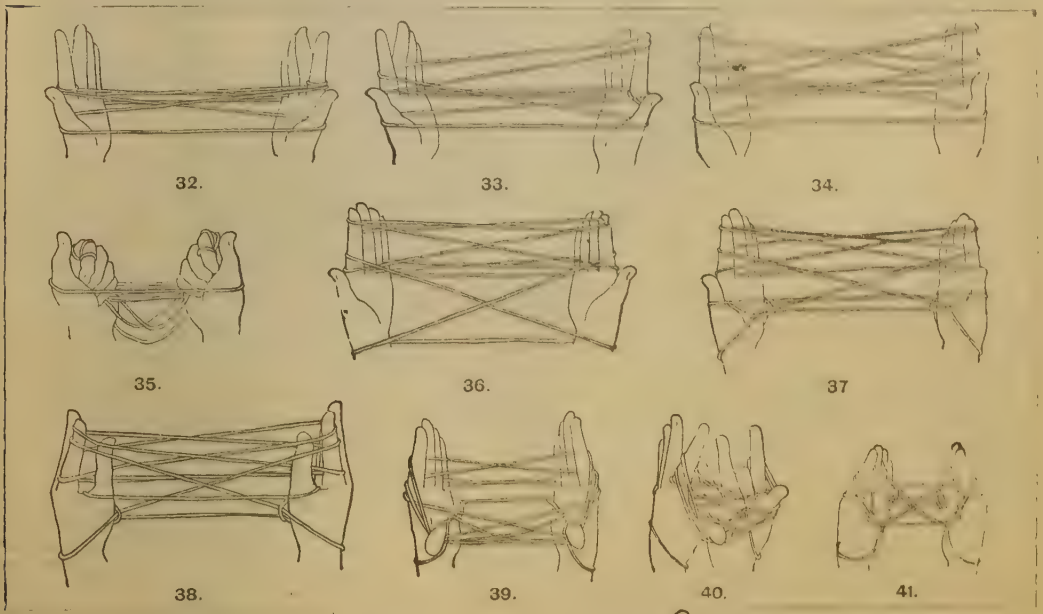
This is another of the Navaho figures obtained from the same two Navaho girls at the St. Louis Exposition in November, 1904.

First : Opening A.

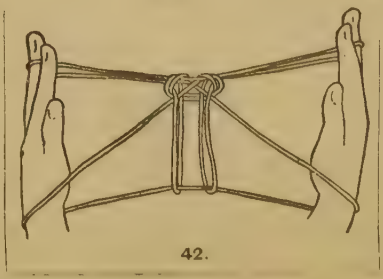
Second : With the thumb and index of the right hand turn the left near index string away from you once around the left index, thus putting a ring around that finger in addition to the left index loop. In like

manner with the thumb and index of the left hand turn the right near index string around the right index (Fig. 32).

Third : Take up from below on the tip of the right index the ring around the left index and separate the hands (Fig. 33). Keep the loop just drawn out near the tip of the right index, as it is absolutely necessary throughout these movements to keep the different index loops distinct. See that on the left index the original loop (the one with the near string going to the far side of the right thumb) is above the other loop—about half-way upon the finger; and keep the loops in place by pressing the side of the left middle finger against the side of the left index. Now take up from below on the tip of the left index the ring around the right index and draw the hands apart (Fig. 34). Keep this new left index loop up at the tip of the index. See that the original right index loop (the one with the near string going to the far side of the left thumb) is placed on the right index half-way up, and between the other two loops.



You have now a loop on each thumb, a loop on each little finger, and three loops on each index finger; the near strings of these three loops must cross one another as follows: the near strings of the top loops cross each other to become the near strings of the lower loops; the near strings of the middle loop cross lower down over the near strings of the lower loop, and still lower they cross each other.



"A MAN."

Fourth : Keeping the loops in these relative positions on each index by pressing the middle finger and index together, carefully turn the hands with the palms toward you and close the four fingers down on the palm over all the strings except the near thumb string (Fig. 35). Throw this near thumb string away from you over the hands and let it fall down on the backs of the hands. Now return each hand to its usual position, and put each thumb up under the near string of the loop you have just put on the back of the hand, and let the whole loop slip down around the wrist (Fig. 36).

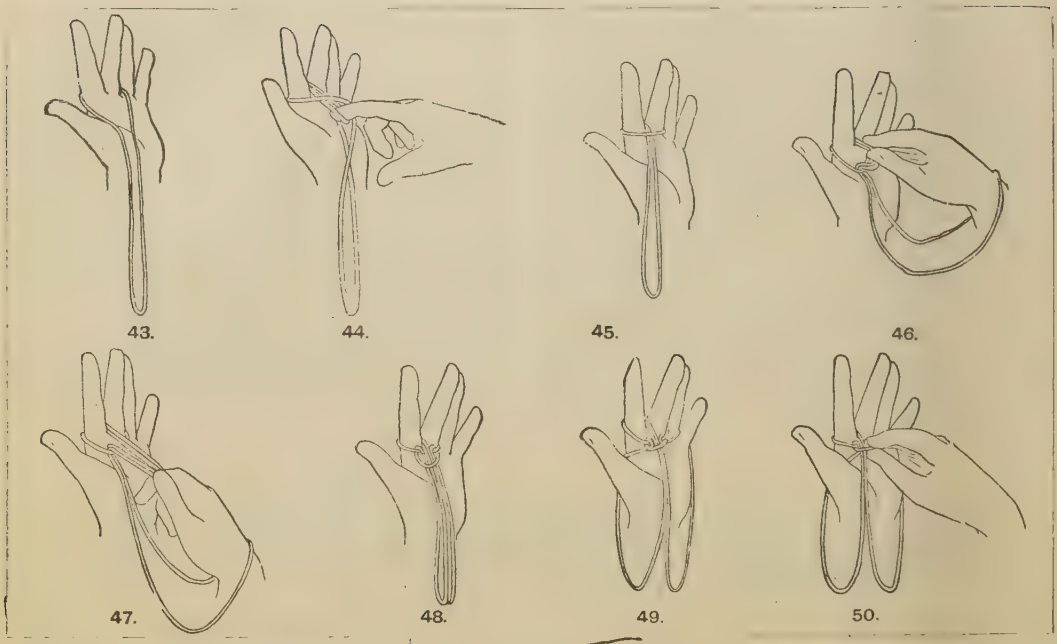
Fifth : Pass each thumb away from you under both strings of the wrist loop and pick up on the back of the thumb, from the far side, the far little finger string, and return the thumb to its position (Fig. 37).

You have now on each hand (1) a loop on the wrist; (2) a loop on the thumb formed of a straight near string and a far string crossing the palm under the strings of the wrist loop; (3) a loop on the little finger formed of the palmar string and a near little finger string which becomes the lower far index string; (4) three loops on the index with their six near strings crossing one another as follows: the upper strings cross each other, and then, becoming the strings of the lower loops, run under the middle strings; the middle strings cross over the lower strings, and then cross each other. This arrangement of the near strings of the index loops is essential to the success of the figure.

Sixth : Put each thumb up on the far side of the near string of the middle loop, close to the point where it crosses the same string from the other index, then on the near side of the lower near index string, and then on the far side of the upper near index string (Fig. 38), and separate the thumb from the index to widen out these index loops (Fig. 39).

Of the three strings now passing around each thumb the two upper form two crosses between the thumbs, and the lower runs directly from thumb to thumb.

Seventh : Bend each middle finger toward you down over all the index strings (not over the strings passing from the back of the thumb to the back of the index), and pick up from below, close to the thumb, the lower far thumb string (the string which becomes the palmar string) (Fig. 40), and return the middle finger to its position (Fig. 41). It is necessary to pick the string



up at a point between the thumb and the place where it is crossed by the near wrist string.

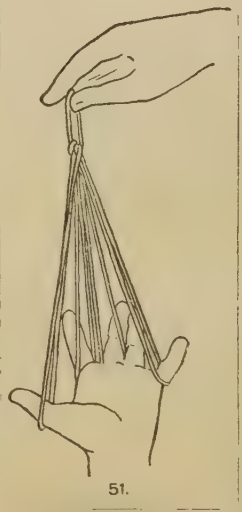
Eighth: Release the loops from the thumbs, the index fingers, and the little fingers, and draw the hands apart (Fig. 42).

In some respects "Man" is the most difficult of all the games, not because of its length, but because of the necessity of arranging the loops properly on the index fingers, and keeping them so arranged throughout several very active movements.

"ONE HOGAN."

This figure was obtained from Dr. Haddon, who learned it in Chicago in 1901 from some old Navaho men who taught him several other Navaho figures. *Hogan* is the native name for a tent.

First: Hold the left hand with the fingers pointing upward and the palm slightly toward you. With the right hand arrange a part of the loop upon the left hand so that it crosses the backs of both index and middle fingers, and passes to the palmar side between the middle and ring finger, and between the index and thumb; let the rest of the loop hang down on the palm (Fig. 43). In this and some of the following drawings the hanging loop is represented as quite short, to save space.



"ONE HOGAN."

Second: Put the right index from the near side under the left near index hanging string, and then through between the index and middle finger, and with the ball of the finger pick up the cross string which is on the backs of the left index and middle finger, and pull it through between these fingers (Fig. 44), and then out to the full extent of the string (Fig. 45).

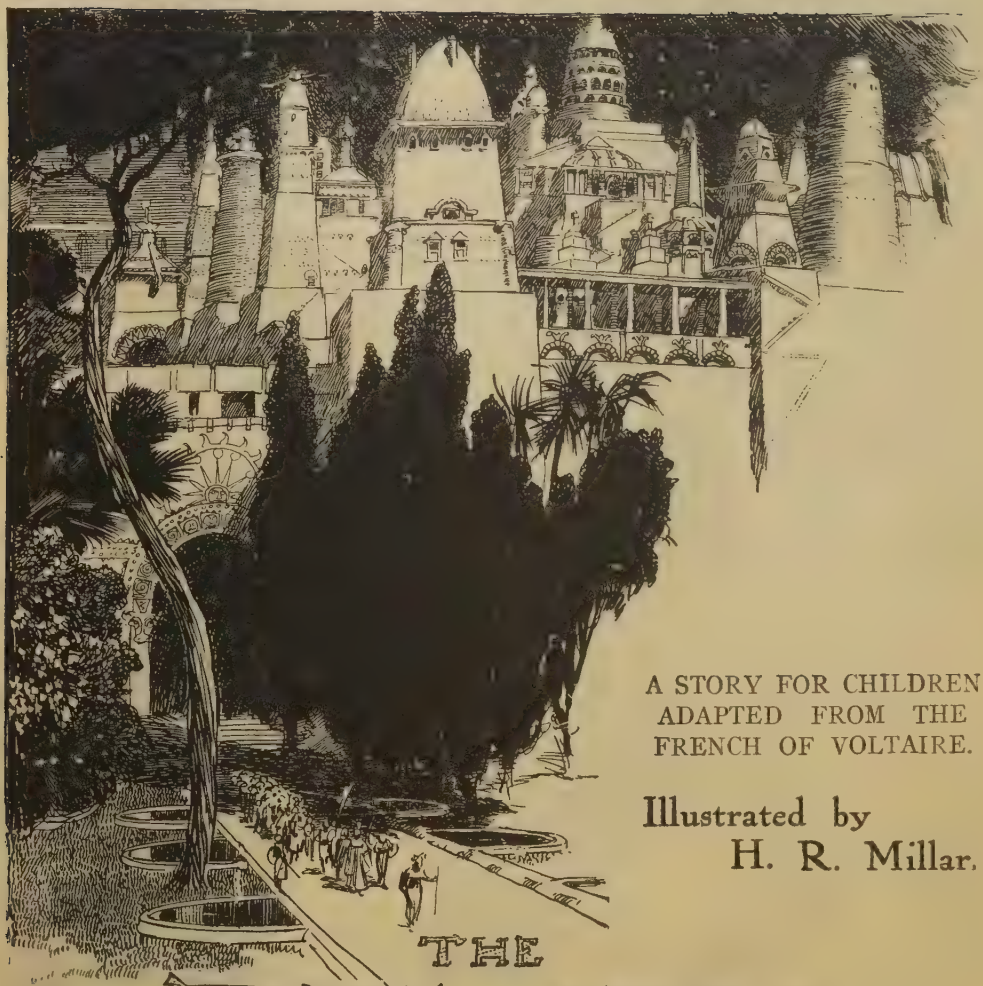
Third: Letting the loop hang down on the left palm, put the whole right hand from the near side under the near string and into the hanging loop. Then with the right thumb and index catch, above the string crossing the palmar surfaces of the index and middle finger, the two strings which come from between the left index and middle finger (Fig. 46), and draw them out to the right (Fig. 47) as far as possible. In this movement the loop which hung on the right wrist slips over the right hand and along the two strings just drawn out, until it reaches the palm.

You have now on the left hand a loop on the index and a loop on the middle finger, both loops knotted together lower down on the palm (Fig. 48). Arrange the four strings which hang down on the palm below the knot so that they lie side by side evenly and uncrossed, with the two which pass up through the knot and between the index and middle finger lying in the middle between the other two. You will observe that the near string runs up to the knot, passes from the front around a cross string, comes forward, and passes to the far side as a second cross string over all four hanging strings; it then passes from behind around the back cross string, and hangs down in front as the far string of the four.

Fourth: With the thumb and index of the right hand pick up, below the knot, the near hanging string and put it behind the left thumb; in like manner pick up the far hanging string and put it behind the little finger (Fig. 49).

Fifth: With the right thumb and index pick up that straight string of the knot which passes in front of the four hanging strings (Fig. 50), and pull the loop out as far as possible; then, lifting the right hand, sweep the left hand down, with the palm up and the fingers pointing to the right, and draw the strings moderately tight, and you get a hogan, or tent, with the two sticks coming through its peak (Fig. 51).

This interesting figure belongs to the class wherein the movements consist chiefly of one hand arranging the strings on the other hand.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN
ADAPTED FROM THE
FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Illustrated by
H. R. Millar.

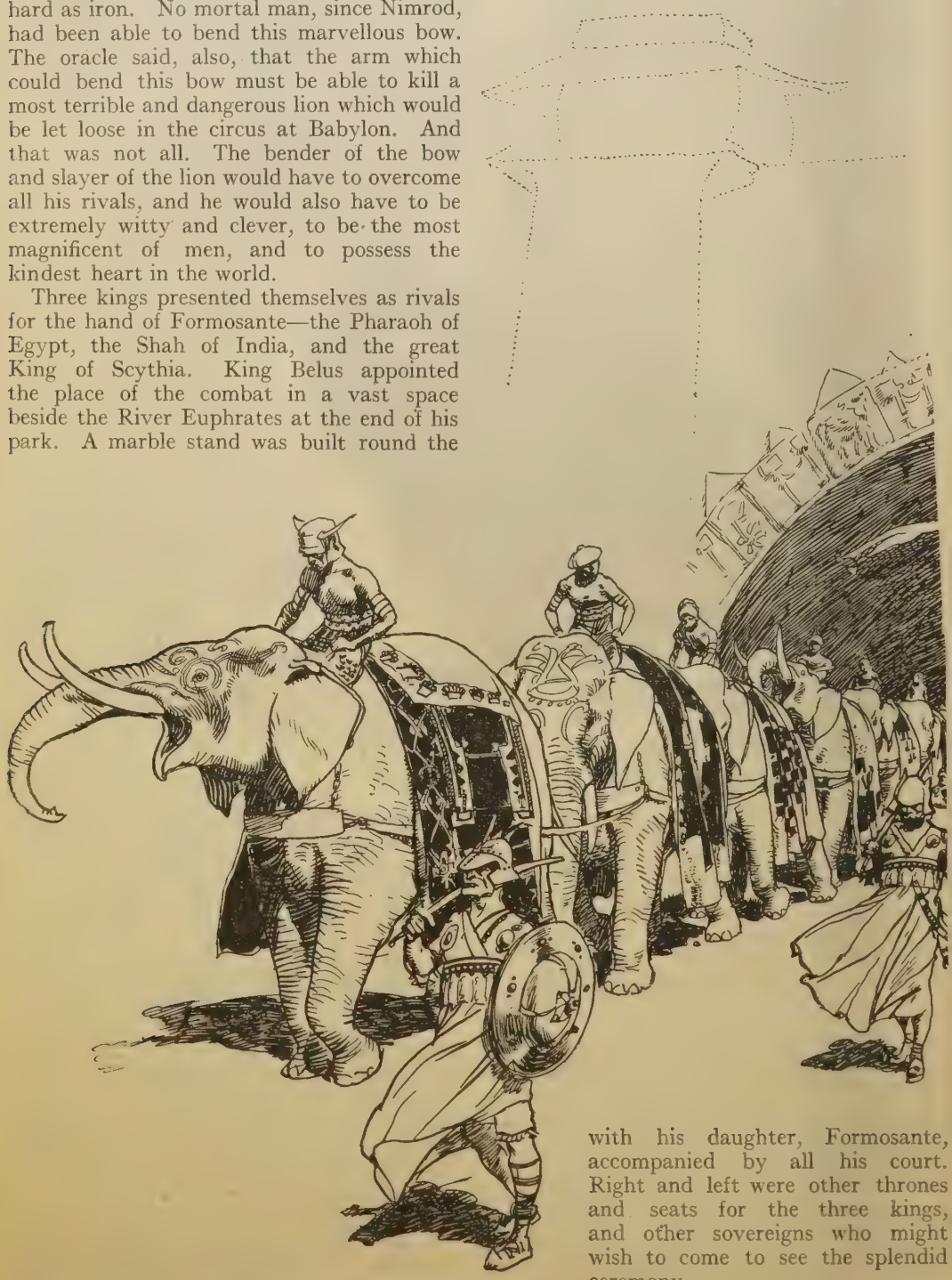
THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON.

OLD Belus, King of Babylon, was the greatest monarch in the world. His vast palace was more than a mile long, and its towers rose into the clouds. The terrace was surrounded by a marble balustrade fifty feet high, on which stood enormous statues of all the kings and great men of the empire. This terrace was covered with earth twelve feet thick, in which grew a forest of olives, orange-trees, and palms, full of shady alleys which shut out the sun. The waters of the River Euphrates, pumped up through a hundred hollow columns, filled vast marble basins in this forest-garden, and kept a thousand fountains playing so high that their tops were almost out of sight.

But the King's most precious treasure was his only daughter, the Princess Formosante, of whom he was prouder than of all his kingdom. She was eighteen years old, and it was time to find her a suitable husband. Where was he to be found? An ancient

oracle had announced that Formosante could only belong to one who could bend the bow of Nimrod. This Nimrod, a mighty hunter, had left a bow seven feet long, made of ebony as hard as iron. No mortal man, since Nimrod, had been able to bend this marvellous bow. The oracle said, also, that the arm which could bend this bow must be able to kill a most terrible and dangerous lion which would be let loose in the circus at Babylon. And that was not all. The bender of the bow and slayer of the lion would have to overcome all his rivals, and he would also have to be extremely witty and clever, to be the most magnificent of men, and to possess the kindest heart in the world.

Three kings presented themselves as rivals for the hand of Formosante—the Pharaoh of Egypt, the Shah of India, and the great King of Scythia. King Belus appointed the place of the combat in a vast space beside the River Euphrates at the end of his park. A marble stand was built round the ground which would hold five thousand spectators. At one end of the space was the throne of the King, who was to appear there with his daughter, Formosante, accompanied by all his court. Right and left were other thrones and seats for the three kings, and other sovereigns who might wish to come to see the splendid ceremony.

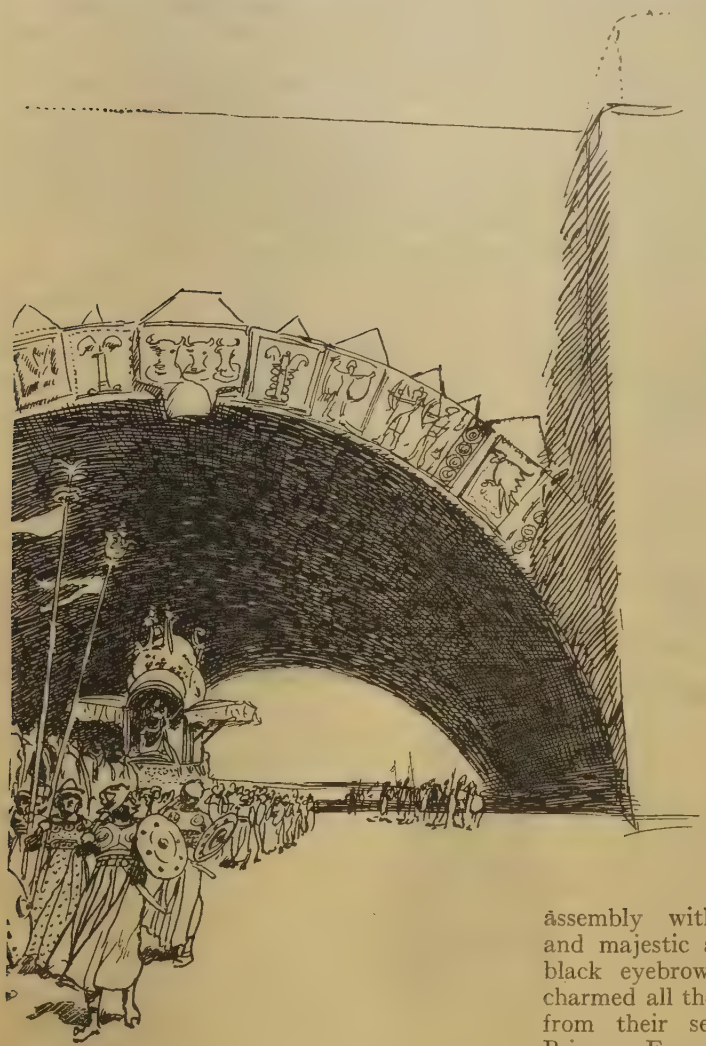


"THE SHAH OF INDIA ARRIVED SOON AFTER IN A CAR DRAGGED BY TWELVE ELEPHANTS."

The Pharaoh of Egypt arrived

first, mounted on his bull, Apis, and followed by two thousand priests dressed in snow-white linen robes, two thousand officers, two thousand magicians, and two thousand warriors.

The Shah of India arrived soon after in a



car dragged by twelve elephants. His suite was still larger and more brilliant than that of the sovereign of Egypt.

The last to appear was the King of Scythia. He had round him only chosen warriors armed with bows and arrows.

His steed was a superb tiger, which he had tamed and which was as big as the finest Persian horse. The figure of this monarch was more imposing and majestic than that of his rivals, and his bare arms, strong and white, seemed already prepared to bend the bow of Nimrod.

The three kings bowed low before King Belus and Princess Formosante. The Pharaoh of Egypt offered to the Princess two of the finest crocodiles from the Nile, two hippopotami, two zebras, two Egyptian rats, and two mummies.

The Shah of India offered her one hundred elephants, each bearing on its back a gilded tower.

The King of Scythia presented her with one hundred battle-horses, caparisoned with rich harness and covered with black fox-skins.

King Belus had ordered that lots should be drawn to decide who should first attempt to draw the bow of Nimrod. The names of the three rivals were placed in a helmet, that of the Pharaoh of Egypt being the first to be drawn, the Shah of India coming next, and the King of Scythia third.

Just as the trials which would decide the destiny of Formosante were about to commence, an unknown youth, riding on a unicorn, and accompanied by his squire mounted on another, and carrying a huge bird upon his fist, presented himself at the barrier. The spectacle filled the whole assembly with astonishment. The grace and majestic appearance of the youth, his black eyebrows, and his long, light locks charmed all the ladies of the court, who rose from their seats to get a better view. Princess Formosante herself, who had kept her eyes lowered, raised them, and blushed. The three kings turned pale, and all the spectators, who were comparing Formosante with the stranger, cried, "There is no one in all the world except this youth who is as handsome as our Princess." Everyone gazed at him in astonishment, and he was asked if he were a king. The stranger replied that he had not that honour, and that he had come from a great distance from curiosity, in order to see if there were any kings who were worthy of the Princess Formosante. He was conducted to the first rank of the amphi-

theatre, together with his squire, his two unicorns, and his bird. He bowed low before King Belus, the Princess, the three kings, and the whole assembly; then he took his seat. His two unicorns crouched at his feet and the bird perched on his shoulder; while his squire, who carried a small sack, took a place at his side.

Then the trials began. The bow of Nimrod was drawn from its golden sheath. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies, followed by fifty pages and preceded by twenty trumpeters, presented it to the Pharaoh of Egypt, who, having first placed it on the head of his bull Apis, had no doubt that he would carry off the victory. He descended into the middle of the arena and, putting forth all his strength, strove his utmost to bend the bow. His contortions excited the laughter of the spectators and made even the Princess smile — but the bow remained unbent.

Then the bow was handed to the Shah of India, who gave himself a sprain which lasted for a fortnight, but consoled himself with the belief that the King of Scythia would not be more successful than himself.

The Scythian took the bow in his turn. He had skill as well as strength. The bow appeared to yield a little, but was never near to really bending. The spectators, who liked the good appearance of this King, gave a murmur of disappointment at his failure, and began to think that the beautiful Princess would never find a husband.

Then the young stranger bounded from his seat into the arena and addressed the King of Scythia.

"Do not let your Majesty be astonished at your ill-success. These bows of ebony are manufactured in my country, and to bend them only requires a certain knack."

Thereupon he took an arrow, adjusted it to the string, bent the bow of Nimrod, and sent the arrow flying out of sight far beyond the barriers. Thousands of hands applauded this marvellous feat, and all the women said how lucky it was that such a handsome youth should be so strong.

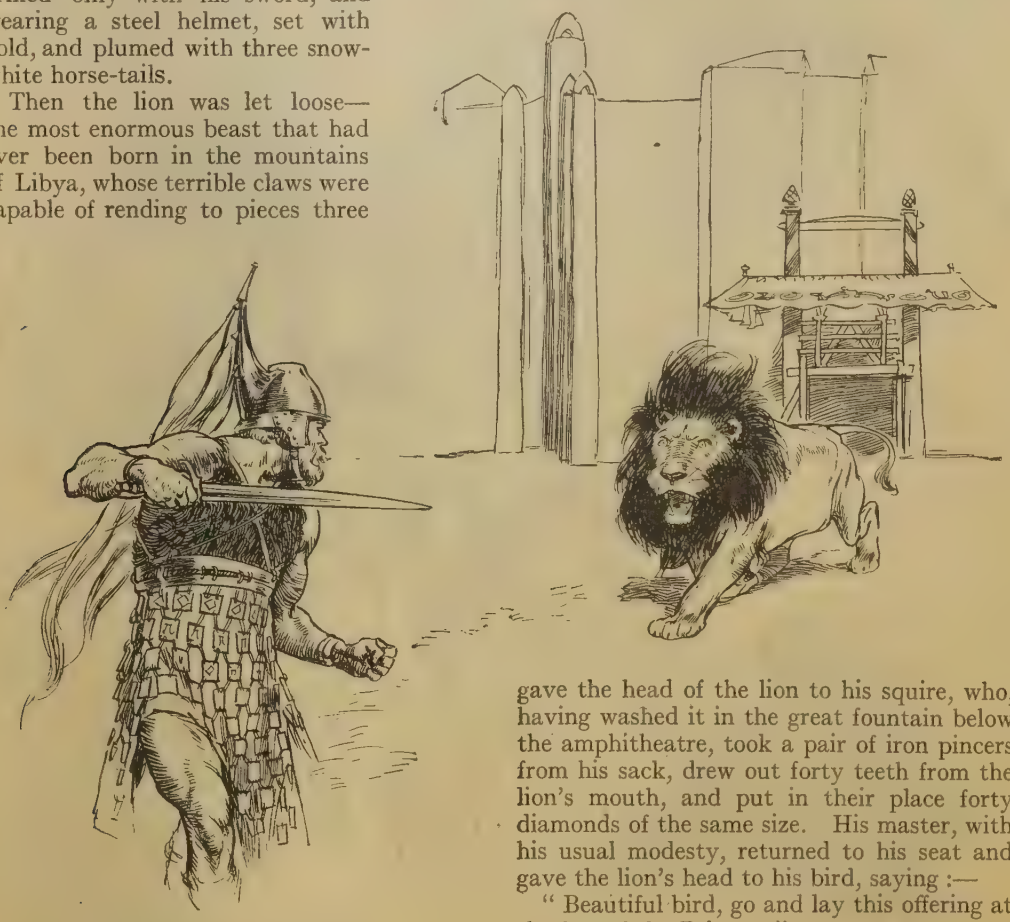
"HE BENT THE BOW OF NIMROD AND SENT THE ARROW FLYING OUT OF SIGHT."

Then King Belus, having consulted his magicians, declared that as none of the three kings had been able to bend the bow, none of them, so far, had won the hand of the Princess, and that she would belong to whoever succeeded in killing a mighty lion which was being kept expressly in his menagerie.

The Pharaoh of Egypt, who had been brought up in all the wisdom of his country, thought it was very ridiculous to expose a king to a wild beast in order that he might win a wife. Moreover, if the lion tore him to pieces he would never be able to marry the beautiful Princess. The Shah of India was of the same opinion, and both of them, assembling their followers, marched away in anger.

Thereupon the King of Scythia descended alone into the arena, sword in hand, for he was not wanting in courage. Indeed, his valour did not even permit him to employ the help of his tiger. He came forward alone, armed only with his sword, and wearing a steel helmet, set with gold, and plumed with three snow-white horse-tails.

Then the lion was let loose—the most enormous beast that had ever been born in the mountains of Libya, whose terrible claws were capable of rending to pieces three kings at a time, and whose dreadful jaws could swallow them up. The courageous King plunged his sword into the lion's jaw, but the point, meeting one of his huge teeth, broke into splinters, and the monster of the forest, furious at his wound, buried his claws in the monarch's side.



"THE LION WAS LET LOOSE."

The young stranger, touched by the danger of so brave a king, darted like lightning into the arena and cut off the head of the lion as easily as a rider at our Military Tournament can "slice the lemon." Then, taking out a little box, he presented it to the King, saying, "Your Majesty will find in this little box a healing balm which grows in my country, and your wounds will be cured in a moment. It was only bad luck which kept you from killing the lion, and your courage is no less to be admired on that account."

The Scythian King thanked his liberator, and retired to his own quarters in order to apply the balm to his wounds. The stranger gave the head of the lion to his squire, who, having washed it in the great fountain below the amphitheatre, took a pair of iron pincers from his sack, drew out forty teeth from the lion's mouth, and put in their place forty diamonds of the same size. His master, with his usual modesty, returned to his seat and gave the lion's head to his bird, saying:—

"Beautiful bird, go and lay this offering at the feet of the Princess."

The bird went, bearing the terrible trophy in one of its claws, and presented it to the Princess, bending its neck and bowing with respect. The forty diamonds dazzled all eyes. Such magnificence was unknown even in Babylon. The King and all his court were seized with astonishment and admiration, and the bird which carried this present surprised them still more. It had the shape of an eagle, but its eyes were as beautiful and tender as those of the eagle are fierce and threatening. Its beak was rose-coloured; its neck had all the colours of the rainbow, but even more brilliant; and a thousand shades of gold sparkled on its plumage. Its claws were a mingling of silver and purple, and its tail resembled those of the peacocks which drew the car of Juno.

The curiosity, astonishment, and delight of all the court were divided between the forty diamonds and the bird, which was perched on the balustrade between the King and his daughter, Formosante. She stroked him, caressed him, and gave him kisses, which he returned. When she offered him biscuits and nuts he took them in his purple and silver claws and carried them to his beak in the most graceful manner in the world. The King, who had carefully examined the diamonds, came to the conclusion that one of his provinces would hardly equal in value so costly a present.

"This young man," he said, "is, without doubt, the son of some powerful ruler."

"I wonder," said Formosante, "what country he comes from?"

"He comes," answered the bird from his perch on the balustrade, "from a far country east of the Ganges."

"And how old are you?" continued the Princess.

"I am of the age of twenty-seven thousand nine hundred years and six months, madame. Twenty-two thousand years ago I learnt the Babylonian language while on my travels."

"And what is your master's name, beautiful bird?" said the Princess.

"'WHAT IS YOUR MASTER'S NAME, BEAUTIFUL BIRD?' SAID THE PRINCESS."

"Great heavens!" cried the King and the Princess together, "the bird can talk."

"It is true, madame," it replied. "I was born in the time of which you may have read in fables, when all animals had the gift of speech, and when birds, serpents, horses, and griffins held familiar conversation with men. I did not speak before for fear that your maids of honour should take me for a wizard. Do not, on any account, let them hear me speak."

"What is your name?" said the Princess.

"Madame," it said, "I am the Phœnix, of whom you may have heard."

"His name, madame," it replied, "is Amazan, and his father is a king. These diamonds come from one of his mines."

King Belus, on hearing these words, was seized with the conviction that here was the very son-in-law for whom he was looking. The Princess was in love with him already, and so the marriage was immediately arranged.

The next day it took place. The festivities surpassed in splendour everything of the kind that the world had seen before, and the ceremony was celebrated by five hundred of the greatest poets of Babylon.

Royal Auction Bridge.

By W. DALTON,

Author of "Auction Bridge," etc.

THE original game of "auction bridge" was introduced with a great flourish of trumpets, its admirers claiming for it that it was the best card game ever invented, and prophesying that it was the game of the future and would last for all time. This opinion, however, was by no means universal among card-players. There were many players of considerable experience—myself among the number—who never took kindly to the new game. The idea of the bidding was good, but the values of the calls were all wrong. Many and various suggestions were made, but nothing seemed to meet the case satisfactorily until somebody in America—I believe Mr. Milton C. Work was the illustrious person—conceived the idea of bringing the values of the calls closer together, so that the game could be won from the score of love on any call.

So arose what is known as the "new count":—

No Trumps—10 points.
Royal Spades—9 points.
Hearts—8 points.
Diamonds—7 points.
Clubs—6 points.
Spades—2 points.

This is the counting which is almost universally played at the present time, both in America and in England, and also on the Continent. It makes a very good sporting game, and it has every appearance of lasting for some time to come. The new method of counting was originally known as "Lilies," but that name seems to have died out, and it is now generally called "Royal Auction," to distinguish it from the old auction bridge.

The term "Lilies" is said to have originated in this wise. When the call of "Royal Spades" was first introduced, a player at the club at Boston, when it was his turn to declare, said, "If we are to have a black Royalty, let us have one from our own country. I declare 'One Lilliuokalani,' the dethroned Queen of Honolulu." From that moment, at the Boston Club, Royal Spades were called "Lilliuokalanis," or "Lilies" for short. That is the only explanation which I have ever heard of the term "Lilies," but whether it is true or not I cannot say.

Auction bridge has been entirely revolutionized by the new count, and from being a somewhat narrow, cramped game it has grown into a fine, open, sporting game, which gives every player some sort of a chance.

The most important change brought about by the new count is the much-decreased value of the "One No Trump" call. This call was the bugbear of auction bridge. It had such a ridiculous value that it would actually have paid the dealer to declare it every time blindfold, without looking at his cards. Clever players soon realized this fact, and if they did not declare it quite blindfold they used to declare it on the very flimsiest of pretexts, such as one ace and one king, or even less than that; and they won at it day after day, which was almost reducing the game to an absurdity.

Under the new count, "One No Trump" is still the most valuable of all calls for the dealer to make, but it must have some real backing behind it; it must be more or less a sound call, otherwise it will not pay in the long run. There are many players who still call it, as dealer, on ridiculously light hands, and who argue that it still pays them to do so; but I have watched it very carefully, and I am quite convinced that they are wrong, and that it is not a paying game under the new conditions. For one thing, the first principle of success at Royal Auction is to give your partner reliable information as to what you hold in your hand. That principle is indisputable, and has now come to be universally recognized among sound players. Therefore, how can it be a paying game to tell your partner that you have at any rate the nucleus of a No Trump hand when you have nothing of the kind? The curious feature of it is that players who would never think of deceiving their partner by declaring a suit without the requisite strength in it will cheerfully declare "One No Trump" on next to nothing, and then be surprised if their partner does not cordially approve.

I am not arguing against an ordinary light No Trump call. I have always advocated fairly light No Trumpers.

I believed in them, and declared them myself, at bridge—I swore by them at auction bridge—and I still believe in them, to a modified extent, at Royal Auction. On an average hand, guarded in three suits, the dealer should always call "One No Trump," when he has no strong suit which he can call to advantage. An average hand consists of one ace, one king, one queen, etc., or the equivalent of them. Any hand with greater strength than that, and protected in three suits, is a sound No Trump call. Take this hand as an example :—

Hearts—Ace, 5.
Diamonds—King, 9, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 7, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 6, 4.

This is exactly an average hand, consisting of one card of each denomination, and it has the great advantage of being guarded in all four suits, and it is a sound "One No Trump" call. The figure value of it, under the Robertsonian rule, is only sixteen points, instead of the twenty-one points which were considered necessary at ordinary bridge ; but bridge and auction are two very different matters, and the average hand is a much better guide at Royal Auction than any figure system.

The No Trump call is by no means the royal road to success at the new game that it was at the old one. Every day that I play Royal Auction I see more clearly that a good suit call is a better and more profitable declaration than a doubtful No Trump. I go even farther than that, and say that a strong suit call is a better original declaration than quite a sound No Trump. Suppose that you are dealer, and that you pick up the following hand :—

Hearts—Ace, queen, knave, 6, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 10, 7.
Clubs—Ace, 8, 2.
Spades—9, 3.

This is quite a sound No Trumper, being well above the average and guarded in three suits ; but it is a far better Heart call. Suppose you call "One No Trump," what happens? Your opponents call "Two Royals," and what are you going to do then? You cannot call "Two No Trumps," and it is a large order to call "Three Hearts" on that hand, without hearing anything from your partner. Now, suppose that you begin with "One Heart." If your partner calls a Royal, you can at once go into No Trumps. If the second player calls "One Royal," your partner will support your Heart call if he can. Then you can go "Three Hearts," if the opponents call "Two Royals." If the second player and your partner both pass, and the fourth player calls "One Royal," you call "Two Hearts," and wait to see whether your partner can help you. At any rate, you have shown him your strong suit, and he knows what to lead you. If you begin with "One No Trump," and the second player's call of "Two Royals" remains good, your partner is absolutely at sea as to what to lead. The time to declare an original "One No Trump" is when you have an evenly-divided hand, well guarded, with no pronounced strength in any one suit.

It is a well-established fact that, when you have an evenly-divided hand, the other three hands will probably be of the same calibre. When you have a broken hand, perhaps with one very long suit, and a singleton or none at all of another suit, one or both of your opponents are almost sure to hold a hand of the same nature. These are the hands on which bidding goes up very high, and they are dangerous hands to double on. When the bidding has gone up to three or four tricks, and you are in doubt whether to double your opponents or to make a higher bid yourself, you have to consider the matter from two entirely different standpoints. In deciding whether to double, you have to ask yourself how many tricks you are certain, or likely, to win. As regards bidding higher yourself, you must consider how many tricks you are likely to lose. Suppose you hold the following hand :—

Hearts—9, 6, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, king, 2.
Clubs—King, 4.
Spades—Ace, king, 10, 6, 2.

You call "One Royal," the next player "Two Hearts," your partner "Two Royals," the fourth player "Three Hearts," you call "Three Royals," and are overcalled with "Four Hearts." Now what will you do? If you double you can count on winning one trick in royals—not more—two tricks in diamonds, and one in clubs if the ace is on your right, or possibly two in clubs if your partner holds ace or queen. It is a free double and quite worth risking, unless you have a good chance of winning the game yourself. Now let us see what you are likely to lose if you call "Four Royals." You may lose one trick in hearts, you will not lose more, because your opponents, having called three and four tricks respectively, must have at least nine between them, and therefore your partner cannot have more than one, and very likely none at all. That is sound reasoning. You may lose one in diamonds and possibly two in clubs, or one in royals—not both, because your partner's support must either mean strength in royals or outside support, which must be in the club suit. Therefore you can call "Four Royals" with every expectation of winning the game.

A large majority of games at Royal Auction are won from the score of love, and it should always be remembered that, for the purpose of winning the game from love, royals and hearts have precisely the same value, and diamonds and clubs have the same value. Four by cards is required in royals and hearts, and five by cards in diamonds and clubs. The few extra points which may be won on the higher of the two calls are quite immaterial. This is a useful little hint, well worth bearing in mind.

It is an open question whether the deal is, or is not, an advantage at Royal Auction. If the dealer is in a position to declare No Trumps, or to make a strong two-trick call, the deal is a decided advantage ; but, failing that, I am inclined to think that the fourth player, who has the advantage of hearing what the other three players have to say, is in a stronger position.

The dealer is the only player who is obliged to declare something, and his position is a responsible one. It is of the greatest importance that the dealer's declaration should be a sound one. If he declares "One No Trump," he must have the nucleus of a No Trump hand. If he makes a suit declaration, he *must* have high cards at the head of it ; either ace, or king, queen, or king, knave at the least. Numerical strength, on an original call, is of very little importance compared with high cards. This is the one point on which all sound players are agreed—that an original suit call *must* always mean high cards at the head of the suit. Ace, king, and two others, or king, queen, 10, and another, are quite sound original one-trick calls ; but such suits as queen and four small ones, or six headed by the knave or 10, are not original suit calls at all, and should never be mentioned. It has been written over and over again that auction bridge is a game of aces and kings, not of numerical strength, and this applies with threefold force to Royal Auction. There is no more fruitful cause of disaster than an original suit declaration without high cards at the head of it.

The call of "Two Spades" by the dealer is a very useful one, but it is a call which does not seem to be generally known, and which is not often made. It has quite a different signification to the "Two

Spades" call at auction bridge. At auction bridge it was an invitation to the partner to declare No Trumps—at Royal Auction it is an invitation to declare Royals. It means strength in the spade suit, but not strength enough to declare Royals on one's own hand. Such hands as :—

Ace, king, and two others,
King, queen, and two others,
Queen, knave, and three others,

are all good "Two Spades" calls for the dealer. I said just now that ace, king, and two others, or king, queen, 10, and another, are sound one-trick suit calls, and I still say so. But when the suit is spades it is well to take advantage of the dual value of the spade suit, and to inform one's partner of strength in that suit by calling "Two Spades" instead of "One Royal." In other suits the information can only be given by calling one trick in it at once. If the dealer calls "One Spade," and the second player has strength in the suit, but not enough to declare "One Royal," it is better for him to double the "One Spade" call, rather than to call "Two Spades" himself, as it gives the same information, but leaves the onus of getting out of it with the opponents.

As a general rule, the most paying game is to declare any real strength which you have in your hand at once. The principle of lying low with a good hand and waiting for developments hardly ever pays at Royal Auction, whatever it may have done at the other game. There are players who do it occasionally, but, if your inclination lies at all that way, it is essential to have an understanding with your partner, before you start, that he will always take you out of a "One Spade" call, otherwise you may be left with it. Some players are rather fond of calling "One Spade" as dealer when they have a very strong suit of hearts or royals, such as ace, king, queen, and three or four others, and nothing else of any value. There is no danger in this call, as you are certain to have the chance of coming in again, but I see little use in it. The idea of it is that your opponents may read your later call as a forced call, and that they will be likely to double you if you go up to three or four tricks. This may happen once in a while, but the more usual result will be to hopelessly confuse your poor partner. It is much better to call two tricks in your strong suit straight away. An original call of two tricks means, or ought to mean, that you want to play the hand on that suit, and that you have a good chance of winning the game on it. I strongly disapprove of the old auction bridge call of two tricks on a very long suit without high cards at the head of it. It was a bad call at auction bridge, and it is a far worse one at Royal Auction.

There is only one type of hand on which the best policy is a waiting one, and that is when you are dealer and have two strong suits of nearly equal value, and you are very weak in the other two suits.

I once dealt myself the following hand (A).

Here was a hand on which it was plainly politic to hear what the other players had got to say, so I called "One Spade." The sequel was rather curious, although my original call had very little to do with it. The second player called "One No Trump"—my partner called "Two Clubs," which the fourth player doubled. I then called "Two Hearts," keeping the "Two Royals" call to fall back upon in case I was doubled. The second player called "Two No Trumps," my partner "Three Diamonds," and the fourth player "Three Royals," which I naturally doubled. The second player called "Three No Trumps," which I also doubled, and he redoubled.

It was rather an extraordinary distribution of the cards. These were the four hands :—

	B Hearts—5, 3. Diamonds—King, knave, 10, 9, 4, 2. Clubs—King, queen, knave, 10, 8.	
Hearts—King, queen, 10, 4. Diamonds—Ace, queen, 7, 5. Clubs—4, 3. Spades—King, 5, 2.	Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—8, 6. Diamonds—8. Clubs—Ace, 7, 6, 5, 2. Spades—Queen, 10, 8, 7, 6.
	Hearts—Ace, knave, 9, 7, 2. Diamonds—6, 3. Clubs—9. Spades—Ace, knave, 9, 4, 3.	

The bidding was all quite sound, with the exception of Y's redouble, which was not good. He had quite a sound No Trump call, and, after his partner's double of clubs, quite a good "Two No Trumps." Most people, in B's place, would have called "Two Diamonds," instead of "Two Clubs," over the "One No Trump" call; but my friend B was a very shrewd declarer, and his call of "Two Clubs" was undoubtedly the right one, as it left him with the Diamond call to fall back upon, and he could not hope to win the game in diamonds against a No Trump call.

B opened with the king of clubs, and Y played the hand badly, with the result that we scored twelve hundred points above the line, which is the largest amount that I ever remember to have seen won on one hand.

Now let me say a little about the common errors of Royal Auction. There is one point which I should like to instil into the minds of all would-be players, and that is that it is not a bit of use trying to buck up on bad hands. You should keep very quiet and simply try to lose as little as possible.

A very common error in declaring is to overcall a declaration which suits your hand. This occurs with the No Trump call more often than with a suit call. The following is a typical case. The dealer declares "One No Trump." The second player's hand is :—

Hearts—10, 6, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, 5.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 9, 7, 5.
Spades—8, 2.

"Two Clubs," he calls, without a moment's thought. Then the opponents branch into hearts or royals, and possibly win the game; anyhow, the value of the second player's hand is gone altogether. And what can be the use of his call of "Two Clubs"? He cannot possibly win the game on it, and his opponents are not likely to call "Two No Trumps" with the whole club suit against them. He should simply lie low and hope that the call will be left at "One No Trump," or his partner may declare another suit, which he can support up to three tricks, or possibly even to four.

I saw a bad case of this sort of thoughtless declaring not long ago. The dealer called "Two No Trumps," and the second player held seven spades with the quart major and not another picture card. Now, what would you have done? Would you have doubled or called "Three Royals," or would you have kept quiet?

The second player doubled, and the dealer called "Three Diamonds." The second player then called "Three Royals," and the dealer "Four Diamonds," and it was left at that. The dealer's hand was :—

Hearts—Ace, queen, knave.
Diamonds—Ace, king, queen, x, x.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, x.
Spades—x.

His partner had the king and three other hearts, and they won the small slam and the game. I consider the "Two No Trumps" call a very bad one, although

it was made by quite a good player. The proper call on the dealer's hand was "One Diamond" to begin with. If his partner called a Royal, he could then go into No Trumps. If the opponents called Royals he could go up to "Four Diamonds" and could double "Four Royals" if they should venture so far. Let us return to the second player. If he had kept quiet, as he ought to have done, he had a certainty of a hundred points above the line; instead of that, he lost forty-two points below the line and forty-eight above and the game—simply and entirely by bad declaring.

There are many players who still call "One No Trump," as dealer, on very flimsy materials, and they are helped enormously by the second player thinking it necessary to say something. I go so far as to say that the second player should hardly ever overcall "One No Trump," unless he can see a possibility of winning the game. There is no necessity to show his suit, because he will have the opening lead himself, and it is much more important that his partner should have a chance of declaring something.

A point which seems to be very imperfectly understood is the requisite strength on which to support a partner's call. The ordinary player will cheerfully support his partner's call up to three or even four tricks when he has strength in the declared suit, even with nothing else in his hand; but he will not support him on outside cards, which is much more useful. It may surprise some of my readers to hear that—

Hearts—4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, x, x, x.
Clubs—King, queen, x, x, x.
Spades—x,

is a far better hand on which to support a partner's call of Hearts than—

Hearts—Queen, knave, x, x, x.
Diamonds—x, x, x.
Clubs—x, x, x.
Spades—x, x.

If my partner had called "Two Hearts" on his own hand I should not hesitate to support him up to "Four Hearts" on the first hand, but I should be very chary of calling even "Three Hearts" on the second one. I should reckon the first hand as being worth at least four tricks on my partner's Heart declaration, but the second one is worth very few tricks. Certainly it contains a lot of trumps, but those will only be falling over my partner's trumps, not winning tricks. These hands, when each of two partners holds five cards of the same suit and not much else, are dangerous ones to bid high upon, and often result in a heavy loss. Winning cards in outside suits are much more useful. The best estimate for judging when to support your partner is how many tricks you can win for him. If you can see three probable tricks in your hand you should always support his original call. It is quite immaterial whether those tricks are in trumps or not; in fact, it is better that they should be in outside suits. He can be trusted to take care of the trump suit. It is a strong asset to be short in the opponents' suit. If you have a singleton in their suit, and three little trumps, you can count that as one certain and two probable tricks.

Royal Auction is essentially a partnership game—a game of combination of the two partners' hands. When your partner has made an original suit declaration, and you can support him to the extent of two or three tricks, it is a bad mistake, although a common one, to branch off into another declaration on your own account, unless your suit is a very strong one or a more valuable one. You know that you can give material assistance on your partner's call, but you do not know that he can give any on your call. Here is a hand, from actual play, which illustrates this point:—

Hearts—9, 7, 6, 3.
Diamonds—8.
Clubs—Knave 7, 5.
Spades—King, queen, knave, 9, 7.

Hearts—Queen, knave. Diamonds—Ace, queen, knave, 7, 6. Clubs—Ace, 10, 6, 4. Spades—5, 2.	B Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—5, 2. Diamonds—King, 9, 4, 3. Clubs—Queen, 8, 3. Spades—Ace, 10, 8, 3.

Hearts—Ace, king, 10, 8, 4.
Diamonds—10, 5, 2.
Clubs—King, 9, 2.
Spades—6, 4.

Bidding:—

A	Y	B	Z
One Heart.	Two Diamonds.	Two Royals.	No.
No.	No.		

B's declaration of "Two Royals" was very bad. He ought to have supported his partner by calling "Two Hearts," and, if necessary, to have gone up to "Three Hearts." His hand was worth four tricks at least on the Heart declaration. Z would have been quite justified in calling "Three Diamonds," but the call of "Two Royals" suited his hand so much better than the possible call of "Three Hearts" that he wisely left it alone. A could not well go on with his Heart call after his partner had refused to support him, so the call was left at "Two Royals," and B failed to get his contract; whereas, if he had loyally supported his partner, they would have won the game in hearts. His excuse, after the hand was over, was the usual very lame one: "I wanted to show you what I had got." But why? What good could it do? By branching to a fresh declaration he practically told his partner that he could give him no assistance, while his hand was really worth four or five tricks. "I should have called 'Three Hearts' if they had gone on in diamonds," he said. Quite so; but his opponents were too clever—they did not give him the chance.

Here you see good and bad declaring side by side. Z's passing the "Two Royals" call was just as good as B's making it was bad. Z had quite a scund "Three Diamonds" call, and he would have called it if B had said "Two Hearts," but directly he heard the "Two Royals" called he said to himself, "That suits me all right," and he left it alone. This hand affords quite a good instance of not interfering with a call which suits your hand.

Another mistake which is often made is doubling too soon. Royal Auction is a game of so many declarations that it is unwise to double the opponents' call unless you are prepared to double any higher declaration which they may switch to. If you are certain to defeat their call, be content; you may be quite sure that they will get out of their trouble if you give them a chance, and many a useful score is lost by premature doubling. When you have got them in a tight corner, leave them there; do not give them a loophole to creep out by. I remember a hand which may serve as a warning:—

Hearts—3.
Diamonds—Ace, 9, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 7, 5, 4.
Spades—10, 9, 7, 6, 2.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 9, 8, 4. Diamonds—7, 4. Clubs—Ace, king, 9, 2. Spades—5, 4.	B Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—6, 5. Diamonds—King, queen, knave, 8, 3. Clubs—Queen, 10, 6, 3. Spades—Queen, knave.

Hearts—King, queen, 10, 7, 2.
Diamonds—10, 6, 5.
Clubs—8.
Spades—Ace, king, 8, 3.

A	Y	B	Z
One Heart.	No.	No.	Two Diamonds.
Two Hearts.	Double.		

This looked a grand opportunity for a double, and so it would have been at auction bridge, but not at Royal Auction. Y lost sight of the fact that no one had mentioned royals, and that, as he had only two small ones in his own hand, a call of "Two Royals" was more than probable. All points of this sort have to be considered, and are considered, by clever declarers. As the hand was played, B called "Two Royals," Z "Three Diamonds," and A "Three Royals," which they got, and incidentally won the game, as they were already sixteen up. There was a muddle. Instead of winning a hundred points above the line, Y lost forty-five points and the game—simply through being too greedy.

Another position of the same kind sometimes occurs when you have been doubled, and are practically sure to get your contract, and thereby to win the game. Again I say, do not be greedy. Accept the good thing which the gods, or the vagaries of your opponents, have been kind enough to offer you, and do not think of redoubling. I cannot illustrate this point better than by quoting a hand which was published a few months ago in the card column of a weekly journal. The correspondent who sent it up to the paper said in his letter, "I think this hand is a good instance of the bidding which goes on in auction, and points, to a certain extent, to the higher skill of inference required." This was the hand and the bidding :—

Hearts—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 2.
Clubs—9, 8, 4.
Spades—5, 4, 3.

Diamonds—Ace, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3. Clubs—10, 5, 3, 2. Spades—Ace, 8, 2.	B Y Z (dealer) A	Hearts—Ace, king. Diamonds—Queen, knave, 10, 7. Clubs—King, queen, 7. Spades—King, queen, 7, 6

Hearts—Queen, knave, 4, 3.
Diamonds—King, 4, 2.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 6.
Spades—Knave, 10, 9.

A	Y	B	Z
One No Trump.	Two Diamonds.	Two Hearts.	Two No Trumps.
Double.	No.	No.	Redouble.
No.	No.	Three Hearts.	Three No Trumps.
Double.	No.	No.	Redouble.
No.	No.	Four Hearts.	Double.

The bidding was correct enough on the first round, but after that it was hopelessly wrong. The trouble began with A's double. Where was the skill in inference which we were told about? The inference ought to have been obvious enough. Z was marked with at least one entry card in hearts, either ace or king—that was a certainty. He would then lead diamonds, and a long suit, in all probability headed by the ace, was marked in B's hand, so that Z's king of diamonds was practically dead. Also, the entire spade suit was against him, so how in the world could he expect to defeat the call of "Two No Trumps"? He had one certain trick in his hand, the ace of clubs, which is all he could have made. His proper call, if he felt that he must say something, was "Three Hearts." Certainly he never ought to have doubled. Even after the double his partner, B, ought to have called "Three Hearts," as his hand was a hopeless one against a No Trump call. Now we come to Z's redouble, which is the real point we have to consider. What a splendid position he was in! He was practically certain to get his contract, possibly with several over-tricks, and to win the game. But he was not content with that—he was too greedy. He redoubled, although he must have known, if he had given the matter a moment's thought, that his opponents would go on with their Heart call. They did so, and he had to call "Three No Trumps." Again A (who must have been either very mad or very bad) doubled, and again Z made the mistake of redoubling, undeterred by his previous experience. B then called "Four Hearts," which Z doubled, and he won three hundred points above the line, and no doubt thought himself very clever.

Now let us see what would have happened if he had had the common sense to leave the first double alone. He would have won the small slam, losing one club only, and he would have scored a hundred and twenty points below the line and three hundred above, making four hundred and twenty points altogether, and the game in addition. Again I ask, where was that "higher skill in inference," and how was it displayed?

The bidding at Royal Auction depends so much upon the individual intuition of the player and upon knowledge of the opponents' methods that it is almost impossible to lay down any rules. All that I can do is to give a few hints which may come in useful.

The most important thing to remember is that an original suit call should always be a sound one—that it should never be made on numerical strength without some high cards at the head of the suit. You can call on a long suit, headed perhaps by knave or queen, as a raising call, to force your opponents up, but not as an original call.

You should always support your partner's original call if you can give him three probable tricks, whether those tricks are in trumps or in outside suits—in fact, outside tricks are better than trumps.

Your first consideration should always be to win the game, your second to prevent your opponents winning it, and your third to defeat their contract. When there is no chance of their winning the game on their call, you should run no risk in overcalling them, unless you can see a chance of winning the game yourself.

Never double a declaration of your opponents unless you are prepared to double any higher declaration which they may branch to; rather be content with a smaller profit, but a certain one.

It is nearly always right to win the rubber in preference to doubling your opponents. A bird in hand is worth several in the bush. It is quite a different matter when it is a question of winning the game, but not the rubber. In the case of the first game, you must use your own discretion. If you can defeat them for three or four hundred points, it is worth doing; but if it is a case of only a hundred, or possibly two hundred, I should always prefer to win the game myself. The time when it does pay to penalize your opponents is when they have already won one game. You are then in a bad position, as it is three to one against your winning the rubber; but if you can score two or even one hundred points above the line, it is in the nature of an insurance and is well worth going for.

In conclusion, I should like to impress one cardinal point upon my readers. In order to succeed at this game it is absolutely necessary to call your hand to its very fullest value, and sometimes a bit more than that. You must chance something. If you keep quiet and never declare on anything much short of a certainty, the result will be that you will leave your opponents with easy contracts, which they will fulfil time after time. In order to make them bid high, you must bid high yourself, and you must run a certain amount of risk in so doing. You may depend upon it that the players who pride themselves on rarely losing anything above the line on their own declaration will never make money at Royal Auction Bridge.

Christmas Eve at Hollibury Hall.

A Record of Some Easy Puzzles.

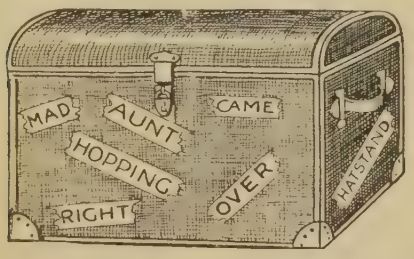
By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

THE little domestic puzzle symposium that took place last Christmas Eve at Hollibury Hall, where there was quite a large family gathering of uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces, undoubtedly owed its origin to Aunt Nancy. It was certainly not intended by her—just a mere accident—but the fact remains that except for her arrival the thing would not have been started. So let her have the credit that is her due—or the blame, if the reader prefers it. It happened in this wise.

"Oh, have you seen Aunt Nancy's travelling-box that has just arrived in the hall?" exclaimed Dora Nicholson, running into the room, where the party were assembled round the big, open fireplace. "It is the funniest thing imaginable!"

"Really, my dear, I cannot think what you mean," protested Aunt Nancy.

But, at the entreaty of Dora, the party adjourned to inspect, and the laughter was merry, not to say boisterous, when they got the view of the box shown in our illustration.



"Oh, auntie, what does it mean?" cried little Nellie Wilson. "'MAD AUNT CAME HOPPING RIGHT OVER HATSTAND.'"

"My dear children, I never noticed it before. They are merely the fragments of railway labels that have not been completely torn off. They represent the names of stations in the British Isles to which I have been travelling.'

"Don't tell us the names of the places," said Dora. "It will be a capital puzzle to find them out."

They all got "Dover" at once, but some of the other places gave them a lot of trouble, and they had to bring into use the "A B C Railway Guide."

This incident, as we have said, started the affair. All the young people began clamouring for puzzles. "Puzzles! Puzzles! Puzzles!" That was to be the order for the evening. Everybody was expected to rack his brains for something, no matter how trivial. And in the end the result proved not contemptible. We will try to give a selection from the little puzzles and pleasantries that were forthcoming. Mr. Wilson, the host, started the ball rolling.

"Speaking of travelling reminds me that when I was at Addleford last summer I hired a motor-car to take me to Clinkerville and back again for three pounds. At Bakenham, just midway, I met an acquaintance, Mr. Smithers, and he asked me to take him on to Clinkerville and bring him back to Bakenham on the return journey. As I was hiring the motor, he insisted on paying his share of the cost of the journey, and I agreed. Now, what was Mr. Smithers's correct share of the fare?"

Everybody shouted out the same answer, almost at once, and all were wrong! What is the reader's view of the matter?

"Again speaking of travelling," said Harry, "reminds me of the three Scotchmen who set out respectively from Dundee, Dunkirk, and Dundalk to walk to London. As they all walked at the same rate per day, which person would reach London first?"

The youngsters insisted that it all depended on which place was nearest to London, and to settle that they would have to refer to a map of Scotland. The elder people all held their peace. Then Harry explained.

"The man from Dundee, of course, would be first, because the others would get drowned before they reached London walking. Dunkirk is in France and Dundalk in Ireland."

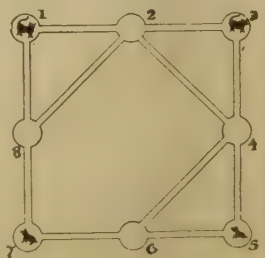
"But Dunkirk sounds so very Scotch, doesn't it?" said Dora.

"Speaking of Scotland," said Maud Franklin, "reminds me of a little puzzle that was shown to me when we were staying at Oban last year. You see these narrow slips of paper I have cut out? Four of them are two inches long and the other four one inch long. Can you so lay all the eight pieces on the table as to enclose three perfect squares of equal size? Don't leave any loose ends."

Harry did this puzzle first.

"Speaking of squares," said Herbert Nicholson, "reminds me of this puzzle, that I do not think any of you have ever seen. It is called 'Cats and Dogs.'"

"I suppose it was invented on a rainy day?" suggested Nellie.



"You put these two counters, representing cats, on the points 1 and 3, and the two dogs on points 5 and 7. The puzzle is to move them one at a time from point to point, first a cat, then a dog, then a cat, and so on, until you have made the cats and dogs change places. An animal can, of course, only go to the next unoccupied point, no farther, in one move. You have to make the fewest possible moves. That is the only difficulty."

"But haven't you omitted a line?" asked Uncle Walter.

Herbert explained that the diagram was quite correct, as we reproduce it, and it took the party some time to find the shortest possible solution.

"Speaking of cats," said little Nellie, later on, "reminds me that a girl I know has a cherry-coloured cat with rose-coloured spots. It's such a little beauty!"

"My dear Nellie," exclaimed Aunt Edith, her mother, "you really must not tell stories. There never was such a cat, I am sure."

"But, mother, dear, it's true—quite true!"

"Nellie, if you persist, I am sorry—although it is Christmas Eve—but——"

"Oh, mother, dear, don't be so serious! Have you never heard of black cherries and white roses?"

During the laughter Aunt Edith took little Nellie in her arms, and the forgiveness on both sides was complete.

"Speaking of cherries," said Uncle Walter, "reminds me of plums, and plums remind me of Christmas puddings. Here is a puzzle that a friend gave me a few days ago, and I can make nothing of it. Luckily I did not destroy it. Can you cut the pudding into two pieces of exactly the same size and the same shape without cutting any one of the plums? The proof of this pudding is not in the eating, but in the cutting."

"Is the pudding supposed to have any substance?" asked Harry.

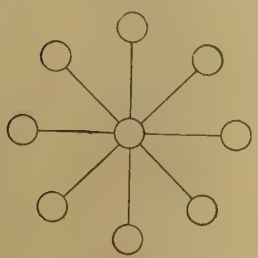
"No. You treat it as a disc, and are not expected to make any comments on the size of the plums."

Nobody succeeded in solving this puzzle. Perhaps the reader will be more successful.

"Speaking of discs," said Reggie Wilson, "reminds me of a little puzzle I call 'The Nine Circles.'"

He drew the diagram that we annex.

"The puzzle is to write one of the nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, in each disc, so that when you add up the four rows of three figures, and then add the results together, they shall make sixty-nine. Who can do it first?"



Mr. Wilson leant over to Uncle Walter and whispered: "Of course, you see the simplicity of the thing. It all depends on which figure you place in the centre: the rest is of no consequence."

He was quite right. Perhaps the reader can say at once what figure you must place in the middle to get sixty-nine.

"A man I know," said Teddy Nicholson, "possesses a string of thirty-three pearls. The middle pearl is the largest and best of all, and the others are so selected and arranged that, starting from one end, each successive pearl is worth a hundred pounds more than the preceding one, right up to the big pearl. From the other end the pearls increase in value by one hundred and fifty pounds, up to the large pearl. The whole string is worth sixty-five thousand pounds. What is the value of that large pearl?"

While the men, young and old, were figuring this out, the girls, we noticed, were busy discussing their conflicting preferences for pearls, diamonds, rubies, and such trifles. As Maud was heard to say, "The actual buying of these things is more in their way than ours."

"Pearls and other articles of clothing," said Uncle Walter, when the price of the precious gem had been discovered, "remind me of Adam and Eve. Authorities, you may not know, differ as to the number of apples that were eaten by Adam and Eve. It is the opinion of some that Eve 8 (ate) and Adam 2 (too), a total of 10 only. But certain mathematicians have figured it out differently, and hold that Eve 8 and Adam 8, a total of 16. Yet the most recent investigators think the above figures entirely wrong, for if Eve 8 and Adam 8 2, the total must be 90."

"Well," said Harry, "it seems to me that, if there were giants in those days, probably Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2, which would give a total of 163."

"I am not at all satisfied," said Maud. "It seems to me that if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2, they together consumed 893."

"I am sure you are all wrong," insisted Mr. Wilson, "for I consider that Eve 8 1 4 Adam, and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve, so we get a total of 8,938."

"But, look here," broke in Herbert. "If Eve 8 1 4 Adam and Adam 8 1 2 4 2 oblige Eve, surely the total must have been 82,056!"

At this point Uncle Walter suggested that they might let the matter rest. He declared it to be clearly what mathematicians call an indeterminate problem.

"The Fall of Man," said Harry, "reminds me of aeroplanes and such things. Last autumn I was staying at Slocomb-on-Sea, when Spinks, the flying man, paid the place a visit. All the town turned out to see the wonderful flight of his hydroplane. The flight was from Slocomb to the neighbouring watering-place, Poodleville, five miles distant. But there was a strong wind, which so helped the airman that he made the outward journey in the short time of ten minutes, though it took him an hour to get back to the starting-point at Slocomb, with the wind dead against him. Now, how long would the ten miles have taken him if there had been a perfect calm? We may assume that the engine worked uniformly throughout."

This question was soon settled, with some little assistance from Uncle Walter.

"Do you know," said Nellie Wilson, "that Englishmen make better airmen than Scotchmen or Irishmen—for the simple reason that they are not so heavy?"

"How on earth do you make that out?" asked Teddy Nicholson.

"It is quite simple. You see, it is true that in Ireland there are men of Cork, and in Scotland men of Ayr, which is better still; but here in England there are lightermen."

Aunt Nancy confessed that she had never heard of a lighterman, so she, of course, missed the point.

"Nellie is cutting us all out to-night in wit," said Charlie Franklin: "and speaking of cutting out reminds me of a remarkable puzzle that I have here, which was given to me yesterday by a friend."

He produced a sheet of "squared" paper on which it was drawn.

"But before I show you the puzzle I should like to

ask you why this sheet of paper is like a stupid dog."

They soon gave it up.

"Well, you see, this sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane, and an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup, you will admit, is a stupid dog. So there you are. Now for the puzzle. We first cut out these pieces of paper (cardboard will be better), which form the sentence, 'CUT THY LIFE,' with the stops between."

"Shouldn't the last word be 'throat'?" asked Herbert.

"Certainly not. It is a moral puzzle—an appeal to the transgressor to cut himself adrift from the evil life he is living. I am told that these pieces may be fitted together to form a perfect chessboard."

It was decided to cut out the pieces next day and see who could solve the puzzle first. Uncle Walter was the winner, but it employed all his spare intervals on Christmas Day.

The last puzzle that we will give is still spoken of by those who took part in it as "The Great Scramble," and it is included for the benefit of those who prefer a hard nut to crack. It arose of itself in this way. Towards bedtime the five boys happened to find a parcel of sugar-plums. It was quite unexpected loot, and an exciting scramble ensued, the full details of which shall be recounted with accuracy, for it is of quite historic interest. You see, Harry managed to get possession of just two-thirds of the parcel of sugar-plums. Herbert at once grabbed three-eighths of these, and Charlie managed to seize three-tenths also. Then young Reggie dashed upon the scene and captured all that Harry had left, except one-seventh, which Teddy artfully secured for himself by a cunning trick. Now the fun began in real earnest, for Harry and Charlie jointly set upon Herbert, who stumbled against a chair and dropped half of all that he had, which were equally picked up by Reggie and Teddy, who had crawled under a table and were waiting. Next, Herbert sprang on Charlie and upset all the latter's collection on to the floor. Of this prize Harry got just a quarter, Herbert gathered up one-third, Reggie got two-sevenths, while Charlie and Teddy divided equally what was left of that stock.

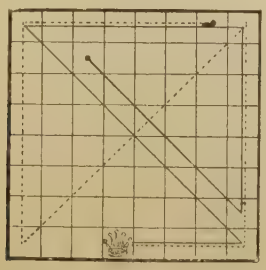
They were just thinking the fray was over when Reggie suddenly struck out in two directions at once, upsetting three-quarters of what Herbert and Harry had each last acquired. The two latter with the greatest difficulty recovered five-eighths of this joint loss in equal shares, but the three others each carried off one-fifth of the same. Every sugar-plum was now accounted for, and they called a truce and divided equally amongst them the remainder of the parcel. What is the smallest number of sugar-plums there could have been at the start, and what portion did each boy obtain?

(The solutions to the puzzles in the above article will be given in our next issue.)

Solutions to Last Month's Perplexities

164.—THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY.

THE correct solution is shown in the diagram by the dark line. The dotted line shows the route that most people suggest, but it is not quite so long as the other. Assume that the distance from the centre of any square to the centre of the next in the same horizontal or



vertical row is 2 inches, and that the queen travels from the centre of the one she leaves to the centre of the one at which she rests. Then the first route exceeds 67·9 inches, while the dotted route is less than 67·8 inches. The difference is small, but sufficient to settle the point as to the longest route. All other routes are shorter than these two.

165.—THE FAMILY AGES.

THE ages were as follows: Billie, 3½ years; Gertrude, 1¾ years; Henrietta, 5¼ years; Charlie, 10½ years; and Janet, 21 years.

166.—THE FATAL WELL.

THE total depth of the well would be 37½ feet. The depth under water was 15 feet, and the dry part would be 22½ feet, or three-fifths of the entire depth.

167.—THE EDUCATED FROGS.

THE following jumps solve the puzzle in ten moves: 2 to 1, 5 to 2, 3 to 5, 6 to 3, 7 to 6, 4 to 7, 1 to 4, 3 to 1, 6 to 3, 7 to 6.

168.—THE GERM PUZZLE.

THE illustration shows how to cut the figure into two parts of exactly the same size and shape.

[Some new Perplexities will be given next month.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

"DIV-A-LET": Or Division by Letters.

THE above is the title of a little book by W. H. Vail, of Newark, New Jersey, published by the Revell Company Press, from which we have his permission to quote the following explanation and examples. Readers possessed of a little ingenuity will find in this pastime an endless store of amusement.

Letter division designates examples in division where letters are used in the place of digits, and where the problem is to obtain the word from the example furnished, as in the case of the problems given below.

To form an example you select any word composed of ten letters, among which there must be no duplicates. Then place upon paper any example in long division in figures, as for instance :—

```
410)5968327(14556
   410
  ----
  1868
  1640
  ----
   2283
   2050
   ----
    2332
    2050
    ----
     2827
     2460
     ----
      367
```

Now in selecting a word of ten letters (in which there are no duplicates) let us take the word Precaution and arrange it as follows :—

```
PRECAUTION
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
```

Wherever, in the above example, composed of figures, the digit 1 occurs, place the letter P, wherever the figure 2 occurs place the letter R, wherever the figure 3 occurs place the letter E, and so on to the end of the word. Then you have the same example, only letters have replaced the figures and the example has taken the following form :—

```
CPN)AOUIERT(PCAAU
   CPN
   ---
   PIUI
   PUCN
   ----
    RRIE
    RNAN
    ----
     REER
     RNAN
     ----
      RIRT
      RCUN
      ----
       EUT
```

Of course, the problem is to obtain the word of ten letters that is hidden in the example, and you proceed to seek for hints or suggestions. By a little practice you will soon notice certain things that will aid you in your search. For instance, in this example, you notice that C P N goes P times into A O U, and that P times C P N is C P N. Hence P must be 1, and wherever P occurs in the problem you know that it represents the figure 1 and is, therefore, the first letter of the word in question.

So placing the ten digits in their regular order, thus : 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0, you place P under figure 1.

Again you notice, as you run through the example, that in each case of subtraction where N is found in the subtrahend, the remainder is as follows : N from U leaves U. N from I leaves I. N from E leaves E. N from R leaves R. N from T leaves T. By these data you decide that N stands for nought, and that is the tenth letter in the word sought. So you place the letter N under the digit 0 in the above list.

But you also notice that in one place N from E leaves R, and that leads you to conclude that A (which stands next to the N) represents a larger figure than the E, just above it, and thus there must be 1 to be subtracted from the E, above the N ; and, if our decision that N is the last letter in the word sought is correct and represents nought, then E must follow R in our word of ten letters, as N from E, minus 1, leaves R.

Again, in the first instance of dividing, where C P N from A O U leaves P I U, you notice that C from A leaves P, and as we know that P is less than the O, therefore C just precedes A in our word, because the remainder is P or 1.

Once more you notice in the next instance of dividing, P I U I and P U C N, and as P is 1, you know that P I and P U represent numbers in the teens ; whereas in the next three cases of dividing you have R R, R E, and R I as the first letters in the minuends and R N, R N, and R C in the subtrahends, and you conclude that most probably the R is either 2, 3, 4, or 5.

By this time, having obtained certain suggestions, we take a general survey over the example, and seeing the letters T I O N and knowing that N is the last letter, we presume that T I O N is the last syllable of the word.

Again, taking P as the first letter of the word, and knowing that E follows R, we naturally form, tentatively, the syllable P R E, as the first syllable, and having C A U as the only letters that are left, we place them between the first and the last syllables, and we have the word P R E - C A U - T I O N.

One might think there were few words composed of ten letters without duplication, but a little research will reveal a large number of such words, as Authorized, Audiphones, Emulations, Favourites, Inoculates, Mendacious, etc

The author offers this pastime for those who are naturally inclined to mathematical problems.

Here are some examples which the reader can solve for himself. Solutions will be given next month : —

SCD) RIUEGOSAC(IDIGSDD
UAI
CCE
SCD
GGG
UAI
No. 1. SDRO
SEUG
DEUS
DEIS
CEA
SCD
URC
SCD
SSS

REAL)SPGNAIE(UNS
AAGSL
RGALI
No. 2. UUGRI
AESGE
EURPG
URNE

IHN) HHADRN(AHK
HSAW
KRR
No. 3. IHN
DOIN
DWHO
HNW

TAM)OPILNS(OLI
CTOA
LPTN
No. 4. PNCL
ANMS
AIPC
NT

EOM)NIMROD(NMI
UENT
MUEO
No. 5. ITPO
IMDD
NTEN
PDT

A COLLECTION OF ANAGRAMS.

WE are indebted for this interesting collection of anagrams to Mr. W. Dalton, the well-known writer on Bridge. About half the words given were taken from an old manuscript in his possession, while the other half are his own composition. Each word, or group of words, printed in heavy type may be formed into a single word, thus making perfect sense when the whole is read. The solution will be given next month.

My dear **neat chair,**

I am sending this letter by **a ragman,** knowing that the **houserats** of such **red lane** books as yours will soon come to a **red nuts and gin** of its meaning. I can well imagine the **no stern action** of your good father, the **crymangle,** should this **early bat** of **surly foe** fall into his hands, therefore I will place it upon the **I creep safe,** where you will find it when you descend into your **quite spruce** garden.

Any of his **I hire parsons** would expect the heaviest **nine thumps** which words could inflict on approaching a **crymangle** as the **there we sat** of his **aged Ruth.** Please advise me to come with whatever **mad policy** I can command.

To-night I am going to the **crate door.** I wish you could go with me to hear the **a dry shop** performed by the **carthorse.** When I return I shall look for the light of your **nice herald** as no **moonstarer** ever looked for a **lost linen coat.** If it is still burning I shall take it as a sign that I may present myself as **a cat dined** for **into my arm** to your respected **norsecat,** so to call him. If you approve, send me word by **great help.**

I have lately been very much occupied at the **nay, I repent it.** At present, the **staincrash** here have raised a spirit of **to love ruin** among the men, and one of them has been shot. I was his **go nurse,** and must attend his **real fun** to-morrow.

During his last days he told me that he acquired much **the law** by the sale of **oil soap,** and **cities pant** spherical **tall spies,** but he had wasted it all in trying to crush the **ten tea pots** of different countries. He assured the **live agents** who visited him that he belonged to the **best in prayer** church, and he maintained with his latest **her bat** that he never sympathized with the **neat herds** of the **red tonic** of **sin sat on a tin tar tub,** but, on the contrary, thought it a **Simon Peter in tears.**

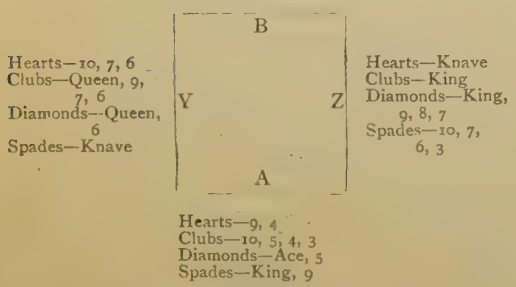
Two **slywear** of my acquaintance plied him with wily **stupid tale,** and many a brilliant **hair mops,** but he left everything that he had to the **sheep at Cairo** who attended him.

I have a ring of **thy mates,** which is of somewhat **neat leg** design. I am sending it to you, and I hope soon to see it worn by my **rice soup** little **grin lad.**

Your devoted **proper wish,**
ARAB CHILD.

Double Dummy Bridge Problem.

By C. T. Milliken.



Clubs are trumps, and A has the lead. A and B are to win eight out of the ten tricks against any possible defence.

(*Solution will be given next month.*)

Solution of Last Month's Bridge Problem.

The card underlined wins the trick. The card immediately beneath is led to the next trick.

A	Y	B	Z
Diamonds 6	Diamonds 9	Spades 7	Diamonds 3
Hearts ace !	Spades 8	Spades knave	Spades 10
Clubs knave	Clubs 6	Club 2	Clubs 8
Clubs king	Clubs 9	Clubs 5	Clubs queen
Hearts 6	?		

And B must make his knave of hearts and his 7 of clubs.

A PUZZLE OF WEIGHT.

The following is perhaps the best puzzle of its kind, and will be found, even among people of scientific training, to give rise to very different arguments and conclusions. A large air-tight box containing a pigeon is placed on a weighing scale. While the pigeon is sitting on the floor of the box, the weight is noted. The pigeon then rises and flies round the box without touching it. What is the effect on the weight indicated ?

(*The answer will be given next month.*)

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

AN IDEA FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

I HAVE been a few months in England, studying English, but this photograph does *not* show the result of my endeavours to grapple with the niceties of your astonishing language (such as plough, tough, dough, cough, bough, through, trough, etc., choose, chose, lose, loose, good, food, blood, move, dove, rove, etc.), but simply two large foreign shells for ears and two limpet shells (with holes) for eyes.—Mr. E. Blumer, 5, Lewes Road, Eastbourne.

DOG *v.* SHARK.

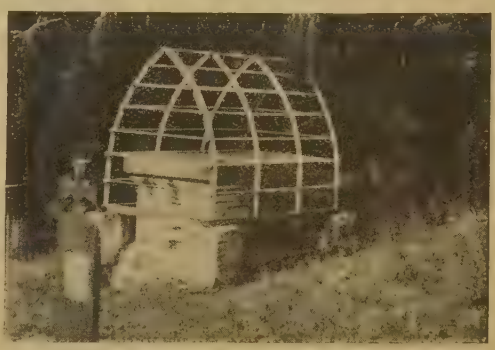
ONE day last summer my retriever killed a blue shark, weighing over 20lb., at Looe. The fish was sporting about in a small lagoon left by the tide, and as it made a dart for the open sea the dog sprang at it and fastened his teeth well in its side. For quite five minutes a keen struggle between dog and fish took place, first one and then the other gaining the upper hand, the fish making many ineffectual attempts to bite its assailant. Gradually the shark got more and more feeble, and was finally dragged to the shore in triumph by its canine vanquisher.—Mr. Arthur Williams, Bryn Glàs, Newport, Mon.

A NATURAL LAUNDRY.

SOME of your readers may be glad to see this photograph, which was taken in Iceland. A stream two miles from the town of Reykjavik suddenly becomes boiling, and at this spot sheds have been built, and the people of Reykjavik have thus an endless and constant supply of hot water, in which they wash all the linen of the town. So hot is the water that a cold stream has to be diverted into it. The track of the stream can be seen from afar, marked as it is by dense white volumes of steam. There are other such streams in the country, but this is the best-known one, owing to its size and convenient position. — Rev. A. E. Murray, Clergy House, Chislehurst, Kent.

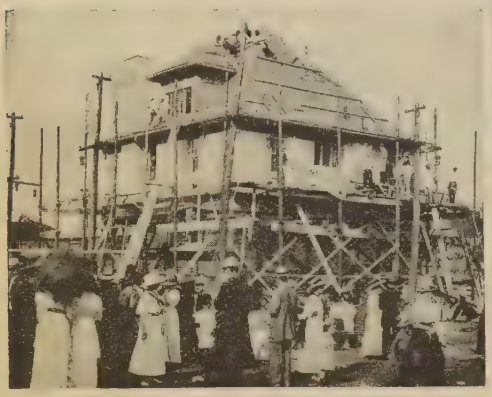
TOMBSTONE IN A CAGE.

VERY unusual is the story connected with the iron cage erected over this grave, which is that of an Indian officer who was a keen big-game hunter. He had the cage made so that by undoing the screws at the end it could easily be taken to pieces, and he utilized it for two purposes. On his tiger-shooting expeditions he had it covered with green boughs, when it effectually concealed him from his quarry; while at night it covered him while he slept. The bars, however, were not sufficiently close to make him quite secure, and one night he was so badly mauled by a tiger that he died of blood poisoning. — Mr. E. O'Reilly, 49, Lexden Road, Colchester.

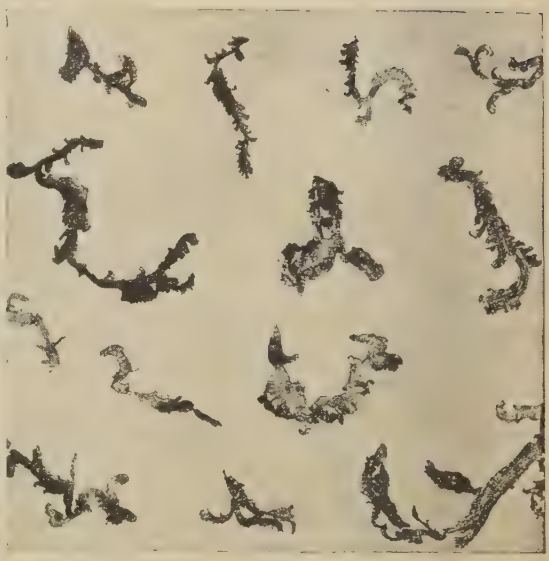


A HOUSE BUILT IN A DAY.

THE remarkable feat of building a house in a day was recently accomplished at Hamilton, Ontario. The first sod was turned at 5 p.m., and the building when seen five hours later was already up to within a few feet of the second storey, and the brickwork could be seen to grow steadily under the efforts of a small army of bricklayers. The house contains nine rooms and is of two storeys, and every detail of steam-fitting, finishing, plumbing, and furnishing was ready within exactly twenty-four hours after the turning of the first sod. It was possible for a family to have walked in and lived there without anything further



being required except getting in provisions. As the workmen were at work all night powerful arc-lights were strung on poles around the building. There were between three and four hundred men at work at midnight, the carpentering going on simultaneously with the bricklaying. The foundations are of concrete blocks, and the brickwork is exceptionally heavy. The interior walls are covered in the regular way with laths and plaster, the heating is by hot water, and the finishings, including the floors, are of hardwood. The dining-room is panelled in oak, with oak beams in the ceiling. One of the most difficult problems was to get a plaster which would harden quickly enough, but this was successfully overcome. The house was given away to the person guessing the number of beans in a bottle on the grounds where the house was built.—Mr. John G. Dickson, 38, Wellington Street South, Hamilton, Canada.



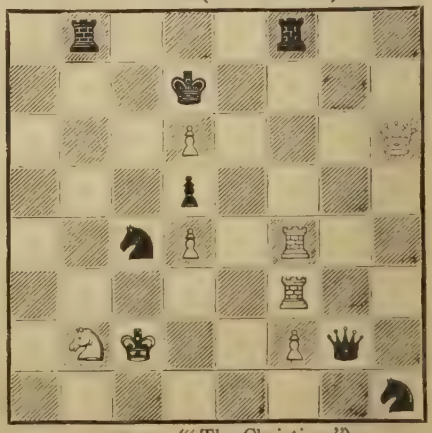
"SPARKS."

THE above illustration represents what might at first sight appear to be examples of a peculiar species of seaweed or fern, but in reality they are nothing else than parings off the brake-blocks of a railway engine. It is often noticed that when the brakes are applied to the wheels of a railway locomotive travelling at a fair speed red-hot sparks fly very thickly. These sparks are simply small pieces of metal, of which the above are examples, and are caused by the enormous heat generated by the friction between the brake-blocks and the hard steel tyres of the wheels. The softer metal of the brake-blocks is thus shorn off in shapes after the above style, which are from half an inch to three inches in length.—Mr. George S. Barry, Wellbank, Kirriemuir, N.B.

THE DEVIL'S CHECKMATE.

I SEND you a chess problem that may be interesting to the younger generation, as I do not think it has been published for many years.

BLACK. ("The Devil.")



WHITE. ("The Christian.")

Black to play and mate in seven moves. The Christian maintains that the Devil cannot fairly claim the game with this mate. Satan allows the objection. What is it? (Solution will be given next month.)—Mr. H. J. Coleman, 47, Willcocks Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.